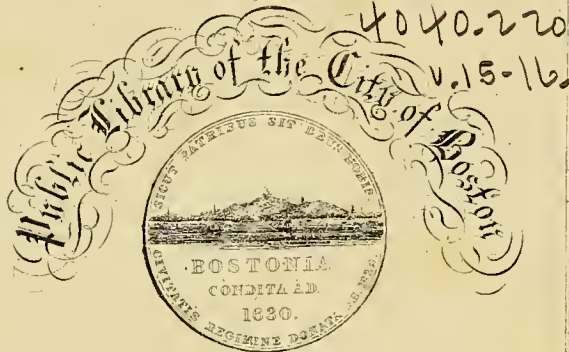


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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 365.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1859.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The last Rehearsal.

Our clamorous call, "Come, gentle Spring,"
By that season soft has at length been heeded:
The sway of Winter, the cruel king,
By a milder reign once more succeeded.
And we are again reminded how,
To a quickstep ceaseless and universal,
All pleasant moments move on, for now
We have sung at our last Rehearsal.

Week by week we have met in the hall
Ever cheerful and ever inviting,
At the skilful piano call
Our hundred voices in song uniting:
Week with week in continual chase
Into the Past has been retreating:
Movements of time whose steady pace
You can retard by no *baton's* beating.

And now no more shall I watch to see
The groups of sweet alto and treble faces:
No more shall we tenors ring out high G,
Or wait for the tread of the ponderous basses:
The kindly conductor shall no more
Urge along the shrieking sopranos;
Nor hurriedly raise his eyes from his score,
To hush us down into softer *pianos*.

If we pass the hall on the wonted night,
No sound of music shall we discover:
The windows shall gleam with the welcoming light
No more, for the musical season is over.
Number Twenty and Thirty-three
And Eleven, and many another number,
Duet and solo, choral and glee,
Within their covers at length may slumber.

And shall not we who so oft in this hall
From the composer's inspiration
Have felt new life in the words of Paul,
Words of praise and of trust and of resignation,
Ooe moment ponder ere we depart,
(And let it not dull this hour of pleasure)
How the singer his consecrated art
As a heaven-sent gift should forever treasure?

Oh little know they who who, gathered here
But twice or thrice in the seats before us,
Listen with all untutored ear,—
The joys of us who can join in the chorus:
For the singer breathes a charmed air;
Melodies sweet his soul enchanting,
In his walk, at his toil, and everywhere,
Perpetual beauty his life is haunting.

We who the power of song have known,
We to whom that rich boon is given,—
Say, walk we not in a world of our own?
Have we not here foregleams of Heaven?
Oh were Music the only gift
By which a Father his love had showed,
Might we not still that song uplift,
"See what love hath the Father bestowed?"

Music, that in the day of care
The burdens of the heart can lighten,
Music, that in the hour of prayer
Devotion's fervent glow can heighten,
Music, that cannot stain nor wound,
Born of harmonious air's vibrations,
No pain, no grief in thy train is found,
Nought but delights and consolations.

Oh sweetest angel since time began
That ever to struggling Earth descended,
Still soften and thrill the heart of man,
Till all the discords of life be ended.
Thy hand as a sister's here we take:
The blest companionship still keeping,
We know we shall see thee when we wake
Upon a morn that hath no sleeping.

Now go we forth on our various ways,
Only a higher Power knows whether,
At the end of the far-off Autumn days,
We shall again be met together.

That Power so enrich us year by year
To an ever higher life progressing,
That the sweet Art we have cherished here
Shall seem but a slight, an inferior blessing.

March 22.

J.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A Tour among the Organs.

No. I.

FLORENCE, FEB. 20, 1859.

Mr. Editor,—At the suggestion of a friend, I send you a plain narrative of my recent organ tour through Southern Germany and Switzerland, with the hope that the untravelled portion of your readers may care to hear something of the famous organs and organ-builders of these countries. It may be well to state that my principal object in visiting Germany was, that I might have an opportunity of seeing the celebrated factory of Herr Waleker at Ludwigsberg. This well known builder of the great organ in Ulm Cathedral, is now engaged in the construction of the new organ for our Boston Music Hall, and, as I believe that both you and your readers feel considerable interest in this matter, it has occurred to me that you would not object to see a record of my impressions in the columns of your Journal.

My first stopping place, after leaving Paris, was Strasbourg, a city containing a population of about 70,000 inhabitants. It is famous for its cathedral, a very imposing structure, some four hundred years in building, and finished about the middle of the eleventh century. The two western towers are very lofty, and one of them is surmounted by an elegant spire, wrought in open stone work, of very elaborate workmanship, and rising to the height of 470 feet; its companion, designed to correspond with it in all respects, is yet unfinished.

The two principal objects of interest within the church are the mechanical clock, constructed by Erwin, of Steinbach, and the famous organ, by Silbermann. The clock has been recently repaired and greatly improved, and its daily performances usually attract a large concourse of visitors. At twelve o'clock each day, an automatic figure of death comes forth from a recess within the clock, and strikes the hour; then the twelve Apostles pass in review before the spectator, and a large cock, perched on a pinnacle, crows three times; a figure, representing a beadle, then follows, who strikes the flags three times, which is a signal that the exhibition is over, and that the audience must disperse.

On the day following my arrival I obtained an introduction to the organist of the church, and, to my surprise, I found this office filled by a *woman*, a circumstance by no means uncommon with us, but of very rare occurrence in Europe. I soon made known my desire to see the organ, and the good woman expressed her entire willingness to gratify me. We then proceeded to the church, entered a side door, which my guide carefully locked, and then, *all in the dark*, she offered me me her *hand*; this quite unlooked for incident

rather startled me at first, and under ordinary circumstances, I should have declined the proposal; but the Cimmerian darkness of the place rendered a helping hand necessary, and, therefore, without more ado, I accepted her kind offer, and was speedily dragged, rather than guided, through the long dark passage way, and up the winding stairs to the organ gallery. Soon after our arrival the morning services commenced. A choir of priests and boys placed at the extreme eastern end of the church, chanted the psalms to the eighth Gregorian Tone, accompanied by the organ, and I was particularly impressed with the good taste, as well as the remarkable skill, displayed by the organist in her varied accompaniments to the unisonous singing of the choir. The services concluded with a voluntary upon the Full Organ, the music consisting of an introduction and well wrought fugue by Müller, of Wolfenbüttel; and I was particularly struck during the performance by the skilful pedal playing of our lady organist; and it was the more remarkable, from the fact that the entire pedal keyboard was completely shrouded from her view by the ample folds of many a yard of the various fabrics, such as are usually supposed to belong to the costume of her sex, but which need not be more particularly referred to. At the conclusion of the voluntary the organist resigned her seat to me, giving directions to the blowers to remain at their posts; and, forthwith, I commenced a general examination of this fine organ, considered by good judges to be the master-piece of the most famous of all the old European builders. On one of the front panels is an inscription stating that this instrument was built by Silbermann, in the year 1714. About thirty years since, some modern improvements were added, consisting of two octaves of pedal pipes from the sixteen feet C, and two coupling movements, connecting the pedal keys with the great and choir organs. There are three manuals, viz., choir, great, and echo, this latter being usually found in all the old German organs, and it may be considered as the immediate predecessor of our modern, and still more effective *swell* organ. The most striking characteristics of this instrument are the exquisite voicing of the pipes (especially the flue work), the remarkable blending character of the different registers, whether used separately, or in combinations, and the silvery bell-like tone of the mixtures; in these important particulars I consider Silbermann to be, by far, the greatest organ builder that has ever lived, and as his immediate successors fell far below him, in the general quality of their work, we may suppose that he possessed certain secrets in his art, which he did not impart to others, and which died with him. The reeds in the Strasbourg organ are not to my liking; in quality of tone, they are what would be technically termed *hard* and *scratchy*; and in this department of pipe work I consider the Germans (with the exception of Schulze) very inferior to the best French, English and American builders. Just before leaving the organ gallery, my lady

friend recommended me to visit the Church of St. Thomas, which contains, among other objects of interest, a large and fine organ, by Silbermann, and considered in some respects superior to that in the Cathedral, but upon reaching the church, I found, to my regret, that the organist was absent from town, and so was compelled to defer the pleasure anticipated, until a more fitting opportunity presented itself. On the following day I took my departure from Strasbourg, and arrived in Stuttgart early the same evening. This, in some respects, rather handsome looking town is the capital of the kingdom of Wurtemberg, and contains the principal residence of the king. The town is large, but the houses in general are low, and extremely ugly in appearance, and the streets frightfully dirty, and reeking with the vilest odors. The king's palace is situated in one of the cleanest portions of the town, and far away from the filthy neighborhood I have just described; therefore we may conclude that the royal noses (some five or six in number, and of various sizes and degrees of sensitiveness) are rarely, if ever, offended as mine was.

Among the objects of interest in this town, deserving of especial notice, are the royal gallery of pictures, a rare and very valuable collection of bibles, and the extensive park and gardens attached to the King's palace, which contain many delightful drives and walks, and are always open to the public. The principal Lutheran church is the Stiftskirche, a large and rather ponderous looking building; but neither in its exterior nor interior architecture does it present anything very pleasing or attractive to the eye. Within the church is a royal closet or pew, which is occupied by the king and his family, when attending divine service, and I was told that his majesty was not only a very firm supporter of protestant doctrine, but remarkably devout in the observance of all religious exercises in his church. The only other object of interest is the organ, a large, powerful, and in many respects, an exceedingly effective instrument; it was not originally built by Walcker, but it is now claimed as his, from the complete renovation it has undergone at his hands, and from the improvements and additions he has made to it, within the past few years. On the Sunday following my arrival in Stuttgart, I attended morning service at the Stiftskirche. The exercises commenced with the singing of a Choral by the congregation, the tune being first given out on the organ, in a very plain but appropriate manner. There was no choir to lead or aid in the performance, the congregation appearing to rely solely on the ponderous tones of the organ to support and carry them safely through. The singing of the first two verses of the hymn seemed to me both weak and spiritless, whether viewed as a mere performance, or as a religious exercise; and even the powerful support of the organ failed to bring forth that mighty mass of unisonous sound that one would naturally expect to hear from a congregation of nearly *three thousand* persons. The last verse of the hymn contained an ascription of praise to the Trinity, and the general musical effect was certainly greatly enhanced by the addition of four trombones to the organ accompaniment; but, even with this additional incentive for the congregational choir to lift up their voices, there was an entire absence of strength and vitality in the performance, and in the same weak and listless manner they hum-

med through, rather than sung, the remainder of the hymn.

I was not a little disappointed with this very unsatisfactory specimen of German congregational singing, and the more so, because I had been led to suppose, that in this matter the Germans excelled all other nations; but I have yet to visit northern Germany, and doubtless in the churches of Berlin or Leipsic I shall hear better and more effective congregational singing, and a nearer realization of the anticipations I had formed of it. After service I made my way to the organ gallery, and at the conclusion of the voluntary, went forward and introduced myself to the organist. The good old man received me in a very cordial manner, and fortunately understood English well enough to reply to all my questions. He mentioned Dr. Upham's visit to Stuttgart, and seems to remember it with evident pleasure, and then said: "Your countrymen (I have reason to believe) will be proud of the grand organ, now building for them, by Walcker."

On the following day I met the organist at the church by appointment, and had every facility afforded me for examining the organ at my leisure. This noble instrument has eighty stops, four manuals, each of the eight feet C compass, and two sets of pedal keys. There are also coupling movements to connect the different manuals with each other, but none to unite the *pedal* keyboards with the manuals. The German plan with regard to the arrangement of the registers, and the disposition of the manuals, differs materially from the English and American system. In the Stuttgart organ (which resembles in its general plan other German organs) there are four manuals, the first of which answers to our Great Organ, as it contains not only the greatest number of pipes, but they are also of a larger scale than those belonging to the other manuals, and voiced on a stronger wind. The second manual may be considered as another Great organ, but on a smaller scale, the pipes being more delicately voiced, and fewer in number. The third manual, in its general arrangement and effect, resembles our Choir Organ. The fourth manual is the Echo organ, so called because the pipes are enclosed in a box, and placed up some distance from the performer, thereby producing a subdued and delicate quality of tone, resembling a distant response to the third manual. The two Pedal organs are called respectively the *great* and *little*; both are of the same compass, and, of course, each of them is acted upon by a separate key-board. The former contains the largest number of registers, and is in fact the *principal* pedal organ. The *little* pedal is placed just above the *short* keys of its neighbor; it usually has from two to six registers belonging to it, such as Dulcian, or Double Diapasons, of sixteen feet tone; and, sometimes, one or two eight feet stops; the pipes are invariably of small scale, and delicately voiced, as this pedal is only designed to be used with soft combinations such as are found in the Choir and Echo manuals.

The Stuttgart organ contains a remarkably fine and effective thirty-two feet Open Diapason, in the *great* pedal; every pipe throughout the entire compass has a real and decided sound; and, although voiced up to the full extent of its scale, its tones are neither rough nor windy, but, on the contrary, it possesses that soft yet pervading quality so rarely met with, and which may be described as a tone which we *feel* rather than

hear. The scale is quite small, the C C C C pipe measuring only one foot and eight inches across the mouth. The thirty-two feet pedal reed in this organ was very unsatisfactory to my ear; it was hard and coarse in tone and very unequal in its voicing, and these defects stood out in a painfully prominent manner, even when this register was used with the combined power of *all* the manuals.

And now let me say a few words in regard to the German Echo Organ, and also something in praise of its immediate rival and successor, our well known Swell Organ. It will be remembered that I have already remarked that the echo organ was undoubtedly the immediate precursor of our present swell, but the latter has received such extensive improvements within the last thirty years, that we can no longer consider there is much resemblance between them. The pipes belonging to the echo organ are placed in a wooden box, and covered in on all sides; therefore the tones appear subdued and remote; this is the only effect it produces, and so far it may be compared with our swell, when the blinds are closed. The swell organ, although of German invention, seems to be indebted solely to English and American skill and ingenuity for its present excellence and effectiveness; and without doubt, the most valuable improvements that have yet been made in this department of organ building, originated with our well known Dr. Hodges, who, some thirty years since, planned the magnificent swell in the organ in St. James's Church, Bristol, England, and some years later, the almost equally celebrated swell organs, in Trinity Church and St. John's Chapel, New York; and notwithstanding the great progress that has been made in organ building, both in Europe and America, the swells which have been constructed from Dr. Hodges plans are still considered as altogether the best and the most effective that have yet been made. These important improvements would, no doubt, be in more general use, both in America and Europe, were it not for the fact that the construction of these swells involves a much larger outlay of money than purchasers are usually willing to bestow upon this department of organ building, and this is perhaps the only reason why these valuable improvements have not been more generally adopted.

We know that the organs in the cathedrals and churches of England and America are invariably provided with swells, and a church organ would be considered *incomplete*, if it was deficient in this department. In both countries the swell organ is considered *indispensable*, and whether it is used as an accompaniment to the voices, in the *giving out* of the chant or the psalm tune, in the voluntaries and interludes, or in the introduction to the anthem, its great effectiveness is always felt, and its usefulness for these purposes fully recognized. In Germany, the organ builders (with perhaps the single exception of Schulze) seem to have studiously avoided the introduction of swells into their organs, but this fact will not appear so strange when we remember that in all the German Lutheran churches the singing is performed by the *congregation*, and without the aid of a choir, therefore there seems a direct necessity that the organ accompaniment should be loud, and of an uniform strength of tone, so that the comparatively untrained voices of the congregation may receive firm and adequate support,

but this they would not get from our modern swell, with its delicate shades of expression and its alternate diminuendos and crescendos, and though admirable in producing grand effects with a trained choir of voices, it must be deemed unsuitable as an accompaniment to a congregation, and when used for such a purpose, the voices would be likely to fall away from the proper pitch, and other disastrous results would be sure to follow. Still I do not see that, for this reason alone, the swell should be excluded from German organs; surely there are occasions when it might be used to great purpose and advantage, and I feel sure that if this really valuable and important feature in organ building could once obtain a foothold in Germany, so that its merits might be fairly observed and tested, it would ere long become of universal adoption.

My next letter shall contain an account of my visit to Walcker's organ factory, at Ludwigsberg, and also some interesting details in regard to the famous organs at Ulm, Weingarten, Berne and Fribourg. S. P. T.

Sketch of the Life of Beethoven.

BY G. A. MACFARREN.

(Continued from volume 14, page 413.)

In 1808, the composition of the pianoforte concerto in G, introduced another novelty in construction, which, apparently trifling in itself, has led to important results in the design of subsequent productions. This is, the announcing at once the character of the work by opening the composition with a solo for the pianoforte, instead of, as had previously been the accepted custom, preceding the entry of the principal instrument by the long *tutti* which is a complete epitome of the first movement. Four years later, a further modification of the conventional form of this class of composition was made in the Concerto in E flat, where, for the first time, the universally customary pause for the player's cadence is omitted; and the direction "*Senza cadenza*" definitely prohibits the executant from indulging in such manifestation of invention or the want of it, as is allowed, nay, exacted of him in all antecedent concertos.

In 1809, Beethoven was offered the appointment at Cassel of Kapellmeister to Jerome Bonaparte, King of Westphalia, with a salary of 600 ducats, and an equipage. Such an engagement, with the independence it was to secure, and the opportunities it was to open, was most desirable to the already world-acknowledged artist; but so highly was his merit prized, and so cordial was the feeling in his interest, that the Archduke Rudolf, Prince Lobkowitz, and Prince Kinsky—perpetual honour be to them for their illustrious liberality—subscribed together to pay him an annual pension of 4000 florins with the condition, which he accepted, that he should not hold an office out of the Austrian dominions: and the composer was thus placed in a position to be indifferent to every consideration in his works but the advancement of his art.

A circumstance connected with this incident strongly exemplifies Beethoven's suspicious character, his readiness to take offence, and his generous zeal to atone for it. Young Ries, to whom he had given a thousand proofs of friendship, on being told that his master had refused the appointment at Cassel, wrote to ask his permission to apply for it for himself. His repeated letters to this effect received no reply; equally in vain he sought to speak to him, until an accidental meeting gave him an opportunity, when Beethoven disdainfully retorted—"Do you presume to think that you could fill an office that has been offered to me?" Stung to the quick by this repulse, Ries forced him to an explanation, when he owned that he had supposed his pupil to be trying against him for the engagement, and that his conduct was in resentment of the fancied opposition; but being now convinced that he had supposed falsely, he exerted himself with far more energy to obtain the post for Ries than he had done to secure it for himself. The exertion was, however, to no effect, for during the delay the appointment had been given to Blangini, a composer, whose romances and nocturnes (the only pieces of his production that have overlived him), show how very different a quality of musicianship from that of the great master, was adequate to the discharge of the duties which Beethoven had declined.

Other anecdotes of Beethoven's relationship with Ries equally illustrate his wayward, wilful, and impetuous temper; and, as much as the touching incident, already related, of the composer's recollection of an old kindness of his pupil's father, when he first received the son in Vienna, these, which show a less kindly, though scarcely a less genial phase of his character, serve to vitalise our idea of his personality, and are therefore worth narrating. For instance; when the proof-sheets of the three Sonatas (Op. 29) arrived from the publishers, Beethoven, who was engaged at his desk, desired Ries to play the Sonata in G: he complied, of course, and proceeded without interruption, till that place in the last page of the first movement where the composition had been tampered with by the introduction of two bars; the player having no authority but the copy before him, went on innocently with his performance, when the composer, infuriated at the interpolation, resented upon the hapless executant the effrontery of the publisher, by rushing across the room, and knocking Ries from his seat at the pianoforte, to the floor. It was easy to convince him that Ries was blameless in the matter, but the master was so incensed with the liberty taken with his work by the publisher, that he withdrew the copyright of the three Sonatas, and assigned it to another house. Again; when Clementi visited Vienna, some one indiscreetly suggested to Beethoven that, in consideration of his high standing, this famous artist ought to pay him the courtesy of waiting on him to pay his respects; Clementi, on the other hand, fancied that, being a stranger, the ceremony of the first visit was due to himself; the result was, that each took offence at the other, offence so deep, that, though chance occasionally led them to sit face to face at the same table in a public dining-room, neither would speak to his opposite neighbour; and Ries who was always his master's companion, was so far involved in the affront, that he dared not, at the risk of Beethoven's friendship, exchange greetings with his own familiar Klingl who was studying with Clementi, and was his associate at the dinner-table. One further and far more striking example; the Andante in F (separately published as Op. 35) was designed for the second movement of the Sonata in C, Op. 53, but replaced by the single page of *largo* preceding the *finale*, on account of the great length of the entire composition. Beethoven played this exquisite movement to his pupil immediately he had written it, and Ries, meeting Prince Lichnowsky the same evening, delighted him with a vivid reminiscence of the newest emanation of his master's genius. The Prince, whose memory was not less retentive, went the next day to Beethoven, and, for jest's sake, offered to play him something he pretended to have just composed: with the master's consent, his noble patron accordingly played a second-hand recollection of Ries's reminiscence. Beethoven with a singularly childlike simplicity, had no apprehension of the jest, and, more vexed than surprised at what he supposed to be an unlucky coincidence proposed to cancel his movement. When the Prince's trick of memory was explained, the impulsive composer broke forth in a torrent of anger against poor Ries, and interpreting what any one else would esteem a graceful compliment, as a treacherous betrayal of his confidence, swore he would never again play to his pupil an unpublished composition—a vow which he kept so implacably that no reasoning, persuasion, entreating, nor even the tears of the victim of his unjust suspicion, could at any time induce him to retract it.

To return from this retrogression. In 1810 the Mass in C was brought out, its first performance being in the chapel of Prince Esterhazy, of which Hummel was master; and it was from the misinterpretation of a look of that distinguished musician on this occasion, that the susceptible Beethoven assumed an offence which separated the two for many years. Allusion has been made to the freedom of the composer's religious sentiments, recurrence to which is not untimely in reference to this remarkable ecclesiastical work—remarkable for the poetical conception of the text it embodies—equally remarkable for the infinite beauty of the technical means by which this is rendered. Beethoven's life-long habits had fully familiarised him with everything that was conventional in the subject; but the impersonal aspect in which his personal feelings led him to regard it, induced the new and profound readings, which, with all their ideality, and with all their impressiveness, might scarcely have proceeded from an entirely orthodox thinker. What has been ventured in criticism upon Beethoven's fugal writing, applies more pertinently to nothing than to the examples in this composition, which are the isolated passages throughout the work that admit a question of their consummate beauty.

In this year, Bettine von Arnim introduced herself to Beethoven, who, always yearning for companionship with the other sex, was enraptured to find in this

celebrated lady one with whom he could converse upon the subject of his art, and thus unfold his deepest meditations. Her description of him to Goethe is perhaps an idealism; but if it divests the artist of his mere humanities, it presents, the more clearly for this, that spiritual nature, the working of which in his music, confirms her portraiture. In his mere humanities, however, Beethoven was not an ordinary being, and whoever denies a licence to his eccentricities on the grounds of his greatness, cannot but concede it on the score of his infirmity. Certain it is, that when he went his daily walk round the city, through all weathers, and in all seasons, at the extreme of speed, fulfilling in his wild appearance all that can be imagined of a state of inspiration, the people knew him, and the lowest of them stood aside in reverence of a greatness they appreciated, though they might not understand.

Bettine was the medium of his first communication with Goethe, for whose calling as a poet, and for himself, as its most worthy representative, he had the highest veneration. It was almost as a tribute to the greatness of the author, and certainly as an acknowledgment of the greatness of the play, that he now wrote the music for *Egmont*, in which the world received a new and one of the greatest proofs of the abstract power of musical expression. Whatever spiritual affinity there may have been between the musician and the poet, there was no personal congeniality; and thus, though they became acquainted, they did not, as they could not, become friends.

The opposite character of these two men, alike important in their respective arts, was whimsically exemplified on an occasion when, walking together, they met the imperial cavalcade, including the musician's warm admirer, munificent patron, and personal friend, the Archduke Rudolf. Goethe, the courtier, a man of the world, stepped into the ditch to make way for the *cortege*, and, baring his head, bowed to salute them; Beethoven, the republican, the man of prejudice, set his hat firmly on his head, crossed his arms upon his breast, and walked proudly—may one not say ostentatiously—through the midst of the party, of whom some of the riders were more or less inconvenienced to avoid injuring him. Was Beethoven right in supposing that he thus asserted the nobility of his art?

In 1812, Beethoven wrote music for Kotzebue's masque, *The Ruins of Athens*, to inaugurate a new theatre in Pesti; but how much besides the overture of this very unequal work belongs to the present occasion, how much to that of its reproduction with a new text in October, 1822, seems to be unknown. *King Stephen*, a work of the same class, may, from the nature of its subject, and the style of its music (excepting always the march, the duet, and the derivate chorus of the former piece), perhaps be attributed to the same date.

Mälzel, the inventor of the metronome, who had a scientific knowledge of mechanics, and who was an intimate friend of Beethoven, attempted the construction of an instrument that should assist the master's hearing. No price would have been too great for the accomplishment of such a service, which would have restored the artist socially to the world, and opened to him anew the external effects of music! and the sufferer deemed it but small compensation to compose a piece for the display of an extensive barrel organ of the mechanist's invention, and he wrote accordingly the *Battle Symphony*.

The idea of this work, the manner in which it was to be carried out, and even the means to be employed, down to the minutest detail, were suggested by Mälzel; and with this account of its purpose and its origin, all that is unaccountable in the emanation of such a production from Beethoven is explained. Mälzel afterwards persuaded him to adapt it for the orchestra; and in this shape it was first performed at a concert given in December, 1813, for the benefit of the Austrian soldiers who had been wounded at the battle of Hanau, in which all the most distinguished musicians of the time, regardless of professional precedence co-operated. The instrument from which Beethoven expected the revival of his happiness, proved a failure; but its constructor still esteemed himself the proprietor of the "*Battle Symphony*," and obtaining, since the author refused him one, a surreptitious and imperfect copy of the score, had the work performed in different places for his own emolument. Beethoven was not more disgusted at this nefarious proceeding than at the neglect, by our Prince Regent, of the same composition, of which, though it was dedicated to him, though a copy was sent him; and though the author used every means to urge him on the subject, he never made any acknowledgment.

(To be continued.)

Public Behavior.

Harper's *Lounger* has been in Boston, was present at the Trenkle Concert—that is, his *alter ego* was—and thus writes to himself about it.

"My dear Mr. Lounger,—I observe that you have a word to say now and then about the conduct of grown-up people in various situations, and I make bold, therefore, to tell you of the difference which I lately remarked between the behavior of an audience in New York and one in Boston. Nobody need fly into a passion in advance, and say that he doesn't wish to hear what a stuck-up Athenian has to say, because I am not an Athenian; I am a plain Knickerbocker, thank Heaven! and eat my krollers, and drink my beer, and smoke my pipe upon the stoop, and scoff at the Boston State House, and have my own opinion of the Frog Pond.

"But that is neither here nor there (I mean my opinion, not the Frog Pond: which, as you know, and all men know, is very much *there* indeed); the point is the conduct of the public of the two cities.

"On a certain Friday morning, not a hundred years ago, I went to the Exhibition of Declamation by the students of Columbia College. The exercises were held in Niblo's Saloon, which was crowded by a throng of ladies and gentlemen (at least they seemed to be such). But when the speaking began on the platform it began throughout the house. I, who had come to listen (not that any of my children took part, but as a friend of education and of youth) was appalled at the loud murmur around me.

"My young friend, Mr. Emerson, was indeed listened to, as he deserved to be. But he had the good luck to come first on the programme; and so my other young friends, Mr. Laurence, Mr. Post, Mr. Greenwood, and Mr. Pell were vociferously applauded—but not much heard. In fact, it was Babel; and I was glad to hear President King censure the indecency of the incessant talking among the audience.

"But it did no good. They talked on louder than ever. When they applauded, it was done with such stamping and shouting that there is not a circus in the world that would not have been disgraced by it; and the President, with just severity, cried indignantly, 'I call upon the students of the college to separate themselves from those who come here to make a ruffian noise!'

"The whole thing was a noisy row. The applause indicated no intelligence and no appreciation, but simply a foolish determination to make as much confusion as possible. It was an immense audience of apparently respectable people; and if the offenders were only a few among them, they should have been removed by the police.

"The next morning business (W. I. goods) took me to Boston. I arrived at evening, because I had arranged to see a dealer at Hartford and one at Worcester; and so had to give the day to travel. Looking around to see how I should amuse myself, I observed a notice of a concert at the Music Hall, and thither I went.

"'Tis a noble hall, and at least three thousand people were packed into it. The music was entirely German, of which I was glad enough, for I have long wanted to have the taste of *Trovatore* taken out of my mouth. [Note to the indignant reader: You are a great lover of *Trovatore*, and think me a barbarian. Well, think so. A man who would be sensitive about the *Trovatore* would have just wit enough to abuse me for liking an entirely German concert. I prefer a flowing beaker of Burgundy to your thin, sweet wine—why, and gooseberry wine at that. No—thank you! I take Clos de Vougeot; wish you much pleasure with your sweet slops. Day! day!]

"The thing is that the audience was magnificent in numbers and in conduct. The performance was admirable. There was an arrangement for eight hands of Weber's *Invitation to the Waltz*. It was by Otto Dresel—a pianist whom New York lost; and, losing, lost the most passionate and poetic player in the country. Dresel played with three friends, Mr. J. C. D. Parker among them. The first time it went splendidly. The next, obeying a determined encore, it fell out of time a little. But, on the whole it was an exquisite concert. There was no piece too long, nor were there too many pieces; and when the three thousand applauded, they did not bang their heels and sticks and umbrellas against the floor—they did not yelp and shout *Hi! hi!*—they did not whistle and roar—but a solid clapping of hands, uninterrupted by a single heel, not only made the best applause, but showed that it was the applause of people worth the pleasing.

"I take the liberty to prefer that kind of audience gathered to hear music, to the one I encountered in my native city which came to hear oratory. The Athenians behaved with dignity and self-respect, and a profoundly intelligent and appreciative enjoyment.

The Knickerbockers behaved like circus riders, rowdies, and children. I know what Boston has to struggle with. I have actually seen that yellow State House—yellow enough to give all Massachusetts the jaundice. I am fully aware of the Frog Pond, and the other difficulties. I reflect with pardonable pride upon our nine millions tax, and smile with sympathy upon a little city so handy that a man needs less than an hour to reach his home from his office.

"But I must acknowledge that little Boston bears up bravely under its airy and shady Common, its clean streets, and its conveniences. I grant that it has grown somewhat sober in the effort to sit upon three hills at once; and I see that stretching, with the mere fatigue of growth it has already laid its head in Roxbury, and its finger tips on Cambridge and Charlestown. But I am not yet prepared to believe what I lately saw in the *Springfield Republican*, that the Atlantic Ocean rises in Boston harbor and flows eastward.

"These are things that naturally make a wise man—[Note to the indignant reader: Meaning me!—ponder. But, settle them how he will, he cannot deny that the behavior of a Boston audience is superior to that of Hi-hi-ing Yorkers.

"Yours respectfully, Mr. Lounger,

"HANS VAN TROMP."

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Vowel Sounds.

MY DEAR MR. DWIGHT:—Your friend "A. W. T." writes to you: "The sounds *ah, o, e, i, oo, &c.*, are the same in all languages;" and "any competent teacher, whether in London, St. Petersburg, Berlin, Rome, Paris, New York or Boston, will exercise his pupil in delivering his voice to the vowel sounds in all the languages of these respective capitals, in precisely the same manner;" and "the point then is to be taught *well*—not to learn of any particular person."

I presume that there may be found identical sounds in most of the European languages, as they spring from the same original root; but does this prove that they are at all similar in their musical properties. Is it not the pervading spit of a language which renders it best adapted to music, and is not that method, which brings out the best sounds in the most harmonious way, the best method? It is not a fact that those vowel sounds are the same in all languages. O, one of the best musical letters, is entirely different in Italian and English. There is no equivalent in English for the Italian *o*, and very few equivalents for the *e*, two vowels constantly occurring in almost every word. How then can the teachers in the cities named, all teach precisely alike, (without they all have learned one method) if they teach, particularly, their own languages. It is idle to maintain that the German, French, English and Italian languages, spoken or sung in their national purity, have any sort of real similarity in their mode of utterance even in the simple vowel sounds. Only the most insane national partiality can maintain that a method of music which shall enunciate the vowel sounds as they are given in the pure German, French, or English oratory, is comparable to that which constantly exercises the pupil on the sonorous open Italian. What is method? Is it not simply the manner in which musical sounds are uttered? their production from that part of the throat best adapted to their effective emission? Because there are certain individual sounds common to European tongues, does it prove that there is not a vast difference in the prevalence of musical sounds; and is not a singer's method very much influenced by the greater or less frequency of the musical sounds in his language? "A. W. T.," as I understand him, means that we need not go to Italy for a method of singing, as any good teacher of music in any country can, or does teach, just the same thing, the vowel sounds being all the same. It is a common remark, that one sings with a French or a German method. What does this mean? It is said of fine vocalists. It simply means that the singer has infused into the enunciation of the music the spirit of a national language, and has employed a national idiosyncrasy of voice almost as peculiar as

the idiom itself. Now, no one will deny that the Italian method is the best for music. It leads the singer to produce round, open, sonorous tones, instead of close, pinched, guttural ones. It is the best for those who are about to sing other languages; for the spirit of the open Italian may rule in all those places where there is an identity of sound, and where peculiar national sounds do not occur. I mean that Germans, or French or English, will be better singers after they have studied under the best Italian teachers. If their own countrymen teach in the same way as Italians, then the same result may occur. But if the teacher be purely a teacher of his own national language, the pupil may suffer from being confined to an unmusical dialect, and his voice may never be educated for its best or most musical effects.

Paris and London may at least be ranked with Berlin and Vienna, and the very generally acknowledged superiority of the Italian vocal school everywhere cannot be set aside. C.

MUSICAL NOTATION.—Mr. Cornelius Mahoney, the teacher of Music in the Institute for the Blind, in New York, has invented, says a cotemporary, the *Scientific American*, an entirely new system of notation. He has the name of the note cut in the note itself, showing white in the black notes and black in the white ones, so that at a glance the name of the note can be seen. This is more practical and far less expensive than the other system. We do not suppose, however, that either will come into general use.

Mr. Mahony is also the inventor of embossed music for the blind, by which any blind person can read the music by touch, and will not require a second person to read them, as was formerly the case: "thus placing this charming solace and divine consoler, sweet melody, within the reach of that class who need it most—the blind." It is much to have done anything toward facilitating the acquisition of art; how much more when this is done for the sake of those to whom the enjoyment of more than one art is almost out of the question. —*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.

ST PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.—Bishop DeLancey, in a recent letter from England, thus describes the evening service at St. Paul's Cathedral:

"It was a most impressive service; more than three thousand present, notwithstanding the rain. A choir of more than five hundred volunteer singers chanted and sung. The sermon was by the Rev. Dr. Hook—extemporaneous, animated and impressive, and fixed the attention of the great multitude for forty minutes. The voices of the people almost overpowered the immense organ. It was a majestic sound. Such an amen I never heard. It was the Falls of Niagara reverberating the praises of God. It carried me forward to what St. John says: 'A voice came out of the Throne, saying, Praise our God, all ye His servants, and ye that fear Him, both small and great; and I heard as it were, the voice of a great multitude, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluia! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.'

All about us, so far as we could see or hear, responded and sung, but no individual voice, male or female, could be distinguished in the overpowering and harmonious mass of sound. There were no long preludes or interludes by the organ.

When the hymn after the sermon was finished, all bent down and the preacher pronounced the benediction, to which the organ, choir and congregation responded a most solemn and impressive *amen*; and all was silent as the grave, for private prayer to God for his blessing on the service—a silence overpowering—silence that could be felt. The immense flock then quietly dispersed."

The *London News*, speaking of the choir referred to in the foregoing extracts, says: "The choir of five hundred voices give their services without remuneration, and are all persons to whom music is simply a pleasing recreation. Many of them are in circumstances of ease and affluence, some being members of one or the other of the learned professions."

MODERN COMPOSERS IN ITALY.—The following statistics show the relative popularity of the Italian composers in their own country: There will be opened this season in Italy ninety-three lyric theatres, thirty-eight of which give on the opening night one of Verdi's operas. In twelve cities, (including Naples, Florence, Venice and Trieste,) *Trovatore*, is the opening opera;

in nine it is *Traviata*; in three *Lombardi*; in four *Ernani*; while his other operas of *Rigoletto*, *Nabuco*, *Attila*, *Aroldo*, *Due Foscari*, *Luisa Miller*, *Joan of Arc* and *Giovanni di Guzman* will be produced in different towns. Fifteen of the remaining theatres open with Donizetti's works, of which *Linda* appears to be the most popular. Pacini inaugurates the season at four theatres, while Rossini—the great Rossini—will be heard in only three. Meyerbeer can only be listened to at Bologna and Turin, while at the other theatres various experimental works of young composers yet to fortune and to fame unknown are to be tried. These statistics, however, refer only to the opening night in each theatre.

Musical Correspondence.

NORTHAMPTON, MASS., MARCH 28.—Do you know that you need a correspondent "up in the country"—even as far back in the woods as is Northampton? For have we not something that even you in Boston cannot boast of—a resident opera company! An opera company, too, the names of whose members you will not find ending in *i*, *ch*, or *ski*, as evidence of foreign birth or education, but having an unmistakably native look, as you will see by glancing at the accompanying programme. We do not mean to claim as Northamptonians all the great musicians, singers, or musical critics who have, at various times, made our village their place of abode. We will say nothing about Jenny Lind, or Formes, or the Editor of Dwight's Journal, for they are gone, not without taking, we trust, and leaving, we know, pleasant recollections. Have not "Brown" himself and "t—" sought inspiration beneath our umbrageous elms; and didn't the latter gently snub us, in one of his or her (we will not lift even so much as a corner of the veil of mystery in which your New York correspondent envelopes him or herself) communications to the Journal of Music? But stop—we are getting farther and farther from our subject, and shall be pitched into the waste-basket if we don't come to a focus presently.

Place aux dames! Here is a paper tucked under my portfolio, evidently in a lady's hand-writing, which looks as if it was intended to do me out of the place of "own correspondent" to the Journal. Let us be magnanimous and forward it, even at the risk of having all the honors and emoluments of the post transferred to another. Here it is.

You can doubtless well imagine the appearance of this old abiding-place of yours, during this month of blue birds, blue noses, and "blues" generally. Nature is literally washing in her colors, and until she brings them out, hy and by, with her sunbeam pencils, I will not hold up her handiwork for your recognition. But the blossoming time of Art is dependent only on human will and ability; and, in the form of Lyrical Drama, it bloomed out beautifully in this virgin soil, on Thursday night last, despite a pouring rain, fit to drown out any exotic plant, had it not been thoroughly naturalized by the zeal of its cultivators. In plain prose, then, *Il Trovatore*, in the English version, was brought out at the Town Hall last week, by the "Northampton Amateur Opera Company," with "appropriate scenery and costumes," as the programme truthfully promised. From the prima donna to the scene-shifter, the "talent" was all "native," and the results satisfactory in every department. To Dr. MEEKINS is due the credit of having originated and carried out to a successful consummation an undertaking of so much magnitude. This gentleman combines with æsthetic tastes, that Yankee "faculty," as Mrs. Stowe has it, which enables him to make them a benefit to his friends. The singing was excellent; Mrs. MEEKINS' pure, flexible, and high soprano was fully equal to the difficulties of Verdi's music, while her lady-like grace won all sympathies. Miss JULIA SHEPARD, with her rich contralto voice, made the dreary part of Azucena more acceptable than it often is on a real

stage, if the phrase is allowable. This young lady had never seen an operatic performance; but her tact and intelligence made up for want of experience. Mr. WILLIAM CLARKE looked the Troubadour well, while his sweet tenor was particularly effective in the "Serenade" and the "Prison Song." The parts of Ferrando and the Count di Luna were well sustained by Mr. C. CLARKE and Dr. MEEKINS. The chorus, young ladies and gentlemen of this town, sang with spirit and precision, and the whole performance went off without a single hitch,—careful study and perfect rehearsals having entirely done away with the necessity of a prompter, usually the most conspicuous character on such occasions. The orchestra, under the direction of Mr. FITZHUGH, of Springfield, did fairly, although exhibiting a most un-Verdi-ish lack of brass, and rather feeling the want of a little more help in the string department.

The town hall was crowded with eager listeners; and, between the acts, the lively stir and hum of an audience, usually most seriously inclined, showed the appreciation of a new pleasure. It was pleasant to see so many people receiving their first impressions of an opera in so agreeable a manner. As regards the acting, the good taste of the performers enabled them to preserve a happy medium; there was no over-doing or exaggeration, and yet the music was not allowed to suffer for want of appropriate action and expression.

Another performance is advertised for Thursday next, and another crowded house is expected. We hope that, encouraged by success, the "Northampton Amateur Opera Company" may give us, next year, an opera of more sterling merit than the *Trovatore*—one the performance of which may be musically instructive as well as amusing to actors and audience.

Besides the opera company, there is a club of classicists here, who have "nothing to do with the opera establishment on the other side of the way." There are some fine voices belonging to this club, and good musical taste and education. They gave a concert last summer, and performed, among other things, Mendelssohn's "Hear my Prayer," which you have printed in the Journal. Mrs. DELANO is the prima donna of this institution.

HARTFORD, CONN., MARCH 28.—The "BEETHOVEN SOCIETY" has given a second concert since I last wrote, which was in some respects better than the first; although the church was not so well filled, in fact, quite thinly attended,—which may account in a degree for the lack of enthusiasm which was noticeable in some of the pieces. Mrs. STRICKLAND greatly disappointed her friends in not being able to be present through illness; although some of her solos were most admirably sung by Mrs. PRESTON, (Clare Hoyt,) who also sustained her well-earned reputation in that beautiful piece of inspiration of Mendelssohn,—"*Hear my prayer*," lately published in "Dwight,"—the whole of it, choruses and all, being splendidly performed. Nor must I forget to give due praise to Mr. MAHLER for his violin accompaniment to the first solo—so full of expression and artistic finish. Mr. WANDER acquitted himself on this occasion in a most satisfactory manner in his tenor solo, "*Cujus Animam*," though somewhat poorly sustained in the accompaniment. Mr. FOLEY sang much better than he did before.

The society are now at work upon Haydn's "*Passion*," or the "*Seven last words upon the Cross*," which they intend to perform sometime during Lent.

Last evening I had the pleasure of listening to a portion of "*Stradella*," performed by a German Association in this city, which was highly creditable,—with stage scenery, full costumes, &c. The accompaniments, to be sure, were played upon a piano-forte, but the acting and singing of those who took part, were worthy of high commendation. The "*Prayer of Stradella*" was beautifully sung, as were the

other solos, trios, &c. I trust this is a germ of a fuller cast, and that bye and bye we shall have operas of our own, on a large scale.

In a late number of your paper I read something from the "*London Athenæum*" of the character of Mendelssohn, which has prompted me to give you the following anecdote, that I heard through a third person, while in Germany, and which, I believe, has never before appeared in print.

During Mendelssohn's sojourn in London he was invited by the Queen and Prince Albert to a *matinée* at Buckingham Palace—or rather an informal, private *tête-à-tête*, where all court ceremony was to be thrown aside, and where he was to meet them on full, social equality. Of course, Mendelssohn accepted the flattering invitation, and was duly received with the warmest expressions of respect and appreciation by his royal hosts. The hours were pleasantly passed in free conversation upon various musical topics, and in the listening to one and another's performances or illustrations upon the piano-forte,—Mendelssohn, with his exquisitely shaped hand and long, tapering fingers, charming his attentive hearers by his wonderful improvisations,—now relieved by some quiet *aria* from Her Majesty; and then again by one or two modest *morceaux*, by the Prince, who, as may be well known, is a finished performer and composer. Thus did these three distinguished persons, shut out from the rest of the world, enjoy themselves—influenced, by the charm of Music, to a general level with one another,—(excepting that the one loomed far up above the two by his mighty genius—leaving royalty at his feet, and actually forcing it to acknowledge its inferiority in comparison with him,)—until the time came for his departure; when the noble Queen, with a soul running over with delight and admiration, begged of Mendelssohn that he should state some favor or gift which she might bestow upon him,—some high order, perhaps; or, it may have been, her royal patronage to some concert which he might propose to give; or more than this, her signet-ring; or anything, whereby she could show to himself and the world the deep reverence she possessed for his lofty genius and his art! What a glittering opportunity for a man, thirsting for worldly renown, to grasp! Not so with Mendelssohn; but turning to the Queen, with that gentleness of manner, which ever characterized the beloved musician, he said:—"May it please your Majesty, there is one request that I would make, which, if granted, will be all that I can ask!" Of course he was eagerly besought by the Queen to name it. "That I may be allowed to enter the nursery!" was the simple and touching reply of Mendelssohn! One may well imagine the surprise of the royal mother as she heard this innocent and unlooked-for wish,—which must have filled her with deeper admiration for the great man than ever! Most gladly did she accede to his desire; and there, for an hour, with England's gracious sovereign and her "lord" for an audience, did the immortal composer of "*Elijah*," in child-like simplicity, fondle and play with those dear children to his heart's content!

H.

CINCINNATI, MARCH 17.—The concert given by the Cecilia Society on the 3d inst. merits a report from a more experienced and critical pen than my own; an Italian proverb says, "When roses can not be had, gilliflowers come not amiss"; and probably in the present case—the production of an original oratorio—any report is better than no report.

On the occasion referred to, the programme presented "Selections from the Oratorio of Pensacola, composed by F. L. RITTER (director of the Society) words by Fanny M. Raymond." Of the ensemble of this work, the connection of parts with the whole, it is difficult to speak, as even the selections presented, were, in several cases, displaced from their original position, to suit the exigencies of the concert.

The first chorus, "Spirit of beauty," with its frequently original modulations, and boldly conducted fugue, formed an excellent introduction. The soprano arioso, "Come, maidens," a graceful and elegant melody, was followed by a chorus for women's voices alone, somewhat colorless and characterless, but throwing into bold relief the tenor solo and chorus of warriors; the latter, in particular, with its spirited melody, and strongly marked rhythm, is full of energy and fire. The chorus, "Let us dance and sing," is distinguished by a striking and lively melody, and some novelty in rhythm; the quartet andante, which it enframes, adds to it all the charm of contrast.

The soprano aria in the second part is scarcely so melodious as the subject requires, but the succeeding air for alto, "Fear not," is a most successful effort in the style familiarly called "sacred." Far removed in its clear melody from the milk-and-water of the sentimental-religious school, rich in harmony, not devoid of originality in its modulations, and permeated with the warmth of courageous faith, this is a truly admirable piece of writing. The duet for alto and baritone is also highly effective. The chorus "Our faith is shaken," is a fine conception, finely carried out.

The recitatives throughout, are remarkable for grace and expression; Mr. Ritter has attained, in this difficult province of composition, a decided success.

Of three ballads, introduced between the parts, and by the same composer, one claims remark, "*Elfenliebe*," from its beauty. The fairy lightness of the opening and concluding movements, the dramatic force of the middle movement (in B minor), and the perfect fitness of the whole to Grün's charming words, combine to render this song a "gem of purest ray serene."

As for "*Pensacola*," it is to be hoped that this oratorio will be produced entire, with all the accessories of a complete chorus and orchestra. In the face of those obstacles that oppose the conscientious composer,—and "out west" more inevitably than elsewhere on this continent—misappreciation and timidity in the expression of opinion on the part of the public, deficiency of competent criticism, &c., he who has enthusiasm enough (even setting aside the question of talent), to conceive, work out, and present a work of this kind, deserves,—and it is to be hoped Mr. Ritter will receive,—the sympathy of his fellow-artists, and the support of his fellow-citizens.

gg.

NEW YORK, MARCH 27.—The Philharmonic concert last Saturday offered us two novelties; namely, a new native Symphony, and a new pianist. The former was the composition of Mr. GEO. F. BRISTOW, and was a vast improvement upon his former work of like character, which the Philharmonic Society played a few years ago. The instrumentation is uncommonly fine, and though there is still some tendency to dance-measure in the themes, some of them are beautiful. I was most pleased with the Scherzo and the Andante, or Notturmo, as the composer calls it. The former, particularly, is exceedingly fresh and lively, and finely worked up. The *motif* of the first part, it is true, partakes somewhat of the nature of a polka and a jig, but the melody of the Trio is lovely and flowing and caressing enough to reconcile me to anything. This movement was encored, and at the end, the composer was called forth with vehement applause. His work has the happy quality of being popular enough to please the multitude, and yet possessing sufficient depth and intrinsic worth to preserve it from being trivial. The programme gave us what seemed intended for an analysis of this Symphony in the shape of poetic mottoes to each part, but I must confess that I could neither find any connection of ideas between them, nor discover their interpretation in the music, so I preferred to listen to the latter only for itself.

Beethoven's glorious "Leonora," and the Overture to the "Vampyre" by Marschner (a well instrumented but commonplace affair) were the remaining orchestral pieces; and were played, as was also the Symphony, exceedingly well. Mr. PHILIP MAYER sang

the bass song from "Jessonda," *Der Kriegeslust ergeben*, which is always welcome, and a rather sentimental sing-song of Lachner, which was, however, encored. Mr. Mayer was evidently laboring under a cold, and did not let out his fine voice to its full power; a rare case with this artist.

Like children, with their cakes and sweetmeats, I have left the best to the last; and must now tell you of the young pianist who has taken the New York public by storm, and proved the fallacy of the assertion, that the latter will not appreciate any artist who has not been vigorously puffed previous to his debut. Mr. S. B. MILLS arrived in this country about six or eight weeks ago, direct from the Conservatory at Leipzig, where, though an Englishman, he has received his musical education. You observe, therefore, that, one of these days, when he has achieved a world-wide reputation, as he *must*, America, and particularly we New Yorkers, will have the satisfaction of feeling that he laid the foundation for it among us. He is but twenty-one years old, yet he surpasses even the greatest pianists we have had in this country. His execution, his precision, are wonderful; his touch indescribably beautiful, and, without the slightest apparent effort, he displays a degree of force which I have rarely heard equalled. These however, are all mechanical qualities; perfect as he is in these, they are nothing to the higher worth which pervades his performance. His conception of the music he plays, his rare power of bringing out all the chief points of interest and beauty, his artistic truthfulness—taking nothing from, nor adding anything to the meaning of the composer, giving every note its full value and vocal beauty, (for he does make the piano ring)—all these combine to impress you with the conviction that you are listening to an artist in the highest sense of the word.

His very choice of his chief piece showed this too; it was Schumann's Concerto in A minor, op. 54—a composition not at all calculated to please the general public, but one that delights all true lovers of music. It offers no opportunity for display—yet such was the exquisite beauty of his rendering, that the whole audience were completely carried away. He made every one feel what he was playing; he did not astonish in the least, but he imbued the listener with a feeling of serene satisfaction. In his next piece, however, he *did* astonish every one. It was a Paraphrase, by Liszt, of the Wedding March and Fairy Dance, from "Midsummer Night's Dream," which required, like many of the great master's similar transcriptions, an almost unheard-of facility of execution. I never heard anything like it. This reproduction of the violin passage in the fairy dance, (the same which occurs in the beginning of the Overture) was truly amazing. Such rapidity of fingering is almost incredible. So, too, were his octave passages, and a trill, in ninths, at the end of the march. This performance drew down a tempest of applause, never before equalled at one of these concerts; in answer to a vehement encore, he gave us, most exquisitely, Chopin's grand Polonaise.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 2, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—We commence to-day a piece of rare interest, for chorus of mixed voices, by BEETHOVEN, one of his later works, composed to a little poem of Gnehe's called "*Meeres-Stille und Glückliche Fahrt*," (Recalled at Sea, and Prosperous Voyage). Mendelssohn wrote a descriptive Overture on the same subject. The chorus will occupy about sixteen pages, and is in two parts. The first portrays a calm at sea—a slow, mysterious movement, which must be exceedingly impressive. Then the winds rise, the tempo changes, and on bounds the good ship before the breeze, and the whole ends with the cheerful cry of Land!

The Beethoven Commemoration.

Mr. ZERBAHN's noble efforts were rewarded last Saturday evening with an almost unqualified success. As a whole this last of his series of Philharmonic

Concerts was one of the most admirable and well appreciated events that have ever yet occurred here in our corner of the world of Art. The Music Hall was filled to overflowing, with the most eager, well-behaved, attentive audience. There is a high moral significance, a touching beauty in the very spectacle of such a crowd, so listening, with such interest, for nearly three hours to music purely and entirely of the loftiest kind, the kind that taxes the attention to the utmost. The enthusiasm with which the whole had been prepared was evident, not only in the fine mood and temper of the orchestra, chorus and conductor, but in the tasteful and fond reverence with which Crawford's statue of the Master had been decorated, (for which, we understand, we are indebted chiefly to the skill of Mr. ROTH). Relieved upon a background of well arranged dark drapery, depending from a golden lyre, Beethoven stood, the score of the finished Choral Symphony in hand, his grand head laurel-crowned, embowered in evergreen brightened with artificial roses, and with a whole garden of superb lilies and other live flowers at his feet. The conductor's desk, too, was wreathed with floral honors; and when the stage was filled with the orchestra of fifty in front of the statue, the solo singers in front of them, and the Handel and Haydn chorus singers rising to the wall on either side, it was a sight to raise high expectation.

This was not disappointed in the music—not it we truly caught the tone of the great mass of the audience—sceptics of course there were, and individuals deaf to higher harmonies—deaf in the inward sense as was Beethoven in the outward—or of that hopelessly small critical kind of smartness, who take more notice of a few defective details in the rendering, than of the whole scope and tendency and spirit of a great work—(see newspapers, where these speak for themselves and a few besides)—but if ever the average intelligence of a great audience was interested and delighted to the end, in Boston, by a great connected musical work, that thing was realized on Saturday evening.

The only serious drawback occurred in the first and least part of the programme. The "Egmont" music was in itself exquisite; but Mrs. BARROW's reading of scenes from the play was anything but satisfactory. It was coarse, inflated, over-loud, and after all not clear. Nothing could be in greater contrast than those two interpretations of the "Egmont": the reader's, and Beethoven's, through most delicate, refined, profoundly touching and impressive bits of thoroughly characteristic music. The overture made a great impression, so intense and concentrated is its summing up and reproduction of the spirit of the play. Clara's little song: "The drum is resonnding," so very simple, and so wild and sad, (and in this true to the whole tone of the tragedy), as well as rapturous in praise of her warlike hero lover, was charmingly sung by Mrs. HARWOOD; there was a maidenly freshness in her voice just suited to it. It is easy to dismiss such a song as a small trifle; but it has a poetic truth and imaginativeness such as we find in some of Shakespeare's little songs; and simple in the extreme it should be, or it would be false. So too, of the other song: *Freudvoll und leidvoll*, in which the shifting major and minor moods of love's unrest chase each other like clouds and sunshine. A beautiful song, but the transition on a high note into the exulting strain: *Glücklich allein ist die Seele die LIEBT* (Happy alone is the soul that LOVES!) was not quite perfect in the rendering.

The orchestral pieces were nicely rendered. The first entr'acte seemed truly to prolong the sad impression of poor Brackenbush's unhappy love for Clara, in the Andante; and then in its *Allegro agitato* you felt the discontent and gloom and terror that hung over Brussels before stern Alva's advent. Simple, yet most effective historical tone-painting. The piece following the second act, Egmont's interview with Orange, gives utterance to serious warning, and noble

sunshiny, free-hearted confidence. It is a warm, rich composition. No. 5, after the exquisite scene of Egmont's visit to Clara, is delicious; an after-vibration of the *Freudoll und leidoll* song rings through it; and then suddenly a majestic quick march, in which you hear the bodeful tramp of Alva's army. No. 6, after the fourth act, is perhaps the most beautiful of all. It is Clara in the street vainly trying to excite the people to the rescue of her lover and their hero. But how quiet the music! It enters into the subdued and holier mood of the maiden's character, when in mute despair, relieved by perfect love and faith, she goes home resolved to die and meet him in a better world. This strain leads, too, naturally into that most impressive one suggesting Clara's death; how palpable the stillness of those moments ere the light goes out! Egmont's vision of the goddess of Liberty, in his prison, is accompanied with rare visionary music, such as only Beethoven might conceive; and the triumphant closing symphony, repeated from the overture, grandly completes the unity of the whole.

Now of the "Choral Symphony" we shall not write an essay, after all that has been said of it beforehand in these columns. Enough that the performance was, as a whole, far more successful than it was reasonable under all the circumstances to anticipate. Mr. Zerrahn had labored, with all the facilities of soul and body, in the drilling of his orchestra to render this great work; and, as he came through the task so happily, he must have grown by it; it must have added to his stature, moral and artistic. It was a victory to strengthen one through life. The orchestra did their part admirably; to note some slight blur in a horn part here, or a trumpet there, would be mean criticism, when, as a whole, the complicated and immensely difficult work came out so clear. And more than this, it was played with real fervor. The heavenly Adagio won the warmest applause of any of the movements; but you would find a strong party equally eager to assert the transcendent power and beauty of the Allegro and of the Scherzo.

The fourth movement also opened clearly. The basses were eloquent in their grand recitative complaints and yearnings; and the suggestions of the orchestra were unmistakable. The "Joy" tune, so plain and simple, yet so pregnant, was hummed over by the basses, and played around with fanciful and happy humor by the reeds, &c. (like troupes of garlanded children frolics in front of a festival procession), and then rung out with all the thrilling energy of the whole orchestra, with more and more exciting interest. The difficulty of course came where the great point was reached, of human utterance. It needed the greatest of basses to strike the magic blow at the right moment in that first immensely difficult recitative, and so break the back of the vocal difficulty once for all, as the double-basses had done in the instrumental. Mr. POWER succeeded to a degree highly creditable to himself, if not fully adequate to the intention of Beethoven. The whole of the quartet of solos indeed deserve praise; their parts were extremely difficult, and the complete achievement thereof could only be expected of a quartet of the Jenny Lind and Formes calibre. Mrs. HARWOOD, especially, as the leading soprano, won the thanks and the respect of true Art-lovers by the self-forgetting spirit with which she made her fine voice help towards the complete production of a grand artistic whole: much of it she sang admirably, and we know not the singer among us who could have come through such a trial better or as well. Mr. ADAMS, tenor, and Miss TWICHELL, contralto, added to their reputation with all intelligent and reasonable listeners.

To-night the Choral Symphony will be repeated for Zerrahn's benefit, and will be played *first*. We are sure it will sound even better than before, and be better understood. The second part will be miscellaneous, and will include some fine things, especially Beethoven's Violin Concerto, which will be played by JULIUS EICHNER. For the rest see advertisement.

Musical Chit-Chat.

The HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY advertise Neukomm's "David" for Sunday evening, in conformity, as they say, "to the demands of their patrons and the popular taste of the community." It will serve to take the taste of the Ninth Symphony out of the mouths of the fastidious critics who may be pleased to listen to Beethoven's grand work on Saturday. SENOR CASSERES has postponed his concert which was to have been given on Saturday, to Monday evening, in order not to interfere with the arrangements of Mr. Zerrahn's benefit concert. Mr. C. R. ADAMS, having an important post to assume in both concerts.

We were pleasantly surprised yesterday by a call from THEODORE EISEL, who had just arrived in the barque Azor from Fayal. His many friends in New York will rejoice to see him again, rescued as he has providentially been from that most awful calamity, the burning of the steamer Austria.

ULLMAN'S Opera have returned to New York from their Southern tour, minus Piccolomini, who has been singing in New Orleans under other management. The war of musical criticism about the little lady ran so high in that warm-blooded city, that it resulted in a duel, in which Mr. Hiriart, musical editor of the *Delta*, fatally wounded Mr. Locquet, a cotton broker.

Musical Review.

TUCKERMAN'S COLLECTION OF ENGLISH CATHEDRAL CHANTS; including the Gregorian Tones. The whole adapted to the Canticles, and Occasional Services of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Services for the Holy Communion, and the Burial of the Dead, and an Easy Morning service in F, consisting of Te Deum and Benedictus.

Dr. Tuckerman's book must be an invaluable collection for the churches in which the Protestant Episcopal service, or a liturgy in any degree resembling it, is used. For any service indeed, of which the *chant*, that most appropriate and solemn of all religious music, makes an important part, this is decidedly the most useful book that has ever fallen under our notice. Containing as it does 230 chants, the number alone, and the variety offered from which to select, recommends this Collection to all choirs obliged to use this kind of music; and when it is considered that these chants have been carefully selected by so accomplished a musician as the compiler of this work, so familiar with the services of our American churches, and so fully imbued with the spirit of the English Cathedral service, it will be seen that it presents unusual claims for consideration.

An instructive preface precedes the collection, in which the Editor makes some explanatory remarks concerning the *Cathedral system* of the Church of England, in regard to the accenting of certain words and syllables in the reciting portion of the chant. This does not commend itself to our approval, and strikes us as purely conventional and unnatural. The desired accent is indicated throughout the book by the use of capital letters, thus:

In his hand are all the Corners | of the | earth
Let us come before his PRESENCE | &c.
And his truth endureth from GEN |eration to | &c.

Beyond the introduction of this apparently arbitrary and unreasonable system we find nothing that we would not commend. The book is admirably printed, with singular distinctness as regards the convenience of both singer and organist. Besides the selected chants several original compositions by Dr. Tuckerman are introduced, which are not the least useful and pleasing of the selections. It closes with an excellent morning service in F by the Editor.

Music Abroad.

LONDON. — Vocal Association. At a concert by this association recently, considerable sensation was created by the performance of an unpublished and hitherto unperformed composition by Mendelssohn, being a part of his unfinished opera of Loreley, of which all that has gone to the world by those having the Mss. of the great composer in charge, has been the *finale* to the first act. The piece given at the performance referred to is an Ave Maria, a soprano solo with chorus of females. The admirers of Mendelssohn will be interested in the following extracts from the *London Musical World*, giving some account of this newly found composition.

Every one in the habit of frequenting our London concerts must be acquainted with the magnificent finale to the first act of Loreley, an opera upon which Mendelssohn was busily engaged just previous to his death; but few except those intimately conversant with such matters were aware that this was by no means the only completed number of the manuscript score left by the composer. That a vast quantity of

published music remained in the hands of his survivors, who withheld it for reasons not easy to explain—and among the rest a grand symphony written to commemorate the Reformation—was generally known; but that anything more intended for Loreley than the *finale* we have mentioned existed in a perfect state no one suspected. Great, then, must have been the surprise of the uninitiated, not merely at seeing an "Ave Maria" from Loreley announced for performance by the Vocal Association, but at reading the following sentences in the programme of the evening:—"Written for a soprano solo and chorus, the exclusive performance of which has been conceded to the Vocal Association." "The whole of the Mss. of the 'Ave Maria' has been presented to the Vocal Association." What "the whole of the Mss." may signify we shall not stop to inquire; but it may be fairly asked upon what grounds music considered unfit to engrave should, nevertheless, be found good enough for public performance; and in whom is vested the right of "presenting" to a particular institution copies of works which are not thought worth submitting through the accustomed medium of circulation to the inspection of the world at large. Fortunately, a single hearing of the "Ave Maria" from Loreley is enough to enable any one with musical sympathies to adjudicate upon its merits, since it is as simple in construction as it is original, characteristic, and beautiful. Mendelssohn, indeed, was, perhaps, never more happily inspired in any short piece that has proceeded from his pen. Although the execution was far from perfect, the audience were enraptured, and redemanded the "Ave Maria" with such unanimity, that Madame Catherine Hayes, to whom the solo part had been intrusted, was compelled to return to the orchestra and go through her task again. If this be only the prelude to further researches in the same direction, no one will regret the good fortune of Mr. Benedict and the Vocal Association.

From a report of the same concert, sent us by an occasional and highly esteemed contributor, we extract the following:—

"What a loss to the world of Art that the *finale* and the 'Ave Maria' are all that remain of a work which, judging from these two examples, promised to be one of the dramatic masterpieces of the age. The *finale*, indeed, may be ranked among the most brilliant achievements of the composer. The 'Ave Maria,' as it indicates, is simply a hymn to the Virgin, given by a chorus of females with one leading soprano. The theme, solemn and exquisitely melodious, is led off by the choirs, who sustain it to the end. The solo voice then comes in with a new theme—and then resumes the first, and the hymn concludes. Nothing can be more beautiful in feeling and treatment than this prayer, which breathes the very spirit of reposeful devotion. The effect produced on Wednesday evening was irresistible, and an universal encore procured its repetition."

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVEN GARDEN.—The Pyne and Harrison troupe are singing, at Covent Garden, The Daughter of the Regiment, Balfe's Satanella, and his Rose of Castille, and Flotow's Martha.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Mr. Gye has issued his prospectus. With one or two exceptions all the favorites of last year remain, even Signor Graziani. Gristi, for the fourteenth year, and Madame Bosio, for the eighth, head the list of sopranos. We miss, however, the name of Victoire Balfe. To the soprano list are added two new names—Madame Lotti de la Santa, a celebrity, both in Italy and Russia, if we are to accredit report, and Mademoiselle Delphine Calderon, from the Teatro Fenice at Venice. Signor Debassini, who may be remembered some years ago at Her Majesty's Theatre, is added to the barytones, among whom we once more welcome the incomparable Ronconi. The name of Signor Luchesi appears among the list of tenors, which, in other respects, is identical with last year. Madame Nantier Didié, despite the reports concerning her engagement at the Grand-Opéra of Paris, retains her position as contralto. The novelties announced are Mercadante's *Il Giuramento*; Rossini's *Gazza Ladra*—a welcome resuscitation after nine years' slumber; and Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*, the new opera about to be produced at the Opéra-Comique, Paris, to which is annexed a proviso, that the opera is to be really produced at the expected time. That Mr. Gye fully intends to bring out *Dinorah*, may be gathered from the fact that M. Meyerbeer will come to London to superintend the rehearsals. The theatre is to open on Saturday, April the 2nd.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—At the last Saturday Concert, Mendelssohn's music to the *Edipus* of Sophocles, was performed for the first time, under the direction of Mr. Manns.

TURIN.—Letters from Turin record the sixth appearance of the young English *prima donna*, Madlle. Victoire Bafé, at the Teatro-Reggio, as Amina in *La Sonnambula*. The house has been crowded every night, and the enthusiasm of the Italians has been raised to such a pitch that the daughter of our popular composer has been called before the curtain seven times every evening. While she is singing not a whisper is heard, a rather unusual circumstance in the theatres of Italy.

AMSTERDAM.—Herr Reichardt has been singing at the Opera House, with great success, in the *Barbiere*, *Sonnambula*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, &c. At a concert of the "Felix Meritis" Society, he was also most favorably received. Herr Alfred Jaell (piano), and M. Sighicelli (violin), played on the same occasion.

Foreign Correspondence.

BERLIN, FEB. 26. — Concerts, Pianists, Violinists, and Singers. I cannot attend them all, I have not time, hardly disposition thereto. At all events, I have no inclination to give time to hearing and writing about young candidates for fame, and in addition thereto, money which I can use far more to my own, and, I hope, your advantage.

When however the Stern Singing Society, or the Sing Akademie, gives a great vocal work, or when the Dom chor gives a selection from old masters, the case is different. Here, one gets his pennyworth, for he can learn something as well as enjoy. I have urged others here to write you, but they seem to think it is my business, and I cannot prevail. Of late I have seldom seen the inside of the opera house, Don Juan called me out not long since. Did I write how one of the Vienna wigglevoiced women trembled and shook all through the part, until I was nearly raving distracted? 'Twas shocking. But as a whole, how glorious it was!

Americans who come to Berlin, must not let a Dom chor concert pass. Remember this. At their last concert, they gave us 'Sanctus,' by Palestrina; 'Miserere' for men's voices, Orlando Lasso; 'Crucifixus' in 8 parts, Lotti; 'Ave Maria,' by Areadelt; 'Kyrie,' by Hans Leo Hassler; 'Choral arranged by Praetorius, Motett, Henrich Schütz; chorus by Otto Nicolai. All but the last as you see old catholic and protestant composers. A sonata, op. 53 Beethoven, and an Adagio and Gigue by Mozart, were the piano-forte pieces.

As usual, half my thoughts during the performance were running upon the question, how to establish a choir of this kind among us?

You know how music sometimes puts you into a dreamy, spiritualized state, in which your thoughts go rambling away off, far from the regions of plain common sense; and when you come back again to earth, you are no more disposed to talk of what you have been thinking than you are mornings to follow the example of Watts's sluggard:

"He told me his dreams, &c."

And yet I will inflict one of my musical making dreams of that evening upon you:

Well then, I dreamed that the time had come, when in all the academies and high schools where boys fit for college, music, real music, was taught by competent instructors, so that those who have talent for it came to college with a foundation laid. I saw in each class at Old Harvard, some twenty or thirty ready and delighted to go on into the higher sphere of music for men's voices, and bringing their literary culture, their constantly improving taste, to bear, in the study and performance of the glorious music of the olden time.

Here, then, I had the men—with young fresh voices, with cultivated tastes, with the due mental culture, for my choir. Then I saw Lincoln, the capital teacher in the Cambridge schools, just returned

after a winter in Berlin, where he had made the acquaintance of Neidhardt, and had had permission to attend rehearsals of the Dom chor, all enthusiastic in the cause. He was (in my dream) selecting from all the schools the best boy singers and instructing them in this new—old—music. Once a week there was a meeting of the College men choir, and the school boy choir, together, and bye and bye to everybody's surprise and delight, a concert was announced in the Music Hall. I even saw the advertisement.

"On Saturday evening, such a date, the Harvard choir will give a performance of ancient alla capella vocal music, &c., &c."

But Neidhardt raps on his music stand, and the dream is over.

Once hearing the great mass in B minor of Bach, is not enough. The Sing Akademie gave it on the 10th of Feb. If the day of sacred miscellaneous concerts of the Handel and Haydn Society were not over, I should recommend the practice of some of the numbers for public performance. I am not willing to attempt anything like a criticism of it, for I am not yet fully up to it. I felt its wonderful effects in many passages, could see the marvellous science exhibited, could comprehend why so many here consider it the greatest effort of the musical art. Still I could not feel it as such. One fact in it however, is so characteristic of Bach, not contented with giving his vocal performers fine parts—distinct obligato parts—not mere vocal harmonic accompaniments—he adds one or two more to the instruments. The work was not given entire however, and in a concert room masses are not what they are in the church, where each member comes in, in its proper place in the ritual.

Last evening, Feb. 25th, the Stern Society gave the creation again. This society sings better than the Sing Akademie. The voices are fresher, and Stern is a far better director than Grell. I wish some of our young musicians would come here and learn to conduct under Stern. The 'creation' was superbly given. Frau Köster, of the opera, sang the soprano of the last two parts, superbly. I doubt ever having heard it so well given. There is sometimes in the upper notes of her voice, a certain unpleasant quality—the voice sounds a little worn—but she is such a splendid artist, sings with such feeling, expression, and absolute certainty, that in oratorio the hearing her is one of the greatest pleasures the city affords. What a sensation she would make in the Music Hall! More than twenty years ago, she was the great singer Fraulein Luise Schlegel.

Why was she not used up years ago? Such vocalists as Viardot Garcia, Sontag, Köster, Lind, learn to sing. That is the reason.

March 1. On the evening of the 27th, Bülow gave another concert, at which the Liszt "Ideal" was again placed. I was not present, and can therefore give no report.

I see that Mason and his friends have been playing a work by Bargiel, which your New York Correspondent speaks highly of. I am glad to see this, for I have known the composer several years.

Woldemar Bargiel is now about 30 years of age, very modest and unassuming, quietly giving instruction in music, and working steadily onward in the path of the composer. His father was at the head of a music school here, conducted on the Logier method, which made so much noise thirty years ago. The young man had his regular musical education in the conservatory at Leipzig, but, since finishing his course there, has been mostly in Berlin. He has published quite a number of works for the pianoforte, among them a couple of fantasias, a sonata for pianoforte and violin, and trio. An overture to a tragedy has been played this winter at Leipzig, and Radecke is to give it this week in Berlin; it is in press in Leipzig. An octett for bowed instruments was placed at Weimar some years since—still manuscript.

A. W. T.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by O. Ditson & Co.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Carrie Lane. Song and Chorus. W. R. Adams. 25
Pretty and easy.

The music of the mill. C. W. Glover. 25

There is a peculiar charm in this song of Glover's. Although he is by no means the first one who sings of pretty miller's maids and the merry sounds of the busy mill, still his strain, simple though it be, has fresh charms and taking beauties.

Calm breathes the night. Quando le sere.)

Cavatina from "Louisa Miller." by Verdi. 30

The famous tenor air in this opera. The other principal airs, duets, &c., are now being prepared for publication.

Roaming and Ranging. (Vade ben spesso.)

Salvator Rosin. 25

The first of three Canzonets, composed by the celebrated painter of the seventeenth century. These Canzonets are not only fine specimens of the then fashionable style of musical writing, but they will, even at the present day, be esteemed a real treasure by lovers of genuine, heartfelt music.

On the banks of a beautiful river. Wrighton. 25

A charming parlor song.

Let me kiss him for his mother. L. O. Emerson. 25

The poem, by the Rev. J. W. Carhart, treats of a touching incident, said to have taken place at New Orleans, during the last fever season. When the corpse of a young man, who had died lonely and a stranger, was about to be carried to the grave, a lady slipped to the coffin and pressed her lips to the cold forehead of the young man, saying: "Let me kiss him for his mother." The music is sweet and appropriate.

Our native land, our happy land. F. Panell. 25

A patriotic song, vigorous and manly.

Angels' Serenade. Trio for female voices.

Concone. 35

One of Concone's celebrated series of "Les Harmoniennes," written and arranged for the use of singing classes in female academies. These pieces may be sung by one, or fifty or more voices on a part. This number is designated "easy" by the author.

Instrumental Music.

Our American Cousin Polka. A. Neumann. 30

A series of sparkling polka-strains, excellent for dancing. It will prove as amusing as the play, with whose name it is coupled.

The Bird's Nest. Polka. Julius Staab. 35

Le Fleur d'Orange. Mazurka. G. W. Stratton. 25

Sunny South Polka. C. Gustavus Fitze. 25

The Fairest of the Fair. Waltz. C. D'Albert. 35

Music for the social ball-room, of medium difficulty.

Books.

THE HOME MELODIST. A Collection of Songs and Ballads. For the voice only. 25

This is a very neat, compact, and attractive volume, containing upwards of sixty of the most popular melodies of the day. It will be found a desirable acquisition to the accoutrements of summer excursionists. It is a handbook of favorite songs, from which may be had choice entertainments for leisure hours at home or abroad. The extremely low price at which it is sold, its charming contents and its general appearance—so *bijou*-like,—will render the Home Melodist a general favorite among all who have music in their souls.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

Whole No. 366.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1859.

VOL. XV. No. 2.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Spring Tokens.

The frolicsome winds are whistling
Through forest and over plain,
Calling the Robin and Bluebird
To their summer haunts again.
The stream is loosed from its fetter,
Its waters gleefully sing,
And Nature is dancing gaily
To melodies sweet of Spring.

South winds are breathing a perfume,
The daylight bath more hours;
The waking earth and the sunshine
Prophecy give of flowers.
The grass grows green by the river,
The wild-flowers gem the sod,
Each valley and hill adorning
With the footsteps of our God.

The jocund laugh of the skater
Is gone with the winter's frost;
The sleigh-bell's musical jingle
With the vanished snow is lost;
But the song of happy children
Is heard over field and hill,
And voices that blest in winter
Are with us to bless us still.

We welcome these early tokens
Of tapestry Nature weaves,
Welcome the little low blossoms
Peeping up 'mong old brown leaves,
Welcome the violets modest,
The buds on the oak tree tall,
And fresh inspirations gather
From the love they breathe on all.

JOHN S. ADAMS.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Diarist Abroad.

BERLIN, FEB. 21.—I do not remember whether in the Dialogues between Mr. Timothy Testy and Mr. Samuel Sensitive, which Beresford gained my everlasting gratitude for giving to the public with the title of "Miseries of Human Life!" (not that miserable imitation of the book printed in New York a few years ago) the following 'misery' is contained or not; but Sensitive could hardly have omitted it.

"Glancing your eye over an article somewhat hastily written, and finding a most absurd blunder, which, now that it is in print, you instantly recognize as such. Mem., such an one as you can by no possibility attribute to that unhappy fellow, 'the printer!'"

Such a blunder occurs in a short article upon WEBER and *Der Freyschütz*, in the Journal of January 22.

It was in the theatre, not the opera house, that that work was first given. The former was burned in 1817, the latter in August, 1843.

My blunder has led me to look into such authorities as are at hand, for some particulars in relation to both events, and here follow some extracts translated from them. From Plümicke's *Theater geschichte von Berlin*, printed in 1781.

"With the year 1740, began a new epoch. Hardly had the present King, (Frederick II, —

Carlyle's Frederick,) ascended the throne, before the influence was felt, which his deep insight, good taste and strength of character must have in matters of intellect and art. In his regard for art, music had indeed the first place; but the art of poetry, so closely allied to it, and especially dramatic poetry, was so far from being neglected that it took the place next to music. The lyric stage, which, since the death of Frederick I., had died out utterly, appeared now in greater splendor even than formerly. Almost regardless of expense, Italian opera singers, French actors and dancers were called hither, and an orchestra formed out of the very excellent German musicians already at hand. A magnificent opera house was built; and for *intermezzos* and comedy, a stage was arranged in the so-called Electoral Hall, in the old wing of the palace. * * *

The opera house, for which the King had in part drawn up a plan while still Crown Prince, with a length of 300 and a breadth of 106 feet, is a building, which, for extent and outward effect, perhaps deserves praise above most other buildings of the kind.

With great ceremony on the 5th of September 1741, the corner stone was laid by the present Margrave of Schwedt, &c., &c."

The architect was Baron von Knobelsdorf, who had been previously sent off into foreign countries to see similar buildings, and thus improve his taste and increase his knowledge of architecture. The parterre, without the orchestra, had a depth of 50 feet. "It is reckoned" says Plümicke, "that the boxes will seat 1350 persons comfortably; and that in the parterre 1650 can comfortably stand. Crowded, the house may hold from 3500 to 4000 persons. The Stage at the proscenium has a width of 52 feet. It has an actual depth of 80 feet, but in case of necessity can be extended to the rear wall 28 feet farther." On the 7th December, 1742, on the birth day of Frederick's mother, the opera house was opened with "Cleopatra and Cæsar", text by Bottarelli, music by Graun.

A century had passed away. Frederick, Frederick William II, ditto III, had also passed away, and Ditto IV. was on the throne. All these were zealous supporters of the opera. But that opera was no longer in the Italian language with Italian castrati singing for enormous salaries with their artificial voices. The stage was now open to all schools of composition, with texts originally in, or translated into, German. On the 16th or 17th of August 1843, Auber's "*Feen-See*", "*Lac des Fees*," or "*Fairy Lake*" — which you will, — was given. On the 18th, a ballet, the "*Schweizer Soldat*," or Swiss Soldier. The performance ended at 9 P. M., and an hour after the building was in flames. The decorations of these two pieces, and the wardrobe of the ballet, went with the house; the library and other properties were saved — most in fact being in other buildings in the Francösische Street. The opera was then transferred to the Royal Theatre, where a week after Lola Montze, "of Seville", was

dancing with applause in "national Spanish dances."

Upon the destruction of the opera house, the King immediately ordered it to be rebuilt upon the old plan externally, making however various improvements within.

On the 7th December, 1844, the 102d Anniversary of the old opening, the new edifice was opened with "The Camp in Silesia." A writer to the *Neue Zeitschrift* says the new piece is built upon material taken from the times of Frederick II. "The text is said to have four authors, Frederick William IV. Humboldt, Tieck and Rellstab. If now the problem of a good opera text is not solved, then little hope is left for dramatic poetry." The music, I suppose, "everybody" knows was by Meyerbeer. It is not properly speaking an opera, but rather a succession of scenes, set to music. What Humboldt had to do with it, if anything, I do not know; but it is generally understood that the King selected the scenes. Tieck arranged them dramatically, and Rellstab wrote the verses. The opening was a great affair.

The King and Queen and Court came in to their box, were received by the sound of trumpets behind the curtain, then "God save the King" was played, then *four* cheers, and then the play, — in which Frederick II. is the subject, but does not appear upon the stage, — Hamlet without Hamlet, &c. So much for the opera house, which, for its size, is a better place to hear music in than any other in which I have been.

Why operas were given about 1816–17, in the Theatre instead of the Opera House, I cannot make out, unless it be that Prussia had suffered so much during the war, that economy was necessary. But so it was; and I saw to-day in a Berlin paper of Aug. 1st, 1816, an advertisement of which the following is a translation:

"Saturday, August 3d, to celebrate the all-highest Birthday festival of King Frederick William the third of Prussia, a speech poetized [!] by Herr Dr. Forster, spoken by Herr Devrient. After which, for the first time, 'Undine,' a magic opera in three acts by Frederick, Baron La Motte Fouqué. Music by Hoffman.

"The new decorations are after the plans and drawings of Herr Privy-Upper-Architect-Counsellor, Schinkel, executed by the Royal assistant painters, Köhler and Gerst. The machinery is by the Court Carpenter, Herr Glotz." Unluckily it is not stated whether the lamps were lighted by the Royal-privy-lamp-and-candle-lighting-counsellor, (Königlichgeheimenlampenundlichterputzenrath); but it was doubtless so.

One man is mentioned, simply by his name — the Composer HOFFMAN, who died some half a dozen years later Judge of the so-called Chamber Court — as I suppose one of the highest judicial bodies in the kingdom: — Hoffmann, whose works I read with more delight than those of any other German Author; Hoffmann, who is described in "Hyperion"; whose exquisite fantasy piece, the "Golden Pot," Carlyle translated in

his German Romance; whose tales and sketches will live when the men of the long-titles — when the king himself shall be forgotten; Hoffmann, painter, composer, theatrical and musical director, novelist and judge! And how he wrote upon music!

In the midst of poverty and distress he had composed the "Undine." In the same summer, 1816, he was appointed to his Judgeship, and saw his opera produced on a scale of extraordinary splendor. Happy fellow he now! What a trio that was — FOUQUE, the author of 'Undine,' CHAMISSE, author of "Peter Schlemihl" and Hoffmann!

One cold freezing winter day Fouque was on his way from Nennhausen to Berlin, having given notice to his two friends that he should be at a certain inn in the evening. But the bad, frozen roads detained him, and he came too late to meet them.

Some years before, when in the army fighting the French, Fouqué's fancy had been so excited by the queer specimens of humanity among his brother officers, and by so many of them, that the idea occurred to him of forming them into a corps — the mad squadron. Some of his jolly companions seized the idea in his own spirit, and whenever any one did anything peculiarly ridiculous, he was made a member of the imaginary squadron, — now enlarged to the dimensions of the Mad Brigade. After the war was over, and he made the personal acquaintance of the queer, little, hawknosed, hawk-eyed specimen of humanity, who had composed his 'Undine,' he at once appointed him First Trumpeter to the Mad Brigade — an office which tickled the fancy of Hoffmann mightily. On this evening, when he had at length, after his long, tedious days journey, reached his inn in Berlin, he found instead of his friends, not their cards, but a small drawing, to wit: On a pianoforte stood a musical score, inscribed 'Undine,' before it was Hoffmann, in his everyday costume, with the addition of a huge trumpet hanging to his back. Standing the very picture of astonishment, as he gazed at Chamisso, who, in the form of a gigantic Schlemihl, enveloped in clouds of tobacco smoke, was striding by in his seven league boots.

The royal Theatre occupies, with the place before it, a third of the Gens'd Armes Markt — that is an entire square, as they say, in Philadelphia. Across the street, back of the S. W. corner of the theatre in the house then standing at the corner of Tauben and Charlotten Streets, in the second story lived Hoffmann in 1817, with his childless wife. He had but to cross the street to hear his music to 'Undine.' On the 27th of July, Sunday evening, of that year, it was given for the 23d time. On Tuesday, the 29th, the house was burned, with all the decorations, dresses and music. Happily one score remained, which is now in the Royal Library. From this score several Americans in Berlin had a copy of the overture taken for Liebig in the winter of 1856, but he has not yet given it!

In Hoffmann's letters, so far as I have seen them, this loss is scarcely mentioned. To one of his friends, he wrote Dec. 15, 1817.

"The honorable Chamber-Court gives me all sorts, and much of all sorts to do, still I steal many an hour for other matters which I like better; and in fact have now the mad idea, to make my appearance next autumn with a new

opera, the text drawn from Calderon's "El Galan Fantasma." Speaking of this reminds me of the burned theatre, so I will tell you in few words that I was in immediate danger of being again wholly ruined.

The roof of the house in which, in the second story, I live, (corner of Tauban and Charlotten Sts.) was in flames from the terrible heat, which the enormous plank roof of the theatre radiated, and nothing but the power of those well directed engine hose could have put out the fire and saved the house with the entire neighborhood. I was sitting just then at my writing table, when my wife came in from the corner room, a little pale, and exclaimed, "Mein Gott, the theatre is on fire!" But neither she nor I lost our heads for an instant.

As the firemen and some friends who joined them, knocked on my door, we, with the aid of our cook, had already removed our curtains, beds, and most of the furniture into a room in the rear where the danger was less, and where we let them remain, for I could not have them taken away until the very last moment. In the front chambers afterwards, every pane of glass burst, and the paint of the window and door frames ran, from the heat. Nothing but constant pouring on of water saved the woodwork. My neighbors who had left their rooms in too great a hurry had many things spoiled and stolen. I lost nothing."

Fouqué says, Count Brühl, at that time General Student of the royal playhouses, offered at once to bring *Undine* again upon the Stage in the opera house, with the proviso however that it should remain upon that stage. Hoffmann said no, and no doubt with good reason. In fact it was enough that the stage of the (old) opera house was not sufficiently provided with trap doors and machinery for the sudden changes required in magic spectacles. But still more decisive was Hoffmann's statement that his music was not written with a view to so large a room as the opera house, and therefore he would prefer to wait until a new theatre arose from the ashes of the old one.

During the long time which elapsed before the edifice was finished, Hoffman began to feel that in planning the scenes of his opera he had not sufficiently marked the original master-spirit character of Undine, and had also neglected the epic element of the story, on the ground, as he expressed it, that every auditor must have read the tale last week, and had it full in his memory, or at least had taken a copy to the play house in his pocket.

He therefore desired a new introduction, which Fouqué was the more willing to write since Franklin Eunice, the capital portrayer of Undine, had expressed the same desire. It was written. But Hoffmann was not to compose it. Before he could find time to undertake the composition, he was attacked by his fatal illness. Capellmaster Kienlein, at Hoffman's request, composed it, but I believe the work has never been since produced.

At this moment it strikes me that what Hoffmann said of the stage of the opera house, is another reason for giving so many lyrical works in the theatre.

Hoffmann's 'Undine,' then a magic opera, was the last given in the old theatre. Another work of this class was to be the first 'new' opera in the new theatre.

The corner stone of the new building was laid July 4th, 1818. The architect was Schinkel. On the 26th May, 1821, the royal family and a crowded house celebrated the opening. Madam Stieh spoke a prologue, written for the occasion by Goethe. Then everybody joined in, and sang: "Heil dir in Siegerskranz," which is the German version of "God save the king," — (the music is the same.) Then followed Gluck's "Iphigenie in Tauris," and the close was, "Die Rosenfee," — the Fairy of the Roses, — the story drawn from an English tale. So it appears that Kind led me into an error by stating that "Der Freyschütz" was the first opera in the house — it was the first new opera — for — but let me translate most of another letter by Weber, to his friend Frederick Kind.

BERLIN, MAY 27, 1821.

My dearly beloved Friend:

Although only in haste, still at least a few lines, to ease your mind as to the fate of our child — [the opera.] I found but little preparation made; the enormous exertions of every kind which the opera "Olimpia," by Spontini, has required, and its being put off from the 4th to the 14th of the month, has necessarily put me off also. Not to notice 1000 other confusions.

Yesterday, the 27th, at length for the 1st time, there was a play in the new house. The prologue, by Goethe, was noble, 'Iphigenie' was splendidly given, and the ballet at the close, the 'Fairy of the Roses,' planned by Duke Carl, worked magically through its beautiful machinery. The King was cheered, and Schinkel was called out.

Now, by special command of his Majesty, old pieces are to be given until my opera is ready. This can hardly be, until the 8th or 10th of June, as the Wolf's Glen requires far too much Spanish apparatus. In general, the views and plans of the Machine Master Cropius for this scene are noble and rich in fantasy, and it will well be unique in its kind. All sorts of operatic performances will in the mean time be given in the opera house. The singers are learning their parts with great delight, and I may therefore promise myself from the whole, a success. The new house is wondrously beautiful.

Nothing can be seen more splendid than the manner the *Olimpia* is produced. It cost over 28,000 thalers. Spontini was called out after the first performance, and garlands thrown to him. The second performance went off quite coldly.

To-morrow is the third. What means are here set in operation, the following circumstance will show you. The President of the College of Censors, has published an order, according to which, no newspaper appearing in Berlin dares find fault with the music of Spontini. They may praise as much as they will, — what do you say to that? !!!!! Must it not pierce the heart of every artist to see a man like Spontini lowering himself to such things, which must in a short time pull him down with them, and embitter public opinion against him?"

At length on the 18th of June, "Der Freyschütz" was given — and how Weber felt at its reception by the public, is shown in his letter printed a few weeks since in the Journal of Music.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL. — Another performance of Professor Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen* was given by Mr. Hullah on Tuesday last, to an audience which completely filled the large hall, and manifested the most intense delight throughout. Each hearing of this work confirms the opinion expressed after its first production at the Leeds Festival. There is a freshness and geniality about it which grow upon the public. Misses Stabbach and Palmer, Messrs. Wilbye Cooper and Santley, sustained the principal parts, the first-named lady winning an encore in the solo, "With the carol in the tree," which was repeated, as well as the chorus, "With a laugh as we go round," with which it is associated, Mr. Santley being similarly honored in the spirited song, "'Tis jolly to hunt." The choruses were generally well given, but a greater amount of precision would have been attained had "Ill-fated boy, begone!" been taken a little slower. The lively overture and effective pageant music were well rendered by the orchestra, and the whole work was received with enthusiastic applause. The second part was devoted to Beethoven's Ninth (Choral) Symphony, in illustration of Schiller's *Ode to Joy*. The three instrumental movements were as attentively listened to and heartily applauded as the vocal portion, in which the principal soloists were the same as in the *May Queen*, substituting Miss Bankes for Miss Stabbach in the soprano part.

Spring.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Dip down upon the northern shore,
Oh sweet new year, delaying long;
Thou dost expectant nature wrong,
Delaying long; delay no more.

What stays thee from the clouded noons,
Thy sweetness from its proper place?
Can trouble live with April days,
Or sadness in the summer moons?

Bring orchis, bring the foxglove spire,
The little speedwell's darling blue,
Deep tulips dashed with fiery dew,
Laburnums, dropping wells of fire.

Oh thou, new year, delaying long,
Delayest the sorrow in my blood,
That longs to burst a frozen bud,
And flood a fresher throat with song.

Now fades the last long streak of snow,
Now burgeons every maze of quick
About the flowering squares, and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
The distance takes a lovelier hue,
And drowned in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
The flocks are whiter down the vale,
And milkier every milky sail
On winding stream or distant sea.

Where now the sea-mew pipes, or dives,
In yonder greening gleam and fly
The happy birds, that change their sky
To build and brood, that live their lives

From land to land; and in my breast
Spring wakens too; and my regret
Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

Ganymede.

FROM GOETHE.

How, in morning-brightness,
Thou round me glowest,
Spring, O beloved!
With thousand-fold sweet love's-delight,
How to my heart shoots
Thine eternally-glowing
Hottest warmth,
Thine infinite Beauty!

Could I but around it throw
These longing arms!

Ah! upon thy breast I
Lie, I languish,
And feel thy blossoms, thy grass
Pressing close to my heart.
Thou cool'st the fiery
Thirst of my bosom,
Loveliest morning wind!
There calls the nightingale
Loving to me from out the thicket's shade.
I come! I follow!
But whither? ah! whither?

Aloft! aloft it strives!
The clouds, as they float, cling
Backwards; the clouds all
Bend themselves to love's tender longing.
Me! me!
To your soft bosom
Upwards!
Embraced and embracing!
Upwards to thine own bosom,
All-bounteous Father!

Sketch of the Life of Beethoven.

BY G. A. MACFARREN.

(Continued from page 8.)

At the same benevolent concert in which the "Battle Symphony" was first performed, was also produced a work which, if less attractive for the moment, was far more important to the art and to the reputation of the author. This was the Symphony in A, which, with its wild romance, passionate yearnings, its extravagant gaiety, and all its novelties of means and purpose, may be regarded as one of the first productions of that stage in the development of Beethoven's genius, classed by critics as his third style, having ample affinity with what had preceded it, to prove it to be the continuation of a course, and not a tangent into a strange direction, yet having sufficient peculiarity of its own, to show that this course had opened upon scenes hitherto unexplored; in like manner the same claim of connection may be traced, linking all the stations of progress through which his genius passed.

On the occasion of the meeting of the Allied Sovereigns at the Congress of Vienna, in 1814 he was engaged to write the cantata, "Der glorreiche Augenblick" in honour of the event (some time after published with a different text, and known in England as "The Praise of Harmony"), an inferior work, indeed, for its author, but containing many points of interest. Besides a large pecuniary payment, he received for this work the citizenship of Vienna; and, being thus brought before the assembled royalty of Europe as the brightest ornament of the nation, he became the subject of such homage as has perhaps never been offered to an artist. With all his republicanism he was deeply touched by the honors now heaped upon him, to which, in later years, he never alluded without emotion. His political creed was in the supremacy of mind over birth, and he was not a little proud to receive this indirect acknowledgement of his axiom.

In 1815, Mr. Neate, the pianist, on behalf of the Philharmonic Society of London, obtained from Beethoven three unpublished overtures, paying him seventy-five guineas for the right of performance, until they should be printed. These were the *King Stephen*, the *Ruins of Athens*, and the "Op. 115." And many will not marvel, that the Philharmonic Society, with an equal jealousy for the composer's reputation and its own, would not produce them in public. The censorship of this institution has, perhaps, not always been so judiciously exercised. The author's indisposition as to the relative merits of his own works, is shown in the mortification he evinced at the non-performance of these overtures; another instance of which, was his soreness at the Prince's neglect of his "Battle Symphony;" for he defended these compositions with as much earnestness, and spoke of their being overlooked with as much concern, as though he would have been contented to stake his reputation upon them. Not to adduce his dislike, in later years, of all his early productions, the offense he took at a publisher's protest against the triviality of the bagatelles he wrote in the intervals of the composition of his Second Mass, may be named as another example of his incapacity for self-judgment.

Mr. Neate, with a true reverence for the master, and a sincere desire to advance his reputation and further his interest, undertook to negotiate the sale and publication, in England, of some of his larger chamber works; but, as is little to be wondered, failed to make a market for them here; and Beethoven with the injustice into which his suspicious nature continually led him, ascribed the failure of the agency as a wilful fault to his zealous agent.

The death of his brother Carl, in November, 1815, was an event of the most serious consequence to the rest of Beethoven's life. Carl left a son of about eight years old, over whom he, by will, appointed Beethoven guardian. Beethoven had, from time to time, advanced large sums for his brother's support; but here was a constant tax that was to surpass all that had preceded. The pecuniary responsibility thus imposed upon him, was however, matter of little consideration compared with the happiness he anticipated from finding, in his foster-son, a being who would devotedly love him, and so fill up the blank in his heart, of which his disappointed longing made him too conscious; a being upon whom he might pour the fullness of his power of affection, and believe it to be reciprocated. The vexatious circumstances, however, in which this important legacy involved him and, still more, the unfitness of his own character, matured and distorted as this had been by a life of isolation, for the duties of a parent rendered the new relationship in which he was placed a source of ceaseless harass and anxiety.

The first evil of his guardianship, which was in fact the origin of all its sad consequences to him, was a contention with his brother's widow, who, as a mother,

claimed a right over her child. This was referred to a legal tribunal, and the suit was not decided in confirmation of the father's will until January, 1820. In the meantime, Beethoven forbade all intercourse between the mother and son; and thus taught his nephew, impelled by natural feeling towards her, to deceive him. With imprudent fondness, he gave this boy unbounded indulgence, by which, however, instead of stimulating the affection he desired, he but made opportunities for imposition upon his kindness. He resented rather than punished the failings of his foster-son, with petulance, more like a spoiled child than a guardian; and his entire course of management was one series of mistaken good intentions.

The lawsuit ended, the youth was placed at the university, where he was publicly disgraced for his misconduct. Harassed by his uncle's reproaches, he made an attempt upon his own life, for which act, according to the Austrian law, he was imprisoned as a criminal. The powerful friends of Beethoven enabled him to obtain his nephew's release, and to procure for him a commission in the army. The uncle's anxieties for this unhappy young man ceased only with his own life, and the bitter anguish he endured at the disappointment of the dotting hopes he had centred in him, was the greatest grief he ever had to suffer. His last act in discharge of the duties he had assumed towards him, was to make this nephew his sole heir; though, in his last moments, as throughout their entire connection, the neglect he experienced was wanton, as the kindness he lavished was profuse.

This melancholy train of events yields abundant illustrations of his generous, integritous, loving, suspicious and exacting character, the faults of which were exaggerations of virtues, or such natural results of his peculiar position as are to be traced directly to the external honor he received and the internal privations he suffered. Beethoven's process against his sister-in-law gave occasion for a display of his republicanism, more remarkable perhaps, than any which have been cited. In Austria, the causes of the nobility, and those of the commonalty, are judged in distinctly separate courts; throughout Germany the prefix "van," which is its Dutch synonym had the same signification, the suit of Ludwig van Beethoven was heard in the upper court. When the trial was concluded in his favor, his opponent protested against the legality of the proceedings, on the ground that "van" being no epithet of nobility, the case belonged to another tribunal, and the judges accordingly annulled their decision. Beethoven was even more annoyed at what he considered an indignity upon himself and his calling, than at the vexatious necessity under which he was thus placed of recommencing his process from the beginning. Starting to his feet, in vehement anger, the moment the matter was explained to him in the court, he exclaimed "My nobility is here and here," and energetically struck his forehead and his heart. It needs scarcely be stated that the legal authorities did not admit the plea.

To add to the vexation of the last dozen years of his life, the pension settled upon Beethoven was reduced, first by an alteration in the funds, then by the death of Prince Kinsky, and still further by the ruin of Prince Lobkowitz, so that for long he received only a portion subscribed by his illustrious pupil and munificent friend, the Archduke Rudolf, and that diminished in value by the change in currency. The increase of his household and other expenses on his nephew's account, the cost of his lawsuit, and the reduction of his income, made him extremely anxious about money matters—anxious to the extent, far beyond what the occasion justified, of dreading the approach of beggary. So we find him in his letters, speaking of "writing for his bread," and representing himself as fallen into the greatest extremity; whereas, the price he received for his works was now at least fourfold what it had been at the beginning of the century. He had as many commissions as he could execute, and, what is most of all satisfactory, there is no evidence of his ever knowing anything more of want than the fear of its coming.

He received successive invitations from our Philharmonic Society, upon the most liberal and advantageous terms, to visit this country, and direct the performance of some of his works. These proposals were especially attractive to him, as irrespective of the emolument, he was always desirous to see England, the country whose constitution, laws, and institutions, made the nearest approximation to his ideal of government. The latest of these invitations was in December, 1824, but this, like all that had preceded it, was entertained with pleasure only to be rejected with regret. His deafness was, of course, a constant obstacle to his travelling, and his lawsuit, his occasional illness, and his successive troubles with his nephew, raised up from time to time, difficulties of the moment which were insuperable.

Despite the cares by which he was surrounded,

imaginary and real, he now concentrated himself upon his art with greater intensity than at any previous time; he produced his longest and most elaborate compositions, he worked at these with unremitting ardour, and he suffered no consideration of popular success or extrinsic effect to interfere with the great internal purpose each was to embody. In 1817, he wrote the Symphony in F, that type of freshness, independence, determination, gaiety and humor; and while the annoyances of his contention with his brother's widow were at their height, he produced the great Sonata in B flat, Op. 106, one of the most profoundly thoughtful and deeply considered of all his works. Mr. Cipriani Potter, who was at this time in Vienna, relates that the now manifest originality of Beethoven's style led him to be regarded by many who have recanted the monstrous opinion, as a madman, who knew not what he was writing; and the peculiarity of his personal habits seemed to corroborate the idea. Even the Symphony in F, which, to present appreciation overflows with melodious freshness, was, on its first performance, pronounced by some musicians, who enjoy the world's respect, to be a mass of incongruity.

His early repugnance to teaching greatly increased as his creative powers became acknowledged, and he had more and more opportunity to exercise them. He never had in fact but two permanent pupils, Ries and the Archduke Rudolf, which latter would never admit himself to have contemplated his studies; but, indifferent to Beethoven's uncounted manners, indifferent even to the master's disinclination, took every occasion to make his lessons a pretext for having the great artist beside him, and for heaping favours in recompense for them.

The archduke was, in 1819, appointed archbishop of Olmutz, and Beethoven purposed to make a worthy acknowledgment of all the obligations he owed him by composing a Mass, to be performed at his inauguration. He entered accordingly, upon the task with his artistic feelings stimulated to the highest by the keen sense of honor, which prompted him to exceed all his former efforts, and prove himself, in the production of his greatest work, equal to what he deemed the greatest occasion for the display of his powers. He was in unusual robust health when he began the Mass in D, and he proceeded vigorously with his labor until he had sketched to the end of the Credo; but now he became fastidious, and repeatedly laying aside the work, to return to it after careful reflection, he protracted its progress to such an extent, that the occasion for which it was designed was come and gone before the composition neared its completion. The incentive to immediate application thus removed, he now continued the work for its own sake, and becoming ever more severe in his self-criticism upon it, its conclusion seemed to grow ever more distant, and, as if by lingering over it he learned to love the labor, he grew reluctant to dismiss it from his hands, and so arrive at a time when he would no longer be engaged upon it. In the summer of 1822, after the germination of three years, this ceaseless subject of his thoughts attained its maturity, and he regarded it always afterwards with such a fondness as could only spring from the peculiar circumstances of its production. This most extraordinary composition owes to those very circumstances which endeared it to its author, the qualities that render it inaccessible to general comprehension—its profound esthetic purpose, and its excessive technical elaboration. It is perhaps the grandest piece of musical expression the art possesses, and it abounds in passages of such lofty beauty as is nothing short of sublime—the renderings of the "passus" and the "judicare" for example, and the tenor and alto recitatives in the *Agnus*; but its difficulty makes it almost impossible of execution, and its length makes it wholly unavailable for ecclesiastical purposes. Its performance then can only, under the most propitious conditions, take place in the concert-room; and thus, in respect of fitness for its object, it is a colossal failure; but its gigantic merits are equal to its proportions, and it will ever be regarded with reverence, even where it cannot be accepted with faith.

In the intervals of the composition of the Mass in D, he wrote the three remarkable pianoforte Sonatas, namely, in E, with its infinitely beautiful melody, varied for the last movement, Op. 109; in A flat, with its passionately declamatory Adagio, Op. 110; and in C minor, remarkable for the rugged grandeur of its first movement, and the heavenly calm of its close; Op. 111; besides the bagatelles already named, some other trifling pieces, and even some dances for a public garden.

In the winter after the completion of the Mass, Beethoven addressed a letter to each of the Sovereigns of Europe, offering a copy of this work for the price of fifty ducats; the Emperor of Russia and the Kings of France, Prussia, and Saxony, only, accepted his pro-

posal, and Prince Radziwil and the Frankfort Cecilian society subscribed for copies on the same terms.

The greater part of the year 1823, was occupied in the composition of the Choral Symphony, the work which for grandeur, pathos, fantastic vivacity, and the ultimate development of an idea, and, in all these, for intensity and power, better represents the fully-matured genius of the master, in its greatness and its individuality, than any other. This symphony has been more the subject of commentary than all the productions of Beethoven: and we owe little thanks to his intimates, that, of a work of such paramount importance as this, they failed to elicit from himself a definite account of its purport, which would have prevented much critical disputation, and certainly enhanced the interest of the composition. In the absence of authority, we may assume, first, that, feeling his admitted pre-eminence as a composer of instrumental music, Beethoven resolved to give the world a work of this class, which, in greatness of proportion, of design and of signification, should surpass everything that had gone before it, and so justify to himself the estimation in which he held his own power; and second, that, having embodied in the first three movements the changeful phases of a mighty grief, he chose to contrast these by the expression of joy in every varying aspect, selected Schiller's Ode as a vehicle for the conduct of his plan, and introduced voices as an additional resource to those of the instrumental orchestra, that he might insure such vitality in the effect of this portion of the symphony as would command the magnetic sympathy of its hearers, and so especially illustrate the living principle that distinguishes sublimity from the rendering of earthly passion however great its beauty.

(To be continued.)

Foreign Correspondence.

BERLIN, MARCH 8.—LEOPOLD DE MEYER, a Mrs. OXFORD, of London, a young man, RICHARD SCHMIDT, pupil of KULLAK, pianists—LUDWIG STRAUSS, (not of the Strauss family,) JEAN HANFF, pupil of LAUB, violinists, occur to me as having given concerts within the last few weeks. The FERNI girls, whom "Trovator" so delights in, are playing at Kroll's three or four times a week. I have been in but one of all these—that by Schmidt, who exhibited a good deal of execution in a Trio (op. 70,) by Beethoven, and pieces by Chopin and Liszt. That was last Thursday evening. Friday evening was RADECKE's fifth concert. 1. Overture to a tragedy by Woldemar Bargiel. I hardly understand why all the young men let their thoughts musical or literary, take the tragic form so much—are they really so unhappy? Do all have to struggle with fate and bear a burden of woe? I was glad to see that this overture, which I liked much, did not seem really to have sprung from the depths of a broken heart. It is a very pleasing and interesting work. 2. Air, "It is enough," from *Elijah*, sung by MITTERWURZER, from the Dresden Opera—strong, powerful voice, dramatic delivery, good singer. 3. Skaler's violin concerto, (in form of a vocal scena), played by Strauss, and well played too—not a very favorite piece with me. As an "extra," a Mr. BINFIELD, of London, played some variations on the harp—good player—not a third David—not equal to the Berlin harper, Grimm.

PART II. of the concert was a part of Schumann's *Faust* music. This was composed at different periods of Schumann's life, and consists of an overture and the following scenes and dramatis personæ.

PART I.

1. Scene in the Garden. Gretchen, Faust, Mephistopheles and Martha.
2. Gretchen before the picture of Mater Dolorosa.
3. Scene in the Cathedral, Gretchen, Evil Spirit and Chorus.

PART II.

From the second part of Faust.

4. Ariel, Sunrise, Ariel, Faust, and chorus with solo voices.
5. The four Gray Women. Faust struck with

blindness. The four Gray Women, Care, Necessity, Want, Guilt, Faust.

6. Death of Faust. Faust, Mephistopheles, Chorus of Lemures, and Chortis.

PART III

7. Faust glorified. Pater ecstasies, Pater profundus, Pater seraphicus, Doctor Marianus, Mater Gloriosa, Una Penitentium, Magna Peccatrix, Mulier Samaritana, Maria Ægyptica, Chorus of Anchorites, Chorus of beatified boys, Chorus of disciples and angels, and Chorus of penitent women.

It was this third part which was given by Radecke. I must confess that I have not yet reached that point at which long passages, half recitative, half air, with dramatic orchestral accompaniment afford me any very high degree of pleasure. Still there is no difficulty in perceiving that no common mental powers could have given such a musical gloss to the text—which remains the principal thing as in Gluck's works, as was here presented. Passing from the solos to the choruses, I must say that I have heard no new music for a long time, which struck me as grander and more effective than much of this. It is the best of Schumann's music which I have heard, and certainly the greatest. His music is not generally of that character with which I most heartily sympathize; but this is no reason for denying the goodness of it, any more than not having sympathy with a writer is sufficient reason for denying the talent shown in his book.

Saturday evening we had the last concert of the season by the Dom Chor. Of course I dreamed at it but will inflict no account of my dreaming upon you.

A few more lines about ROBERT RADECKE will not be amiss. He was born at Dittmannsdorf, in Silesia, Oct. 31, 1830. His father was organist and cantor in that place, and so the boy was born to music—at all events he was early put to it, and in his childhood played both pianoforte and violin in public. From his 15th to his 18th year, he was in the Gymnasium at Breslau, but kept up his musical studies—organ, violin, pianoforte and composition. Thence he went to Leipzig to the Conservatorium, and after two years of study (Oct. 1848 to Oct. 1850) he traveled for a time, and then came back to Leipzig where he was engaged as assistant music director in the Sing-akademie and theatre there. How he came to Berlin, and what he has done here, I have before detailed. At my request he gave me the following list of his works.

1. Songs and duets in "heften" or "books." Op. 2, 9, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 21.
2. Pianoforte pieces, *L'Inquietude*, Op. 3; *L'Amazone*, op. 4; Two Fantasy Pieces, op. 5; *Allegro Appassionato* for four hands, op. 7; *La Fontaine*, Op. 8; Six characteristics, op. 10; Nocturne, op. 19.
3. Four pieces for pianoforte and violin, op. 1; Three pieces with violoncello, op. 7.
4. Christmas song for female chorus, solo and pianoforte, op. 20.

The above are published. Besides he has in manuscript:

1. Several overtures performed in Leipzig and Berlin.
2. 2 symphonies, also performed in Leipzig and Berlin.
3. 2 Trios.
4. Psalm for chorus and orchestra.
5. 2 Psalms for female chorus, in six parts.
6. 1 Psalm for men's chorus and orchestra.
7. 2 quartets.
8. Sundry songs.

Being thus at this moment in the biographical department of literature, perhaps I may as well now, as at any time, give some notes on another of the men here whose names are known in America.

THEODORE KULLAK, Court pianist to the King of Prussia, was born Sept. 12, 1818, at Krotocze (?), a village in the duchy of Posen (Russian Poland). His talents for music attracted the notice of Prince Radziwill, who gave him the means of study. His masters on the pianoforte were Agthe in Posen, Taubert in Berlin, Czerny in Vienna, Dehn his principal

master in theory. At the age of 11 years he played before the king at Potsdam. At the age of nineteen he entered the University at Berlin to finish his classical studies, remaining matriculated until 1842—five years. (One of the facts, which I wish our musical people to notice in most of my sketches of this sort, is that the musician here does not give up the idea of a good education—that the classical or scientific student does not give up his music.) Leaving the University he received a present from the king which enabled him to travel for a time. In Vienna he gave a series of concerts which gained him great applause. 1843 again in Berlin to accept the appointment of pianoforte teacher in the Royal family; 1846 appointed court pianist. Of late years Kullak has ceased to play in public, devoting himself entirely to teaching. Whether it is advisable for every pupil to study with him is a question; that he can teach, and in many cases is disposed to do so with all zeal, as well as or better than any other pianoforte instructor in Berlin, perhaps in Germany, I suppose there is no doubt; but this I say only in respect to execution. He has certainly produced some of the best players among the younger class, Papendick and Wehle, for instance.

Kullak was one of the supporters of the "Ton künstler Verein" (Musician's Association) here; a society the like of which I am anxious to see in Boston. In 1850 he joined with Stern and Marx in founding the Conservatorium of Music here, from which, however, he separated, in 1854 (or 1855) to establish another with Dehn, Haupt and others, which is in very successful operation.

He has written a good deal of music, published many "transcriptions," &c. His "School for Octave playing" and another work of instruction, not yet complete—"Materials for pianoforte playing"—are held to be in the very first rank of works of the kind.

Speaking of musical works—here is one by the great organist, HAUPT. Grand sonata for the organ? No. Grand Fantasia? No. Fugue? No. Toccato? No. Psalm? No. Nothing of the kind—a thin little book, containing 35 pieces, mostly selections, for the pupils in a girl's school! This seemed to me like Prof. Pierce making a child's arithmetic. It appears that in one of the higher girls' schools the music amounted to just nothing, and Haupt was persuaded to undertake that branch of instruction, and now after a long time he has made this little selection of pieces for his pupils. Nearly all of them are in our school song books. What gives the little book its value is the manner in which the pieces are harmonized—perfect models they are. Nine songs and a short psalm are by Haupt himself,—the psalm "Out of the depths" is very fine.

LAUB is giving concerts in the Russian provinces; JOACHIM has been playing at Hamburg; BUELOW at Leipzig, and is going upon a concert tour of several weeks to touch Vienna in one direction, Paris in the other. DREYSCHOCK (of Prague) has played also at Leipzig; his octaves and thirds are said to be truly astonishing—but soul is wanting. Bülow was liked best, Dreyschock wondered at the most.

A. W. T.

HAVANA, MARCH 23.—You are probably somewhat surprised, my dear Sir, at my long silence, but I do assure you, that until very lately, there has been nothing to write about, except the stir that the President's message made. At the opera, it has been the same thing, over and over again; since I wrote to you of *Sappho*, the only novelty has been *Martha*. This opera was quite successful; it was very well put on the stage and quite well sung; the hardy gurdy arrangement, &c. pleased very much and also the spinning wheel accompaniment. Mme. GASSIER and Miss PHILLIPS, NANI and SRIELLO filled the principal parts. On the benefit of Miss Phillips,

most of *Semiramide* was sung, and very well sung, too, as you might be sure anything would be, which Miss P. should undertake. I was very much annoyed, that, through the mistake of a friend, I lost the pleasure of hearing her sing. As for the rest, it has been mostly *Traviata* and *Lucia*, occasionally varied by *Trovatore*, *Puritani*, and *Luisa Miller*. The latter, by the way, dragged terribly.

And now, let me tell you of the benefits of the rival Prima Donnas, GAZZANIGA and GASSIER. The star of the first named is decidedly on the wane, that of the latter in the ascendant. It is said, that in presents of jewelry and cash, and receipts of house, Gazzaniga cleared only \$5,000 or \$6,000, while Gassier made some \$28,000. One very pretty remembrance that the Gazzaniga received, was an album, from an artist in Havana, and on each leaf was a portrait of herself in costume, as she appeared in her various parts.

In imitation of this, Gassier, at her benefit, had a little book of six leaves, and on each leaf was a \$500 bill. In gold, it is said she received \$2,500; and in addition jewelry and a *slave* (!), and I know not what all. The same absurd scenes which took place last year between the parties of Gazzaniga and Frezzolini have been reenacted this year, between Gassier and Gazzaniga. Those belonging to one party would not allow that anything was well sung or acted by the opposition. The rivalry has been carried to a very absurd extent, and really not because of any particular merit in the artists, but simply for the excitement of opposition. Do not understand me as desiring to detract from either of the ladies in question, who are both good artists. I merely say that the Havaneros do make all this fuss, not for their artistic ability—for let Grisi, or Wagner, or Albini, or any first rate artist come here as sole prima donna of a troupe and they would only go to hear them—but for the excitement of opposition, of rivalry.

Miss Phillips left on the 10th, in the Isabel, for Charleston. It seems to me that there is very little true love of music here in Havana; there are never any concerts, and as for the pianoforte playing—that is, as a general thing, very poor. I have heard since I have been here, a good deal of piano playing but very little that was good, and that little has been by foreigners. There is, however, a good thing on foot. Thirty music-loving gentlemen have formed a society to bring out the instrumental works of the great masters, Hummel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, &c.; for one year they admit no additional members, because they desire to put the thing on a firm foundation, which will not be shaken by the patronage or non-patronage of fashion; for one year they keep the reins in their own hands, and only invite friends and music-lovers to attend their concerts; at the end of this time, when it is fully understood what the character of the concerts is, and when the concerts have ceased to be a novelty, other members will be allowed to join. I was speaking a day or two since with Mme. BALBONI, late of Maretzek's troupe, and she tells me, it is her intention in course of a few weeks to visit Boston, and that she will probably give one or more concerts there; I hope she will do so, and I trust the Bostonians will not miss the opportunity of hearing this very pleasing artist. She sang a year ago, during the carnival, in Naples, with much success. Her voice, which is very pleasant, is a high soprano.

There are now in Havana a great many Americans; at almost every corner you may meet a group of them, most probably discussing the President's Message and the chances of annexation. A few weeks since, we had the pleasure—a sad pleasure it is true—of a flying visit from the Rev. THEODORE PARKER and his lady; it was sad to see him to broken down and weak; he was, however, much better than when he left home. He remained but five or six days

here, and then went on to St. Thomas. We have at present in Cuba, one of our most celebrated American poetesses, who has been delighting every one by her originality, her charming conversation and her brilliant wit and satire. All the best foreign society here, one meets at the house of one of our hospitable countrymen, who is the oldest American merchant in Havana. Once in a week one may have the pleasure of meeting at his house, a circle of his countrymen and of receiving an elegant and kind welcome from his beautiful and hospitable lady. But I must bring this long and rambling letter to an end, which I will endeavor to do properly, by informing you that MARETZKE is now giving three nights of "Opera Italiana" at Guanabacoa, a small place near Havana, to get money enough to pay his debts,—so the story runs—for until he does pay what he owes, he will not be allowed to leave the Island. T—*.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, APRIL 5—Wagner's romantic opera "*Tannhäuser*" was produced last evening at a German theatre in the Bowery. It was exclusively a German affair. The performers and audience were German, and no notice of the production of the work was given in other than the German papers. The solo singers were poor, but the choruses by various German singing societies were finely done and honored with repeated encores. The orchestra, conducted by CARL BERGMANN, played splendidly. The opera will be given six times, and I shall have something more to say about it.

The members of the Philharmonic Society propose giving a grand "Welcome Concert" at Niblo's, next Saturday evening. The occasion will undoubtedly be one of peculiar interest.

Mrs. ESCOTT had a complimentary concert last night, but it was poorly managed. A concert or any other public entertainment, to succeed in this country, must pay some attentions to the press, and thus bring the affair before the public notice—and, in the present instance, this was not done.

There is trouble in the famous choir of the famous Jesuit Church of St. Francis Xavier, in 16th Street. The organist, WILLIAM BERGE, to whom I have before had occasion to allude, has resigned with most of the members of the choir. It appears that the brilliant style of music produced there, (which included manuscript masses from Mercadante and other modern Italian composers never elsewhere produced,) attracted crowds of strangers to the church.

The "chief priest" did not like this, thinking it interfered with the devotions of the regular attendants. He told the strangers one Sunday from the Altar, that they were not invited and were not wanted, but the obtuse wretches refused to take the hint, and came the next week in as great swarms as ever. So the worthy father decided to change the style of the music, reducing it to plain chant, which, however admirable for devotional purposes, is not calculated to attract mere musical amateurs. I understood, that it is this proposed change that brought about the disagreement and subsequent resignation of the choir, most of the members of which will find no difficulty in obtaining other situations. And unless a compromise be effected and the indignant musicians return, the glorious days of the Sixteenth Street Church music are numbered with the past.

We are to have opera very soon, though no official announcement has yet been made. GAZZANIGA, they say, has accepted an offer of \$2,500 a month from Ullman, after Strakosch had offered her \$2,300. Ullmann has leased the Philadelphia Academy of Music, and is busy arranging with tribes of artists. He has engaged GOTTSCHALK for six months from September. He has engaged SUSINI, the splendid basso. He has engaged a French prima donna,

Mlle. SAINT URRAIN, who is little, slender, young and pretty. I heard her last year in Paris, where she sung with Marie, in *Rigolette*, *Lucia*, &c. She was there considered a novice—a promising young singer, but nothing more. She will please here but will not create a great sensation. She is more like Cora de Wilhorst than any other singer I now recall.

Maretszek is expected here. His new prima donna ALAIMO has arrived. TROVATOR.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 9, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Chorus: "Becalmed at Sea, and Prosperous Voyage" (*Meeres-stille und Glückliche Fahrt*), by BEETHOVEN, continued.

Concerts.

CARL ZERRAHN'S BENEFIT. — Last Saturday evening brought our feasts of great orchestral music for this season to an end. A repetition of the Ninth Symphony, and a good miscellaneous selection for a second part, were certainly about as fine attraction as could be offered to those who love what is best in music; and a goodly company of such were there, the audience numbering over twelve hundred; by no means so large as that of the preceding concert, nor so large as it should have been in justice either to the admirable labors of Mr. Zerrahn, or to the intrinsic beauty and grandeur of the music. Yet it was a fine assembly for an extra concert, and for a repetition of a work, to the full recognition of whose greatness the majority of concert-goers can only grow as it becomes familiar. Small newspaper criticism, of the kind that carps at things just in proportion as they are great and above its own level, had done its part to discourage and turn away the doubting. Nevertheless it was a grand occasion; there was more real deep delight and more enthusiasm, than could be found beneath the surface in the loudest demonstrations where the music is of the order that appeals chiefly to the hand-clapping element:—for, be it understood, in any audience, where really good things are heard, those who enjoy and feel the most, are just those who feel least in the mood of noisy demonstrations; silence is said to be sometimes more eloquent than words, and certainly it may be far more so than hands and feet. Would you have clapping of hands, after the more appreciative mass of an audience have listened with still delight to something that goes deep down into the soul? Set your pitch down to the level of those, of whom there will be at least a sprinkling in every audience, who only go to be amused and have a lively time of it, play or sing something which just hits the hand-clapping and noise-loving stratum of the crowd, and they shall surely respond in kind, after their own manner, with a vehemence of self-assertion that would make it seem for an instant as if they were all, they the real presences, and all the rest but shadows. Nay, a portion of the credit of their noise is too apt, by a natural illusion of the concert-giver or performer, to be set down to the quiet ones, who took no part nor interest in it; a little well distributed noise can easily pass itself off as the expression of a whole house.

The Symphony was much more nearly perfect in performance than before,—at all events the instrumental portions. The orchestra did admirably; all was clear and smooth, no outline

blurred; no meaningless noise or lack of light and shade; no tripping anywhere or stammering; even those important and difficult portions of the melody, so frequently given to bassoon, oboe, horns, &c., were not confused or lost upon the ear. The orchestra played *con amore*; they had tried and thoroughly learned to feel the wondrous interest and beauty of that music, thanks partly to the energetic zeal and patience with which Mr. Zerrahn had drilled them to its right rendering. And it was better appreciated than before—of course, as all great things are. In spite of a few critics and sneerers, we venture to assert that very rarely has any composition of that magnitude been listened to by the great majority of so large an audience with so intense an interest. As a general rule, they who can appreciate "Lear" or "Hamlet" rather than "The Apostate", or Raphael and Angelo rather than the most melodramatic of French battle painters, or the imaginative quality anywhere rather than cheap effect, or depth and soulfulness (so to say) rather than outside brilliancy or tinsel commonplace, were, even though they were not technically musical, deeply impressed, wholesomely excited and inspired that evening by the Choral Symphony. Even the first movement, which is the least popular in its character, and which expresses inward struggles, unsatisfied yearnings, and so forth, such as deeper natures best know, enchained attention by its power and earnestness and grandeur, and was even followed by emphatic applause.

The Scherzo, so seemingly monotonous at first, because of its uniformity of rhythmic motive, grows less and less so as one hears it oftener; you marvel at the exhaustless springs of inward life and power, which keep that quick pulse alive so long; it is like the exquisite sense of all one's vital currents quick in every vein and nerve. It is, perhaps, the most original, the most unique of the three movements, and most stimulating, therefore, to the curiosity of musicians. But the Adagio is the most heavenly and was the most widely felt and enjoyed.

It is easy to jeer at enthusiasm, and at the bare suggestion of the possibility that the composer could have meant anything by such music. He at least meant to express himself; if we know the man Beethoven at all, it is from this expression, from his Symphonies, Sonatas, &c., only or chiefly, that we read the quality and temper of his soul. And be assured he wrought in earnest; such men always do and must; and not merely to make music for the idle pastime of an hour. They who sneer in this way only show a mean desire to drag all great and high things down to the level of their own life.

It is easy to hint, too, as some paragraphists have done, that, while the fourth movement must be allowed to have a meaning, necessitated by the words, a hymn to "Joy," yet it was absurd and crazy in the setting of those words to music to strain after high, sublime, religious effects, instead of seeking, or indulging in, the simple, natural expression of joyous emotions in music simple, natural, careless, buoyant—in a word, pretty. That was not the joy that Beethoven or Schiller meant. That you had in the Scherzo; but now it is a Joy that fills, that satisfies the whole nature, the whole soul of man, joy only found in union with all souls, and hence with God, in the universal brotherhood of man, in the "embrace of the millions," in that truest freedom, that holiest kind of ecstasy, which lifts us up to conscious childlike communion with "the Father that dwells above the stars." These are the texts, this the whole drift and spirit of the poem; and on this the grand musician seized by pure affinity of heart

and soul, and summed up the music of his life, all its characteristic themes and motives, all that he had ever been reiterating, with all the earnestness of his nature, and in forms ever new and wonderful, in these symphonic choral illustrations of it.

The Choral movement of the Symphony is not clear to all, partly because it contains so much and aims so high, and reaches it, and partly because of the great difficulties which the voice parts offer to performers. It is because Beethoven wrote to express what was in his mind, his heart, and not with entire reference to the convenience or best personal display of singers. In this he cannot be measured by the usual Italian standard. The work, of course is exceptional; allowance must be made for these things; and if, judged by its intrinsic and ideal meaning, judged from the standpoint of the composer's thought and purpose, if is found to be really true and great, even though singers rarely and almost never can be found to perfectly embody it, was it not a greater thing to do, is it not a greater thing for the hearer's mind to contemplate, than any possible amount of that kind of success in vocal writing which simply caters to the singers, and runs into commonplace phrases and cadenzas of stereotyped "passion," by which said singers win a cheap, mere personal success, and publics are corrupted into caring more for singers than for music, more for what is most available than for what is good?

We do not undertake to say whether this Symphony is artistically the most perfect of Beethoven's Symphonies. This is a question about which intelligent musicians are even now divided, though every year brings a large gain of votes for it. But no intelligent musician has the foolhardiness to deny that it is a great work; that height of critical assurance and all-knowingness was reserved for certain Sir Orales in Boston newspapers! All, who have studied the Choral movement, (at least all who are up to the true enjoyment of any of Beethoven's great symphonies,) will testify that they find it on examination more and more clear, consistent, logical, direct, and to the purpose that the whole work sets out with. The singers themselves, when they rehearsed it in the crowded little amphitheatre below, found the excitement of its progress irresistible, were lifted up by it, and sang "better than they knew." Rare conditions, even such as elude human forethought, even luck, as we call it, even inspiration, are essential to the successful rendering of all rare things. The choir this evening was somewhat thinned out in numbers, so that some of the choral passages sounded hard and meagre; but nearly all of it was clearly and correctly sung, and much of it was glorious. Where was ever a sublimer effect heard, than that of the whole body of tenors and basses, shouting, on a high pitch, in thirds, through many measures in that passage at the climax of the whole, where the joy tune has yielded to the religious Chorale in long notes, at the thought of "the Father dwelling above the stars?" What surprise can be more exciting and delicious than the change from the four-four to the six-eight measure, first marked by isolated booms of the great drum with the fagotto, soon joined by gay instruments with triangles, in an elastic, buoyant measure, preluding to the tenor solo and chorus on the verse:

As his suns, in joyful play,
On their airy circles fly,—
As the knight to victory,—
Brothers, speed upon your way!

And as the onswEEP of the whole movement gathers force, as the themes become united and concentrated in quicker and quicker and more crowded and excited movement, how vividly it seems as if that simple joy tune, first hummed by the double-basses, now possessed and swept along

with it the whole world; tribe after tribe, and nation after nation, from the East and from the West, from the North and from the South, even from the savage regions, catch the song and are drawn into the jubilee of universal Brotherhood!

The *sol* passages were considerably improved. Mr. POWERS gave a much more effective impulse, than he did before, in the opening bass recitative; and Mrs. HARWOOD, Miss TWICHELL and Mr. ADAMS, sang the most of it as well as one could reasonably wish. It was only when the strength of lungs and vocal muscles yielded to the long strain made upon them, that there was any considerable blemish. There was measurable success in all until it came to that remarkable passage, where orchestra and chorus cease, and the *sol* voices are left hanging high in air, yet climbing still by slow half-tones to a higher height, from which they subside through what may be called an elaborate quadruple cadenza, an intertwining of four distinct cadenzas of the four parts. Yet the apprehensive listener found far more pleasure in having this thus only indicated, than disappointment in the comparative failure of the execution.

As a whole, the Symphony, we are sure, made its mark, and has created such an audience and such a demand for itself henceforth, that it will be pretty sure to take its turn in the programmes of each coming winter.

The second part of the concert opened with the overture to the "Huguenots", which, strange, effective, brilliant as it is, seemed noisy, uninspired, mechanical and soulless after Beethoven. Mr. JULIUS EICHBERG's performance of that superb first movement of Beethoven's Violin Concerto in D, was the feature of most interest. He played it magnificently, with an artistic dignity and breadth and truth, rare even with the famous virtuosos. His upper tones are perhaps a little thin for the Music Hall, but his lower tones have plenty of body, and soul too, and all was pure, true, finished and expressive. His very elaborate cadenza showed much skill and learning, and kept the unity of the piece; it was overlong, however; but beautifully did it return into the theme, a simple, fascinating theme, such as only a Beethoven could invent; and he played it through with the perfection of simplicity and finish. We have had nothing of the kind so good before. Mrs. HARWOOD sang brilliantly and fervently an unfamiliar air from Donizetti, gaining great applause; and the airy Allegretto from the Eighth Symphony, and hum-drum overture to "Martha", which lacks not admirers, filled out a most successful entertainment.

NEUKOMM'S "DAVID" was performed on Sunday night, by the HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY, to an audience respectable in numbers, and we hope a remunerative one, as the Directors seem to have depended much upon this revival of "David", as a popular and paying work. It was very well performed both by orchestra and chorus, which was full and effective. The music is sparkling and pretty, and the hearer's attention is well held throughout, although there are no effects that touch any where near depth or sublimity. The instrumentation is brilliant—and furthermore, operatic, reminding one perpetually of the stage of the Italian opera, rather than of the severer school of the sacred oratorio. The solos were all well sustained by Mrs. J. H. LONG, Miss LOUISA ADAMS, (a new candidate for public favor, who, for a *debutante*, made a very favorable impression), with Messrs. ADAMS, POWERS, DRAPER, HAMILTON, and GEORGE WRIGHT JR. On the whole, the performance was a good one, and such as was calculated to give a fair impression of the merits of the work.

SEÑOR LOUIS CASSERES lost nothing by the postponement of his concert till Monday. Mercantile Hall was positively full—an audience in which the taste, intelligence, fashion and philanthropy of Boston society was largely represented. And a more responsive audience we never did see. Almost every performance of Señor C. was rapturously applauded. He has a great deal of easy, brilliant execution, especially in light, running passages. In strong chord passages he is rather inclined to a fa-

tiguing constancy of emphasis, but there is life and fervor in all he does. We heard him in De Beriot and Osborne's Duo Concertante from "William Tell," with the clever violinist, Mr. COENEN; in Goria's Fantasia on *Lucresia*, and in his own Fantasia on well-known Scotch airs, which was quite effectively put together. The rest we lost. Mrs. LONG sang some Italian pieces finely; and Mr. HENRY DRAPER, of this city, just returned from Europe, appeared in place of Mr. ADAMS, and in several airs and duets showed a baritone voice of remarkable richness and good culture.

The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB completed their tenth series of eight concerts week before last, with a fine programme and a full house. Mendelssohn's Quartet in D, op. 44; Schubert's Quintet with two 'celli, in C, which on a second hearing seemed hardly so striking to us in point of ideas as it did the first time, and Mozart's delicious Quintet with Clarinet were the concerted pieces. Mrs. LONG sang Beethoven's grand scena: *Ah perfido*, very finely; and WULF FRIES, for a violoncello solo, gave that by Servais on a dance air of the 16th century. We trust the Club will give us another concert.

The feature of the last Wednesday Afternoon Concert was Beethoven's Second Symphony in D, which was rendered with great nicety by Zerrahn's little orchestra. There was no concert this week, but there will be one next Wednesday, and as these are our last orchestral opportunities now left, all the Symphony lovers ought to go.

CAMBRIDGE.—A pleasant concert was given here on Tuesday evening, under the direction of the conductor of music at the Rev. Dr. Newell's Church, assisted by his friends, (and who is not glad to assist him who is always ready with a helping hand to his friends?), Mrs. WENTWORTH, Mrs. HARWOOD, Miss JENNY TWICHELL, and Messrs. C. R. ADAMS, THOMAS BELL, and some members of the choir of the church. Mr. B. J. LANG being the pianist. Few people can call in the cheerful assistance of such friends, and it is unnecessary to say that it was a most delightful concert, attended by a large audience, and doubtless yielded a considerable sum towards the local object for which it was undertaken. We venture to return, in behalf of the audience, their cordial thanks to all those who gave so pleasant an entertainment.

Musical Chit-Chat.

MR. TRENKLE's many friends will be glad to hear that recent letters from him report much more favorably of the state of his health. . . . ADELAIDE PHILLIPS is in town. . . . Mr. C. R. ADAMS, our sweet tenor, who has contributed so much and so modestly to the vocal part of our concerts this winter, is to have the deserved compliment of a Concert, at the hands of his fellow artists, on the evening of Saturday, the 23d. The Handel and Haydn Society, Zerrahn's Orchestra, Mrs. WENTWORTH, Mrs. LONG, Mrs. HARWOOD, Miss PHILLIPS, if then in the city, and other singers, and the four pianists (Messrs. DRESEL, PARKER, LEONHARD and LANG,) whose combined performance gave such pleasure in the Trenkle Concert, have volunteered their services.

Miss LIZZIE D. CHAPMAN, a promising young vocalist, in earnest it is said, with her art, is about to visit Europe for its larger opportunities of musical instruction. To aid her in this laudable purpose, a concert will be given next Saturday evening, in which Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS, the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, and others, will take part.

Fast Day drives us to press a day earlier than usual, so that we have had to drop many things that we had in hand.

Music Abroad.

Germany.

HANOVER.—We find in the correspondence of the London *Musical World* an interesting account of the re-appearance, after long silence, of the famous SCHRÖDER DEVRIENT in the concert room. The occasion was a concert for the benefit of the Pension Fund, on the 28th Feb. The writer says:

The principal artists were the popular and unforgotten Schröder-Devrient, and Herr Alexander Dreyschoek, as soloists; while the most important musical novelty was Joseph Joachim's symphonic arrangement of Franz Schubert's grand C major duet for four hands. Departing from the original programme, Mad. Schröder-Devrient chose only simple songs, but among them some of the most costly gems of our magnificent German store. They were: "Ihr Bild," Franz Schubert's "Doppelgänger" and "Post,"

from *Frauenthe und Leben*; Robert Schumann's "Ich grolle nicht," and "Frühlings-Nacht," and lastly, a pleasing naïve Scotch song, with a flute, violin, and violoncello accompaniment, by C. M. von Weber. We can, at present, from our own experience, appreciate the partly conflicting accounts of this genial lady's re-appearance after a protracted absence. Her singing possesses all the triumphant power of that potent nature, which entranced our fathers half a generation since. The fair artist has preserved, in a most remarkable degree, the unimpaired and living truthfulness of all those faculties of soul which struggle for expression, and, if she has restricted herself for the future to simple songs, the manner in which she accomplishes her task will long secure for her the grateful appreciation of the public of the present day. The enthusiastic reception she experienced, from an extraordinarily numerous audience, most unmistakably confirmed our own convictions. She was obliged to repeat Schumann's deeply moving: "Ich grolle nicht," and when, at the conclusion, she added, in compliance to repeated calls for her, Schubert's "Erlkönig," it seemed as if the applause would never end. We had an opportunity, not long ago, of admiring Alexander Dreyschoek's masterly pianoforte playing at the Gewandhaus. The pieces he performed on the present occasion were, as far as the display of immense technical skill was concerned, quite as perfect, but, on account of their inferior value as compositions, not worthy of being included in the repertory of our grand concerts. The arrangement of Schubert's pianoforte duet, as a grand symphony, was fully justified by the strikingly instrumental character of the work in its original form; indeed, this was so much the case, that we always fancied we could distinguish in it a full orchestra, only slightly veiled and easily discoverable, and this made us doubt whether the duet, according to the composer's original plan, was not merely the pianoforte form of a perfect symphony. Joachim's arrangement is a lucky hit. This talented musician has enriched our repertory with a second symphony by Schubert, and we regard the gain as a permanent one. Compared with the well-known grand C major symphony, its plan is more modest, and less grandiose, but its inexhaustible flow of melody, and its richness in surprising modulatory tones, and beautiful thematic combinations, prevent us from losing sight, a single moment, of Schubert's most beautiful style. From the first bar to the last note, Joachim's instrumentation is most masterly, and adapted to the character of the work; in the choice and employment of the various instruments, too, even Schubert's peculiarities have been frequently adopted by the arranger. The first impression of the public, after the most important movements, namely the first, third, and last, was, although expressed with some degree of reserve, on the whole favorable; the second, the slow movement, struck us as being, relatively, the weakest. The second instrumental work of the evening was Moscheles' brilliant and finely scored overture to Schiller's *Jungfrau von Orleans*.

HERR JOSEPH JOACHIM has announced his intention of giving a series of quartet concerts, principally with the view of introducing the least known of Beethoven's so-called posthumous quartets.

Paris.

CARNIVAL OPERA.—There was a chance that the Parisian—that passionate lover of "spectacles" and "first nights"—might have had his favorite excitement four times repeated during the last days of this past Carnival, had managers kept their promises with respect to the operas by MM. Meyerbeer and Gounod. But the former master (like *Millamant*) seems to enjoy last postponements and rehearsals "after the last" ones; while the appearance of "Faust" has been retarded by an inevitable, though important, change in the cast. Meanwhile "La Fée Carabosse" at the *Théâtre Lyrique*, and "Herculanum" at the *Grand Opéra*, have kept their time, and made their appearance duly before the three representations of *Le Bœuf Gras* (performed by *Bastien, Turin*, and *Lombard*) closed the season of feasting and festival.

"La Fée Carabosse" is that dressing-up of the well-known fairy tale, by MM. Lockroy and Cogniard with music by M. Massé, which has been long talked about, to the extent of making a past coiner of marvels for *L'Indépendance Belge* absolutely call up from *No Where* a hunchbacked *prima donna* with an incomparable voice, to suit whose deformity the opera was to be expressly written, forgetting in his chase after hideous excitement that the fairy tale ends by the dreadful old woman not only fastening her wrinkles and grey hair, but even her lump, on her victims, and finishing the legend in a "blaze of beauty"! The story, though grotesque, is cruel; and, as a fairy tale without a moral, has small chance of holding

the stage so long as "Beauty and the Beast" and "Cinderella" have done. The authors have arranged it with some drollery, however; some malice, and some sentimentality. The fairy's victims are a stupid peasant and a pompous *major domo*, victimized, as the legend demands, when on the verge of matrimony, and by chance with the same peasant maiden, who naturally becomes spiteful and vindictive. The fairy desires to divest herself of her deformities, "all for love" of a sweet young prince, who is dying to find a certain beautiful voice of which the enchanted hump and wrinkles had not deprived its owner.

As canvas then, for a grotesque, the book of "La Fée" is not bad; nor is M. Massé, as our readers know, a composer without merit. Though less melodious than he should be, he is less tormented than some of his contemporaries, able to keep the scene alive, not very considerate of his singers, but, within the straitened compass demanded, not writing badly for the voice. Some of his choruses have a spirit and breadth which are agreeable and are legitimately choral. His instrumentation is clever with a proclivity to noise. As a whole, "La Fée Carabosse" is not equal to "La Reine Topaze," nor does it contain one number that will send the world home singing to its supper.

The performance is very careful. Madame Ugalde, the heroine, was never a favorite singer of ours, even when she was queen of the *Opéra Comique*. Her voice is now smaller than it was then, and to conceal flaw and faltering she has recourse to exaggerations of tone and pronunciation, which are not amiss in the mouth of the transformed Fairy, but do not sound sweetly in the second spring of her beauty.

We are assured, by the Parisian journals, that on Sunday last, a bran-new "Ave Maria," by Signor Rossini, dedicated to the Empress, was performed in the Imperial Chapel at the Tuilleries.—*Athen'm.*

Rossini's Saturday *soirées*, instead of losing in prestige, appear to grow more in favor, and attract all the great artists, distinguished *littérateurs*, and amateurs of the Parisian world of fashion. The performances improvised nightly are the most *recherché* in the capital. On Saturday, for instance, Madame Taglioni, the Taglioni, volunteered to dance the famous *Tyrolienne* in *Guillaume Tell*, of which she was the original interpreter. Need it be said how the guests were entertained. The celebrated *danseuse*, it is said, exhibited all the grace, dignity, and ease of her most palmy days. On the same evening an *opéra de salon*, by M. Wekerlin, was performed. It is entitled *Le Mariage en Poste*. The characters were filled by Mlle. Mira and MM. Bussine and Bievel. On Sunday last, at the fifteenth *séance* of the Society of Concerts, the following programme was given: Beethoven's Symphony in B flat; Chorus from Cherubini's *Blanche de Provence*; air from the *Anacreon* of Grétry, sung by M. Bonnehée; selection from the *Ruins of Athens*; and Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Signor Varesi, the celebrated baritone, for whom Verdi wrote the part of *Rigoletto*, sang lately at a concert in the music-room in the Rue Turgot.—*London Mus. World.*

London.

(From the *Athenæum*, March 5.)

It was wonderful to witness with how much patience and relish the large audience assembled at the *Crystal Palace* this day week received and enjoyed the music of Mendelssohn to "Edipus"—written in obedience to a Court command; performed, originally, at a Court theatre, and, it might have been supposed, hardly producible anywhere else. The trial was enhanced by the quantity of recitation of text translated from the Greek,—which was necessary to bring and to bind the male choruses together. The style of the reader was not to our taste; but the public, both by its attention and applause, showed itself less hard to please. A "charm of powerful trouble," lies in the grand old Greek tragedy: as was proved when "Antigone," represented on a London stage for the sake of Mendelssohn's music, held audiences by its state and antiquity, in spite of the musical execution, which was wretched. The charm of Greek tragedy was proved anew this day week: since no affection could have made so large and miscellaneous a company as that assembled endure what failed to interest them. So far as music is concerned the choruses of "Edipus" are largely fragmentary. Considerable musical attention and appreciation are required for those who will follow the thought which links, in many cases, their disconnected portions. There is one superb exception, however, in the double chorus (No. 3) in F major. This was Mendelssohn's own favorite chorus among Greek music; and, with that grace and appreciation which distinguished him,

he fitly and fairly inscribed the autograph of it to our great Greek historian, his friend—Mr. Grote. How rich and glowing is this; how antique, without a trace of old age! how round in its contours! how exquisite in its proportions! That gorgeous Greek chorus (let a fantasy be permitted) carried us away to Pæstum and Segeste, as a real inspiration will always transport far-afield those who are not unwilling to be enthralled. As a whole, the choruses were carefully gone through, but without the stage they are monotonous, and inferior in interest to Mendelssohn's former Greek choruses—those to "Antigone."

The Concert at *St. James's Hall* on Monday was devoted to the music of Haydn and Weber—a pair of composers, who do not somehow run harmoniously in sequence one to the other. Thus the concert was less interesting than the *Mozart Concert*, which, by the way, we observe, is to be repeated. The instrumental music seemed to be the most enjoyed—a speaking fact, the size of the audience considered. The finest singing in the Haydn act was Miss Palmer's, in the difficult and too-long *scena* "Arianna." The songs from the "Seasons" failed for want of orchestral accompaniment. Mrs. Enderssohn was the *soprano*. In the Weber act we were truly glad to hear the *trio* for pianoforte (Mr. L. Sloper), flute (Mr. Pratten), violoncello (Signor Piatti),—the most effective and picturesque composition for the three instruments with which we are acquainted. It was very well played.

At the second dress-concert of the *Vocal Association* the feature which naturally excited the greatest interest was the "Ave Maria" of Mendelssohn, from his unfinished opera of "Lorely," a short movement for *soprano* voice, with a chorus of women. We take no part with those who have questioned the genius of the last of the great German composers, if we say that this "Ave" has left on us small impression. Though true in style, and of course perfectly written, it seems to us wanting in that, which all music for the stage should have,—to wit, effect. We have ere this recorded that Mendelssohn modestly spoke of this opera as a mere experiment, and ere this have expressed our judgment, distasteful to all those thorough-going enthusiasts who refuse to admit inequality or imperfection in the works of their idols, that the well-known and more-developed *finale* to "Lorely," if it had been tried by its writer on the stage, might not have retained its present form; and that, as it stands, it is less felicitous than Mendelssohn's Oratorio or *Cantata* music.

Alterations of the orchestra for the Handel Festival at Sydenham are now in active progress. The space for the performers is to be increased so as to accommodate four thousand singers and players. It is also to be inclosed above and on every side in a manner which, it is expected, will concentrate and increase the body of sound collected. The London contingent of the chorus is, we are informed, complete. The works selected will be virtually, we believe, the same as those chosen two years ago, with the addition, it is possible, of the "Dettingen Te Deum," and a forcible chorus or two from the less hackneyed oratorios of Handel.

(From the same, March 12.)

After the length to which our London concert notices have run of late, the reader may be content, at the beginning of Lent, with an enumeration of the proceedings of the week, since the only novelty was that given on Shrove Tuesday, the "Judith" of Mr. Henry Leslie, to text originally arranged by Mr. Henry F. Chorley. Many changes have taken place in the music, and a matter or two have been added to the text (not, we are requested to state, by the original arranger of the words). The singers announced were the same as those at Birmingham, with one exception, Madame Rudersdorf to replace Madame Castellan. Mr. Sims Reeves, however, was prevented from appearing, owing to the pertinacity of his indisposition. The programme of the week comprised, further, a Beethoven night on Monday, which, we observe, is to be repeated on Monday, the 21st; and a second Mozart night on Ash Wednesday; at the *St. James's Hall*; and yesterday evening the repetition of "Solomon" by the *Sacred Harmonic Society*.

There is to be a deluge of chamber music, apparently, this season. In addition to what has been already announced, we observe that Herr Lehmeier, a resident pianist, is about to give performances. The *Réunion des Arts* will commence its series of spring meetings on Wednesday next. Miss Arabella Goddard is announcing her *Soirées*. Then, there are to be two glee concert-giving parties, one consisting of the well-known company, including Mr. and Mrs. Lockey, Messrs. Foster, Winn, and Thomas, headed this year by Miss Banks; the other only known at present as the *London Glee and Madrigal Union*.

Special Notices.

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Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Departed Days. Ballad. B. S. Hobbs. 25
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Two fine Parlor Songs of elevated sentiment, by two English composers, who are both highly esteemed among their countrymen.

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A very effective Song for a baritone voice, such as every singer will be glad to add to his repertoire.

The King and the Peasant. Francis Woolcott. 25

One of Charles Mackay's best known poems, commencing: "The king can drink the best of wine; so can I." Mr. Woolcott, the composer of the favorite song of Bell Brandon, has wedded to it a well marked, characteristic melody, which is easily remembered and easy to sing.

Annabel Lee. M. W. Balfé. 25

Edgar A. Poe's touching little romance. Balfé's music approaches to the character of a chant. It is highly expressive, and the spirit of it will be readily understood and entered into by any singer of a little practice.

Carrie Lane. Song and Chorus. W. R. Adams. 25

Pretty and easy.

The music of the mill. C. W. Glover. 25

There is a peculiar charm in this song of Glover's. Although he is by no means the first one who sings of pretty miller's maids and the merry sounds of the busy mill, still his strain, simple though it be, has fresh charms and taking beauties.

Instrumental Music.

Sylphide. Romance. Charles Fradel. 25

The gift of melody is so rarely to be met with among the modern writers for the piano, that a composer, who like Fradel, possesses it in a remarkable degree, and knows how to clothe it in an always fresh, and interesting form, must become a favorite. The "Sylphide" is an expressive, tender air, in 6-8 time, moving restlessly onward in the midst of a light and airy accompaniment, principally for the right hand. Not difficult.

L'Andalouse. Grand Valse brillante. E. Wolff. 35

A highly effective piece, a chain, as it were, of the most sparkling, taking melodies in waltz time. Of medium difficulty.

L'Eclair. Nocturne. Joseph Ascher. 40

An elaborate transcription of that celebrated Romanza from the above named opera by Halevy, in Ascher's inimitably graceful style. Not difficult.

Galop from "Vepres Siciliennes." Brilliant amusement. Albert W. Berg. 30

Teachers will find this a very acceptable piece for moderately advanced pupils. Its bold rhythm and striking melody cannot fail to take at once hold of the fancy of a young player. It is worked out very cleverly and furnishes ample material for passing instructive remarks and development of velocity.

Books.

ONE HUNDRED SONGS OF IRELAND. Words and Music. 50

A capital collection, including the best sentimental, patriotic, traditional, and humorous Songs and Melodies of "the land of sweet Erio," and one that cannot fail to be heartily welcome to the tens of thousands who look over the waters to "that green isle 'mid the ocean" as the home of their earliest recollections. It is, undoubtedly, the most complete compilation of Irish Songs, published in connection with Music, obtainable in this country. Amongst the number will be found several of Moore's best songs.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 367.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1859.

VOL. XV. No. 3.

The Normal Diapason.

The *Moniteur* of the 25th February contained the Report presented to his Excellency, the Minister of State, by the Commission charged with the task of establishing in France a uniform musical diapason.* (Decree of the 17th July, 1858).

We subjoin this important document uncuttailed.—
London Mus. World.

Paris, the 1st February, 1859.

MONSIEUR LE MINISTRE,—You charged a Commission to “investigate the means of establishing in France a uniform musical diapason, to fix on a standard of sonority which might serve as an invariable type, and to point out the measures to be passed in order to secure its adoption and preservation.”

Your order was founded on the following considerations:—“The constantly increasing elevation of the diapason is attended with drawbacks, from which musical art, musical composers, artists, and musical instrument-makers, are all sufferers; and the difference existing between the diapasons of various countries, various musical establishments, and various manufactories, is a constant source of embarrassment for concerted music, and of difficulties in commercial transactions.”

The Commission has terminated its task. It owes you an account of its operations and of the course it has pursued, and it submits to the approbation of your Excellency, the result to which it has come.

I.

It is certain that, in the course of a century, the diapason has been progressively and constantly rising. If the study of Gluck's scores were not sufficient to prove, by the manner in which the vocal parts are arranged, that these master-pieces were written with reference to a diapason much less high than ours, † the testimony of contemporary organs would furnish us with irrefutable proof. The Commission desired, in the first place, to account for this singular fact, and, just as a prudent doctor endeavors to go back to the first sources of a malady before attempting to cure it, resolved to discover, or, at least, examine the causes which had been able to effect the elevation of the diapason.

We possess the elements necessary for estimating this elevation. The organs, of which we have spoken, mark (*accusent*) the difference of a tone below the existing diapason. But even this moderate diapason was not sufficient for the prudence of the Opera at that period. Rousseau, in his dictionary of music (under the article *Tone*) says that the *tone* of the Opera at Paris was *lower than the tone of the chapel*. Consequently, the diapason, or, rather, the *tone* of the Opera was, in Rousseau's time, more than a tone lower than the diapason of the present day.

The singers of the period, however, according to a great many writers, forced their voices. Either from want of study, want of taste, or a desire to please the public, they screeched (*criaient*). Such singers, who could manage to screech so loudly with so low a diapason, had no interest in asking for a higher *tone*, which would have required greater exertions; and generally, at no time, in no country, neither to-day nor formerly—in a word, never is it the interest of the singer, let him sing well or ill, to meet with a high diapason, which deteriorates his voice, augments his fatigue, and shortens his theatrical career. Singers, therefore, are out of court, and we cannot attribute the elevation of the diapason to them.

The interest of composers—despite whatever may have been said or thought by persons not possessing a very precise notion of musical matters—is directly contrary to the elevation of the

diapason. When it is too high, it embarrasses them. The higher the diapason, the sooner does the singer reach the limits of his voice on the sharp chords; the development of the melodic phrase is, therefore, trammelled rather than seconded. The composer has in his head, his imagination, and, we may say, in his heart, the natural type of the human voice (*des voix*). The phrase he writes is suggested to him by a singer whom he alone hears, and who always sings well. This singer's voice, supple, pure, intelligent, and correct, is fixed in conformity with a moderate and true diapason which dwells within the ear of the composer. The composer has, therefore, every advantage to gain by moving in a gamut well suited to the voice, and which, leaving him freer, and more master of the effects he desires to produce, assists his inspiration. Besides, what means does he possess of raising the diapason? Is it he who himself makes, or causes to be manufactured, the perfidious little instruments, the compasses which mislead the mariner? Is it he who comes and gives the A to orchestras? We have never seen or heard that any *maestro*, discontented with the too great reserve of a diapason, had one made to suit his convenience—a personal diapason, in order to raise the *tone* of an entire orchestra. He would meet with a thousand cases of resistance, and a thousand impossibilities. No; the composer does not create the diapason; he submits to it. He cannot, therefore, be accused of having excited the ascensional course of tonality.

We must remark that this ascensional course has been general as well as constant; that it has not been limited to France; and that the Alps, the Pyrenees, and the Ocean, have not proved obstacles to it. People must not, therefore, as we have heard them do, accuse especially France, whom they are very apt to charge with the misdeeds committed from time to time in the world of music. Our country has merely had a share in the grand invasion of the rising diapason, and, if it was an accomplice in the crime, it was, also, the victim of it. The causes of this invasion, which have acted everywhere with consistency, *ensemble*, perseverance, and, we might say, premeditation, could not be either accidental or peculiar to one country. They must necessarily have been dependent on a determining principle, and an interested motive. In virtue of a well-known axiom, we must, therefore, seek out those evidently interested in unduly raising the A which our ancestors hoped to bequeath us.

It is those who manufacture tuning-forks, or have them manufactured, who are the authors of the evil and masters of the situation. It is the musical-instrument makers, and we can understand that they have a legitimate and honorable interest in elevating the diapason. The more elevated the *tone*, the more brilliant will be the sound. The maker will not, therefore, always manufacture his instruments in conformity with the diapason; he will sometimes manufacture his diapason in conformity with an instrument he may consider sonorous and striking. The truth is, that he is a passionate admirer of sonority, which is the object of his work, and is incessantly endeavoring to increase the force, purity, and transparency of the voices which he knows how to create. The wood he fashions and the metal he forges, obeying the laws of resonance, will assume intelligent sounds, which a skilful, or, sometimes, an inspired artist, will soon animate with his bow, his breath, and his light, supple, or powerful fingers. The instrumentalist and the maker are, therefore, two allies; their interests are combined and mutually supporting. Once introduced into the orchestra, they sway and rule it, easily dragging it to the heights in which they

delight. In fact, the orchestra belongs to them, or, rather, they are the orchestra, and it is the instrumentalist who, by giving the *tone*, regulates, without desiring to do so, the studies, the efforts, and the destiny of the singer.

The great sonority acquired by wind-instruments speedily found its direct application, and received from it a still greater impulse. Music, which adapts itself to everything, and everywhere takes its place, marches at the head of regiments; it sings to the troops the airs which animate them, and remind them of their native land. Under these circumstances, it must sound loud and firm, and its voice must extend a long distance. Military bands, seizing on the diapason and raising it still higher than it was before, propagated throughout Europe the movement which incessantly hurried it forward.‡

At the present day, however, military music might, without fear, descend somewhat from the diapason it has unduly raised. Its pride would not suffer, nor would its flourishes be less martial or less striking. The great number of brass instruments it now possesses have given it more body, and more firmness, as well as an amount of relief, both solid and brilliant, formerly wanting to it. Let us hope, moreover, that further progress on the part of the various makers speedily freeing certain instruments from drawbacks which are to be regretted, will open to them an access of rich tonality at present denied them. The honorable general who represents in the Commission the organization of the military bands, would exert himself to the utmost to second this desirable amelioration—this real advance—which would endow military bands with fresh resources, and vary the brilliancy of their sonority.

We think, Monsieur le Ministre, we have proved that the elevation of the diapason is due to the efforts of instrument-makers and instrumental performers, and that neither composers nor singers have had any participation in it. Religious music and dramatic music have submitted to the movement, without being able to avoid it, or without endeavoring to escape doing so. The diapason might, therefore, be lowered to a certain extent, with the certainty of serving the true and greatest interests of art.

* The Commission consisted of:
MM. J. Pelletier, Councillor of State, Secretary General in the Ministry of State, President;
F. Halévy, Member of the Institute, Perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Fine Arts, Reporter;
Auber, Member of the Institute, and Director of the Imperial Conservatory of Music and Eléction;
Berlioz, Member of the Institute;
Despretz, Member of the Institute, and Professor of Physics at the Faculty of Science;
Camille Doucet, head of the theatrical department in the offices of the Minister of State;
Lissajous, Professor of Physics at the Lycée Saint-Louis, and Member of the Council of the Society for the Encouragement of National Industry;
General Mellinet, charged with the organization of the bands of the army;
Meyerbeer, Member of the Institute;
Ed. Monnais, Imperial Commissary at the lyrical theatres and the Conservatory;
Rossini, Member of the Institute;
Ambrose Thomas, Member of the Institute.

† The scores of Moosigny and Grétry suggest the same remark.

‡ The word *diapason* had not then received the signification we lend it now-a-days, and the little instrument employed to give the *tone* did not exist. “The instrument which serves to give the *tone* (*ton de l'accord*) to a whole orchestra, and which some persons call a *choriste*, is a whistle, which, by means of a kind of graduated piston, by which the pipe is lengthened or shortened at pleasure, always emits pretty nearly the same sound under the same division, etc. (Rousseau, *Dictionnaire de Musique*, under the head *Tone*.) In Italy, at the present day, the name of *corista* is still given to the tuning-fork. One of the *choristes* mentioned by Rousseau is preserved in the “Cabinet de Physique” at the Sorbonne.

§ We read in a letter addressed to us by M. Kittl, director of the Conservatory at Prague: “It is greatly to be desired that some conclusion should be arrived at in the matter, for there are continual complaints about the progressive elevation of the diapason, and all Europe will feel grateful that France has resolved to bestir herself, for she will not fall of success.”

“In Austria, the military bands are the cause of this eleva-

tion, their diapason varying a semitone from that of other musical bodies. This difference dates from the time of the Emperor Alexander I. On becoming the proprietor of an Austrian regiment, he ordered new instruments to be made for the band. The maker, in order to bring out the latter with greater prominence, raised the diapason of the instruments, which, of course, imparted more freshness and brilliancy to the sound. The innovation excited the envy of the other military bands, who all raised their diapason."

(To be continued.)

Felicien David's New Opera.

(From the London Athenæum, March 19.)

CARNIVAL OPERAS IN PARIS.—"Herculanum."—To give an account of this extraordinary production such as shall convey our impressions to distant persons, is not easy. The one epithet which suggests itself from first to last, and returns after search and research, is, *Amusing!* Yet, so far at least as the musician's (M. Felicien David's) share in the opera goes, such epithet is not intended to convey contempt. Let us see if we can make it intelligible by a few details.

The *libretto*, to begin, is said to have had as many parents as Mr. Benedict's "Brides of Venice." M. David has long been reputed as busy on no less arduous a subject than "The Last Judgment;" and some of the music was probably calculated for that tremendous theme. But, without levity on our part, be it said, it proved difficult "to mount." We fancy that obstacles of stage-management may have caused the modification of the original idea. The Parisians are not reverent. For the last fortnight there has been flaring on the *Boulevard des Italiens* the concert-bill of a M. Lazareff, in which a "Last Judgment" forms a feature; and this has been advertised, Bartholomew-Fair-wise, with a monstrous picture, illustrating the scene. Nay, more, though MM. Méry and Hadot have been compelled to content themselves with Vesuvius and an eruption, they have not been restrained by scruple from bringing in a Christian prophet, who utters some phrases from the Apocalypse—also Satan—among their *dramatis personæ*. The days of those old monkish Mysteries which begot Oratorio, ere profane drama existed, may be returning, for aught we know, as well as those of the soothsayers and witchfinders. The Parisians, however, seem to take this part of "Herculanum" seriously. The English will do so for totally opposite reasons. The "amusing" side of the *libretto* is furnished by the florid nonsense of the verses, and the hardy way in which the oldest of old situations, from "Robert le Diable," "Les Martyrs," "Le Fils Prodigue," and other grand operas, have been patched together. There is a Pagan Queen, *Olympia* (Madame Borghi-Mamo), who comes to amuse herself at "Herculanum"—with her pagan brother *Nicanor* (M. Obin). Two Christians are brought before them. *Lelia* (Madame Gueymard-Lanters) and *Helios* (M. Roger), who are doomed to death. The Queen resolves to save and paganize the youth because of his beauty, the brother to possess himself of the maiden. *Magnus*, a prophet (M. Mairé), threatens them. The first act ends with a foretaste of the volcanic storm, laughed at by the Pagans—the second shows *Lelia* clinging to a cross in a desert place,—*Nicanor*, struck dead with a thunderbolt, swallowed up,—and the Evil One taking his place and shape, and provoking her jealousy by a vision of *Helios*, who has been made apostate and faithless to her by the seduction of the Pagan Queen. Thenceforward wickedness has its own way; till the moment of the tremendous catastrophe, when the Christian lovers meet, exchange penitence and pardon, and only wish to die, so that they may die together. If a burlesque on the sublime supernatural situations contained in the last twenty grand French operas had been tried for, it could not have been better accomplished than it is here. Yet the action moves, and the audience, as we have said, endure, if they do not enjoy, the story.

M. David's music merits our epithet of "amusing," supposing the bitterness of well-merited sarcasm discharged from it. Some may remember how, when French critics and English dilettanti were rapturous over his "Desert Symphony," as revealing a new composer, we ventured to consider it as indicating a talent inherently slight, however agreeable and winning, an opinion borne out by every other piece of music, whether symphony or quartet, then produced, in display of the mau of the moment. Till a bleaching liquid shall be found for the negro, we shall hold to our judgment, that there are certain qualities which cannot be transformed, certain attributes not to be annihilated, however adroitly they may be concealed. M. David, at least, is not the musician who contradicts in his after-career our strong first impressions. There is elegance, there is poetry, in what he has done; but both belong to *ballet*, rather than to *operas*. In the religious music for the Christians his inspirations are trivial and cut short; in his descriptive mu-

sic for the demons, there is nothing but the old lugubrious pattern-work of bassoon, ophicleide and double bass; in his duets of passion only liberal draughts from the springs of effect, drained dry by Donizetti, MM. Meyerbeer and Halévy, and Signor Verdi—their cut being as well known as that of the Rossini *crescendo*. But though there be small novelty of idea, though the constructive power displayed be limited, amenity and animation are in some of M. David's music. We may mention especially the songs given to the Pagan Queen, which have an elegant and voluptuous sprightliness, and to the entire scene which, according to opera statutes, contains the dance-music. The same remark applies to M. David's instrumentation. If it be without enterprise, it is also without affectation. The work, to sum up, is congenial to the singers; and though the music will neither sink deep nor travel far—least of all establish its amiable writer as the composer of grand serious opera,—it will and may amuse for a time, without the hearer's taste deriving harm or charm because he has listened.

The personating artists have been named: all have been well fitted. Madame Borghi-Mamo is made to pass for a brilliant singer by a few simple passages, so judiciously disposed that, by singing them fearlessly, a dashing effect is obtained. Her drinking-song, and her air in the scene of the *ballet*, are both *encores*. But her French is soft and pointless; and she has not passed through the *Grand Opéra* without serious damage to her voice. The folly of trying to force it upwards has been entered on by her too late. Her beauty of tone is gone,—her certainty of tone is impaired,—and her middle and lower register are considerably weakened. Madame Lanters, again, appears almost declamatory in her great scenes; which also deserve the applause they excite. Her organ—a naturally fine one—has improved in body, and her style in warmth. She does not spare herself on the stage; and though no practised ear can pronounce her complete, it is to be felt that with training she might have become a real *prima donna*. Is it yet too late? Of M. Roger, in memory of past services done, it will be kindness not to speak. M. Obin is excellent; and though without M. Levasseur's biting and metallic voice, is worthy of being named as the artist on whom M. Levasseur's mantle has fallen.

What is to be said of "Herculanum" as a spectacle? What is not to be said of it?—might be the reply. As to taste, luxury, colour, variety, splendour, completeness, and improbable probability, the *Grand Opéra* has out-opera'd itself in putting this work on the stage. Nothing comparable to it, save, perhaps, "La Juive" (in the days when its costumes and scenery were fresh), recurs to us. Then, we cannot close this sketch of a novelty difficult to describe, though not because of its depth, without a note of admiration on Mlle. Emma Livry, the new *danseuse*, and the most promising one who has danced for many a day. She has the lightness, almost the grace, of Mlle. Taglioni. Some stiffness in the management of her arms (which Mlle. Fanny Elssler was used to describe as the most difficult branch of the dancer's art) has to be melted away; but in other respects, among contemporary dancers, she is singularly fearless, while elegant. There is youth too, that fairy gift, never to be replaced—in her dancing.

Sketch of the Life of Beethoven.

BY G. A. MACFARREN.

(Continued from page 12.)

Many circumstances had concurred to induce Beethoven's very rare appearance in public during recent years; among these we may consider his infirmity, which rendered his direction of a performance he could not hear, most embarrassing to all concerned, and fatal to its effect; the greater and greater complexity of his music, which rendered this ever less acceptable to a general audience; and, not less than either, his querulous temper, which, if it made him not public enemies, must have given many a one a secret disinclination to assist in his aggrandisement. He, however, esteemed himself slighted, and regarded with jealousy the ephemeral fashion for Rossini as the cause. Under this impression, arising from the contrast between the profuse honors paid to him a few years earlier and his present retirement, he proposed to produce his last compositions at Berlin, and so revenge the neglect of the Viennese. To prevent this artistic disgrace upon their city, thirty of the most distinguished musicians and lovers of music in the Austrian capital, including his unwavering friends of the Lichnowsky family, signed a memorial, representing their reverence for him, and entreating him to give the first performance of these works in Vienna. Beethoven felt deeply this signal, and, indeed, unique tribute of esteem; but still his suspicious habit led

him to question the sincerity of its purpose; and several letters passed between him and his memorialists, before he would agree to their proposal. The result of this correspondence was a concert at the Kärntnerthor Theatre, May 7, 1824, at which the Overture in C, Op. 124, the Kyrie, Credo, and Agnus from the Mass, and the Choral Symphony were performed. Umlauf, with Beethoven by his side to indicate the tempos, conducted the orchestra, and the theatre was crowded to excess. The applause at the conclusion was tumultuous; but this gave occasion for an incident perhaps the most pathetic in the whole history of Art. He whose renown had called the multitude together, he whose genius had kindled the general enthusiasm, stood in the midst insensible to the sounds that stimulated the delight of all around him, insensible to the vociferations that expressed it, until Mesdames Sontag, and Ungler, who had been singing the principal parts, turned his face towards the public, and proved, by the waving handkerchiefs and the universal motions of excitement, to his organs of sight, the genuine triumph of which his ears refused him testimony. The pealing cheer this spectacle drew from the very hearts of all who witnessed it, penetrated even Beethoven's deafness, and he must have quitted the scene with the consciousness of having set the seal upon his immortality.

He now proposed to himself a series of grand orchestral works; but he was prevented from entering upon this design, by the application of Prince Nicolas Galitzin, a Russian noble, for three violin quartets, of which, for the consideration of seventy-five ducats, he was to have possession for a year before they were published. Beethoven immediately wrote, therefore, the Quartet in E flat; but he was delayed in the fulfilment of his commission by the illness at the beginning of 1825 that obliged him to forego the last proposed visit to London, on the recovery from which he wrote the Quartet in A minor, containing the "Song of Thanksgiving," and then the great Quartet in B flat. M. Schindler, in most unmeasured terms, vilifies the Prince for the non-fulfilment of his contract upon the receipt of the compositions; but he, in 1854, not having till then met with M. Schindler's biography, published in the German, French, and English musical journals, a refutation of the calumny, in the documents that duly acknowledged the stipulated payment.

It had been proposed to Beethoven by Haslinger, the Viennese publisher, to let him print a complete edition of his works, with such corrections or modifications as the composer might choose to make, and with most explicit indications of the tempos and other directions as to the manner in which they should be performed. This suggestion greatly pleased him; but it was coupled with a condition that the same house should have the exclusive right of purchasing, upon a fixed scale of terms, whatever he might write for the future. Such a restriction was quite incompatible with the composer's feeling of independence, and the scheme was therefore rejected. About the time at which we have now arrived, Johann Beethoven (who had proved himself the best man of business in the family, by retiring upon a competent fortune, raised from the sum Ludwig had furnished to start him in the world) recalled his brother's attention to the complete edition, advising him to publish it on his own account. This temptation to become a speculator was very great; but, though much time was spent in calculating its results, and considering how to avoid interference with assigned copyrights, the project was never carried into effect. Extremely interesting, and, perhaps, valuable as it might have been to have had the copious commentary of the composer upon his works, it is scarcely to be regretted that the design of this complete edition was not carried into effect, since, as was the case with Bach, it might have been that, had Beethoven resumed the right of creation over his previous productions, he would have tampered with but to injure them, by altering passages, which, as they stand, delight us all. Old wine should not be put in new bottles, neither can the ideas of a past period be treated anew, when the spirit in which they were conceived has been modified by the various experience of intervening time.

With the considerate design of drawing the emperor's attention to him, and raising him in court esteem, if not gaining for him a court appointment, Beethoven's early steadfast friend, Count Moritz Lichnowsky, procured him a commission to write a Mass for the imperial chapel; he was also besought to compose an opera for Berlin, and, after long protracted discussion, he proceeded so far as to decide upon the national tale of Melusine (that which Mendelssohn has illustrated in his overture) for the subject, and to arrange with the poet Grillparzer, the plan upon which this was to be conducted; further, he projected an oratorio, for which the same author

was to furnish the text, to be called *Der Sieg des Kreuzes*; but neither of these three important intentions was carried into effect.

Another great work for a considerable time occupied his thoughts, and he advanced so far with it, as to make, according to his wont, many sketches of the chief ideas and their development; this was a tenth symphony, to the composition of which he had been urgently pressed by our Philharmonic Society, and to which the earnest attention of his last moments was applied. He left also some fragments of a violin quintet, but this can scarcely have been the work respecting which he corresponded with Ries in 1819, and of the existence of which there is no evidence besides the statement in his letter that it had been sent to London, a statement that seems most mysterious, since, unmarketable as was his music at that period, there were even then far too many persons who felt its intrinsic value for it to be possible that any completed composition can have been lost.

His latest finished composition was the last movement, as it is printed, of the great Quartet in B flat, which he wrote at the request of Artaria, the publisher, in substitution for the fugue, Op. 133, that originally formed the conclusion of this extensive work. The very strong analogy, in the conception and the development, between the movement which was the last fruit of his genius, and several productions of earlier stages in his career, is a striking proof that, whatever of novelty may appear in his so-called third style, this is but the expansion of his original nature, not, as some critics pretend, an aberration from it.

To state succinctly his estimation of other musicians, it may be said that he ranked Handel pre-eminent, but loved the works of Mozart, and revered those he knew (probably a very small proportion) of S. Bach; he spoke slightly of Rossini, thought highly of Schubert, and greeted Weber with a cordiality that proved his admiration. His letter to Cherubini, soliciting his interest to obtain the French king's patronage of the Mass, has less of sincerity in its manner than anything of Beethoven's which has reached us, and we must therefore wait for other testimony of his high appreciation of this composer.

His habits were, to rise early, to write till dinner-time in the middle of the day, to walk for some two hours, during which he arranged his thoughts, and to extemporize on the pianoforte or violin till he went to bed, which was seldom later than ten o'clock. Though disorderly in his dress, he was excessively cleanly in his person; and, however ill-regulated, his household was frugal.

The circumstances here collected, illustrated by Beethoven's music, which teems with the most powerful expression, not of general sentiment, but of personal emotion, suggest the following summary of his character. His large, warm heart glowed with the most ardent feelings of love and friendship, and was alike susceptible of momentary transport, and capable of lasting devotion. His passionate and impulsive nature, perverted by a vexed life, retained its fiery enthusiasm, but manifested this in caprices of temper, irritability of humor, and petulance of manner. The unbounded confidence, proper to so generous a soul as his, was changed into a habit of suspicion, for the more he loved the more he doubted, and himself was ever the chief sufferer from his own distrust of others. How intensely he felt the extremes of anguish and of delight—extremes of which the same temperament is equally susceptible—what nobility, what tenderness, what inflexible determination, what childlike gentleness, evinced as much in yielding as in winning courtesies, what abrupt energy, what graceful docility made up his balance of opposites, is proved abundantly in his writing; and one thing more is obvious from the same everlasting evidence, I mean that total of qualities, jocularity, fun, spontaneity of thought, of feeling, word and deed, which constitutes a jovial good fellow, however this phase of his being may have been masked from his associates by the malady which barred him from free personal communication. His impetuosity rendered him quick to take offence as prompt to resent it, while his enduring love rendered him keenly sensitive to kindness as eternally mindful of it. Independence was with him a principle in maintenance of which he committed many extravagances; but, like all principles, this was an ingraft of the singular vicissitudes of his life upon his original nature, and like all external acquisitions it was the point in his character which he was most sedulous to develop, most eager to display. Whatever of littleness may be charged against him as a man, is to be traced to his greatness as an artist, to the homage he received for this, and to his internal consciousness of it, no less than to the peculiar relationship in which his deafness placed him with the world immediately around him. Such was the Beethoven of the biographer, such

must have been the Beethoven from whom, only, could have emanated those works which incontrovertibly corroborate historical testimony.

To recapitulate that Beethoven originated the scherzo, that he was the first to define the expression of instrumental music, that he gave a new character to dramatic composition, and that, besides extending the forms of construction, he set the example of connecting several movements of an instrumental work; to repeat these technical statistics is to give no idea of the enormous influence this one mighty master exercised upon the progress of his art. To do moderate justice to this comprehensive subject would require a complete investigation of the relative state of music at the death of Mozart, and at the present time; the wide discrepancy that would appear is mainly to be traced to this man's genius, and the palpable effect of which is still in active operation, and will so continue far longer into futurity than vaticination dares anticipate.

His last illness fell upon him in the autumn of 1826; it soon proved to be dropsy; he suffered immensely, and was tapped three times. His groundless fear of poverty caused him, during this period, extreme anxiety, under which he wrote, through Moscheles, to our Philharmonic Society, requesting pecuniary assistance; and, to the lasting honor of this institution be it recorded, the first return of post carried him an order for £100 sterling. This reached him but a few days before his death, but he had no occasion for its use; and on his decease there were found among his effects bank shares to the value of ten times the amount. He died, after several hours' insensibility, at six in the evening, having received the last offices of the church two days before.

He was interred at Währing, a village near Vienna, with great solemnity, all the musicians of the city assisting in the funeral rites, which were witnessed by a concourse of many thousand persons. Thus, the utmost honor was paid to his mortal remains; the homage of all time is due to his immortal memory; and this tribute of the generations his genius has enriched is paid with ever-increasing willingness, as the extending knowledge of his works enlarges the appreciation of their greatness, in the heart-throbs that vibrate with the impassioned strains of his creation.

G. A. M.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A Plea for the English Finger-Marks.

It is greatly to be deplored that a uniform formula for fingering does not exist. The German teacher fixedly adheres in most instances to his 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, while the English or American ignores the method, *in toto*, in his advocacy of the x, 1, 2, 3, 4; and between the two conflicting systems, pupils, and even well cultivated performers, experience much inconvenience.

Five grains of common sense added to a few moments of sober reflection cannot fail to determine for those who are specially interested in this important question, the immense advantages of the English formula over the German; and while it is a pleasing duty to concede to our Teutonic brethren that profound cultivation of music, theoretically and practically, which is justly claimed for them, it cannot be denied that their established formula for designating the fingering of musical compositions is but poorly adapted to further the rapid improvement of the pupil.

The following arguments in favor of the English mode (x, 1, 2, 3, 4) are hereby offered from a sincere desire to promote, if possible, an unanimous adoption of the same, to the facilitating of the teacher's labors and the material furthering of the pupil's progress.

1st. It is vastly preferable that the thumb should be designated by some mark different from the others, and not as the *first finger*, because pupils, habituated from infancy to term the thumb by its correct appellation, must needs become very much confused, when on commencing the study of music, they suddenly find themselves compelled to regard it as the first finger, their actual first finger as the second, and so on. How much easier then to designate the thumb by a x, and the finger which we all recognize as the first by the appropriate 1, the second by 2, &c.! German teachers have found themselves compelled to abandon the 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 formula, from the confusion

occasioned to their American pupils by this practise of terming the thumb the first finger.

2nd. An accomplished organist, violinist and flutist, who had been habituated to the 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 formula in Germany, has related to the writer of this, how he found himself confused and worried in his practisings when subsequently he took up the study of the violin, and found this new branch of his musical studies compelling him to ignore his long acquired style of fingering. Here is a palpable case where, by the testimony of an experienced musician, much annoyance and trouble might have been obviated by an adoption, at the outset, of the English mode, x, 1, 2, 3, 4.

3d. Many eminent German teachers of the pianoforte have declared it for their convenience and interest alike, to use the English or American mode here in the land of their adoption; for their convenience, because of the extreme difficulty to habituate to their own system young persons who were not accustomed to find the thumb designated as the first finger; and for their interest, because the improvement of the pupils, by the more natural formula x, 1, 2, 3, 4, was ever more rapid, and thus more gratifying to their patrons.

4th. Perhaps the most powerful argument in favor of the English mode is to be found in its wonderful assistance to those who possess the faculty of reading at sight, mainly because there does not exist in it that uniformity in the figures, which in the execution of rapid passages is unquestionably confusing, and which renders the German formula objectionable. To explain more fully. It seems more natural that the amateur should read a given passage or movement correctly, when the x, which designates the thumb in the so-called English formula, constantly contrasts boldly with the other figures, thus constituting a valuable cue for his guidance, than when he glances confusedly at the figures appearing indiscriminately, thus — 1, 3, 4, 2, 5, 3, 2, 1, 2, &c.

A celebrated divine, who wrote an exceedingly illegible scrawl, the reading whereof puzzled even its writer, was accustomed to mark one word in each sentence with large capitals, which thus furnished him with a cue to the train of his arguments and exhortations, as he glanced hurriedly and confusedly over his manuscript, in the pulpit. Precisely thus does the x for the thumb serve as a landmark, so to say, for the rapidly scanning eye in reading a piece of music,—and when the quick glance falls upon the mark, contrasting boldly with the other figures, the thumb touches correctly and the other figures fall into their proper positions in the most natural manner imaginable.

Although the advocates of the English mode of fingering are annually receiving many accessions to their ranks, the work of bringing about unanimity on this subject should not be allowed to flag; and it is to be hoped that the day is not far distant when the good judgment of teachers, composers, and performers may be apparent in the total ignoring of the German formula, and the consequent furtherance and simplification of the practical features of the "Art divine."

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Ninth Symphony.

MR. DWIGHT. — The *savageness* of some of our newspaper criticisms upon the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven has led me to look back to see what was said about it when it was first performed in Boston, in February, 1853. The contrast is quite remarkable, and, if the writers of to-day's criticisms affect the general opinion in regard to that work, a very marked change, as I think for the worse, has taken place in the musical tastes of our people. A single example will serve to make this plain. On the 7th of February, 1853, the *Boston Journal* said: "The new Music Hall was closely packed at the concert of

the Germania Musical Society, on Saturday evening, The Society are deserving of great credit for bringing out so successfully a work which is but seldom performed in Europe. The Ninth Symphony of Beethoven has never before been heard in Boston, and, if we may judge by the favor with which it was received on Saturday evening, its repetition will be speedily demanded." The same paper on the 4th of April, 1859, said, "The Music Hall was quite well filled on Saturday night. * * * Beethoven's Ninth Symphony was again perpetrated, as a set-off and prelude to the real music of the occasion, and the whole force of the 'selects' (some one hundred and fifty) deported themselves according to the prescribed rules laid down in their formula, and, watching closely the leaders of their clique, applauded whatever of the mysterious fiddling or the screechy singing seemed to please their masters. It is lucky that the worshipped maestro, Beethoven, happened to have been the author of this composition, and that the courtesy of a Boston audience was tested in its performance, rather than any other. We trust, now that musicdom has experienced the tedium of hearing this great humbug, it may be shelved, as it is in other portions of the world, *where it is known*."

A SUBSCRIBER TO THE JOURNAL OF MUSIC.

Recollections of Signor Ostinelli and his Violin.

(From the Providence Journal.)

"Madame Biscaccianti, in a letter to the editor of a Lowell paper, corrects the impression that her father, Signor Ostinelli, long a favorite with the Boston musical public, had deceased. She says he is still living in her Italian home, in excellent health and spirits."—*Exchange paper*.

I remember well Signor Ostinelli, though never his personal acquaintance. I saw him daily in the street, and heard much in his praise as a musician. He was of middle stature, or a little under, rather stout, with broad shoulders, carried his head a trifle one side, the result of professional habit, and moved with an elastic step. His features were good, and the expression of his countenance lively. A physiognomist would set him down as a man eminently social in his nature, ever ready to render a generous service, and true to his professions. I always looked upon him as the embodiment of honor. He married a daughter of Mr. Hewitt, a musical composer of merit, and I believe at one time a music dealer. Miss H. was beautiful, accomplished, and highly esteemed, both for graceful manners and domestic virtues. Her sister, no less accomplished and esteemed, became the bride of Signor L. Papanti, distinguished as a French horn performer, and who is perhaps better known to the Boston public as a successful professor of the terpsichorean art. Signor Ostinelli, after his marriage, resided for several years in a house on Federal street, a few doors south of the Catholic nunnery, on the corner of Franklin and Federal streets. There, at the window, as I frequently passed, and at other times in the street, with her mother, I saw a lovely girl of two or three years, who inherited the marked qualities of both parents, and whose talents in ripening womanhood have won for her the laurel wreath. Other children I think they had, but of that I am not sure.

To his profession Signor Ostinelli was passionately devoted, and the manner in which he handled his violin, showed plainly that next to his family it held the first place in his affections. He was connected with the orchestra of the Boston Handel and Haydn Society, and played a first violin at its oratorios. He was also connected with the orchestra of the old Boston Theatre, and subsequently with that of the Tremont. In those positions I know nothing of him except from common report.

At concerts and oratorios I frequently listened to Signor O's instrumentation, and always with increased admiration. The praise universally accorded him, appeared well deserved. Indeed, after listening to him once and witnessing the zeal with which he entered into the performance, the programme of a concert, however good, without him seemed incomplete.

When, in the war of theatres, the old Boston was vanquished by the mightier and greater popularity of the Tremont, the former was converted into a place of worship, and there, under the ministry of the late Rev. Wm. M. Rogers, was organized a Congregational church and society, now known as the Winter Street Society. The proprietors of the house gave

it the Greek name of "Odeon," and besides the uses above mentioned, it was occupied by the Lowell Institute lectures and by musical associations for concerts and more elaborate performers. The stage was so altered as to provide ample orchestral and choir accommodations, and was furnished with a powerful organ. This inaugurated a new era in the history of music in Boston, and dates the period of a rapid advancement in that city of musical taste and culture.

On one occasion, through the courtesy of the late "Prof." I. B. Woodbury, who was then just entering upon a musical career of extraordinary success, I was present in the Odeon, at the rehearsal of an oratorio. The orchestra and choir were large. Among the prominent violinists were Ostinelli and Schmidt, a German, I suppose, as his name indicates, and then a new favorite with the public. The contrast between these artists was the contrast of a winged Mercury and the statue of Repose. Their styles of manipulation, or perhaps I should say, of "fingering" and "bowing," were as unlike as their personal appearance. Schmidt, tall, slender, graceful in every motion, with long raven hair setting off a face spirituelle and classic; Ostinelli, as before described. Coming, ("honest Tom," so called,) if I mistake not, was conductor, and flourished his baton with the dignity of a king of song. When the signal for preparation to open the instrumental prelude was given, each musician placed himself in readiness at his stand, and on the second signal, my attention was drawn to the peculiarities of these celebrated, though not rival, performers. Schmidt stood erect, towering like a Norway pine, above the forest of heads, his head thrown slightly back, the base of his viol resting lightly upon the left clavicle. He drew a long bow, with deliberate motion, moving the forearm only, and eliciting from his cherished instrument tones thrilling as inspiration and sweet as the harp of Æolus. Ostinelli burned with the fire of an Italian nature. He grasped his viol with nervous energy, thrust its base against his dexter shoulder, bent his neck till his chin came in close proximity with its bridge, threw his body forward, as an athlete preparing for the Isthmian contest, and as the music proceeded, and the vocal department poured forth strains of melody "as the voice of many waters," his whole being seemed absorbed, and for the moment endued with electric force. His left foot advanced, he leaned more earnestly towards the score, his frame swayed to and fro as if to mark time with even more exactness than the monarch of the hour; his countenance kindled with almost superhuman enthusiasm, while the bow arm, by the celerity of its movements, declared better than words can describe the struggle of a spirit attuned to harmonious sounds, to give expression to its deep emotions. And then, such strains, in response to a master's touch! so full, so pure, so true in their rendering to the composer's conceptions, and so uplifting to the soul of the listener!—strains such as Ostinelli alone could draw from the instrument of his power!

It was worth a long journey to see these men stand side by side, and to behold in every movement and in every lineament of their expressive countenances, manifestations of the inspirations with which they glowed. I have never heard Ole Bull, nor Strakosch, nor Wienxtemp, nor any of the violinists who have astonished crowds by exhibitions of their skill upon a single string; but I deem it no common privilege to have heard the artists of whom I write, and I am sure, that in all that constitutes genius, and imparts to the violin its noblest honor, Ostinelli and Schmidt, in their day, stood without peers. The latter has passed to a higher sphere,* to find, I trust, in angel symphonies, delights for a nature baptized on earth into the divine art. Some years ago, on my occasional visits to Boston, I missed the familiar form of Signor Ostinelli, and supposed he had followed on to join the "shadowy band." Pleasantly has the paragraph at the head of this paper, corrected the error I had sadly entertained; and as I recall the memories of youth, and still feel the power of an instrument made magical in the hands of one who never knew me, I rejoice that he still enjoys a green old age, and lives to witness the perpetual reputation of the father, in the musical success of the accomplished daughter—Madame Biscaccianti. S.

* This too is a mistake; he "still lives," or was living, very recently, among the hills of the Rhine.—*En.*

TOMASCHKE. Moved by the admiration expressed for this Polish composer, in some recent communication in these columns, the "Diarist" sends us the following extracts.

(From the *Leipziger Allg. Mus. Zeitung*, Aug. 13, 1866.)

Speaking of the Augarten concerts in Vienna, the writer says;

"A new symphony by Tomaschek was heard with nothing but disapprobation, and by the votes of the connoisseurs excluded from the circles of the beautiful and the grand. Genius, strength, and originality are in equal degree wanting; it is in its thoughts as common as it is tedious and miserable in their working out."

In October the same year, the *Zeitung* prints a letter from Prag in which the said symphony (in C) is said to have been received there with "the loudest applause"—and the Vienna writer's opinion is accounted for on the ground that it was wretchedly given in the Augarten, without rehearsal, and that there is a disposition in the capital to ignore the merits of the Prag composer, because the Prag public had not been pleased with the symphony of Vienna's favorite. Beethoven? No: Eberl.

From the same, January, 1811.

"Tenth Concert, (in Leipzig). New Symphony by Tomaschek of Prag, just published by Breitkopf and Härtel. It is a lively, rich, and, when well executed, —to which however not a little is necessary—effective piece of music. The introductory Adagio is indeed too long, and, considering the character of the whole, too gloomy; the Allegro—notable for strength and variety; Andante very pleasing; Scherzando odd, wild, piquant; Finale intoxicating. The composer delights in modulations decided, and not seldom harsh, and in them employs too often certain favorite forms; but as a whole the symphony is a new proof of the young composer's fine talent and industry."

Notice of the Gewandhaus concerts, from the same, Feb. 1817. Speaking of Symphonies, it is said, "No. 7, (by Beethoven) the newest received within the last few weeks from Vienna, in A major and minor. This work, so full of genius, art, and soul, the andante and scherzo of which we place among the most beautiful specimens of this kind of music, and, upon which this journal recently gave an extended criticism—excited, and especially upon being repeated, by request, the liveliest enthusiasm."

"There was one in the series by Tomaschek; a symphony still in manuscript, in D and G, hardly one of his more recent compositions, and, though it shows insight and skill, still rather dry and cold."

[From the Independent.]

The Over Heart.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

For of Him, and through Him, and to Him are all things, to whom be glory forever! [Paul.]

Above, below, in sky and sod,
In leaf and spar, in star and man,
Well might the sage Athenian scan
The geometric signs of God,
The measured order of His plan.

And India's mystics sang aright
Of the One Life pervading all,
One Being's tidal rise and fall
In soul and form, in sound and sight,
Eternal outflow and recall.

God is: and man in guilt and fear
The central fact of nature owns;
Kneels, trembling, by his altar-stones,
And darkly dreams the ghastly smear
Of blood appeases and atones.

Guilt shapes the terror: deep within
The human heart the secret lies
Of all the hideous deities;
And painted on a ground of sin,
The fabled gods of torment rise!

And what is he? The ripe grain nods,
The sweet dew falls, the sweet flowers blow,
Rut darker signs His presence show:
The earthquake and the storm are God's,
And good and evil interflow.

Oh, hearts of love! Oh, souls that turn
Like sunflowers to the pure and best!
To you the truth is manifest:

For they the mind of Christ discern
Who lean like John upon his breast!

In him of whom the Sybil told,
For whom the prophet's harp was toned,
Whose need the sage and magian owned,
The loving heart of God behold,
The hope for which the ages groaned?

Fade pomp of dreadful imagery
Wherewith mankind have deified
Their hate and selfishness and pride!
Let the scared dreamer wake to see
The Christ of Nazareth at his side!

What doth that holy Guide require?—
No rite of pain, nor gift of blood,
But, man a kindly brotherhood,
Looking, where duty is desire,
To him, the beautiful and good.

Gone be the faithlessness of fear;
And let the pitying heaven's sweet rain
Wash out the altar's bloody stain,
The law of Hatred disappear,
The law of Love alone remain.

How fall the idols false and grim!—
And lo! their hideous wreck above
The emblems of the Lamb and Dove!
Man turns from God not God from him,
And guilt, in suffering, whispers Love!

The world sits at the feet of Christ
Unknowing, blind, and unconsoled;
It yet shall touch His garment's fold,
And feel the heavenly Alchemist
Transform its very dust to gold.

The theme befitting angel tongues
Beyond a mortal's scope has grown,
On heart of mine! with reverence own
The fulness which to it belongs,
And trust the unknown for the known!

A New Band.

The *Courier* of Monday gives the following account of Mr. GILMORE'S CONCERT.—The first appearance of Mr. GILMORE's new band last Saturday evening gave assurance of much success in its future operations. The audience was immense, and the applause abundant, compelling many encores not anticipated. The formation of a thorough and complete military band has been the object of Mr. Gilmore's efforts, and he has done better and gone farther in this direction than any of his predecessors. Hitherto we have had only brass bands regularly organized, all attempts to combine a well balanced body of brass and reed instruments having failed. Mr. Gilmore seems to have effected this arrangement, and declares himself determined to perpetuate it. His military band consists of some thirty-five members, among whom are the proper proportion of players upon reed instruments—flutes, clarinets, hautboys, bassoons. In the disposition of the brass department, some thought has been given to more harmonious, and less noisy, combinations than are common among us. The band altogether is formed very much in the manner of the German military bands, although of course on a smaller scale. The performances last Saturday night were good, and will undoubtedly be better as the band grows older. The Drum Corps, thirteen in number, deported themselves vigorously. The effect of their united exertions suggested the Rolling of the Spheres. Their performance was certainly very remarkable, and in many ways calculated to inspire profound respect. There was not the variation of a second's fraction in their movements, and we are confident we never before heard so much noise so well made. Mr. Mariani, with his staff of office, looked every inch a Drum Major, and as Nature has supplied him with a great many inches, to which he adds a considerable number by a towering hat and plume, he is, aggregately, about the most imposing human creature that ever astonished the eyes of a Boston audience. Mr. Gilmore's orchestra also performed some pieces very well, and the concert, altogether, was received with so much favor that it is to be repeated next Saturday evening at the Music Hall.

The feature of the last Wednesday Afternoon Concert was Beethoven's Second Symphony in D, which was rendered with great nicety by Zerrahn's little orchestra. There was no concert this week, but there will be one next Wednesday, and as these are our last orchestral opportunities now left, all the Symphony lovers ought to go.

Fine Arts.

Thomas Ball, Sculptor.

STATUE OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.—It has been proposed, and the proposition meets with favor among many prominent members of the legislature, to appropriate \$10,000 from the State Treasury for the procurement of a statue of the "old man eloquent," to be placed within the State House grounds. The suggestion has been made that Mr. Thomas Ball be secured as the artist to perform the work.—*Boston Transcript*, April 5.

We have never learned that the proposition referred to in the above paragraph has resulted in any action, and we notice it simply for the purpose of expressing our concurrence with the suggestion with which it closes, as to the artist who should be selected for this memorial. Mr. Ball has, by years of patient labor in that department of Art in which he ultimately found his true talent to lie, after long toiling in another direction with but indifferent success, won a reputation among his brother artists, among the lovers of Art, and, by the beautiful copies in bronze, in parian, and in plaster, of some of his most successful productions, the statuettes of Webster and Clay, last, and never least, has won a reputation among the people, as a sculptor who, without descending from the dignity of art, gives to the people the forms of the men whom they knew, as they knew them.

It is, perhaps, not generally known that in Mr. Ball's studio now stands (as it did when the commission for the Webster statue was sent to Florence several years ago) the model of a statue of the great orator, nearly equal in size to that in the Athenæum, which, in the popular judgment, in the universal judgment, would be held to be the "vera effigies" of Daniel Webster. The face, the head, the figure, the attitude, the expression, are all true to the life as we all of us remember that unequalled face and form, which once seen can never be forgotten, as the most imposing human face and figure ever seen. Let it once be placed where all can freely see and criticize it and we have no question what the unanimous verdict of the public voice will be. The bronze abortion from Florence would blush, were it conscious, to find itself side by side with the plaster figure in Summer Street. No height of pedestal can ever supply a body within that stiff coat, or give easy folds to its rigid texture. Place it high or low, it will be, after all, a bust of Webster, as he (never) was thirty years ago, surmounting a mannikin appareled in his clothes; apparently, the work of an artist as to the head, given to some mechanic of the studio to be fitted to the semblance of a body. We say nothing as to Mr. Ball's statue, which is, in its main features, like the well known statnette. We only invite the public to go and see it.

Another work of the artist will attract the attention of those who may visit his studio—a design for an equestrian statue of WASHINGTON, the most inspiring subject for an American artist, who has the genius to design something nobler than the image of a man in small clothes upon a rearing horse. We are of the opinion that the artist in this, too, has achieved a success deserving of a larger scale, in which it would make for itself the widest fame. We say no more about it and leave criticism to those more competent to criticize thoroughly, and again invite attention to this work, confident that it will bear candid criticism.

Mr. Ball, known to us long as a musical amateur, who has for years done good service in our public performances, has claims upon a musical journal, devoted in some degree to the sister Arts, for a recognition of his success in the sphere which he has chosen. The modesty with which he has always put forth his claims, or we should rather say, shrunk from pressing them, when he might well have done so, will, in the long run, be no disadvantage to the permanent success, which we are strongly confident he must attain.

THE ATHENÆUM EXHIBITION is now open. By invitation of the Director of the Exhibition, Mr. ALFRED ORDWAY, a large company of ladies and gentlemen, embracing all the artists and well known lovers of Art of this vicinity, had the opportunity of a private view of the Gallery on Monday (4th). The collection, as yet, is not very extensive, but will doubtless be daily increased as the season advances, but it includes many fine works of Art that are new, beside some of the best of the permanent collection of the Athenæum.

The occasion was an exceedingly pleasant one, the day being fine, and the company numerous and congenial. The rooms were all exquisitely adorned with flowers in profuse quantity and of rare beauty, which added not a little to the brilliancy of the occasion, as has also been the case in the Artists' Receptions during the past season. Of course, this was not the time to take more than a very hurried glance at the new pictures presented, but it was easy to perceive that there is much here to repay frequent visits during the season just opened. We shall therefore offer nothing at this time in regard to the merits of the collection. Prominent among the new pictures is Page's Venus, concerning the merits of which there has been considerable controversy, and which will, now that it is publicly exhibited, call out much more. Landscapes by our best resident artists are there, too, in good force; fine crayon portraits, among the best of which are those of Emerson, and Stillman the artist, by Rowse; a number of pictures by Babcock attract attention by their coloring. In the department of water-color are some by Wheelock and Mrs. Bodichon, with some finely executed copies of the Vatican frescoes (not from the Capitol at Washington, as we heard from some fair young lips). There are few portraits, but conspicuous among them is a striking one of Judge Thomas (late of the Supreme Court of this State), we believe by Wight.

As there were no catalogues ready on Monday, it is difficult to recall many other noteworthy works, and we are therefore obliged to leave a more particular notice of the collection for a later period in the season. In the Sculpture Gallery we noticed not much that is new, as compared with the last season; but the room is well filled, and offers much that will be of interest to those who have not recently visited it.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, APRIL 5.—You have forestalled me with your announcement of Mr. EISFELD'S safe arrival from Fayal, but it remains for me to tell you of the cordial welcome with which he has met here on every side. His return, unexpected to the majority, has created quite a sensation among his many friends and the musical world in general; and the members of the Philharmonic Society already announce a "Grand Welcome Concert" for next Saturday, when I hope the public will prove that they, too, share in the general rejoicing.

The concert will be given at the Academy; the Eroica and the coöperation of Messrs. Mills and P. Mayer are spoken of with certainty, and it is said that so many artists have offered their services for the occasion, that it will be difficult to find room for them all on the programme. Mr. Eisfeld has not yet entirely recovered his strength, and looks thin and worn, though the sea-voyage has covered his face with a healthy brown. He has apparently not lost his old flow of spirits, yet the indelible impression necessarily left by the fearful scenes he has passed through is evident. He seems very happy to be at home once more, and cannot say enough of the kindness and sympathy that have been shown him everywhere, by word, deed, and letter. He is very desirous to go to work again, as soon as he is strong

enough; it is only to be hoped that he will indeed wait till then, and not over-exert himself by premature activity. When he does return to his labors, we shall appreciate them doubly, from having so sorely needed their results the past winter.

Last night a complimentary concert was given to Mrs. Lucy Escott at Chickering's rooms. This lady has lately been quite unfortunate, having met with reverses and domestic misfortunes of various kinds. It is therefore much to be regretted that no better preparatory measures should have been taken to make her concert successful. It was hardly advertised; a short general notice being all that appeared in the papers about it a few times, and very little being said about it in private circles. So it happened that I was not present and can only say from what I have been told, that the hall, small in itself, was only just filled, but that the entertainment went off very smoothly and well. Mrs. Escott herself, Miss Brainard, Messrs. Millard, Miranda, Mason, Morgan (what a row of M's!) and Beames were the performers; the programme was a miscellaneous one.

Wagner's *Tannhäuser* is being given at a little German theatre in the Bowery, under Bergmann's direction; rather a daring enterprise? The solo parts are but indifferently filled, while the chorusses, sustained by the Arion Society, are said to be finely given. I can tell you more when I have heard it.

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PITTSFIELD, APRIL 6. — I had the pleasure of being present last evening at the annual Soirée given by the pupils of the Mendelssohn Musical Institute, at the close of their third year.

The music performed was as usual noticeable for the classical purity of the selection, no piece being among the number which was not choice, and well adapted for the occasion and performers, as you will see by the programme which I send you.

PART FIRST.

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| 1. Overture to "Iphigenie in Aulis," | Gluck. |
| Misses F. A. Buel and W. R. Noble. | |
| 2. Song. "Auf Flügeln des Gesanges," (Upon the wings of Song.) | Mendelssohn. |
| Miss C. E. Gardner. | |
| 3. Sonata in G. | Clementi. |
| Miss C. Barrows. | |
| 4. Two-Part Song. "Greeting," | Mendelssohn. |
| Misses Gardner and Wilson. | |
| 5. Sonata in D. | Beethoven. |
| Misses H. B. Taylor and L. M. Delano. | |
| 6. Song. "Laise, laise," (Prayer from the Opera "Der Freyschütz.") | Von Weber. |
| Miss W. R. Noble. | |
| 7. Rondo Capriccioso. | Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. |
| Miss M. A. Wilson. | |
| 8. Vocal Trio. | Concone. |
| Misses Gardner, Noble, and Barrows. | |
| 9. Sonata, with Variations. | Mozart. |
| Miss Frances A. Buel. | |

PART SECOND.

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| Grand Symphony, No. 5, C minor. | Beethoven. |
| Misses M. A. Wilson and M. W. Merrill. | |

When all do well, it is difficult to specify, and I can only say that I can but wish that you could have been present to enjoy the occasion with me, and to realize the effects of the good work that is going on so silently, in diffusing a knowledge of so pure and refined a style of music, thereby affording a high source of enjoyment to many.

The songs, simple and beautiful in themselves, yet affording ample room for the highest degree of skill, were very finely rendered by young ladies who gave evidence of a good degree of cultivation of voice. Beethoven's Grand Symphony (No. 5) in C minor, for four hands, which made a part of the programme, was performed upon a fine Grand Piano, of Hallet & Davis's manufacture, and was all that could be expected by those who know that a grand Orchestra

only is equal to its perfect representation. The young ladies not only merited much credit by its performance, but increased the respect of all who appreciated it, for themselves, by their earnest and enthusiastic entering into the ideas and imaginings of its creating genius. They who can do this, have entered upon a path which leads ever onward and upward, even to a union with those spirits which incite to such noble aspirations. The mere study of such works ennobles and expands the soul and aids the imagination in forming some idea of the capacities of the wonderful Tone-Art.

The Catalogue of this Institute, recently published exhibits quite definitely the objects and aims of its Principal, and I am sure if your correspondent from Berlin (A. W. T.) could become acquainted with its operations, he would rejoice that in one little corner of his country at least, his ideas of teaching, both in singing (as represented in his letter of Feb. 10th) and in instrumental music, have been practised with earnestness, for some years, though their influence has not been as extended as he and we all could wish.

It is a system which pupils and teachers are not generally ready or willing to adopt, and which will only be brought about in this country by the arduous and self-sacrificing labors of a few devoted spirits.

AMATEUR.

NEW HAVEN, CT., APRIL 7. — The "Mendelssohn Society" has just given its first concert here, after some four months practice under the efficient direction of our Yale "Capellmeister," Prof. G. J. Stoeckel. The 1st. Methodist Episcopal Church was nearly filled, and we have no hesitation in saying the expectations of the audience were more than realized. Part First of the programme was made up entirely of selections from the oratorio "St. Paul," and recollecting the short time the Society has had for rehearsal, they have every reason to feel proud of their success and encouraged to future effort. They now number about fifty performing members, including a fine orchestra of resident amateurs and professional artists. The opening Chorus, "Lord, thou alone," &c., was finely given; as also No. 5, "Now this man." No. 7, "Happy and blest," seemed too slow. Of the ever beautiful air, "Jerusalem," it is really not too much to say it was sung well. The vocalist, Mrs. LAUER, has a fine, sympathetic, but not very powerful voice and proved herself an artist; she was heartily encored. The accompaniment by the orchestra could scarcely have been bettered. Messrs. Goodall and Howard did the "Ambassadors" quite excellently.

Part II was miscellaneous, consisting of: 1. Overture: "Stradella," Flotow. 2. Chorus: "Tannhäuser," R. Wagner. 3. Duetto: "Don Pasquale," Donizetti. 4. Overture: "Magic Bell," Herold. 5. Miserere: "Il Trovatore," Verdi. 6. Choral March, Becker.

The "Don Pasquale" duet by Mrs. ATWATER and Mr. KIRKLAND was repeated, as it deserved to be; also the Choral march by Becker for mixed voices, which is a very vigorous and spirited composition; we recommend it to the attention of amateur musical societies generally. We understand that this, their first success, will enable the Society to purchase several instruments which they need, and which were temporarily obtained from New York for the occasion. The Society is established. * c *

NEW YORK, APRIL 11. — The Concert of the Philharmonic Society, in welcome to Mr. EISFELD, came off on Saturday, at the Academy, and was very satisfactory in every respect but that of attendance. There were hardly more than a thousand persons present, and these, scattered about in the spacious house, looked even fewer. The fault lay partly in the fact of the affair having been arranged at such

short notice — too short for it to become generally known, or for the circulation of tickets, and in the programme not being advertised beforehand. Aside from this, however, it was unpardonable that a musician so well and so honorably known here as Mr. Eisfeld, should not, on his return after so terrible an experience, meet with more sympathy and interest than were evinced in the thin audience that attended his benefit concert. There was, however, one highly satisfactory feature; those who were present, had evidently come to listen; the fashionable magpies of the Philharmonic Concerts were those who had staid away, and they, after all, were the least missed.

The programme was miscellaneous, as much so as were the ability and style of the performers. It was this:

PART I.—1. Sinfonia Eroica, No. 3, in E flat; Beethoven. 2. Bolero, from "Les Vepres Siciliennes"; Verdi: Miss Juliana May. 3. Grand Duo, for piano and violin, on themes from "Don Pasquale"; Hermann and Gorla: Messrs. Richard Hoffmann and Burke.

PART II.—4. Concert-Overture, in F minor: Theo. Eisfeld. 5. Song, "The Green Trees Whisper"; Balfe: Miss Maria Brainard. 6. Concert Paraphrase, for the Piano, on the Wedding March and Fairy Dance from Mendelssohn's Midsummer-night's Dream; Franz Liszt: Mr. S. B. Mills. 7. Lied, "Ueber all du," (Thou Everywhere); F. Lachner: Mr. Philip Mayer. 8. Adagio et Rondo, for solo cornet-a-piston; Louis Schreiber: Herr Louis Schreiber. 9. Tyrolienne, "In questo semplice"; Donizetti: Miss Juliana May. 10. Overture, "The Jubilee," in E: Weber. Conductor, Mr. Carl Bergmann.

On such occasions criticism is disarmed, and it is only necessary to say that all tried to do their best. The Symphony, which is, if I mistake not, Mr. Eisfeld's favorite, was glorious as ever, and for those of us who had heard the one in B flat that same afternoon, at the Philharmonic rehearsal, it was exceedingly interesting to compare these two grand tone-poems of the greatest of masters. As you will have seen, Mr. Eisfeld conducted his own overture himself; on his appearance he was greeted with a storm of applause which seemed inexhaustible until he quelled it by a few simple and appropriate words. May he long continue to occupy the post which he resumed on that occasion; not, however, to the exclusion of Mr. Bergmann, whose valuable services as conductor we cannot afford to lose entirely. The functions of the baton should be divided between the two, who are equally able to exercise them.

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NEW YORK, APRIL 12. — "Trovatore," it seems, "does not read the papers," else how could he say that *Tannhäuser* was not advertised in any but German papers? We received our information through the advertising columns of the *Tribune*. It has now been performed with decided success three times in the "Stadt Theater." It has not been "an exclusively German affair." The Theater is not eligibly situated, and is without any thing but an attractive spot. The management is perhaps inefficient, and has not given it the prominence that such a work as *Tannhäuser* deserves. But those, both Americans and Germans, who have listened to the, in many respects, excellent performance, have enjoyed themselves, and though but a taste of Wagner, it was to them an evening of deep interest. You will undoubtedly receive, perhaps from "—t—," a detailed account of the Opera.

It is certainly a matter of rejoicing, that the good father of the 16th Street Roman Catholic Church has stopped those "free" Concerts on Sunday Afternoons. If those who attended simply on account of the musical attraction, could but have listened to Mozart's Haydn's, Weber's, Mercadante's Pergolesi's, Beethoven's Masses, &c., the matter would have been somewhat different. But the cannonadings, as it might be properly called, of the veriest flimsiest trash, not as good as Verdi even could write, are too much to be endured. Think of the noisiest strains in *Il Trovatore* being sung to the Psalter and Chants of the Roman Catholic Church! We cannot be too

thankful, that "Gregory" has again come into that church. And Protestants and Roman Catholics alike need the Gregories to reform the increasing abuses in the Churches. The audience in the Jesuit Church really is not as well behaved as the one at the Philharmonic Society, and that is bad enough. The people are noisy, talk and laugh aloud, and the whole Sunday afternoon performance is a disgrace. It is to be hoped that such "glorious days of the sixteenth street church music," are numbered with the past."

S. L.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 16, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Chorus: "Becalmed at Sea, and Prosperous Voyage" (*Meeres-stille und Glückliche Fahrt*), by BEETHOVEN, continued.

What the Winter has done for us, musically, in Boston.

Our musical season has about run its course. A few Afternoon Concerts, a few benefits, a flying re-visit of the Ullman Opera, or what there is left of it, and there will be nothing more, the summer long, but the barrel organs and brass bands, to aggravate dog-day sensations. A glance back on the winter's concerts, oratorios, operas, &c., is not barren of results. There has been, to be sure, no *furor*; no feverish passion (or fashion) for any kind of concert-going has possessed the people. There have been not over-many concerts. Nor have we had the chance of listening to much that was new to Boston ears. But there has been a good, wholesome, frequent succession of performances, in which most of the music produced has been of a sterling quality, including much of the very noblest order, and reviving the impression of very many of those inspiring great or fine works which no really musical community can know too much of. Several of the grander anticipations of past years, too, have in these last months for the first time been realized to us.

Look first at the Orchestral Concerts. These, we believe, do more than any other form of musical entertainment, to excite the musical appetite, sharpen the musical perceptions, enlarge the understanding, and feed the imagination and the soul of listeners. There is a vividness and a richness about the orchestra, a sharpness of outline, a wealth of contrasted color, and a charm of endless complexity as well as massive grandeur, which makes it the most telling medium of musical expression. And then the impressions that it gives us are those of *pure music*, music in itself and answering for itself, not borrowing accidental interest from words, or scenery, or action. Our opportunities in this kind have been due to Mr. ZERRAHN. We have had six noble Saturday evening concerts, besides the lighter ones each Wednesday afternoon. These together have renewed for us the glories of nearly all of the nine Beethoven Symphonies, — all, we believe, with the exception of the *Eroica*, and the No. 8; — also the "Jupiter" and that in E flat of Mozart, the "Scotch" and the "Italian" Symphonies of Mendelssohn, and one or two by Haydn. Not a long list, but considering the manner in which they have been performed by the orchestra of fifty, now decidedly the best we ever had, a choice and rich one. The two complete performances of the Choral Symphony alone are a

rich yield for one season. That work is now a grand possession for us, finally conquered, let us trust, for our whole future; as sure to be demanded and to figure in each winter's programmes, as the older favorites. Then, too, we have had the "Egmont" music for another new gain (only it should have been repeated, unmarred by the reading); and we have had a masterly rendering of Beethoven's Violin Concerto — at least its principal movement; and for overtures, nothing new, but edifying revivals of the "Leonora," the "Fidelio," the "Oberon," the "Freyschütz," the "Egmont," besides the popular favorites by Rossini, Meyerbeer, Auber, &c. The audiences for all this have not been crowds, except on two occasions, and those the best, in the scale of real artistic excellence: the Beethoven night (Choral Symphony) and the Benefit to Mr. Trenkle. But they have been generally large; Mr. Zerrahn must have been decently well rewarded for his pains; and the best is, we do not hesitate to say, that never have our audiences shown themselves so truly interested, so appreciative of the best and greatest works performed, while trivial and hacknied things have been tolerated for the pleasure of the young, or the dull in musical perceptions. Truly we can speak here of marked progress; the average intelligence, discrimination and appreciation of our audiences this winter has been quite above the too common standard of the public critics.

In Oratorio, always hitherto the peculiar boast of Boston, the account is meagre and somewhat discouraging. The Handel and Haydn Society is now sole occupant of the field once occupied by three societies; yet, after the annual Christmas performance of the "Messiah," (which stooped to pick up coppers, as it were, by migrating from the wonted Hall to the Theatre), they have given us nothing of any note or novelty but one single performance of the sublime "Israel in Egypt" — a noble effort, deeply, heartily appreciated by the few, not enough so by the many, and therefore all the more needing repetition till it should make its mark, as it is always sure to do when it becomes familiar. But the precocious oracles of reporter criticism, together with the fear of further risks, prevailed to the withdrawal of "Israel," (even to the absurd caprice of a temporary obscuration here of HANDEL!) and the substitution of a worn-out local fancy of the greener days of musical taste in Boston, to-wit: Neukomm's "David." Neukomm's greatness is exclusively a musical fancy confined to this locality. We do not read in any of the musical reports of Germany, France, England, of any work of his having been for years taken from the shelf. He belongs as a composer to the uninspired, respectable no-geniuses, the "*göttliche Philister*" whom the Germans are most willing to let sleep. Here in Boston an accidental popularity attached fifteen years ago to "David." Some still remembered it with pride, and thought to recover what was sunk through "Israel," but setting up this golden calf once more. The experiment has worked badly for the immediate, the financial end, but not badly for Art. Two performances of "David" have failed to kindle much of real interest either in the singers or the listeners. We have got beyond the admiration of that style of thing. The next reaction must be, stronger than ever, back in the direction of great masters and great works.

We make a note here of one thing. The singers in the Handel and Haydn Chorus probably represent, as well as any two or three hundred persons whom you could select, the average taste and likings of the musical audiences of Boston. What would carry the vote in the chorus ranks to-day would be sure to be ratified by a general Music Hall audience — to-morrow if not instantly. Now we found the great majority of the singers getting more and more deeply interested and enthusiastic about "Israel in Egypt," with each successive evening spent in its rehearsal; while the same majority went mechanically and wearily through their task in "David."

It was their corporate duty to their brethren in the minority alone that nerved them to the work. The same experience as in "Israel" will that majority bear witness to regarding their study and performance of the choral movement in the Ninth Symphony. Let this thought encourage the Society to aim high and to persevere with faith another season.

Meanwhile, early in May, there is to be a Benefit Concert of the Handel and Haydn Society, with the voluntary assistance of the orchestra and resident vocalists, to aid in making good their losses. Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," and we trust, other things as good, will be performed; and we earnestly hope and believe that the lovers of great sacred music, who are so numerous in Boston, will see to it that this be indeed a benefit.

We have yet to glance back also over our experience in Chamber Concerts and in Opera.

Musical Chit-Chat.

Miss LIZZIE D. CHAPMAN'S Concert, given to aid her in procuring musical instruction in Europe, takes place at the Tremont Temple this evening. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club will play several pieces; Mr. C. R. ADAMS and others will sing; Mr. HAUSE, the pianist, will play; and, if there should not be an afternoon opera in New York, ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS, also, will be here to sing. . . . At the last Afternoon Concert of the ORCHESTRAL UNION the Symphony was the "Surprise" by Haydn — graceful, elegant, but tame after hearing the great things of Beethoven. The one thing in the programme of unfailing charm was the "Oberon" overture, which was nicely rendered. A Lanner waltz, a Gungl polka, a Strass march, and arrangements from a *romanza* by Donizetti, and a *Scena* from *Tannhäuser*, were the minor varieties. One more concert will be given next Wednesday, and that the *last one*. We do not see why these pleasant concerts should not be continued as long as they draw audiences. Now that we have no other music, they should be good for at least a month longer.

Ullman's Opera troupe, *minus* Piccolomini, Formes, and others, re-opened the New York Academy last Monday evening, with GAZZANIGA in *La Traviata*. The *Trovatore* followed on Wednesday, with ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS as the gypsy. The busy little manager has secured a lease of the Philadelphia Academy, as well as of the Boston Theatre, and means to give bountiful supplies of Italian, German, and French operas in the three cities. He will soon be off to Europe, to engage artists. Let us hope he will be so fortunate as to get one or two real *tenors*, and that he will keep FORMES. Mlle. CAROLINE ALAIMO is to make her debut next week at the N. Y. Academy. . . . "Seven-Octaves" has resumed his good-humored "Crotchets and Quavers" in the *Albany Times*. He tells us that the "Union Musical Association" there are rehearsing Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night."

Music Abroad.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA. — The *Musical World*, of March 19, heralds the opening season thus :

All chance of Her Majesty's Theatre opening this season is at an end. There is not a doubt about it. Mr. E. T. Smith's prospectus sets that at rest. The programme for the new Royal Italian Opera, at Drury Lane, has just been issued. A more imposing bill-sheet of pledges has seldom been presented to the public. In fact, nothing could look better on paper. The very spirit of zeal and enterprise breathes through the announcement. The list of singers is unusually strong; the band and chorus, numerous and efficient, have been selected from Her Majesty's Theatre and Continental Operas; and the ballet arrangements promise efficiency. The Royal Italian Opera of this season, at Drury Lane Theatre, compared with the Italian Opera of last season, is like perfect accomplishment, compared with crude beginning. Mr. E. T. Smith is determined to make amends for the temporary loss by the closing of Her Majesty's Theatre.

The list of *soprano* embraces, Madlle. Titieni—Mr. Lumley's great card of last season; Madlle. Enrichetta Weissner, *prima donna* from the Teatro Reggio, Turin, La Pergola, Florence, &c.—an artist of great local notoriety; Madlle. Sarolta, the fair Hungarian *cantatrice*, who lately *debuted* at the Italiens, Paris, as *Lucrezia Borgia*; Madlle. Vaneri, who made a favorable *debut* last year at Drury Lane; Madlle. Elvira Brambilla, from the principal theatres of Milan, Turin, &c., &c.—whose name, at all events, should be a guarantee for her being an artist; and last, not least, Madlle. Guarducci, who has been lately turning the heads of the Venetian public, and converting the gondoliers into troubadours. Madame Giuseppina Lemaire is the "*prima donna contralto assoluta*." This lady comes from the Carlo Felice, at Genoa, with a great reputation. Negotiations are also pending with Madame Borghi Mamo, the eminent *contralto*, who is now enjoying the favor of the capricious patrons of the Académie-impériale de Musique et de Danse, at Paris. If Mr. E. T. Smith intends giving performances every night, he will stand in need of two "*absolute prime donne*" in the "*contralto*" line.

The catalogue of tenors is not less rich than that of sopranos. Now that the great establishment in the Hay-market has closed its doors, Signor Giuglini is placed to the account of the Drury Lane *impresario*, and stands at the head of the list. Next to him comes Signor Pietro Mongini, a tenor who has for many years been winning renown in the principal theatres of Italy, and in the Grand-Opéra of St. Petersburg. Signor Ludovico Graziani, brother to the barytone, if not equal in fame and accomplishments to the other two, will serve as an excellent second tenor and a good occasional substitute. Other names are added to this department, but as they don't belong to the "*absolutes*," they need not be mentioned. Among the barytones and basses—numerically stronger than the tenors—we may name Signor Badiali—a great favorite of last year with the Drury Lane audiences, and an excellent artist of the old school, though a little *passé*; Signor Corsi, one of Mr. Lumley's latest introductions from Italy, a first-rate artist, and once a first-rate vocalist now unfortunately in the same predicament as Signor Badiali; Signor Marini, associated with the early days of the Royal Italian Opera, Convent Garden; and, to conclude, Signor Graziani, whom Mr. Gye also claims, and who promises to be a bone of contention between the two "Royal Italian Operas."

The list of the promised operas, old and new, constitutes a *répertoire* which certainly has never been equalled by any Italian Opera, in the 2nd, or even the 12th year of its establishment. The novelties include Verdi's *Macbeth* and *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*, and Petrella's *Ione*; ossia, *L'Ultimo Giorno di Pompeii*. The reproductions are too numerous to mention. We may, however, name *Guillaume Tell*, *Otello*, and *La Gazza Ladra*, by Rossini—all of which, efficiently represented, will be welcomed with delight; Gluck's *Armida*, too much to expect, we fear; and Mercadante's *Giuramento*—which we don't greatly care to hear.

The talk in the prospectus about Mozart's works is not to our taste. "Perfection" may or may not be attained; but let it be attained, and there will be plenty of time for boasting. The Public will not be slow in finding it out. We give Mr. E. T. Smith credit for the best intentions, but cannot help thinking of the *Don Giovanni* of last season.

The name of Mr. Benedict, as musical director, cannot but be accepted as a guarantee for excellence in his department. The reasons for postponing the

season until the 25th of April, are sufficiently plausible; and we await the inauguration of the new Royal Italian Opera with great curiosity and interest.

The "*programme of arrangements*" for the coming Handel Commemoration Festival at Sydenham is now published. These we were not long ago enabled to announce, and therefore have now little to do, save to add, that the dates of the performances will be on Monday, June 20th, 'The Messiah'; on Wednesday, the 22nd, the 'Dettingen Te Deum,' selections from 'Saul,' 'Samson,' 'Belshazzar,' 'Judas Maccabeus,' and other works; on Friday, the 24th, 'Israel in Egypt.' "With regard to the Wednesday selections," the *programme* states that, "it is probable that they will be interspersed with solos by Vocalists of eminence who do not take part in the Oratorios of the other days. * * It has been arranged," still to quote, "that the Wind Bands employed in the Festival shall, after each day's performance, execute in the grounds, during the display of the Fountains, Marches, Minuets, and other compositions by Handel, including the Water Music, the Firework Music, and other celebrated pieces; and, also, that during the intermediate days, selections from his Italian Operas and Secular works shall be performed by the Band of the Company, conducted by Mr. Manns, with such additional aid as may be required." We observe with pleasure that in the promise of a band and chorus of nearly four thousand performers, among bodies selected from "Continental Societies" are mentioned, as well as those of the metropolis, the provinces, and the cathedral choirs. This is as it should be: a courtesy, however let us distinctly mark, not a necessity. There will be such a display of Handel relics, in the shape of portraits, autographs, musical instruments, as fits a festival week devoted to a great memory.

This week's *table of contents* included Dr. Wyld's, or the so-called *New Philharmonic Society's* first concert.—Mr. Hallah's Wednesday meeting at *St. Martin's Hall*,—and Mr. H. Leslie's Thursday gathering of his choir. Though something new may remain to be said of all the great works announced, to wit Beethoven's 'Choral Symphony' and 'Mass in c,' Mendelssohn's 'Lobgesang' and Psalm with *contralto solo*, inasmuch as all great works are inexhaustible, let the student be ever so averse to transcendentalism,—we conceive that a novelty of the moment or two may more acceptably occupy our space disposable for music.

Herr Joachim announces three *Beethoven Quartett Concerts* during the month of May.—Herr Wieniawski's Quartett party consists of M. Bernard, Herr Schreurs and a M. Vieuxtemps for *violoncello*, in addition to himself.

Among announcements of pleasures to come for the month of May is a performance of Haydn's 'Seasons,' for the benefit of "The London Society for the Protection of Young Females." There are to be seven hundred performers; Signor Randegger is to conduct.—An Italian opera, unknown in Dublin, will shortly, we are told, be produced in Dublin,—none other than the 'Macbeth' of Signor Verdi, with Madame Viardot as *Lady Macbeth*. Surely this would be a newer card to play at the *Royal Italian Opera* than 'Rigoletto,' or (with all its beauty) the worn-out 'La Gazza,' both of which are put forward as features in Mr. Gye's *programme*. Madame Grisi and Signor Mario are going to sing in Dublin in the same company—of course before their own opera season commences.

Madame Thillon is in London ready to sing. Madame Fanre remains; the French Opera over. Madame Novello is coming in May.

'The Seasons' will be given by the *Sacred Harmonic Society* on Friday next.

The last given of the "Monday Popular Concerts" was devoted to the works of Beethoven, and included the string quintet in c major; the well known Rasumoffsky quartet in F; the Sonata for piano, c, dedicated to Haydn, and that in G, op. 30, for piano and violin. Mr. Tennant gave us that beautiful gem of the master, "The Song of the Quail," in a manner which showed his capabilities to interpret Beethoven's music, and the power of his vocal organ to accomplish it. This gentleman is gradually gaining a very advanced position among the singers of the day. The other vocal portions of the programme were entrusted to Madame Behrens, Mrs. Enderssohn and Mr. Wilbye Cooper.

Madame Anna Bishop made her first appearance at the Crystal Palace concert last Saturday. Miss Arabella Goddard also appeared on that occasion.

The Vocal Association have announced Handel's 'Acis and Galatea,' with Mozart's additional accompaniments, for next week's performance. Mr. Benedict will officiate as conductor.—*Corr. of N. Y. Mus. World, March 16.*

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by O. Ditson & Co.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

For the Piano-Forte.

Absence and Return. Two Romances, each,
Réné Favarger. 25

Two Songs without words, which speak of grief and joy as well as tones may. The first a pensive, dreamy air, enveloped by impetuous runs flowing down from the right to the left hand, and indicating unrest and unsettledness; the second, an ecstatic melody moving along airily, in happiness and bliss. Moderately difficult.

Sans Souci. Morceau de Salon. Ed. Roeckel. 35

A piece much easier than the above, although belonging to the same class. Teachers will find this piece excellently suited to be used at the pupil's third or fourth quarter. Written in Polka time.

La Rieuse. Polka. Joseph Ascher. 30

Ascher composes Polkas rather sparingly. After his military Polka "La Vaillance" has been taken up and played to death by almost all the Orchestras, Bands and Amateur Pianists on this and other continents, Ascher has not, until now, composed another original Polka. It would be indeed surprising, if this Polka, equally pretty, equally easy, should not have a similar run. Of course all players will be anxious to get a copy of it.

Cuckoo Polka. (Or, Spring Polka.) Herzog. 25

A new edition of this favorite Polka which has been revived by Musard and by late performances of the Germanians and other city orchestras.

Twelve brilliant Studies in the modern style of Playing; 2 books, by Henri Rosellen. each \$1.50

These studies introduce to the player the peculiar technical difficulties of modern Piano-forte Compositions. They are invaluable as preparing the way to Voss', Gorla's, Prudent's, Ascher's and the composer's own inimitable Fantasias, as there is no similar work of the kind. Both books are now out.

Erking. Song by Schubert, transcribed by
Stephen Heller. 50

Pianists are still at war about the merits of the different arrangements of Schubert's immortal Ballad. Heller's comes in for a fair share, and, as it does not tax the powers of the performer to such an enormous degree as Liszt's, it may be said, to be thought of now more than any other.

Elenora Polka. C. Gustave Fitze. 25

Evergreen Waltz. Immergrun. 25

Rendezvous Waltz. J. P. Spanier. 35

Drawing-room Schottisch. F. Pannell. 25

State Capital Schottisch. H. C. Orth. 25

Mount Allison Mazurka. F. Agathe. 25

Cuckoo Waltz. W. Fink. 25

Port Hope Schottisch. H. F. Chalaupka. 25

A lot of Bagatelles, composed principally to please and gratify young players, which good office all of them will undoubtedly perform well.

For Flute (or Violin) and Piano.

The Last Rose of Summer. Raphael Dressler. 25

Arranged in Dressler's well-known style; everything correct, neat and the embellishments in excellent and unquestionable taste.

For the Guitar.

Gems of Il Trovatore. C. J. Dorn. 35

The first instrumental arrangement which is offered to Guitar players. The airs are set well and effectively, carefully adapted to the peculiarities of the instrument.

Books.

ONE HUNDRED SONGS OF IRELAND. Words and Music. .50

A capital collection, including the best sentimental, patriotic, traditional and humorous Songs and Melodies of "the land of sweet Erin," and one that cannot fail to be heartily welcome to the tens of thousands who look over the waters to "that green isle 'mid the ocean" as the home of their earliest recollections.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 368.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1859.

VOL. XV. No. 4.

The Normal Diapason.

Report of the French Commission.

(Continued from page 17.)

II.

We felt assured that the fact "of the constantly increasing elevation of the diapason" had not taken place in France alone, but that the whole world of music had been similarly hurried along; it was necessary, however, to obtain authentic proofs of this; it was necessary, also, to know to what extent, and in what different degrees, this influence had been felt in various countries, and in the principal centres of human activity.

We thought, therefore, M. le Ministre, that, in order to bring to a successful issue the researches with which your Excellency had charged us, it was requisite for us to begin by obtaining information abroad and at home, by questioning the heads of important establishments in France and foreign countries, by finding what was the general state of the diapason, and, in a word, by holding a sort of judicial enquiry (*enquête*). This course was, moreover, marked out by the very decree constituting us a Commission, and in which, with great justice, you mention "the difference existing between the diapasons of various countries, as a constant source of embarrassment."

Under your auspices, and through the medium of our president, we applied, therefore, to every place where there is an opera, or a grand musical establishment; to those towns where Art is cultivated with love and success, and carried out with *éclat*, and which may be termed the capitals of music; we asked for information concerning the course followed by *tone*, and begged that the tuning forks in use at the present day might be sent us, as well as the old ones, if possible, so that we might measure exactly the discrepancy. At the same time, we requested those enlightened men to whom we applied, to acquaint us with their opinion of the actual state of the diapason, and their feelings, whether favorable or opposed, with regard to a lowering, or moderating of the *tone*. Music is a collective art; a sort of universal language. Every nationality disappears before musical writing, since a single system of notation is sufficient for all nations; since signs everywhere the same represent the sounds which form the melody, or are grouped in chords; the rhythms which measure the time, and the various shades which color the thought; even silence is written by this provident alphabet. Is it not desirable that a uniform diapason, henceforth invariable, should add a final link to this community of intelligence, and that an A always the same, counting all over the face of the globe the same vibrations, should facilitate musical relations, and render them still more harmonious than at present?

It was with this view of the subject that we wrote to Germany, England, Belgium, Holland, Italy, and even America, and our correspondents have forwarded us conscientious answers, useful information, and interesting reminiscences. Some sent us old tuning-forks, half a century old, and now out of date; and others, contemporary ones, of various intonations. All of them, acknowledging and censuring the actual exaggeration, assured us of their cordial adhesion. Three of them, compatriots of ours,* while participating in the general opinion, ask, it is true, that the diapason shall be fixed by the actual state of the diapason of Paris; they do so, however, in order to stop it in its progressive ascent, and oppose an obstacle to future encroachments; but this, in our opinion, is an impotent obstacle, which protects the evil, and opposes it to itself, consecrating instead of destroying it. The rest are unanimous in desiring a less elevated diapason, uniform, and unalterable, a really international diapason, round

which would rally, with unvarying agreement, the singers, instrumentalists, and instrument-makers of all countries. Most of our foreign correspondents, beside expressing their approbation, praise us for having taken the initiative. "I am bound to thank you," writes one gentleman,† "for the important cause you have undertaken to plead; it is high time to stop the irregularities by which we have allowed ourselves to be carried away." "I adopt the sum total of your wise reflections," says another most distinguished conductor,‡ "and hope all Europe will warmly applaud the nomination, by his Excellency the Minister of State, of a commission to establish a uniform diapason. The great elevation of the diapason destroys and effaces the effect and character of ancient music—of the master-pieces of Mozart, Gluck, and Beethoven."—"I make no doubt," writes another gentleman,|| "that the commission will succeed in this important question. This will be another act of service rendered by your nation to Art and commerce." "The progressive elevation of the diapason," writes another of our honorable correspondents,§ "is not prejudicial to the human voice only, but likewise to all instruments. Stringed instruments especially have lost a great deal, as far as sound is concerned, since it has been indispensable, on account of this elevation, to employ very thin strings, strong ones not being able to stand the exaggerated tension; hence arises that sound which, instead of coming nearer and nearer, becomes more and more dissimilar to the human voice."—"To fix the diapason once for all," says a fifth,¶ "would be to put an end to a great many doubts, as well as a multitude of annoyances, and even caprices. I assure you we take a lively interest throughout musical Germany in the execution of your project."—"You have said truly" writes another,** "that all Europe is interested in the researches undertaken for the purpose of establishing a uniform diapason. The musical world has long felt the urgent necessity of a reform, and thanks France for having taken the initiative."—M. Dronet, Capellmeister of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Cobourg-Gotha, has forwarded us three tuning-forks, of different periods and elevations, together with an interesting note. Lastly, we have received from two highly competent gentlemen, Herr Wieprecht, director of the military music of Prussia, in Berlin, and Dr. Furké, papers treating the subject in a most masterly manner. The authors entirely coincide with the idea which led to the appointment of the Commission.

These numerous instances of adhesion, emanating from such high authorities, make us feel certain that a proposition for lowering the diapason will be well received throughout Germany. We must, also, here mention that, as far back as 1834, a number of German musicians assembled at Stuttgart, and expressed a wish that the diapason should be lowered, recommending the adoption of an A considerably below our A at present in use.†† There will certainly be, at first, some difficulties, arising more especially from the division of Germany into so large a number of different states. This is an opinion which one gentleman has expressed to us,‡‡ but there is reason to believe that, after a few oscillations, an invariable and common type will be established in the above country, which is of great weight in the destinies of musical art.

From Italy we have as yet received only one letter. It is from M. Coccia, director of the Philharmonie Academy of Turin, and *maestro di capella* of the Cathedral of Novara. M. Coccia has been kind enough to forward us the tuning-fork used at Turin;||| it is a little lower than that of Paris, and the mildest (*il più mite*) says M. Coccia, with which he has hitherto met. He

recommends its adoption. Thus M. Coccia, also, is in favor of a *softening* of the tone, and this augurs well for the opinion of Italy, on which great stress should be laid.

From London, we have received a communication from Messrs. Broadwood, the celebrated pianoforte makers. They have been kind enough to forward us three tuning-forks, all employed in their establishment, each one being kept for an especial purpose. §§ The first, which is a quarter of a tone lower than that of Paris, was, 25 or 30 years ago, that of the Philharmonie Society, of London. It has been judiciously preserved by Messrs. Broadwood, as the one best suited to the voice, and it is by the extremely moderate *tone* it emits that they tune the pianos intended for accompaniments at vocal concerts. The second, much higher, since it is more elevated than our own, is that by which Messrs. Broadwood generally tune their pianos, because it is nearly conformable to that of harmoniums, flutes, etc.; it is the diapason of instrumentalists. Lastly, the third, still higher, is that now used by the Philharmonie Society. This extreme license in the diapason ¶¶ must be attended with inconvenience, and is calculated to endanger, in some measure, absolute correctness. The result is, that Messrs. Broadwood express a wish "for the success of our researches, so interesting and so important for the whole musical world."

M. Bender, musical director of the King of the Belgians and of the regiment of the Guides, would like two diapasons, with a difference of half a semi-tone; the higher one for military bands, and the other intended for theatres. M. Bender practises his system; the diapason employed by the band of the Guides is not applicable to vocal music. It is the highest of all the diapasons we have received.

M. Daussoigne-Méhul, director of the Royal Conservatory at Liege, does not send us any tuning-fork, that which he employs being similar to that of Paris. He is one of the three correspondents who are in favor of the adoption of this diapason, as the extreme limit, and safeguard, if only, he says, to arrest its tendency to ascend.

M. Lubeck, director of the Royal Conservatory at the Hague, sends us his tuning-fork, which is somewhat less high than our own, and at the same time promises us his adhesion and support.*** You see, Monsieur le Ministre, with how much sympathy and approbation your desire to establish a uniform diapason meets.

We have written to America. New York has not yet answered. M. E. Prévost, conductor of the French Opera at New Orleans, has forwarded us a letter of adhesion, and a tuning-fork which has not reached us.

We have, also, received information on the subject from distinguished artists in some of the great cities of France, where music is held in honor.

The tuning-fork sent us by M. Victor Magnien, director of the Imperial Academy of Music at Lille,††† is, after that of M. Bender and those from London, the highest of any forwarded to us. It is, consequently, higher than that of Paris. It has, no doubt, like a good neighbor, experienced the influence of the band of the Guides at Brussels, and M. Magnien eagerly joins those who ask for a more moderate diapason.

M. Mézerai, conductor of the orchestra at the Grand Theatre, Bordeaux, has communicated his diapason, which is less elevated than that of Paris. He first adopted the latter, but, he informed us, it fatigued his singers too much.

The diapason of Lyons is the same as that of Paris; that of Marseilles is a very little lower. Mr. Georges Hainl, conductor of the orchestra at Lyons, thinks the diapason of Paris ought to

be retained, in spite of its high pitch, lest the *éclat* of the orchestra might be injured. M. Aug. Morel, director of the Communal School of Marseilles,††† inclines to this opinion. These two artists, with M. Méhul, constitute the group we have mentioned as proposing that the actual state of things should be adopted as the definitive limit.

Toulouse has forwarded us two tuning-forks, that of the theatre, less elevated than our own, and almost similar to that of Bordeaux, and that of the School of Music,|||| which is about the fourth of a tone lower. This is a remarkable difference, and all the more important, as Toulouse is one of those towns distinguished for musical instinct, where singing is popular, and harmony abundant, and which, in all times, has supplied our stage with artists possessing melodious and sonorous voices.

The tuning-fork of the School of Toulouse is, like that of the Grand-Ducal Theatre of Carlsruhe, from which it differs by only four vibrations, the lowest of all that have been forwarded us. That of the band of the Guides of Brussels, which emits nine hundred and eleven vibrations a second, is, for sharpness, the extreme limit of these diapasons; that of Carlsruhe, which gives only eight hundred and seventy vibrations, is the limit in lowness.§§§ Within this difference, which is not much less than a semi-tone, range the diapasons in use at the present day, and, consequently, the orchestras, bands, and vocal combinations, of which they constitute the rule and the law, and of which, so to speak, they represent (*résumer*) the expression.

Thus France possesses, at her two extremities, one of the highest diapasons, that of Lille; and one of the lowest, that of the School of Toulouse. We can trace on the map the route followed by the diapason in France; it rises and falls with the latitude. From Paris to Lille it rises; it falls from Paris to Toulouse. We perceive that the North is subject to the contact, the predominance of instrumental, while the South remains faithful to the rules and good traditions of vocal art.

We have presented to you, Monsieur le Ministre, a faithful epitome of the information we have received; we have acquainted you with the impression it has produced upon ourselves. Taking into account the almost unanimous opinions expressed for a moderation of the *tone*, and the unanimous opinions in favor of the adoption of a uniform diapason, that is to say, a general leveling of the diapason, freely consented to; taking into account the remarkable differences existing between the various diapasons we have been enabled to compare, differences measured, with all the precision of science, by the number of their vibrations, and duly marked down in one of the tables annexed to this report,¶¶¶ the Commission, after discussing the question, has adopted, unanimously, as principles, the following propositions:

It is desirable that the diapason should be lowered.

It is desirable that the lowered diapason should be generally adopted as an invariable regulator.

III.

It now remained for us to decide how much the diapason could be lowered, so as to secure for it the best probable chance of being adopted as an invariable regulator.

It was evident that the greatest possible abatement was a semi-tone, a more considerable deviation being neither practicable nor necessary; and on this point the Commission was unanimous. The semi-tone, however, met with opponents, and three systems were started: the diminution of a semi-tone; the diminution of the fourth of a tone, and a diminution of less than the last.

One member only proposed a diminution of less than a quarter of a tone. Fearing especially that the relations of commerce would be disturbed, he proposed a very moderate diminution, which, at the most, and in its greatest amplitude, should extend to half a quarter of a tone.

The question of commercial relations is sufficiently important to warrant us in dwelling on it

an instant. Besides, Monsieur le Ministre, when you appointed us you directed our attention to it.

Among the documents forwarded us is a letter signed by our principal and most celebrated instrument makers in all branches of the profession. In this letter addressed to your Excellency, the writers state all the inconveniences resulting "from the continual rising of the diapason, and of the difference between various diapasons." You are asked to put an end to these inconveniences by establishing a uniform system of diapason. "It belongs to your Excellency," say the writers, "to cause this kind of anarchy to cease, and to render the musical world as important a service as that formerly rendered the industrial world by a uniform set of measures."

The Commission entertains the highest consideration for the interests of our great trade in the manufacture of instruments, which is one of the sources of riches in France, a branch of industry intelligent in its products and felicitous in its results. The clever men who direct, and have raised it to the first rank, cannot question our solicitude; they know we are friendly towards a trade which supplies some of the members of the Commission with valuable and charming auxiliaries.

But, if among these makers, who have so well pointed out to your Excellency "the inconveniences resulting from the divergence and continually increasing elevation," there are some who, as we have been informed, now apprehend "the inconveniences" resulting from the measures we desire to adopt for the purpose of contenting them, what is to be done? Since, "with all the musical world," they have asked for a uniform diapason, how can the selection of a diapason, destined, as we and they hope, to become uniform, disturb "commercial relations" already disturbed, in their opinion, by the divergence of existing diapasons from each other? The establishment of a uniform diapason necessarily implies the selection of one diapason and no more. Now we have received, listened to, compared and measured twenty-five different tuning-forks, all in active use at the present day. From so many A's, which is to be chosen? Our own, apparently. But why? Of these twenty-five diapasons, not one desires to rise, but many are eager to descend, while fifteen are lower than that of Paris. By what right should we say to these fifteen diapasons: Rise to our level. Would not the very fact of our doing so cause commercial relations to run a great chance of being disturbed? Is it not more logical, more reasonable, and more sensible, for the sake of the grand system of conciliation, we wish to try, to descend towards this majority, and have we not, by this plan, the greatest chance of being listened to by the foreign artists whose assistance we have requested, and whom we now thank for having responded to our appeal with so much cordiality and sympathy?

In order to give the instrument-trade a mark of its solicitude, the Commission called together the principal makers, those who obtained the first rewards at the Universal Exposition of 1855, that is to say, the very same who wrote to your Excellency,**** and it was only after conferring with them, and several of our orchestral conductors,††† that the Commission deliberated on the extent the diapason might be lowered.

In the discussion on this point, the great majority of suffrages was for the diminution of a quarter of a tone; this would sensibly moderate the trouble attending the studies and exertions of singers, and thus insinuate itself, so to speak, incognito, into the presence of the public, without causing too great a perturbation in established habits; it would facilitate the execution of ancient master pieces, and would bring us back to the diapason employed about thirty years ago, the period of the production of works of which most have remained on the repertory, and which would thus be in the position they occupied when composed and first represented. It would be accepted abroad more readily than the diminution of a semi-tone.†††† Thus, however, it would nearly approach the diapason selected in 1834, at Stuttgart. It already had in its favor actual ex-

perience, restricted, it is true, but the results of which we are able to appreciate.|||||

* MM. Daussoigne-Méhul, Georges Hainl, and Auguste Morel.

† Herr Franz Erkel, Capellmeister at the National Theatre, Pesth.

‡ Herr Reissiger, first Hof-Capellmeister, at Dresden.

§ Herr Joseph Abenheim, director of the chapel of His Majesty the King of Württemberg.

¶ M. de Lwoff, Master of the Court, and Director of the Imperial Chapel at St. Petersburg.

¶¶ Herr Ferdinand David, Director of the Leipzig Conservatory.

*** Herr Franz Abt, Capellmeister of the Ducal Theatre, Brunswick.

†† The A proposed by the meeting at Stuttgart was one of 880 vibrations. The present diapason of Paris is one of 893, and that of Berlin, one of 903.

‡† Herr Franz Lachner, the celebrated composer, and director-general of music at the Bavarian Court, expresses himself in the following terms: "I warmly desire, for the interest of the Art, that the Commission may happily surmount the difficulties which will, doubtless, arise in the execution of this project. Be assured that, as far as I am concerned, I will do all I can to realize your idea."

|||| M. Coccia thinks that the Turin tuning-fork he sends us is also that of the theatre at Vienna. He believes it to be lower than that used at Venice and Naples.

|||| These three forks give the C (*ut*), like that sent from St. Petersburg by M. Lwoff.

¶¶ There is about a semi-tone difference between Messrs. Broadwood's diapason No. 1, and their diapason No. 3.

*** "I have had also to contend against the continual rise of the diapason. By founding a stable diapason you will render an important service to art. I shall, therefore, do all in my power to bring into use among us the diapason you fix upon for France."—M. Lubbeck's Letter.

††† A branch of the Imperial Conservatory of Paris.

‡†† The School of Marseilles, as well as the School of Toulouse, mentioned a few lines lower down, are branches of the Imperial Conservatory of Paris.

|||| These two tuning-forks were sent us by M. Mériel, director of the School of Toulouse.

¶¶ The diapason No. 1, of Messrs. Broadwood (the old diapason of the London Philharmonic) is rather lower than that of Carlsruhe, giving only 888 vibrations.

M. Jos. Strauss, ducal Capellmeister, at Carlsruhe, states, while giving us his adhesion, that the diapason he employs is that which fatigues his singers, both male and female, the least, and is best adapted for the execution of operas, ancient as well as modern.

¶¶¶ Table A. Table B shows the progressional elevation of the diapason in different countries. These two tables were drawn up by MM. Despretz and Lissajous, members of the Commission.

**** M. M. Triébert, Buffet, and Ad. Sax, makers of wind-instruments; M. Cavaillé-Coll, organ-builder; the representative of M. Erard; MM. Pleyel-Wolff and Henry Herz, pianoforte makers; M. Alexandre, maker of the organ-melodion; and M. Willema, maker of stringed instruments.

†††† M. Girard, conductor at the Imperial Academy of Music, and at the Société des Concerts du Conservatoire; M. Mohr, band master of the Imperial Guard; and M. Delafre, conductor of the Theatre-Lyrique.

|||| "Being convinced of the utility of your project, I will do my best to get your diapason accepted here, if, after the researches of your Commission, the change to be made is not too great." Letter from Herr Ferdinand David, Director of the Conservatory, at Leipzig.

|||| The Grand-Ducal Theatre, at Carlsruhe, and the School of Toulouse, the voices from which are fresh, supple, and in good condition, employ the diapason which we propose. With reference to this school, by the way, we must remark that young pupils from it experience serious difficulty, and sometimes a perceptible deterioration of voice, when they are obliged to exchange their own moderate diapasons to conform to that of Paris.

(To be continued.)

On Beauty of Tone.

(From "Voice and Vocal Art"; a Treatise written for the use of Teachers and Students of singing.)

BY SABILLA NOVELLO.

The tones of the human voice are universally admitted to possess more charm than any other musical sounds; but, although by their natural variety and homogeneous expression they may claim this superiority, yet by mismanagement or neglect they are liable to become muffled or harsh, and even vulgar and offensive. The tones of the human voice, even when of the most delicate quality, are very prevalent, and will generally be distinguished above many combined instruments; therefore, in order to give pleasure, their beauty ought to be as remarkable as their predominance.

Among other acoustic discoveries, it has been ascertained that a note, when sustained perfectly in tune, will fill a much larger extent of space than if it be impure in intonation; and this fact alone ought to prove that correct intonation is the first essential to beauty and fulness of tone.

Some voices are naturally fine and full throughout their compass, but these are rare examples, much to be valued. In general, the vocal instrument is not equally beautiful in all its tones, but may be perfected by artistic development and careful cultivation. Weak voices may be improved in tone by the constant practice of long-sustained notes; the *tremulousness* observable in the emission of some voices, is occasioned by weakness of the vocal ligaments, which are not sufficiently vigorous in their contractile force to control and modulate the column of air transmitted through their vibrating edges, by the lungs

and trachea. This defect may be conquered by attentively measuring the quantity of breath the glottis can command, and restraining the collapsing strength of the walls of the chest during expiration, until the vocal cords, by constant exercise, gradually acquire sufficient firmness to sustain the voice in a smoothly flowing stream.

The nasal *beang*, so common in untrained singers, is caused by the soft palate, which, if suffered to remain too low a position at the back of the mouth, leaves the nasal passages too much unclosed, and inclines sound to escape principally through this channel. During vocalization, the soft palate and uvula should be raised so as to allow the voice free egress through the mouth. Those who are subject to the defect just named, should be very cautious against opening the mouth upwards so as to make it assume a round shape; it should be held widely smiling, in which position the soft palate is not so much inclined to sink. If the evil be obstinate, it will be necessary to correct it by holding the nostrils entirely closed until a proper position of the mouth be obtained.

Thick, *throaty* tones are produced when the back of the tongue is held too backward in the mouth, or is compressed so as to form a lump in the cavity of the lower jaw, which it should merely fill up, while its edges touch the teeth around. When *throaty* tone arises from this cause, its cure is easy, but it often originates in the undue size or occasional enlargement of the tonsils, or glands situated on each side of the throat, between the palatine arches. In this case, improvement is more difficult, and sometimes amputation of the superfluous parts is necessary to radical cure.

Huskiness of tone proceeds from the insufficient closing of the lower vocal ligaments; when a current of air passes clearly through the lips of the glottis, tone will be pure and round, but if its lower edges be not properly contracted, a *breathy* sound escapes with the voice, and renders it husky.

The harsh and meagre tone occurring on the notes constituting the *break* of the voice, may be obviated by the practice of scales and passages which flow from one register to another, as described under the head of "union of different registers."

Every voice possesses one or two tones more beautiful than the rest; these should be sung by the student, who must carefully observe the peculiar shape assumed by the soft palate, mouth, and other channels of the voice, during the emission of these superior tones, and endeavor to imitate or assimilate their sound throughout the whole compass of the voice, and thus equalize its beauty.

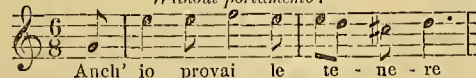
Although so much study and exercise is advised, to render a voice *uniform*, yet nothing is more to be avoided than *monotony* of sound. In everything variety is agreeable and refreshing, and in nothing more so than in music, or tone of voice. The ear soon wearies of even the most delicious sounds, unless they convey some meaning to the mind, or appeal to some feeling of the heart.

After having equalized the voice, therefore, the student must proceed to gain complete mastery over different and opposite qualities of tone, which must form the medium expressive of most dissimilar sentiments.

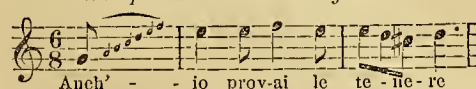
High notes should be exercised, taken with vigor, and produced in middle register; taken with grace, produced in head register; and taken by means of *portamento*, which renders their tone pathetic or tender.

Portamento is much employed by Italian singers, and is very expressive when moderately introduced. It is the art of *carrying* the voice from one note to another, letting the intermediate notes be heard, but not distinguished: almost in the same manner as a scale may be sounded upon a pianoforte by pushing the thumb strongly along its keys for the distance of one or two octaves. The difference between a note taken with or without *portamento*, is the same as between an object thrown or lifted up; the following illustration points out the peculiarities of *portamento*.

Without *portamento* :—



With *portamento* would be sung thus :—



Great beauty and expression is added to tone by gradual crescendo and decrescendo of sound. Every long-sustained note should be swelled out or diminished during its emission.

As a general rule, all ascending passages should increase, and descending passages decrease in loudness of tone.

Reiterated or insisting passages should increase in

loudness, unless the repetition is intended as an echo to the original phrase.

All syncopated, suspended notes, and those foreign to a chord, should be emphasized, and their resolutions clearly defined.

In the execution of rapid passages, a good singer should never let any signs of *hurry* be evident, and must impart life and energy to very slow movements by diversified and graduated tones.

Every appearance of effort or exhaustion should be avoided, that the minds of an audience may remain in a state of pleasurable security rather than of surprise or suspense.

Singers should never debase their own standard of taste to gain popularity; if their own judgment pronounce a composition to be worthless and unmeaning, they should, if possible, decline to perform it. It is the duty of every artiste to form and elevate musical taste, and the public is much more intelligent than some musicians suppose. It is true that much applause is bestowed upon mere mechanical execution, but this expression of delight is temporary, and very different from the placid, but perfect enjoyment experienced by an audience appreciating the worthy performance of some classical work, always heard with renewed pleasure. The dignity of Art, and of those devoted to it, will ever be respected, unless degraded by artistes themselves.

Imitation in the Fine Arts.

Translated for Dwight's Journal from the French of TOPFFER.*

To imitate, the painter transforms. And the musician? It is essential that he should not imitate, for by so doing he loses force. Because by imitation he translates, while to impress, he must express, and to express he must transform.

This a law more stringent for musician than for poet, as it is the more so for the poet even than for the painter.

Is it admirable to imitate the cries of grief? It's sighs, its groans, and howlings?

It can be done, but our tears cease to flow immediately, and let the groans be repeated or prolonged, and uncontrolled laughter will be the result. Without direct imitation of that which is external and actual, the musician discloses in the language of his invention, the emotions, the regrets, the delights, and the sublime sensations filling his soul; which are the more powerful because not limited by finite form. He transports us with a sympathetic emotion, sublime because unmeasured.

By such methods music becomes the first of imitative arts. Yet imitation is of small account in it. It is expression alone. From soul to soul, sound is the only messenger. Direct and living image of the sweeter and the stronger perturbations of the human soul, it communicates transports of delight, ineffable melancholy, the tumult of sentiment, the mirthfulness of triumph.

While Painting rests upon the level of earth, while Poetry, borne by Pegasus, flies from Pindus to helicon, Music hovers over earth and over Pindus. Her wings soar higher than the clouds, into infinite space. She finds her divinest inspiration only when she forbears to alight.

Three artists, sublime in genius, have taken the 'Creation' as their subject. Michelangelo, Moses and Haydn. The first, bound by the conventions of his art to direct imitation, is meagre in comparison with the second, who, unconditionally free, expresses, at the same time, the invisible thoughts of the Creator, and the visible glory of the Creation. The last, in purer liberty, makes less apparent, but expresses more. He repeats, he develops the two former. In his work shine Majesty, Power, Action. Chaos is made known to us, and these vast continents and mountains are for the first time touched with light. Innumerable creatures fill the new world; Tenderness, Passion, Poetry, enter it with Man. And all appears successive or simultaneous at the will of Haydn! He is infinite, rather than vague, and animate rather than infinite.

Music, like the other Arts, becomes materialized

by various steps; and as in other Arts, it is when imitation replaces expression, or when the execution outweighs the sentiment. Here we have Melody constituting expression, as Form in the arts of design. Let melody become simply imitative, and expression dies. Let melody be subordinate to harmony, of which the effect is to charm the ear as color charms the eye, and the pleasures of sound substitute themselves for those of expression. The Beautiful puts to flight the Ethereal.

The modern orchestra was unknown to the Greeks. They sang at their festivals, in unison, melodies, each of which bore an individuality so strong, endowed with a power so immense, that the delirium of martial ardor, of consuming vengeance, or of an enervating voluptuousness, led the souls of a nation captive!

Melodies, such as these, were distinguished by "modes." Plato, for his 'Republic', makes choice among these "modes."

Where shall we find the modern law-giver occupied with music? Where is the philosopher who has even examined the benefits or the evils it may spread among mankind? What Journalist speaks of it otherwise than as one of the brilliant and costly pleasures of the capital? Than as of an ingenious combination of sounds, which, by means of execution, more effective than expressive, has the sublime object of providing agreeable sensations for fops and silly women?

By such signs, it seems to me that music seeks perfection in deformity, and that we pride ourselves, in this as in some other things, upon false or barren attainments.

* "Reflexions et Menus Propos, d'un Peintre Genevois." Chap. xx.

Wagner's Tannhauser at the Stadt Theatre.

From the New York Evening Post.

It was about 1845 that Wagner's opera "Tannhäuser, or the Contest of the Minstrels at Wartburg," a work that has excited the most exaggerated criticism, both laudatory and condemnatory, was first brought out at Dresden. The composer wrote the libretto as well as the music. The plot, gathered from old German traditions, is a sort of allegorical romance, for Wagner, like Meyerbeer, has a double meaning in his opera. The hero, Tannhäuser, is a minstrel of the thirteenth century, who first appears to us under the sway of the goddess Hulda, who, by a curious jumble of mediæval mythology, was considered the type of sensual enjoyments, being about equivalent to the Venus of Grecian mythology, and even often called by the same name. The Princess Elizabeth, of Thuringia, loves Tannhäuser. At a minstrel contest in Wartburg he is brought into competition with other Minnesingers. Becoming excited in the contest, and impelled by a morbid audacity, Tannhäuser sings the pleasures of sense. Walter of the Vogelweide praises those of virtue. Tannhäuser resumes in a more angry manner, and finally bursts forth into a bacchanalian song in praise of the heathen goddess. The ladies, shocked, leave the scene, and Tannhäuser is about to perish beneath the swords of the offended knights, when the Princess Elizabeth rushes forward and saves his life. Tannhäuser, penitent, joins a company of pilgrims, and proceeds to Rome. Elizabeth, alone, prays for his return and safety. At last he returns, but worn out and unhappy, and is met by Wolfram, another minstrel. He seems crazed, and, with frenzied manner, tells of his pilgrimage to Rome, and the occurrences there:

At Rome I sought the holy place straightway,
And on the threshold low in prayer I lay;
The morning broke:—then all the bells were ringing,
And hymns celestial through the air descended.
O, then, new hopes within my soul were springing,
For grace to all the welcome sounds portended.
God's minister I saw; around him pressing
Great multitudes were kneeling in the dust;
Thousands dismissed he with his holy blessing;
Pardoned they rose, all filled with joy and trust.
I, too, approached; with drooping head and lowly,
Accused myself of every thought unholly,
Of evil lust in which my soul did languish;
Lust, lust that defied penance and all pains!
I called on him in tones of wildest anguish
To grant deliverance from those fiery chains,
And he whom thus I prayed, began:
"Hast thou such sinful passion felt?
Hast thou such own art set thee aglow?
Hast hell's own Mount of Venus dwelt?
Hast thou art damned to endless woe;
For as this staff within my hand

Its leafy bloom can ne'er regain,
So ne'er can'st thou, a burning brand
Pluck'd forth from hell, find grace again!"

Tannhäuser, by this inexorable sentence, given over to despair, madly rushes back to the "Venus grotto," where the goddess Hulda holds her revels. He hears the voices of the syrens luring him back. Wolfram tries to detain him, (how similar to the final scene in Meyerbeer's *Robert* is this!) but cannot break the accursed charm until he pronounces the name of Elizabeth. Then the impure vision vanishes, the seductive melodies are no more heard. A funeral procession approaches, and on the bier lies the form of Elizabeth. Tannhäuser sinks down on the coffin, while his pilgrim's staff miraculously bursts forth into leafy bloom. He is forgiven and dies.

This very meagre outline of the plot gives but a poor idea of the beauty of the libretto, or the many excellent situations admirably adapted for musical effect that it contains. The general idea of the work is the struggle between the pleasure of sense and the conviction of duty. It is but a romanticized epitome of the similar trials in every-day real life. The story of the opera is of itself a remarkable romance. And as to the music—that wonderful "music of the Future" about which there is so much talk! Most people seem to think that it is nothing but a mass of incoherent orchestration and chaotic vocalization, utterly destitute of sustained melody. But this is not the case with "Tannhäuser," which contains some truly beautiful melodic inspirations. The great feature of the work lies, however, in the orchestration, in which the composer seems to have almost exhausted the powers of the orchestra. Some of the orchestral combinations are marked by great originality as well as beauty. The concerted pieces are singular and striking, if not wholly agreeable, while there is one noble march, with a chorus of finely-marked melody. The choral strains of the pilgrims are noble and majestic—one in particular, in which the various strains of the pilgrim's hymn alternate with the warblings of a shepherd's pipe, is peculiarly effective. Liszt, in his admirable analysis of this opera, felicitously says of this scene that the shepherd's "pastoral melody winds like a flowering field-vine about the stern outlines of the pious hymn, which rises like the arching of a Gothic vault."

But to all these rare beauties are contrasted dismal wastes of dreary recitative. For the solo singers there are no decided melodies, if we except one baritone and one soprano song; and the declamatory style requires the closest attention to the words to be appreciated. The concerted pieces are also sometimes spun out, as if the composer were trying after effects he could not produce—as though he formed an ideal he could not realize. The magnificent tenor scene in the last act is one of the finest specimens of declamatory music ever written; yet its great length, and the utter absence of anything approaching melody, makes it, with all its power, rather tedious.

The opera, all things considered, was very creditably given. The orchestra was almost faultless. Of the singers, Mr. Pickaniser did very well in the rôle of Tannhäuser, so evidently beyond his natural powers. The lady singers have but little to do in this opera, and did that little respectably. The choruses were finely rendered, and the whole performance is one that deserves the attention of our musical amateurs. The opera will be repeated on Friday for the benefit of Carl Bergmann, the conductor, who has faithfully labored to produce the work in an effective style.

From the Tribune, April 15.

This opera at the German Theatre, Bowery, is played for the first time in New York. The author has excited much attention in Germany, and there has been no little politics—opera politics—in the discussion. The merits of the work may be summed up by saying that the instrumentation is bold, rich, and dazzling, and much rapid violinism with subdivision of the violin parts characterizes it. That is a question of sonority and variety in instrumentation, but not of ideas. In the latter, which is the chief merit of a composer, we do not find Herr Wagner remarkable. His melodies are mostly hobbling, and generally they are no melodies at all. He does not apprehend musical suavity, caesural pauses, nice balances and compensations, and other things which go to make the magic of melody. Not having the gift of melody, he, if we understand his theory, maintains that it is a national spontaneity not to be called into thorough life by the individual in the polished or artificial state. Very safe theory for composers who dispense with the diamond. Herr Wagner has some happy moments, but they are too short-lived. In a long waste of recitative we have occasionally a breath of melody which makes us hope for better things. The most noticeable portions are a choral of Pilgrims; a march and chorus in the Ros-

sini style, very finely worked up, and having a good melody if mended where certain rests ought to mark the phrasing, but which do not. Phrasing is one of the last secrets, however, which come to the composer. The march had a splendid reception. There are some very noble dramatic effects peering out through the work.

This opera merits much consideration from the public, for it reveals an aspiration for certain novel things in the orchestra. True, they are got often at the expense of the voice, but they are worth hearing.

We make a very imperfect notice of this work, because we were unable to get a sight of the full score, which should be read to make a critique available.

The production on the stage was honorable to all concerned. The *mise-en-scène* was good—the solo singing fair—the chorus admirable, and the orchestra, under Herr Bergmann, very fine.

Carnival Balls at the French Opera.

(From the Paris Correspondence of the New Orleans Picayune, March 10.)

Just let me tell you what money is thrown into circulation by these very same masked balls at the Opera. The Opera gives fourteen masked balls during Carnival. It employs for these fourteen masked balls, one hundred and fifty musicians, forty-six check-takers and ushers, four clerks, four hundred ticket sellers, forty box openers, (women), eighty machinists, twelve upholsterers, six florists, eight cloak and cane keepers, one hundred and seventy-two superintendents, thirty-four waiters, four opera glass and fan sellers and hirers, twenty-four lamp lighters and gas superintendents: total, nine hundred and eighty persons. Every ball night 1850 candles and 210 oil lamps are burnt, besides 5600 gas jets lighted. The opera can hold 8000 people a ball night; the average, however, is 5000 persons, usually composed of 2400 women and 2600 men. The manager of the Opera give about 1500 free tickets to editors, painters and composers, literary men, and some of the ballet girls. Besides the revenue from these 5000 visitors, there are fifty-six amphitheatre stalls and eighty-six boxes which contribute largely to the Opera's treasury: forty-one of these boxes are hired out by the season at a minimum rent of 1260f.; the forty-five others and the amphitheatre stalls are reserved for the public, being hired out for only one ball. The average price of a ball ticket is 5f., consequently from this source alone (boxes and amphitheatre stalls left out of the question) at least 20,000f. goes nightly into the Opera's treasury. As every woman who enters the balls must wear a mask, and as there are 2400 women who enter, and as they pay on an average of three francs for a mask, the mask sellers receive 7200f. every ball night. As every woman wears a costume which is, on an average, hired for 10f. a night, 2400 women at 10f. pay the costumer 24,000f. every ball night. Every woman wears ball slippers which cost about 10f., and this gives another 24,000f. Every woman goes to a hair dresser, this may be set down for 2400f.; and buys a pair of gloves, which on an average costs 2f. 40 per pair, which adds 6000f. to the grand total. It is reckoned about 4000f. are spent in bouquets and fans. I have said 2600 men go to every ball, they are said to spend 1000f. for false noses, 10,000f. for costumes, 6500f. for gloves, 1500f. for beard and hair dressing, 5000f. for shoes, 1000f. for hats. The cloak and cane keepers receive 50c. for every object left in their care, and they take in at every ball 2500f. At the first ball given at the Opera this year, the police noted that 1490 hacks and 300 private carriages drove up to the door; if you add to these the carriages taken after the ball is over, and reckon that many carriages are kept "by the hour" nearly all night, and that most of them reach the Opera door after midnight, and therefore pay double prices, you will agree that 8000f. is no exaggerated estimate of the money spent in hack hire. The cafés in the Opera house take in on average 13,750f. The shoe blacks, porters and carriage door openers, make about 500f. between them. Since the manager of the Opera has made it a rule that none but persons in dress coats shall enter the balls, ready made clothing shops in the neighborhood hire black coats and pantaloons and white waistcoats, and make between 1200f. and 1500f. from it every ball night. The sum total of the foregoing items is 133,850f., which multiplied by fourteen makes 1,955,560f. for the ball season. But this is not all! almost every body who goes to a masked ball sups sometime or another in the course of the night, and most suppers are eaten at some one of the twenty-five or thirty restaurants on the Boulevard or in the Palais Royal, which keep open all night on ball nights. It is said 1000 persons sup at 3f. a head, 1000 at 6f., 2000 at 10f., 500 at 20f., and 500 at 40f., which would give some 59,000f. as distributed among the restaurants

on ball nights; it is believed the Maison D'Or, the Café Anglais, the Café Riche, the Café Cardinal, Desirée, pocket half of this sum. As most of the women who frequent these balls come more on business than pleasure, it is reckoned they receive at least 140,000f. in the way of presents after each ball. It may therefore be safely estimated that the masked balls at the Opera alone put at the least one million of dollars in circulation in the course of the fourteen nights they run. And I am persuaded the estimate is greatly below the true amount. How then can you expect Parisians to be virtuous, seeing vice is so profitable!

At the last ball at the Opera, Shrove Tuesday night, (but one more ball will be given before next December, and this ball will be given on *mi carême*, mid lent,) there was dancing in the promenade drawing room as well as on the floor—a license very rarely tolerated at the Opera. It was noticed this year that more young men of good family than usual frequented the masked balls, and that they seemed to take delight in wearing the most vulgar apparel. They were the *Robert Maccaires* and *Don Cesar de Bazans* of the motley crowd. They were the men who flaunted most rags, while persons in humbler life hid themselves in the splendor of Counts. This is human nature. Those that are high in life look with envy on the lowly, the latter look with envy on those that are above them; none are satisfied with their station of life.

Harmony Misunderstood.

Herr Gustave Satter is a piano-forte player. A piano-forte player of the new school. Of the new school which defies the mechanical distances of octaves, and by a transcendental dodge which knoweth neither great nor small, brings the doubly elevated attics of the superstructure of sound in close embrace with the deep sub-cellar of the bass. Of the new school which picks out the humanities and pitch of the voice divine for its themes, and wreathes the uppermost and lowermost addenda of sound thereto. Of the new 2.40 school—in fact, the locomotive school—so fast, so strenuous, so fierce. Style is the man, says Buffon. A player with so glib a hand must have a glib tongue. With that tongue he played a fantasia. A fantasia *con ferocia e di rabbia*. A fantasia—says his accuser—against two ladies. Against two spotless ladies. But these ladies found a protector. A protector in the stalwart person of Herr Formes—with whom Herr Satter was travelling on a harmonious tour of concert-giving. But harmony has discord. All discord is harmony misunderstood. This lovely fracas between Herr Formes and Herr Satter is harmony so misunderstood. The nature of the harmony was not from a wind instrument, though it was a blow. It was more of a stringed instrument, being a scrape. Herr Formes, in reciting the harmony misunderstood, says the two ladies were without their legitimate protectors, and, in their absence, he demanded from Herr Satter an apology for the outraged and injured parties, which was not only refused, but the insult was repeated, and if possible, in a still more offensive manner. "Perhaps," the great basso adds, "I acted rashly, but I flatter myself that mankind generally, and the fair sex universally, will not condemn me, if, under such circumstances, I did slap the face," &c." The harsh thunder which the basso grates is here C below the line, too terrible for our tender columns. The basso adds—that certainly if, as the reporter of *The Cincinnati Gazette* "affirms"—the Queen of the West being the seat of the harmony misunderstood in question—"certainly if Mr. Gustav Satter was not half weight or size, his associates, Anschütz and Thomas, were sufficient to make up the disparity in bulk, so that the term "coward," which you assert they applied to me, comes with a bad grace from three men, who, after inflicting through your journal a stab upon my character, effect an inglorious retreat before its publication could meet the eyes of the public or myself."

From Herr Satter, Herr Anschütz, and Herr Thomas, we have no critical remarks on this harmonious question. We look with anxiety for the trio in response to the solo. They are all clever fellows. Clever intellectually. Clever socially. But the last infirmity of noble minds is—decided difference of opinions capable of detonation.

Herr Formes in this championship, off the stage, is radically different from his place on it. There he is not allowed to stand up for the sex. Those infernal opera composers have a way—all of them—of making the basso never a lover, preaching ambrosial delectations in D flat for the fair; never going the whole figure with his amores and dolores—never waiving, wailing, and writhing in the ecstatic relation of Correlative sixths, with the love-shedding soprano; never under the lyrical liquidities of moonbeams,

telling the story of a passion crowned with joy:—never; never; never;—but he is always a black-bearded, black-doubletted ruffian, looking bowie-knives and prussic acid; swearing, roaring, and ramping throughout the scales of two octaves; unhappy and savage, flamboyant and unpitied. Always so, though the majestic virility of his voice, by all the parallelisms of positive philosophy, would pick him out as the proper man—worth a quatuor of tender tenors. As the most manly of basses, Herr Formes has been most outraged by this treatment at the hands of composers. He could make love like—we beg Mr. Everett's pardon—like George Washington, so stalwart and sublime. An *Io l'amo* from him would have a breadth of fervency in it astonishing the dress circle, not to mention those darlings of the muses, the critics. Herr Formes is now the champion of the *sex al fresco*; can he not be made so under the portals of Euterpe?

It is to be reflectively observed that all harmony misunderstood on the lyrical stage arises from quarrels about women. In fact, without them there would be no opera, and off it no war. But the quarrel never arises about two women. Except that delicious bit of Capt. Macheath,

"How happy could I be with either,
Were the other dear charmer away!"

we know of no opera business where any "difficulty" arises from a surplus. It is always a deficit of the sex. An opera with a row about two women would be a novelty—not counting a basso as a lover. Will that facetious institution, "The American Academy of Music," excite such a production by the patriotic generosity so deeply imbedded on its charter?—N. Y. Tribune.

Meyerbeer and his New Opera.

After many months of preparation and rehearsal, a new opera by Meyerbeer was about to be performed at the Opera Comique, at the last accounts from Paris. He first called it *Dinorah*; but one of the singers, M. Faure, objected to its being named for any character other than the one he sustained. Then Meyerbeer changed it to *Notre Dame d'Auray*; but the censorship objected to this, and it has now been decided to call it *Le Pardon de Ploermel*. A letter dated Paris, March 25th, to the *Independence Belge*, gives some particulars about the opera and Meyerbeer's mode of conducting the rehearsals, which we translate.

In the first place, he says there is not a scene for Mme. Cabel, in which she teaches her goat to dance, as had been reported. He has been permitted by Meyerbeer to witness the rehearsals, but he is not at liberty to describe the opera; but he speaks of Meyerbeer as follows:

"I know nothing so interesting, curious and odd, as to see Meyerbeer having an opera rehearsed. The illustrious composer has been rallied about the delays, the exactions, and the exaggerated care that he brings to his rehearsals. After witnessing a single rehearsal, these ideas will be changed. Meyerbeer is admirable at those times. His delays, his exactions and his scruples are purely the triumph of conscience. Meyerbeer is a composer who believes in his music, as Corneille believed in his poetry. So when his work is full, complete, perfect, it must be admired silently; criticism has a hard task, and it has finally to do like the rest of the world, and only admire. Meyerbeer allows his work to be played; he gives it to the public, and it must be done in perfection. We listen with deference and emotion, and when, perchance, it happens that a passage does not move, touch, or please you, you are dissatisfied with yourselves, and ashamed of not feeling with Meyerbeer, so much does the great composer's respect for his work affect you. But this time there was no disappointment; nothing but tender emotions of pleasure and enthusiasm.

"During the private rehearsals, Meyerbeer sits in one of the front boxes, opposite the stage. There is placed by him a table, a lamp, and some sheets of music. As he sits and listens, it is a grand sight to look upon, as his bright eyes flash towards the stage through his spectacles. It is like a portrait by that marvellous painter, Rembrandt. Sometimes he goes on the stage, and is seen coming out of one of the wings, gliding across like a shadow, and leaning against the proscenium. There he stands and makes his remarks, his criticisms or his suggestions, in such a low tone as to be heard only by the artist whom he is addressing."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

The *Picayune* gives report of another musical week in New Orleans:

At the Opera we have had the "Prophet," the "Fanchonette," the "Lucia di Lammermoor," and the "Muette de Portici," a night, each, of Meyerbeer,

Clapissou, Donizetti and Auber. The success of our charming comic prima donna, Angèle Cordier, in a grand rôle, has been an incident worthy of note, and the revival of Auber's sparkling and effective work, has brought out our favorite tenore (it was given for his benefit) Lagrave, an opportunity of displaying his best powers. Rarely has there been a more assured success on our lyric boards, and rarely a more hearty and affectionate recognition of an artist's powers. The sentiment of the entire audience seemed to be one of enthusiasm, and not only that of the audience; the artists, the chorus, the employees of the theatre, all took part in it. Throughout the performance, Delagrave was applauded most warmly, and, we may add, most deservedly, for never have we heard the fine role of the Neapolitan patriot more admirably rendered; and at the close of the opera, when he was called before the curtain to receive the final demonstration of the audience, he was literally covered with a floral shower that fell from the "flies"—the testimonial of his brother and sister artists. Besides all this, he was the recipient of many valuable presents, which were thrown to him, or handed up to him, in the course of the evening.

Another noticeable musical event of the week has been the fifth grand concert of the Classic Music Society, at Odd Fellow's Hall, on Wednesday evening. The programme of this concert was as follows:

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| I. | Overture to "Zauberflöte" | Mozart. |
| 1. | Symphony in C minor. | Beethoven. |
| II. | Overture "Meerestille" | Mendelssohn. |
| 2. | Andante "La Surprise" | Haydn. |
| 3. | Andante and Variations for 2 Pianos. | C. Schumann. |
| | Performed by M. M. G. Paulsackel and T. Wohlein. | |
| 4. | Overture to "William Tell" | Rossini. |

The three overtures, so diverse in style, in class, in school, and addressing themselves to tastes so variant, were all most admirably performed, and gave the utmost satisfaction. The famous *Andante* from Haydn's "Surprise" is always a favorite, and came near being encored. The piano duo was artistically and scientifically performed, but it "flew over the heads" of the mass of the audience; or, as *Hamlet* said of the play that was "once or twice acted" in Denmark, "It was caviare to the general." The thing of the evening was the undying work of the immortal Beethoven, the ever fresh, the ever welcome Symphony in C minor—one of that great nine, (one for each muse,) the 67th opus—one of the most brilliant illustrations of the best style of the grand old composer's best epoch. The *Allegro* we have heard better performed; we have heard the Classic Music Society perform it more certainly, smoothly and truly. But we think it would tax the powers of any other Society in the country to excel the performance of the *Andante*, and the closing movements—the *Andante* especially.

MUSIC IN WORCESTER MASS.—"Stella," of the *Palladium*, writes:

Of the fast-day concert by the Mozart Society, we may safely assert that it was the best sacred concert ever given in this city. The society was true to its calling; offering a high-toned programme and employing efficient orchestral aid to properly sustain it. Some of the finest portions of Mozart's beautiful "Twelfth Mass" with copious selections from Haydn's "Creation," were given by the chorus, with good solo aid. So seldom do we hear mass-music with orchestral accompaniment, that we doubly appreciated the excellence of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club as we traced the rich harmonies of the orchestra—the background of the fine chorus. The society, under Mr. Hamilton's sure lead, sang with telling effect; promptly, decidedly, and with that careful attention to the meaning and expression of the music, which is so painfully rare even in choral societies of the highest reputation. In the vast audience we were glad to see excursion parties from adjacent towns. The opportunity to hear music of high order is rarely offered out of the large cities. Therefore let us summon our friends and neighbors when the Mozart Society performs music worthy of its name.

Several times during the winter, "a little bird" has "whispered in our ear" of a brood of human songsters, who, in retired nests and nooks were trying their wings for a flight in the realms of song. One evening last week, tempted by the soft spring airs, these singers ventured nearer the neighborhood of man; and, flocking under the shadow of Rev. Dr. Hill's church, poured forth a peal of song which astonished the "world's people," as the Shakers would say. Through the courtesy of a friend we had the pleasure of listening. Seriously, the baton of their leader was skillfully wielded and the performance of his forces did him much credit. Gallantly overlooking little errors and deficiencies, we lent a willing ear, and were surprised at the excellence of much that we heard. We recall particularly, several selections from Romberg's

"Transient and Eternal," a piano solo on opera themes, a trio from *Don Giovanni*, an artistic performance on the flute and piano, an air from *Robert*, sung by a young lady who possesses a contralto voice of much compass and beauty. Wishing a long life to this little club of amateurs, we would have young people more frequently meet for the earnest study of music. Such efforts should be encouraged as highly commendable.

Musical Correspondence.

LAWRENCE, MASS., APRIL 14.—I take pleasure in mentioning a rich musical entertainment to which the people of this city were treated on Monday evening last, arranged by our energetic musical townsman, Mr. N. FITZ. The performers were Mr. and Mrs. FITZ, assisted by Messrs. SCHULTZE and FRIES of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club of your city. The programme contained, with other things, Beethoven's *Sonata Pathétique*, played by Mr. Fitz, and Trio in E flat, played by Messrs. Schultze, Fries and Fitz; also solos each for the violin, violoncello, and piano. Among the vocal gems were the "Gratias" by Gnglielmi, and "Non fu Sogno" by Verdi, sung by Mrs. Fitz. Nothing I can say in praise of the playing of Messrs. Schultze and Fries, will add ought to their well deserved reputation as first class musicians. Mr. Fitz is less known, though highly esteemed here as a true and earnest musician. His playing on this occasion was excellent, and his rendering of the Sonata and Trio showed his appreciation of the intentions of the composer.

Mrs. Fitz was already favorably known in this community as a singer; but her performance on this occasion exceeded the highest expectations of her most sanguine friends, both in respect to her voice, in its quality and power, and her excellent style of singing. In all that constitutes a good singer she will compare favorably with our best native talent, and her present attainments give promise of an eminently successful future.

This concert was a success in another point of view, that of securing a large and remunerative audience, upwards of six hundred tickets having been sold by subscription. This inspires us with the hope that we shall have more of the same sort in the future. As an evidence of the advancement of musical taste and knowledge in this vicinity, may be mentioned the fact that a third more tickets were taken for the subscription course of concerts by the Mendelssohn this winter than ever before in this city.

EXCELSIOR.

NEW YORK, APRIL 18.—Mr. Ullman's opera season, has, so far, been very successful. GAZZANIGA has appeared in *Traviata*, *Troratore* and *Lucrezia*, with FLORENZA and TAMARO, who, especially the latter, were not very satisfactory, and this week, are replaced by MORELLI and STEFANI. Next week one CAROLINE ALAIMO, who has been singing with Martetzek in Cuba, will appear.

I understand that Gazzaniga is going to Europe, where she wants to visit her little son, and to get an engagement in London. If successful in the latter effort, she may in time return to New York flushed with London triumphs. It is barely possible that BRIGNOLI may go out with her. The rumor that Gazzaniga had married one Mr. Albites, a music teacher, who accompanied the troupe to Havana, is without foundation.

The Misses GELLIE, good amateur vocalists, and belonging to the choir of Calvary [Rev. Dr. Hawks] Church will give next week a public concert, at which MILLS, the English pianist, will perform.

For some unexplained reason the *Tambläuser* is withdrawn from the German theatre in the Bowery. Six performances were announced to take place, but only three were given. I was fortunate enough to be present at one of these.

Amid the many contending criticisms of this opera, the general result to those who have not heard it, seems to be that it is a dreary desert of recitative, with a few startling orchestral effects, but with no real melody. This is a great mistake. It is in general style more like Meyerbeer's operas than those of any other composer, and contains quite as much melody as they do. The libretto is fine, and Liszt's excellent criticism of it as well as the music, you have published in Vol. IV. No. 7, and a few consecutive numbers, of DWIGHT'S JOURNAL. To this elaborate and elegant analysis I would refer any reader, desirous of perusing a really good account of the opera.

Had it been brought out at the Academy of Music during a regular opera season, and with necessary concomitants of advertising, and scenic attractions, it would have created a decided sensation. But it was produced at an obscure, small, dirty theatre, with poor solo singers, and notwithstanding the denial of the snappish correspondent, "S. L.," was, to all intents and purposes, "an exclusively German affair." None of the usual complimentary tickets were sent to the newspaper critics. The libretto was German, the singers were German, the choruses were sustained by German singing societies, the orchestra was composed of Germans and the audience were Germans almost to a man. Boys went through the aisles of the house selling lager beer in glass mugs, and negotiating with hungry individuals for the sale of chunks of Swiss cheese. The librettos sold were in German text, without any English translation. If all this does not make "an exclusively German affair," will the fretful "S. L." inform me what does?

It would not have been an exclusively German affair, however, had it been played a few times oftener. The criticisms of the daily papers had their effect, and a number of musical amateurs, native here, (for in this New York appears to be somewhat different from Boston, as all her musicians are not Germans) intended to visit the German opera, when *Tannhäuser* was suddenly withdrawn.

TRIVATOR.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., APRIL 19. — The fifth and last concert of the second season of our Philharmonic Society came off last Saturday night. The audience was large and enthusiastic, not only all the seats being filled, but also the passage ways, so that not less than 1400 people assembled to listen to, and really enjoy the following excellent Programme:

PART I.

Fifth Symphony, in C minor, (op. 67).....Beethoven.
Aria, "Ah Mon Fils;" "Prophete".....Meyerbeer
Madame Gazzaniga.
Nocturne; Solo for French Horn.....Lorenz.
With Orchestral Accompaniment.
Mr. H. Schmitz.

PART II.

Overture; "Les Preludes;" (Poème Symphonique)...Liszt.
Romanza; Addio del passato; Traviata.....Verdi.
Madame Gazzaniga.
Quartet; Four French Horns.....Weber.
Messrs. H. Schmitz, Braunes, Prah, and G. Schmitz.
Overture; "Les deux Journées".....Chernubini.

I have heard this glorious Symphony perhaps a dozen times, but never to better advantage than last Saturday evening. How it grows upon you by repeated hearing! How much easier to reconcile and clearly understand the analysis which was copied from the JOURNAL OF MUSIC, and printed in full on the inside of the programme! Though it may be impossible to interpret and understand this musical poem — this "language of the spheres" precisely as another does, such an analysis as that copied from your "Journal" is almost invaluable especially to the musical amateur and the unlearned in the "divine Art." Both the performers and the listeners were in most excellent condition, and it would be

impossible for a concert to go off more satisfactorily, both financially and musically speaking.

MADAM GAZZANIGA was in excellent voice and sang admirably; both of her songs received a hearty, honest encore. The *Ah, mon fils* and *Addio del passato* are finely adapted to bring out some of Gazzaniga's best points, and no one knows better how to make the most of her best points, than this very clever artist. Certainly, one who is able to successfully compete with rivals so much her superior in many of the essentials which go to make up the first rate artist, must have some powers of no ordinary character.

Gazzaniga will always have the *people* with her, because she appeals to the heart, and not to the head; enlists your feelings and sympathies, and thus disarms criticism.

Both the Horn solo and the Quartet were charmingly played and well received. Mr. H. SCHMITZ is an exceedingly clever artist and always pleases. Though a young man, he is quite an old favorite with us.

The "Poème Symphonique" is more eccentric than beautiful; full of grotesque, and even outlandish ideas. Occasionally you hear a delicious bit of melody accompanied by exquisite harmony; the next instant you look up in astonishment to see if the orchestra are not at loggerheads. Imagine yourself riding through a most beautiful park, with everything that art and nature can do combined to please the eye. Suppose this beautiful prospect be interrupted by some untoward event, and you find yourself all at once floundering in a goose pasture, which happens to be handy, just for the occasion. If the first impressions of most who hear the "Poème Symphonique" for the first time, are not something like the above, they must be among those who are lucky in deciphering musical hieroglyphics.

During the later part of the concert, the President, L. B. Wyman, Esq., announced that Mr. THEO. EISEL was present, which was no sooner said than a hearty burst of applause showed that his Brooklyn friends were as numerous and sincere as ever. In response to so unanimous and flattering a call, Mr. Eisfeld came forward, and in a neat speech returned thanks; which was received with applause more vehement, if possible, than the first. Mr. E. numbers his friends in Brooklyn by scores.

Our "Philharmonic Society" closes its second season free from debt, and something left in the Treasury.

The second installment called for on the subscriptions towards our new Music Hall, is due on the 26th inst., and, like the first, will be promptly paid. The building committee are only waiting for all the plans called for, to be submitted, when the best will be selected and the work immediately commenced. The location is to be in Montague Street between Court and Clinton Streets.

I hope soon to give you some sketches of some of our Brooklyn choirs, for we have some of the best and some of the worst choir singing to be found in this or any other country.

BELLINI.

CINCINNATI, APRIL 18. — The Strakosch troupe has just concluded a season of nearly five weeks in the new opera house — really a handsome structure, which would be commodious in a high degree, but for its steep and uncomfortable stair-ways. Another defect in the arrangements is, that the entrance doors open from the outside, suggesting to nervous people the terrible things that might happen, in case of fire, &c. It is singular that such probabilities so seldom influence the calculations of architects! The interior decorations are very elegant, with the exception of a painted lilac-rose-color drapery, above the green baize curtain, producing a vulgar and inharmonious contrast with the blue hangings of the immediately adjoining private boxes. These defects of finish

would be less striking, were the general appearance of the house less beautiful. The success of Strakosch's company has been good, in a pecuniary point of view; not so good, musically speaking.

Don Giovanni, *Robert le diable*, *Il Barbiere*, *Norma*, *I Puritani*, *La Sonnambula*, *La Favorita*, *Lucrezia*, *Martha*, *Lucia*, *Ernani*, *Trovatore*, and *Traviata*, have been presented. To which add the *Stabat Mater*, (very indifferently sung — from which fact a morning paper concluded that this composition is plainly not up to the merits of such a troupe!!!) — two concerts and two matinées.

As to the company itself, Mme. COLSON created a universally favorable impression here; apart from her charming voice, finished style of singing, and undoubted merit as a correct and thoughtful actress, an indefinable, lady-like grace permeates all she does, and impresses her audience with the conviction that she is not only a fine artist, but something better still. Mlle. PARODI, effective actress though she is, (somewhat coarse and heavy at times, however), is no longer equal in voice to the rôles she undertakes. Mme. de WILHORST, of whom a great deal was said in advance, and of whom much was accordingly expected, appeared towards the end of the season, in three operas, and made what is technically termed a failure. Her sweet, but weak and unsympathetic voice is yet not fully cultivated; while as an actress, the lady savors too much of the dilettante, and appears at times determined, by "nods and becks, and wreathed smiles" (nodded, beckoned, and smiled in the wrong place), to convince her audience that she is only doing it "for the fun of the thing."

BRIGNOLI and SQUIRES, pleasing tenors, each in his way, divided the honors. The company, with enough of the baritone element, was deficient in bass; JUNCA is not able to give the proper effect to the music of Bertram, and some other important bass parts. The chorus, tolerably strong in bass and tenor, was lamentably weak in the feminine department; the orchestra good, so far as it went.

Don Giovanni and *Robert*, as performed by this company, were rather suggestive of those operas, than representations of them; much was cut out, some matters overdone, and more underdone.

BARILI gave a moral tone to the *Don*, that was probably unintentional; his Spaniard had, very plainly, a compact with the infernal regions; for the success of such a voice and personelle was quite unaccountable on natural grounds.

Don Juan, *Norma*, *Robert*, and *Traviata* drew the best houses.

LABORDE, FORMES, POINSOT and PERRING gave three concerts, the week before last, with great artistic, but moderate pecuniary success. Formes never sang better here; it is the privilege of artists who depend more on voice and the inspiration of the moment, than on method, to electrify at times, if, *en revanche*, they sometimes disappoint. Formes' rendition of Schubert's "Wanderer" was beyond all praise, but he was too coarse in *La ci darem*. Laborde charmed in every respect; while the powerful soprano of Mlle. Poinsoit made a remarkable and unexpected impression.

Will you have the goodness to inform your highly respectable and ingenious printer that I am neither qq nor gg, but — Your friend in Apollo and the important number 99.

Ullman's Opera troupe, *minus* Piccolomini, Formes, and others, re-opened the New York Academy last Monday evening, with GAZZANIGA in *La Traviata*. The *Trovatore* followed on Wednesday, with ADELAIDE PHILLIPS as the gypsy. The busy little manager has secured a lease of the Philadelphia Academy, as well as of the Boston Theatre, and means to give bountiful supplies of Italian, German, and French operas in the three cities. He will soon be off to Europe, to engage artists. Let us hope he will be so fortunate as to get one or two real tenors, and that he will keep FORMES.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 23, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—CHORUS: "Bealmed at Sea, and Prosperous Voyage" (*Meeres-stille und Glückliche Fahrt*), by BEETHOVEN, continued.

What the Winter has done for us.

II.

Last week we made a brief review of the winter's yield in two of the great departments of public musical performance, namely, the Orchestral Concerts and the Oratorios. Both kinds have, in times past, been great stimulants and educators of the love and taste for music here in Boston. In the former department the account summed up well; the influence, also, has been good. In the latter we have fallen below the tide-mark of past years. Only one good thing, "Israel in Egypt," (except, of course, the "Messiah" at Christmas), and that only once! But we shall not, nor should the good old Handel and Haydn Society be discouraged. Perhaps the fault lay in a capricious public, too ready, in the bewildering multitude of attractions, to withdraw its presence and its dollars from the support of the best things, which need the most fostering. At any rate, we are convinced it was a mistake to withdraw "Israel"; that it would have paid, had the public only had chances enough to get a quarter part as well acquainted with it as the singers had; and that it actually has made a deep impression enough upon so many and such people, that its success is sure hereafter. The "David" experiment resulted in a manner which should be taken as pure encouragement. It was financially and in itself a failure; but the lovers of true Art, and the believers in artistic progress here in Boston would have had cause to feel indeed discouraged had the old "David" fever succeeded in galvanizing itself into anything like a new run, while the vibrations of Handel's greatest choruses had scarce yet died away. A wholesome lesson, we believe, was learned; and we have faith yet in the old Society. It is not up to its bright dream of a Centennial Handel Festival next month (as in Germany and England), it is too true; but never mind, any year will answer for good works; the present hour ever was, is and will be worthiest of a jubilee.

One glance now at our Opera experience. This should be, and in the opinion of most persons, probably this is, the most potent of the musical stimulants. This complete unity of voices, instruments, dramatic progress, action, scenery—and fashion, should properly far outweigh the influence of Symphony or Oratorio on any public. So exciting as it is, and offering such a field for genius, it should be easy for it to make itself our chief musical educator. A great influence it does have, without doubt. Its glittering attractions sometimes sweep all before them. The excitement of an Italian opera season is too often such, that no quiet form of music can so much as get a hearing. The opera excites; but whether it educates, whether it nurtures a true love for music depends upon the kind of opera we get, and on the way in which we get it. "Trovatopera," (since our nickname for mere Verdi-ism has been echoed so much, we may call it up again) only begets satiety and loathing in those who know the taste and the effects of wholesomer food, and a sentimental, melodramatic preference, instead of any relish of the pure, the noble, the truly imaginative and truly musical in the crowds who mostly countenance its repetition. "Trovatopera" is easily given; it is cheap to managers; and therefore it is just the thing for little flying visits, of a week or two in a place, of those cheap operatic speculations which, for the most part, stand us in stead, in this country, for wholesome, regular, well-organized lyric institutions.

Good as the opera we get is often, still it comes to us in such a questionable shape and way, that one mistrusts its benefits. As an institution we look in vain for it. We have no regular supplies of it; we are allowed no chance to partake of it in the right times and seasons, at the dictate of a natural appetite, at wholesome intervals, to take or leave it as we please. When we get it at all we get too much of it; the season is compressed into a few weeks; the tempting announcements come too often—every night a novelty, a notability which must not be lost—the music-loving public are all in a fever—all the enthusiasm, all the health and strength, all the money are expended—general exhaustion follows when the Symphonies and Oratorios, &c. claim their turn; and thus does the whole business run itself into the ground. We have heard an intelligent amateur and critic, one who himself a few years since swore mainly by Italian Opera, declare it his belief that nothing is so dangerous, so fatal (for a season) to the progress of a sound and real taste for music in a city like our own, as one of these annual invasions of the Opera; and we were glad to hear the silent conviction of our own mind, not by any means of yesterday, so echoed. The belief is getting common.

Well, with this general comment, we recall for an instant what was given us by manager Ullman, in the early part of the winter, with more than common satisfaction, because, while not an exception to the feverish and "fast" way of doing things, and not without its share of humbug and factitious, disappointing glories, it did afford us an unusual feast of good things, new, or nearly new, to us. The *Nozze di Figaro* alone was worth an ordinary winter to Boston—and so capitably done, by such artists! The revivals of *Don Juan* were excellent in the main. Of the *Huguenots* and *Robert* we could at least form some notion; such opportunities were valuable; but about the edification thereof people's minds will differ according to their predilection for the genial and unpretentious, or the stunning Meyerbeerish style of thing. Flotow's *Martha*, too, was a pretty little surprise,—better than most had hoped, and not likely to be thought too much of. We had the immortal "Barber" too; and the usual course of Verdi, Donizetti and Bellini—all with admirable artists; we need not waste words in a re-estimate of Formes, Lagrange, Poinot, Piccolomini, Brignoli. Still there is wanting the great tenor. A smaller troupe, that of Strakosch, gave us a beggarly account of hacknied operas, but introduced to us one prima donna, Mme. COLSON, who is still fresh in the memory as a graceful, charming artist.

The signs of public appreciation when the best and when the worst things were performed, of discrimination between morbid and sound tendencies in Art, seemed on the whole encouraging; and should the plan of embracing the three theatres, or "Academics", of Boston, New York and Philadelphia, in one permanent operatic organization, be carried out liberally and wisely, we may yet come to know the taste of opera as of a fruit pleasant in the mouth and not bitter in the belly.

Musical Chit-Chat.

DEMPSTER, the popular sentimental ballad singer, made Tenynson's "Princess" the subject of a "lyric entertainment" in New York last week. The music may have been good, bad, or indifferent—we like the poem well enough without the Dempster. But there was one thing about that "lyric entertainment" which we cannot let pass without notice. We learn that the bills of the evening contained an extravagant puff of Mr. Dempster's compositions, coolly credited to "DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC of Dec. 11, 1858," in which it is said that "they are addressed to minds of a well-cultivated musical taste, and deserve unlimited recommendation as the most pure and refined fruits of American musical literature."(!)

Judge of our dismay! On turning to our files we find the passage, which of course we never could have written, in an advertisement,—simply a publisher's ingenious announcement of his own wares, which of course he had a right to proclaim in his own way and with any number of big letters and superlatives. The trick of the concert-giver, or his manager, is only one more instance of the dishonesty which taints so strongly the whole system of advertising. It is the vice of the age through which the world is passing, that things are secondary and the art of selling things supreme. But once for all, that there may be no mistake about it, we here repeat what is already stated in our printed "Terms for Advertising," that the "Special Notices," which commonly occupy our last column, are simply business advertisements, for which we are in no way responsible. No one has a right to cite them as our editorial criticisms.

We would remind our concert-goers, all of whom have had much pleasure from the fine tenor voice and really artistic efforts of Mr. C. R. ADAMS, of the concert complimentary to him, which will take place in the Music Hall this evening. We doubt not it will be successful and will aid him materially in the excellent plan he has of seeking further artistic improvement in England, Germany, and Italy. The bill is a good one. ZERRAHN's orchestra will play the overtures to *Martha* and to *Oberon*, and will accompany Mr. LANG in part of a pianoforte concerto by Mozart. The Handel and Haydn Society will sing two grand choruses. Mr. Adams will sing *In terra solo*, a duet from Mozart's *Tito* with Mrs. WENTWORTH, who will also give an English song. Mrs. LONG will sing *Ah! mon fils*; and there will be fine quartets, and a sextet, in which, besides the above named, Miss TWICHELL, and Messrs. WETHERBEE, POWERS, HOWARD, GILBERT and BALL will take part. . . . Mr. S. B. BALL, with his fine quartet choir, will give a concert in the School Street Church next Thursday evening. . . . Mr. JULIUS EICHENBERG, the violinist, one of our very best artists, will receive a benefit, which he richly merits, at the Boston Museum, this evening. . . . Mr. E. BRUCE gave his annual concert last Tuesday evening at the Tremont Temple; the programme was miscellaneous, "gems" from *Martha* occurring the most frequently, the rest being from Verdi, Donizetti, Herold, Boott, &c.

Music Abroad.

London.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The first concert of the eighth season was given on Monday, the 14th, at St. James's Hall. In an address, Dr. Wylde, director and conductor, enters into less particulars than usual about his future intentions. We are informed, indeed, that his exertions will be almost entirely confined to the production of the works of the great masters, the "almost" implying an exception in favor of "one new work of great merit."

We have reason to believe that the one new work will be Mr. Howard Glover's *Canada*, which was promised last season.

The band is complete and admirable, without a weak point in any department; while the choir exhibits a decided improvement. The overture to *Fingal's Cave* was a splendid performance, every feature being made to tell in this wonderfully varied and descriptive orchestral prelude.

In the Choral Symphony the solo singers were Madame Anna Bishop, Miss Stahbach, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Santley. As usual, the soloists found the music too exacting, and, as far as they were concerned, perfection was far from being achieved. In other respects the execution of Beethoven's colossal work was entitled to the highest commendation, and Dr. Wylde more than ever showed his intimate acquaintance with the work, and his thorough appreciation of its beauties. Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, by M. Wieniawski, was another fine performance, notwithstanding the slight liberties taken with the cadence in the first movement. Even the profound impression created by the Ninth Symphony did not prevent the audience from thoroughly enjoying this exquisitely finished and romantic work, which was received with unbounded applause.

Madame Anna Bishop gave the song from *Don Giovanni* in her most brilliant manner. In Guglielmi's song, Mr. Lazarus shared the merit and the applause of the singer. The charming chorus from *Preciosa* was very well given.

At the second concert, Mendelssohn's music to *Edipus* will be performed.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The success achieved by the first concert dedicated to Beethoven was too significant to overlook. A second "Night" with the great composer was accordingly projected, with such additional modifications of the programme as were thought advisable. Miss Arabella Goddard having returned from her provincial *tournee*, her eminent services were secured, and the selection greatly enriched by the *Sonata Pathétique* and the "Kreutzer Sonata." The immense sensation created by Miss Arabella Goddard and M. Wieniawski in the latter work at M. Jullien's concerts was not forgotten, and its attraction was reckoned upon with confidence. Nor was expectation deceived. The success of Monday night's concert surpassed all anticipation. St. James's Hall had never been so full on any previous occasion; every seat in stall, area and galleries was occupied.

Such, indeed, was the effect of the last "Beethoven Night" that the directors were compelled to announce the entire programme for repetition at the following concert.

The programme is worth quoting *in extenso*:—

PART I.—Quartet in C minor, No. 4 (Op. 18), for two violins, tenor, and violoncello; Air, "In questa tomba;" Sonata, in C minor, Op. 13 (*Pathétique*), pianoforte solus; Song from *Fidelio*, "Coi quattria la Contezza;" Song of the Quail; Quartet from *Fidelio*, "Il cor, la mia fé."

PART II.—Quartet in E flat, No 10 (Op. 74), for two violins, tenor, and violoncello; Song, "Know'st thou the land;" Sonata in A (Op. 49), for pianoforte and violin (dedicated to Kreutzer); Air, "Adelaide;" Quartet from the "Praise of Music."

In most respects the programme was incomparable. The two quartets were admirably contrasted; but the introduction of the second was a bold step, for there is scarcely among the later quartets a more abstruse and imaginative composition than the No. 10. Its beauties, nevertheless, were so manifold, and the execution so fine, that the whole work was received with enthusiasm. Both quartets had for executants, M. Wieniawski, Herr Ries, Herr Schreurs, and Signor Piatti. The playing of Piatti in the E flat was nothing short of inimitable. The piece which created the greatest excitement was the *Kreutzer Sonata*, the performance of which by Miss Arabella Goddard and M. Wieniawski was universally pronounced to be one of the most finished and splendid ever heard. The attention bestowed upon this grand achievement was breathless; and the audience were rapt and entranced throughout. Two thousand listened "like one." The *Sonata* (we won't write *sonata*) *Pathétique* was no less a magnificent performance, which, perhaps, for the union of all qualities making up a perfect consummation, was never surpassed, even by Miss Arabella Goddard herself.

The best singing of the evening was certainly by Mrs. Enderssohn's, in "Know'st thou the land," which exhibited excellent taste and feeling. Mr. Wilbye Cooper sang "Adelaide;" Mademoiselle Behrens, "In questa tomba;" Mr. J. G. Patey, the song from *Fidelio*, and Mr. Tennant the "Song of the Quail."

VOCAL ASSOCIATION.—M. Benedict's programme for the third dress concert, held on Wednesday evening last, was open to one exception—its length. The first part (*Acis and Galatea*) occupying two hours; and the second part (Miscellaneous) bringing it to considerably after eleven ere the last piece had been performed.

Having thus briefly dismissed our one objection, we turn to a more pleasing duty, the awarding praise to the general execution of Handel's genial, ever fresh and charming *Acis and Galatea*, which was rendered in a manner highly creditable to all concerned.

In the second part Mendelssohn's "Ave Maria" was encored, and repeated by the unanimous desire of the audience, the solo part being sung by Madame Catherine Hayes. Each hearing of this exquisite piece only makes the lover of music more sincerely regret that we should be obliged to speak of the "unfinished" opera of *Loreley*. Had but this and *Christus* been completed, how vastly would the fame of the composer and delight of connoisseurs have been augmented.—*Musical World*, March 26.

Paris.

The Grand Opera has given us M. Felicien David's new opera, "Herculanum," as splendid and as stupid an affair as was ever gotten up, even here. It has been, however, very effective. It has blasted all M. David's future career as an opera composer, and it has shown everybody that M. Roger's career as a singer is ended. His voice is entirely gone. The

beautiful dancing of Mlle Livry and the splendor of the scenery will keep the opera on the bills for some time; for Mlle Livry certainly dances better than anybody we have had since Mlle Taglioni, and the last scene of the piece, representing the destruction of Herculaneum, certainly repays one for the weariness inflicted by the music and "book." At the Theatre Lyrique, we have had a new instance of the old remark, "going up like a rocket and coming down like its stick." Some years ago, M. Perrin then manager of the Opera Comique, took a great fancy to M. Massé, a young composer, and procured from M. Scribe a "book" for the rising man. The first piece was successful, but ever since then he has been going down and his new opera, "La Fée Carabosse," is as potent a narcotic as opium itself.—*Corr. New Orleans Picayune*, March 17.

Don Giovanni, has at last been produced at the Italiens, with Mario as the hero, but without altering the verdict of the London public. The general impression seems to be that M. Calzado has taken an unwise step in bringing out the opera at all, which pleases nobody. Madame Penco had been announced for Zerlina, but was indisposed and could not appear, and at the last moment Madame Persiani, being applied to, undertook to play the part, to the infinite delight of the ancient admirers of the once great artist, who were wont to fancy her Zerlina incomparable. Madame Frezzolini was Donna Anna—but she was not in good voice, and Signor Galvani—not the barytone—Don Ottavio. Madame Guerrabella looked the part of Elvira admirably, but did not sing the music. Signors Zucchini, Corsi, and Angelini did only tolerable service in Leporello, Masetto, and the Commandant. How strange that the finest of all operas should be treated with the greatest irreverence by the directors of Italian Opera out of Germany! No *impresario* would dare lay sacrilegious hands on Sig. Verdi; and yet Mozart is treated as scurvily as though he were no better than Sig. Verdi's lackey. *Il Don Giovanni*, as at present represented at the Salle Ventadour, will bring little credit to the theatre.

Tamberlik has arrived in Paris, and will appear forthwith at the Italiens, his first part, I hear, being Otello. Donizetti's *I Martiri*, I am informed, will be revived for him. Sig. Bettini is also here, in expectation of an engagement from Mr. E. T. Smith, of Drury Lane, to whom, as to the rising star in the managerial operative horizon, all singers are now directing their gaze.

M. Hector Berlioz has announced a grand concert of sacred music to take place, on Easter Saturday, at the Opéra-Comique. Among other works will be performed M. Berlioz's oratorio, *L'Enfance du Christ*.

ITALY.—The Italian papers are full of the promises of Verdi's new opera, *Un Ballo in Maschera*. The *Musical Gazette* of Milan says:—"The new opera *Un Ballo in Maschera*, is from beginning to end, an inspired, popular, and clear composition. Its absolute novelty of form, the work in it, and the boldness of its instrumentation and dramatic interpretation, never diminish or obscure the melody; there is a great deal in it to admire as far as regards the intelligence, but there is still more to enjoy for the soul and heart."

The *Diorama* (Naples) chimes in as follows:

"Verdi's opera excites universal enthusiasm. On the second night, the *maestro* was called on thirty-two times, the signal for the applause being given by the Governor, who was present. The prelude is in no way inferior to the most classical creations of the German school. The romance of the tenor is beautiful; the *cantabile* of the barytone, full of snavity; the introductory *stretta*, magically powerful; the whole scene of the enchantress, admirably dramatic; the barcarole sung by the tenor, a treasure of melody; the finale, sublime; and the hymn, terminating the first act, grandiose and solemn, &c. &c."

VIENNA.—The Society for Classic Music executed, on the 3rd of March, at the church of the Trinity, a *Requiem*, on the occasion of the death of its ancient chaplain, Ferdinand Schindler, brother of the celebrated composer. For the next Italian Opera season, the following artists have been engaged; six *prima donnas*, Mesdames Lafont (from the Grand Opéra of Paris), Bina Steffanone, Elena Fioretti (from Naples), Charton Demeur, Brambilla-Marulli, and Madlle. Lehmann (daughter of a banker of Stockholm, and pupil of Duprez), from Madrid; four tenors, Signors Bettini, Carrion, Massiami, and Mr. Swift, the Englishman; four barytones, Signors Colletti, Squarcia, Dalle Sedie, and Everardi; four basses, Signors Angelini, Echeverria, Ruitz and Prosperi; and Signor Zucchini as *bouffe*.

Special Notices.

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Mr. Boott, who, during a three years' abode under Italian skies has not grown indifferent to his native tongue nor inappreciative of what there is fine and great in English poetry, sends from Florence this musical version of Scott's song, "Bring the bowl which you boast," &c. Mr. Boott has well depicted in his melody the manly and defying spirit, which breathes in the poem. It is written for the "mouth of the people," and will make its way.

The old red Cent. Words and Music by

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Since the value of old cents has so much risen in the market, this homage to the memory of an old cent by a celebrated poetess and composer will be sure to command attention. It is a very nice little ballad, easy to sing and pleasing to hear.

Oh, Lady, have I sought too boldly. (Ah! forse a te troppo audace. So. from Fry's *Leonora*. 30

Carefully revised for publication by the author. This the second number of the composer's edition of *Leonora* songs, the first being the Moorish Romance, which was added to Mad. D'Agri's part at the last representations of the opera in New York.

Oh, pray you warblers in the air. (O bitt euch, liebe Vögelin. *F. Abt.* 25

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Tell me where do Fairies dwell. Duet. " 25

Fading, still fading. Song. " 25

Kate O Shane. Song. " 25

Well-known songs which appear for the first time with an accompaniment for the Guitar, for whose excellence Mr. Weiland's name is sufficient guaranty.

Instrumental Music.

Alexandrine Polka. *Johann Strauss.* 25

This Polka has become deservedly popular during the past season. The Germans had to play it in four of their afternoon-rehearsals, by urgent request, and at balls innumerable.

Books in Press.

RICHARDSON'S NEW AND IMPROVED METHOD FOR THE PIANO. By Nathan Richardson, author of "The Modern School."

This new method for the Piano will fully meet the expectations of those who look to it for a pleasing combination of the excellencies of the author's former work, "The Modern School," with such improvements as the general experience of teachers and pupils with that Method have from time to time suggested. A number of years have elapsed since the former was placed before the public, during which Mr. Richardson has availed himself of every opportunity to become informed of the wants of the musical public in this particular, and diligently studied the best means of supplying them. The result is the "New and Improved Method" now in press. It is needless to say that thousands of teachers are waiting its appearance with much interest, and that those who have commenced, or are about to commence their studies will welcome it as a superior system for the acquirement of a thorough and classical knowledge of the Art of Pianoforte playing.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music

The Diarist Abroad.

BERLIN, MARCH 28, 1859.

"Oh the pleasure — the pleasure of the plains." So begins that delightful, delicious work of Handel, "Acis and Galatea." I cannot say, that I had much reason to remember this a fortnight since as I sped along over the dreary, sandy waste, of Brandenburg on my way to Hamburg. Flat, flat, flat. But by and by the sand gave way to meadows and half flowed fields as we approached the Elbe. Hour after hour, from 7 1-2 A. M. to nearly 3 P. M., ever the same flat, level plain, with villages but sparsely scattered upon it; large tracts on which nothing but cultivated forests of pines and firs, with spectral white birches, seemed to grow; at last we reached the point where the road descends from this vast plain without a hill, to that on which Hamburg lies, and we had some pretty ravine scenery, and then we ran along this lower plain and saw the windmills pumping the water from the fields into canals of a higher level, and so we came to Hamburg, which is a little higher, and back of which the land rises gently to a fine broad swell, of some miles in extent.

Precious little pleasure on these plains to sing about, say on the 10th or 12th of March, even if the winter has been mild and the spring-time seems to be opening. But I had become weary, and longed for a run-away, somewhere — and went. And there was a delightful feeling of freedom about this leaving of the music and the writing, and the constant devotion to a few topics, week after week the winter long. Hence, although it is not easy to conceive of a duller, less interesting country than stretches away in all directions from Berlin, and especially towards the north — nothing to see, nothing to hang anything imaginative upon — there was a pleasure of these plains. There was rapid motion, of itself an enjoyment, and the strangers in the car with me were pleasant enough, and so about 3 P. M., amid rain and storm, which had disappointed the promise of the morning, I was in Hamburg, and driving to the Alster Hotel. I do not recommend the house — better go to the St. Petersburg, my friend says.

To this friend the next day I went, for he dwells like St. Paul in his own hired house — a jolly young bachelor, with whom, many a time and oft, I heard the music at Liebig's and at other concerts, spoken of in DWIGHT'S JOURNAL, in '54-'5. But he had been ill and we now heard no music. Pity; for the "Magic Flute" and "Figaro" were given at the theatre during my four days' stay. I was told that it was no great loss, the opera not being very flourishing in Hamburg. So I have no musical report.

I was greatly pleased with the place — far more so than my acquaintances by their descriptions had led me to expect. The part of the city laid out and built since the great fire of 1842 is as fine as anything I have seen in my travels.

The finest streets in Boston — I refer now only to streets of dwelling-houses, not to the granite blocks, which are often really grand in their severe simplicity — cannot compare with the poorest of these in architectural effect. That is easily accounted for, however. With us each family wishes to occupy a house alone. The result is the dividing of the land into narrow strips 18 to 30-feet wide, upon which tall thin houses, all on one pattern, are erected, looking like sheets of gingerbread magnified and set up edgewise. The highest architectural effect possible therefore is, either that of a snug, homely, unobtrusive comfort, or that of a certain tawdry splendor of the try-to-be-and-can't order. There is no breadth of effect. There is no room for any. The custom of building huge dwellings for many families, which prevails throughout the continent of Europe, of course allows architectural taste an opportunity for display. House fronts are therefore studied, and streets of coarse brick covered with plaster, inhabited by innumerable families, strike the stranger as containing nothing but palaces. Now I am not contending that this is any better, — that it is a thousandth part so good — as our way of putting up the gingerbread houses afore mentioned. I only say that if they here sacrifice domestic comfort and privacy (which is not proved), they do gain noble architectural effect, while anything meaner or more insignificant than a row of dwelling-houses in one of our streets is not easily imagined. But then it is better to have a warm, carpeted room in an ugly brick magnified hat box set up on end, with holes cut through the side for windows, than to shiver in the most noble room of Palladio's finest palace. That is true. But there are no objections to these large fine houses of Northern Germany on the score of comfort, except that many families are under one roof. A friend told me, once when we were pacing the deck of a steamboat on glorious Lake Huron, that one of the most striking things on his return from Europe was the smallness of the houses. I could not understand it then, I do now. — I was struck with the fine effect of the new part of Hamburg. It wears an aspect of wealth and grandeur. The large fronts are so finely proportioned and so various in style, that my eye did not grow weary with looking at them. If the dwelling houses are so fine, it is clear that the public buildings must also be fine; for the buildings which the public erects are, as a rule, in all cities, finer than those of private possessors. An unfinished brick church, with dressings of hewn stone, is the finest Gothic structure of that material I ever saw. It is rapidly advancing towards completion. The colonnade of the Petersburg Hotel, the Arcade from the Jungfernstieg, the Exchange, delighted me — but this is not what I intended to write about Hamburg.

The small river Alster flows through the heart of the city, in a deep canal, to the Elbe. Back of the town it spreads out into a large "Back Bay"; then a bridge and it spreads again into a

smaller basin. Then under a fine bridge it enters its canal, soon leaving the noble streets of the new town, for the queer, quaint old dwellings and shops, the narrow streets, whose houses bend forward to peep into each other's eyes, and for that inner harbor where such a host of vessels, large and small, lie.

One evening, dark and drizzly, (but there was no wind, so the surface of the water was almost smooth,) I crossed the causeway and bridge, which divide the "Binnen" and the "Grosse" Alster. From the tall shops, houses, and hotels which line the other three sides of the irregular quadrangle of the inner basin, a flood of light was poured, beautifully reflected from the water, and here and there, where streets open down into the city beyond, and bring long lines of lights together, the blaze was truly splendid. I stood there a long time enjoying the scene — it affected me like music. Looking out upon the Grosse Alster, a broad sheet of dark water, with a long scattered line of lights, just enough to mark its limits, produced a very different but not less pleasing effect.

"The young men shall see visions and the old men dream dreams."

I must belong to both classes, for as I stood on the Lombard bridge, looking at this splendid spectacle, the visions and dreams in which I had so often indulged in former years upon Cambridge bridge, came up to memory.

Will you have one of them?

Then I must premise, that among the most beautiful objects, in the domain of the human and artificial, upon which my eye can rest, is a broad street, on one side of which rise large and grandly proportioned buildings, on the other a quay and the water. Indeed among my pleasantest reminiscences are the quays of European cities. At home I know but one worthy of note, but who that has been at Montreal can forget it? As we coasted along the shore of England last summer the noble fronts which the new towns and watering places present to the water left just these agreeable and lasting impressions of beauty.

Standing then on Cambridge bridge I have a hundred times had this vision. In some period of the remote future such a taste for the beautiful has grown up among the far off descendants of the Bostonians of this century, that it has entered into the heads of the high powers to endeavor to turn the remarkable natural advantages of the situation of the city to some use in adorning and beautifying it. They have finished filling the Back Bay and have left the most magnificent avenue in the world from the Public Garden to the hills of Brookline. Corey's hill has been secured for a public park and it is covered with woods and shrubbery, with drive ways and walks in all directions, but leading at last to the fine stone observatory and refreshment room on the top. Nothing, except in mountainous countries, can equal this resort of all who love to look down upon great hives of human industry. Primrose Hill at London, the beautiful "Elbhöhe" at

Hamburg, the insignificant Kreuzberg at Berlin, the hills near Vienna — none that I have seen, not even those at Montreal or Quebec, give one such a view as this — but why speak of it again? In other visions I see the people wending their way on foot beneath the shade trees, or in public and private conveyances along our grand avenue and to the top of beautiful Corey. But this is not what I see from Cambridge bridge.

Along the water line from E. Cambridge bridge to the milldam, the blackened sheds of the coal-dealers, the rears of old and new houses, stables, out-houses — all that offends the eye as one looks towards the city, have disappeared. The city fathers have said: "One approach at all events to Boston shall make an agreeable impression. There shall be one avenue, seen from which, the water line of the city shall be an ornament." And so a broad and elegant quay has been constructed, forming a pleasant drive all along the western side of the city. The grounds about the hospital have been made attractive; that ugly edifice, the medical college, has been to some degree transformed; and all along the line large and elegant buildings have been erected. The progress of population has been such that along this quay the principal hotels are now ranged, and the views out upon the water have given a new value to all the property. But this is but one side.

Across the water the shore of the Cambridge side has undergone the transformation that I see in Hamburg around the outer Alster. A broad street defines the shore from East Cambridge bridge, all round to where the river first spreads out into the Back Bay. The Milldam presents a row of palaces fronting the water; and thus, as I stand upon the bridge, on the one hand I have the Binnen, on the other, the Grosse Alster of Hamburg — equally beautiful, if not even more so. Boston, Brookline, Cambridge have grown to be in fact one large city, and in my vision I see in the centre of this city a basin (made two only by a bridge), the like of which you will elsewhere seek in vain. The broad street along the water is macadamized, and when evening comes, after the heat of the summer's day, a thousand equipages drive around this circuit and enjoy the cool air from the water. At the date of which I am speaking, the bay teems with thousands of boats; for the exhortations of the "Autocrat" have in the lapse of time borne fruit, and sails and oars are propelling multitudes across the still waters, and music sounds, cheerful shouts are heard, and you feel that water was given not only for use, but to make men happy. The curves of the Cambridge shore have been preserved and our thousands of promenaders, in carriages, on horseback, on foot, follow the "line of beauty and of grace" to the bridge leading to Brookline, which they cross, some, to follow the shore of the bay back to the city, others to extend their ride, so as to get the effect of the setting sun upon the city as seen from Corey's, others to strike off into the grand avenue with its bazaars, its noble hotels, its princely private dwellings, its magnificent public buildings.

It is evening. Such an evening as that in January, '58, when we, four or five in number, moved by the delicious softness of the air, chose to walk out to Cambridge and lingered long on the bridge to enjoy that summer scene in mid-winter! The tide is up, but the water is still, so

as to reflect in perfection, and long lines of light streak its surface, from street and house lamp along the entire circuit of the Back Bay. The balconies of the houses are filled with people enjoying the scene, from the water come the sounds of music, for this has become a necessity, and Handel's water music is at home here.

Pshaw! what castles in the air! So they are, but it affords some pleasure to stand on the bridge and think what *might* be. At Hamburg, I for the first time saw my old dreams and visions made real — on a somewhat smaller scale, it is true, and the effect upon my feelings was indescribable. In regard to the Grosse Alster — the real Back Bay — I was told that merchants and capitalists purchased the low lands — corresponding to the Cambridgeport marshes — laid out their broad avenue along the water line, and erected a foot bridge or two to shorten the distance to the city. On these bridges were toll houses. The proceeds of these tolls enabled them to extend their avenue, and replace the bridges with others for carriages. The tolls on these bridges have gradually paid for the completion of their street and are still improving it, at the same time raising a fund for future use in adorning and keeping the way in order. So long only will the tolls be allowed as is necessary for this purpose.

Did you ever hear the story of Prof. Stowe and the French engineer? I do not know it exactly, but 'twas to this effect. They were crossing the Alleghanies in Pennsylvania more than a score of years since. At that time climbing mountains with locomotives was something new. The engineer opened his eyes "very tight," and was soon all excitement — at last he could refrain no longer and said in substance to the professor: "I did argue zat de locomotive can only go on de level ground, and write many article; and now I shame myself to see how many nonsens I did write!"

Now should I send all this long talk to you as anything more than a mere fanciful sketch of what might be, in case our free and enlightened citizens were sunk in the tyranny and degradation of Europe; (See *Locofoco Speeches passim*) and were not too wise long since not to pass over such insignificant matters as pertain to the mere beautifying and adornment of our cities, then I might shame myself for writing so "many nonsens." But I hope I am too good an American not to see how much better everything is at home than it can be here! Here is a case in point at Hamburg — and as that city has no kingly authority over it, of course any stupid measure comes directly from the people. Well, the old walls were in part removed, in part smoothed off, so as to afford several hundred "most eligible building lots." Through the great fire of 1842 the community is burdened with an enormous debt — and yet, such is the want of good American shrewdness — as exemplified in the history of Washington Heights in South Boston and other tracts of land — that all the lots of land have been by the Hamburgers laid out into an open common, and large sums of money have been expended in walks, trees, shrubbery, and so on! What a waste! Why, the lands might have been sold like the precious ointment in the Gospel for a large sum and given to the poor. But now all the good the poor can get from them is the privilege of walking there with their wives and child-

ren — which they do in multitudes; strangers, too, enjoy these promenades, with which Boston has nothing that can for a moment compare, either within her own limits or in the neighborhood. Now how ridiculously wanting in "cuteness and gumption" is such a city! We are wiser. Wherever a very fine ridge rises near a city we run a road along or across it, sell the land in lots, and put up signs: "Whosoever is caught trespassing on these premises will be prosecuted." It is enough that this is the American way; of course it is right. Now to our water front again. See the stupidity of Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort, Cologne even, Antwerp, and the whole list of cities where there is shipping or even an extensive boating business. They spend their money in building a quay of hewn stone, with balustrades, rows of trees, broad walk and wide carriage way. Here and there picturesque cranes and sheds are erected for the convenience of commerce if vessels *must* unload there, but the stores are across the street, as upon our Boston wharves. Along this quay the finest buildings are erected, so that a stranger is invariably struck with the fine appearance of the city as he approaches. How much better we do this! A stranger enters Boston for the first time over Cambridge bridge. Our city has wasted no money on quays, and hewn stone, and rows of trees, God forbid! but the water line is owned in small parts or parcels, be the same more or less, to wit: one where they hammer stone; another where they land coal; another where they pile up wood; another where they deposit rubbish; here are the outbuildings of a livery stable; and here, and there, and there, other structures of divers character, equally fitted to fill the stranger's eye with admiration at the sagacity and wisdom of a people who, settling in a wilderness, have contrived in so short a time to render every inch of space so very valuable and so very ugly.

As one goes out of town, however, over which bridge he will, perhaps his taste, his sense of the beautiful is even more nearly sated than on entering. I will give no description — any one who desires can try it at a small expense. However, our way is right. There is no doubt of that. The Hamburgers are all wrong. No doubt of that. Only such idlers as I am happen to like the latter way better. That's all I have to say about Hamburg, whence I journeyed per railroad to Halle.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

About Music, Singing and Vowel Sounds.

He lived not quite 5000 miles from your city, and yet far away from all and every connection with musical performances. It was night, DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC was lying on the table before him, and glancing from it to an open Diary, he muttered, rose from his chair and walked up and down the room.

"Operas, Concerts, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn — three years passed, and I only know these names by remembrance, and this paper is the only link that binds me to scenes I used to see daily. Here I am teaching and trying to cultivate the taste for music — and how few want to learn to enjoy master-spirits."

He sat down again and turning the leaves of his Diary, began to read:

September, 1856. — Gave the *Invitation a la Valse* to a pupil; she told me there was no music in it, never heard such poor melody. O, Weber, dost

thou not turn in thy grave? No music, no melody? This beginning is enchanting. What do they like? Look here! Here is one of their music books: Elephant Polka, Bear Schottisch, Poker Dance, &c., a whole menagerie of Dances and Songs of all colors: Old Dan Tucker, Uncle Ned—aba, this is music, this is melody! But I shall have this trash thrown away, they must learn different music. Hard work, but never be impatient."

October. — The Brass Band of the place turned out to-day! O ye Gods and little fishes! Saxhorns squealing, Cornets whining, Bugles groaning, every instrument except the large Drum out of tune, and all out of time. What are they playing? I have heard the melody once sung by haymakers in Germany; yes, it is the same vulgar melody: *Mein Mann ist gefahren ins Heu, hurrei*, (My man went out haying, hurrah!) I ask the leader; No, it is "I hang my harp." Tolerable imitation of the original, and now I remember, there is a twin brother to it; I recollect one of the pupils sang it the other day, a song, 'Good bye,' composed by, I forgot the name. O Apollo!

December. — Had all my pupils assembled to-day for the first time to sing *en masse*. Wanted them to sing on the vowel *a*, like *ah*. Never had heard of such a thing before; told me they used to sing *Do, Re, Mi*. Never mind your *Do Re Mi*; sing you must as I tell you, and you will get used to it shortly.

March, 1857. — A new pupil to-day. Told me she was a good singer, having had lessons from an Italian. I was glad to hear it. What did you sing last? Eckert's Swiss Song. Let me hear it! Two bars. Stop! Why? Sing the scale of *c*. Aha! voice cracked, a head sound. Let us sing descending; — there it is, a full Contra Alt voice, giving *f* as full as possible and *e* still quite sonorous. And this voice was spoiled by an ignoramus by making it squeal up to *C*. I told her she had a full Contra Alt voice, and what did she answer? I do not want to sing Alto, it is so ugly; my teacher always told me the higher any one could sing, the finer the voice was.

May, 1858. — To-day I made the acquaintance of one of the so-called Singing School Masters. I had been wishing for it for a long time. He addressed me as follows: "I am desired by the citizens of a neighboring town to open a singing class, but being not quite acquainted with teaching, I took the liberty to call on you for some information;" and taking a book from under his arm, continued: "You see, Sir, I bought a book and am studying very hard; but now I am puzzled, what is the meaning of Transposition?" Another question, he added, opening a Hymn Book and pointing to the Thorough Bass notations, "How am I to sing these numbers?" Are such the teachers here? Teachers indeed! Poor pupils!

June. — Had a concert in school to-day. Wonder how people liked it? Overture to "Caliph," 4 hands; Concert Variat. *Guill. Tell*, by Herz; Hymn to Madonna from *Zampa*, chorus; *Invitation a la Valse*, Weber; "Mermaid song," by Haydn; "Wedding March," by Mendelssohn; Grand Variat: *Zampa*, by Herz; "I would that my love," Duet, Mendelssohn; *Nocturne*, Droyschok; *Alfin Brillar*, by Ricci; Concert Polka No. 3, Wallace; Overture *Freysschutz*, 8 hands.

November. — My famous friend, the singing master called again. Told me he had been getting on splendidly, and had beaten a rival (of course of the same kind) quite hollow. Here is his speech: "After all the pupils had assembled, I went up to the blackboard and said: Ladies and Gentlemen, I shall prove to you in one moment, that Mr. Y. does not know anything about music. Now Mr. Y. (writing *g* on the staff) where do you put the Octave below! Right! And now, not knowing what to do, I asked him: Tell me, Sir, why are the half steps of the scale after the 3d and 7th? "Because

Nature put them there." "No Sir!" "Well, then, I give it up." "The moment he said so, I turned to the assembly, speaking: You see, ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Y. does not even know such a simple thing; and yet he pretends to teach!"

If such a thing had happened in Lapland or Labrador I would not have wondered, but so! I was perfectly astounded; however, the best comes yet. My friend, the Singing Teacher, came to inquire why these half steps did not occur in any other place of the scale.

December. — Another visit of another Singing School teacher! What did he want? To know what was called a Tonic, and how he could tell in what scale a piece of music was written, and if it was right that the last note in a piece of music was its key note. I recited old Doni's remark about the last question, and told him to learn music first before he began to teach it.

March, 1859. — This "A. W. T." in the Journal is my man. There is at last one, that touches the same subject I have been endeavoring to prove as right to my pupils these years, and with good effect. Exercises on vowel sounds, that is the thing; no *Do Re Mi* nonsense, and so called Italian School teaching. The vowels are the same all the world over, and America must be able to produce just as good and as many good singers, as Europe has done. The voices are here fine enough, and there is talent enough besides, — but as long as these *Do Re Mi* teachers are permitted to spoil voices, when they are in mutation, as I have seen it many and many a time, there is very little chance of gaining singers of any celebrity.

April. — "C." in the Journal is evidently an Italian, and one that is possessed of not a small portion or prejudice of nationality. How pompous he talks about Italian *o's* and *e's* and sonorous open Italian! Does he want Americans or English to sing with an Italian pronunciation? Why don't he teach them to speak with a Chinese accent? How he does talk about better singing of Germans, French and English, when taught by an Italian! I wonder whether or no this "C." ever travelled through Germany, France and England? If he has, he did not enter deeply into the sounds of vowels, when sung in the different languages, and speaks without conviction; if he has not, he ought to go and gain experience enough to enable him to judge properly. A teacher ought to teach rationally, and suit his knowledge and experience to the country he is teaching in; as the pronunciation of words acquires a different treatment in every language; but to deny the vowels to be the same in all languages, when used for vocalizing, is mere talk, and nothing but talk. A competent teacher, whether in Petersburg, Berlin, Rome, Paris, New York or Boston, will exercise his pupil in delivering his voice on the vowel sounds in the same manner, — and a teacher that does not do it is not competent and not able to maintain what he professes: that is to teach. The point of teaching is to teach well, and neither nationality nor old and venerable customs have anything to do with it. E.

The Dettingen Te Deum.

At the second of the three grand musical performances which are to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of the death of Handel we are to have the "Dettingen Te Deum" and a miscellaneous selection. That Mr. Bowley will take care the selection is effective, well varied, and not too lengthy, may be pretty safely conjectured. But this is not precisely what we have to speak about. We wish to remind amateurs who read the *Musical World* that the "Dettingen Te Deum" is one of Handel's capital productions, and for many reasons admirably calculated to be impressive and striking on such an occasion.

Waiving for an instant the question of its absolute merit as a composition, the Dettingen "Te Deum" possesses an interest purely historical for every Englishman who is at the same time in his heart a patriot. Need we remind our readers that it was composed by

Handel, at the command of King George II., to celebrate one of the most important victories of which the annals of this country's warfare make mention. Just now, too, when our lively neighbors on the other side of the Channel—urged on by "the Elect of eight millions of Frenchmen"—have given signs of a fidgety policy, which might possibly put Austria into an awkward position, the remembrance of a contest in which the allied armies of Austria and Great Britain, commanded by the king of Great Britain (the last English monarch who ever led English troops to battle) vanquished their enemies, can hardly fail to excite a certain degree of sympathy. Such was the victory of Dettingen, which saved the confederate armies (Austrian and British) from destruction. This great event it was Handel's task to commemorate in immortal strains.

The Dettingen "Te Deum" and Anthem were first performed, before the King and Court, in the Royal Chapel, of St. James's, Nov. 27, 1743 (the year of the victory). The effect they produced is registered in the chronicles of the period, and the fact that Handel's music at the present time is more generally known than the incidents of the occasion that led to its composition, says no little for the genius of the musician. Few now would care to read all the details of the campaign that ended in the victory of Dettingen. Few now care to know even that George II., a King of England, second of the Hanoverian line, was a warrior, like his father, and like William the Third, his father's predecessor. But every one who loves music cares for the "Te Deum" which Handel wrote to celebrate George II.'s most memorable feat of arms. This is the prerogative of genius—creative genius. The very name of Dettingen is only likely to be preserved through the instrumentality of Handel's undying masterpiece.

For other reasons, however, simply connected with musical effect, the Dettingen "Te Deum" is well chosen on the part of the managers of the Handel Festival. Its martial tone is admirably calculated to impress a vast multitude. Then not only is the instrumentation strident and imposing—so as to stir the heart like a trumpet, but the choral portions are solemn and magnificent, proving incontestably, if proof were wanting, the truth of the verdict delivered by a journalist of the day—that the genius of Handel was "inexhaustible." Those who remember the effect of the choral performances, at the preliminary Commemoration of 1857, can hardly have forgotten the immense sensation produced by the martial pieces, the grand solo displays of Judas Maccabæus (Mr. Sims Reeves), and the choruses that embody the same patriotic ardor. Well, the general tone of the Dettingen "Te Deum" in strict conformity with its theme, is pitched in the same key; and, if we are allowed boldly to avow an opinion that possibly may not have been hitherto universally accepted, and may therefore sound a little heterodox, the "Te Deum," in this particular instance, is equal if not superior to the oratorio.

We have heard, on safe authority, that Mr. Costa, the energetic and indomitable conductor, whose services on such a special and trying occasion cannot possibly be over-estimated, feels confident that the Dettingen "Te Deum" will produce an effect second to none other that is anticipated from the extraordinary and unprecedented combination of vocal and instrumental talent which is to assemble at the Crystal Palace on the 22nd day of June in honor of the great musician who has been aptly designated "THE GIANT OF THE CHOIR."—*London Mus. World*.

The Normal Diapason.

Report of the French Commission.

(Concluded from page 26.)

The Commission has, therefore, the honor to propose that your Excellency should institute a uniform diapason for all the musical establishments of France, and decide that the tuning-fork giving the A should be fixed at 870 vibrations a second.

With regard to the measures to be taken for the adoption and preservation of the new diapason, the Commission is of opinion, Monsieur le Ministre, that it would be advisable:

1. That a model tuning-fork, giving 870 vibrations a second, at a temperature of 15 degrees, centigrade, should be constructed under the direction of competent persons, named by your Excellency.
 2. That your Excellency should fix, for Paris and the departments, an epoch after which the new diapason should become obligatory.
 3. That the state of the tuning-forks and instruments in all theatres, schools, and other musical establishments, should be submitted to the inspection of proper officers (*à des vérifications administratives*).
- We trust, Monsieur le Ministre, that, for the sake of unity of the diapason, and to render these meas-

ures as comprehensive as possible, you will kindly exert yourself with his Excellency the Minister of War, to procure the adoption of the diapason, thus amended, into the regiments of the army, and with his Excellency the Minister of Commerce, in order that, for the future, musical instruments made in conformity with this diapason may alone be admitted to contend for the prizes offered at the Industrial Expositions. We solicit, also, your Excellency's intervention so that this diapason may be the only one authorized and employed in all the Communal Schools of France where music is taught.

Lastly the Commission requests, Monsieur le Ministre, your kind intervention with his Excellency the Minister of Public Instruction and Worship, in order that, for the future, the organs he may order to be built or repaired may be tuned according to the new diapason.

Such, Monsieur le Ministre, are the measures which strike the Commission as necessary, in order to secure and consolidate the success of the change that the adoption of a uniform diapason would introduce in our musical habits (*mœurs musicales*). Order and regularity would be established where chance, caprice, and carelessness now sometimes reign; the study of singing would be pursued under more favorable circumstances; and the human voice, having its ambition less excited, would be subjected to less rough trials. The instrument trade, by aiding in these measures might, perhaps, be enabled to improve still more its products, already in such request. It is not unworthy the government of a great nation to busy itself with questions of this kind, which may appear futile, but which possess a real importance of their own. Art is not indifferent to the care taken of it. It requires to be loved, in order to fructify and spread, and elevate the hearts and minds of men. Every one knows with what love, with what ardent and rigorous uneasiness the Greeks, who were animated by so lively and profound a sentiment of art, watched over the preservation of the laws regulating their music. By directing your attention to the dangers to which an excessive love of sonority may expose musical art, and by endeavoring to establish a rule, a measure, a principle, your Excellency has afforded a fresh proof of the enlightened interest you take in the fine arts generally. The friends of music thank you, Monsieur le Ministre, those who have devoted to it their whole life as well as those who dedicate to it their leisure moments; those who speak the harmonious language of tune, as well as those who merely understand its beauties.

We have the honor respectfully to remain,
Monsieur le Ministre,

Your Excellency's very humble and very devoted
Servants,

J. Pelliteier, President; F. Halévy, Reporter;
Auber, Berlioz, Desprez, Camille Doucet,
Lissajous, General Mellinet, Meyerbeer,
Ed. Monnais, Rossini, Ambroise Thomas.

TABLES ANNEXED TO THE REPORT.

TABLE A.

Table of the diapasons used in the principal towns of France, and in various countries of Europe, according to the types received by the Ministry of State.

Origin.	Variation from the Diapason of the Opera at Paris.		
	Number of vibrations per second.	Measured in vibrations.	Measured in vibrations of mean tone.
FRANCE.			
Lille.....	894	+8.0	+0.077
Paris.....	896		
Marseilles.....	884	-2.0	-0.019
Bordeaux.....	886	-10.0	-0.096
Toulouse (Theatre).....	885	-11.0	-0.106
Toulouse (Conservatory).....	874	-22.0	-0.210

FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

Brussels (Band of Guides).....	911	+15.0	+0.134
London (No. 3.).....	910.3	+14.4	+0.138
" (No. 2.).....	905	+9.0	+0.087
Berlin.....	903.5	+7.5	+0.072
St. Petersburg.....	903	+7.0	+0.067
Praque.....	899.5	+3.5	+0.034
Leipzig.....	897.5	+1.5	+0.014
Munich.....	896.2	+0.2	+0.002
The Hague.....	892.3	-3.7	-0.035
Pesth.....	892	-4.0	-0.038
Turin.....			
Wurtemberg.....	889.5	-6.5	-0.062
Weimar.....			
Braunswick.....	887	-9.0	-0.086
Gotha.....	886.5	-9.4	-0.091
Stuttgart.....	886	-10.0	-0.096
Dresden.....	882	-14.0	-0.134
Carlsruhe.....	870	-26.0	-0.220
London (No. 1.).....	868	-28.0	-0.269

TABLE B.

Showing the progressive elevation of the diapason in different countries.

Names of the Observers.	A. D.	Number of vibrations.	Variation from the actual diapason of each country in fractions of the mean tone.
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PARIS (GRAND OPERA).

Sauveur.....	1899	808	-0.845
".....	1700	808	-0.845
".....	1704	810.6	-0.820
".....	1713	811.7	-0.809
Dronet.....	1810	846	-0.480
Fischer.....	1823	862.7	-1.320
Dronet.....	1830	871.5	-0.235
Delazenne.....	1836 to 1839	882	-0.134
Lissajous.....	1858	896	

BERLIN.

Marpurg.....	1752	843.75	-0.574
Wieprecht.....	1806 to 1814	861	-0.408
Fischer.....	1823	874.64	-0.277
Wieprecht.....	1830	880	-0.225
Schriber.....	1834	883.25	-0.194
Wieprecht.....	1858	903.5	

SAINT PETERSBURG.

Sarti.....	1796	872	-0.298
Lissajous.....	1858	903	

TURIN.

Delezenne.....	1845	880	-0.091
Lissajous.....	1858	889.5	

MILAN.

Delezenne.....	1845	893.14	-0.072
Lissajous.....	1856	900.6	

The Minister of State has resolved as follows:—

Considering the order, bearing date the 17th July, 1858, and appointing a commission charged to investigate the means of establishing in France a uniform musical diapason, of fixing on a sonorous standard which might serve as an invariable type, and of indicating the measures to be taken for securing its adoption and preservation.

Considering the report drawn up by the Commission, and dated the 1st February, 1859:

It is decreed that:

Art. 1.—A uniform diapason is fixed for all the musical establishments in France, Imperial and other theatres of Paris and the departments, conservatories, branch schools, and public concerts authorized by the State.

Art. 2.—This diapason, giving the A adopted for tuning instruments, is fixed at eight hundred and seventy vibrations a second. It will be known by the name of the *Normal Diapason*.

Art. 3.—The standard prototype of the Normal Diapason will be preserved at the Imperial Conservatory of Music and Elocution.

Art. 4.—All music establishments authorized by the State will have to be provided with a tuning-fork, verified and stamped in conformity with the standard prototype.

Art. 5.—The Normal Diapason will come into force, in Paris, on the 1st of July next; and, on the 1st of December following, in the departments.

After the above dates only instruments verified and stamped in conformity with the Normal Diapason will be admitted in the musical establishments above mentioned.

Art. 6.—The state of the tuning-forks and instruments will be regularly submitted to the examination of the proper officers (*à des vérifications administratives*).

Art. 7.—The present decree will be lodged with the Secretary-General, to be notified to all whom it may concern.

ACHILLE FOULD.

Paris, the 16th February, 1859.

Foreign Correspondence.

BERLIN, APRIL 1. — Halle is a queer, little old nest, with its 38,000 people, lying so huddled together in a sort of depression in the vast plain, with its points of compass all mixed up — as badly as ever its theology was; and this reminds me of what Prof. Thorbecke said to me. He did me and my friend from New Haven the honor to invite us to walk with him. He talked about many very interesting subjects, particularly about changes in the religious prospects of Germany at different periods. Suddenly stopping in the road he turned to me and looking full into my face with his mild, kindly eyes: "Do you know," said he, "that in 1568 only one-tenth of Germany was Catholic, and that now more than half is?" — "No, indeed, I had no idea of such a fact!" — "Well, it is so," said he. "But what a change here in Halle," said he, another time during our walk,

"when I came here a young man of twenty-five, there were a thousand theological students, only four of whom professed to believe in Christianity!"

He spoke of Prof. Stowe's visit to Halle, and of his great disappointment upon returning from a journey to find that Mrs. S. had been there and he had missed seeing her. He mentioned many interesting facts in relation to missionary operations in Africa; but they seem as little suited to the columns of a *Journal of Music*, as the above.

Halle is a queer, little, old nest, with its 38,000 people crowded into a space enclosed by a brick wall with gates, which you can "surround" in about half an hour, if a moderate walker. I made out so much in regard to it, that the railroads are on higher land than the town; from the stations down to the Saale is a gentle declivity, the river lying deep enough to enable the town quite to hide itself, except its church and other towers, with which, I suppose it keeps a good look out.

Not more than a mile from the town is a fine lot of precipices on the river, with an old castle, and a watering place, and a fine private garden not far off. I could not imagine why the town was not built here, until I heard something about some salt springs, which doubtless explains it. Between Giebichenstein, the old castle, and Wittkind, the watering place, is a large dwelling on the edge of the plain, with its garden running down in the rear toward the river. This house is the place whither the two Americans were taken, to their great delight, to see the place where Goethe and Shakespeare met! Interesting fact to them. To me the village of Giebichenstein was a place of interest, and for this reason; on the 23d of April, 1683, the pastor of the church there made a certain entry of a marriage in his church books. The pastor's name was Georg Taust. The entry was this:

Der Edele, wolEhrenveste, grosachtbare und Kunstberühmte Hr. GEORG HENDEL, Churfürstl. Brandenburg. Wolbestalter Kammerdiener mit Jungfer Dorothea, meiner Tochter, den 23 Aprilis zu Giebichenstein."

Which, being interpreted, is this:

"The noble, well-steadfastly-honorable, greatly-to-be-respected and celebrated-for-his-Art, Mr. GEORG HENDEL, Electoral Brandenburg well-salaried chamberlain, with the virgin Dorothea, my daughter, on the 23d April, at Giebichenstein."

This Herr Georg Hendel was 62 years old, and was a widower, having buried his first wife Oct. 9, 1682, she being then in her 72d year. Six months and two weeks afterwards he married Dolly Taust, (April 23, 1683). 1684 there was a still-born boy. Feb. 23, 1685 another boy was born — and this was GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL, whose compositions of vocal music touch my feelings and awaken all the nobler emotions more than those of any other composer who ever lived, whose music I have heard.

But let me go back a little.

It was a day's journey from Hamburg to Halle. Starting at 7½ A. M. I took a very good beefsteak at noon at Wittenberge on the Elbe — not Wittemberg of Luther memory — at 3½ was in Magdeburg of Trenck memory, and at 7½ in Halle of Handel memory. It always pleased me to read how when Paul Fleming reached Heidelberg and drove up the long Hauptstrasse to the neighborhood of the Castle and the Carls-Thor "one warm heart was waiting to receive him." I thought of this as I left the station and descended into Halle, and knew that I should find two warm hearts in Mr. C.'s lodgings waiting for me — hearts twain, but one — it proved so. It was with Mr. C. that I walked out to Giebichenstein, stopping to watch the skylarks as they fluttered up perpendicularly into the air, "gurgling" all the time, and at last suddenly dropping to the ground as if shot — as the nighthawks do at home. At the village we stopped at the little inn for a cup of coffee.

How it came about I do not remember at this moment, but it was in some way through our speech, that the landlady asked whence we came.

"This gentleman," said I of my friend, "is an American."

"So-o-o! and you?"

"Oh, I am an American too."

"From what part of America, if I may ask?"

"From Boston."

"Boston, my man has brothers there, I will call him."

Soon "my man" came in, and then there was great joy at seeing a "Herr" from Boston, who, though he did not happen to know the brothers, did know Zerrahn and divers members of the orchestra in which the brothers play, for they are musicians, "and it goes good with them," our landlord assured me.

So you see we have two or three musicians from the home of Handel's mother in Boston. Sunday (March 20th) I went to the Moritz church, but there was such a reverberation that I could not understand the preacher, and after half an hour vainly attempting to do so, I marched off and took a look into the queer old market church with its Cranach pictures. Not being much edified there, I slipped off again and looked into a church in Leipziger street, just as the last choral was ending. The organist played the people out with a pretty and fanciful bit of melody and harmony, and as he came down and passed out, we took a good look at each other as strangers do, who see something familiar in each other's faces. As in the case of the Irishman and his supposed acquaintance, the organist and myself proved to be "nather of us"—so he entered a neighboring house and I went up street.

Tuesday afternoon I went to see ROBERT FRANZ. Bach fugues, I'll warrant. This was while I was waiting for the servant to appear. On entering, Franz and a young man, sure enough, were at work on Bach, just for pleasure. Franz was the organist of Sunday. He is a much younger man than I expected. Middle size, no beard, long hair, high forehead, pleasant face, neither thin nor round, very intellectual.

Franz is a thorough Bachist, notwithstanding the modern character of his beautiful songs, and in spite of the temptation to be a Handelian, living as he does in Handel's birthplace. For my part I cannot put Bach so much above his great contemporary, and we had an amicable discussion of their merits, which led to the playing and singing of passages from Bach. Not that he denies Handel's greatness—by no means.

It would have done you good to hear him speak of OTTO DRESEL as he did, especially of him as a player of Beethoven's sonatas. He seems to consider Dresel as in the front rank in this respect.

Mrs. Franz spoke most affectionately of a dear friend in New York, though family cares and the thousand and one causes which prevent correspondence across the wide ocean had prevented her from writing. I know this will meet the eye of that friend—and nobody else need read it!

After chatting an hour it was time to go to the "Sing Akademie"—the Handel and Haydn Society of Halle—of which Franz is director. He invited me to go with him. It was a rehearsal of Handel's "Jephtha."

Here I found another of those musical associations of which I wrote some time since, resting upon the only true basis, that of a desire on the part of the singers to study the best music. They cheerfully—men and women—pay their annual assessments, employ a good musician for conductor, and trouble themselves as little about the public in their selection of music as at home they do about the selection of books for private perusal. I hope to live to see that time when the Choral Societies of Boston will sing what they choose, letting others bray as they will.

The Halle Sing Akademie is made up of the most refined and cultivated people in the town. Several of the leading female singers are daughters of professors in the University, and do not consider it as descending to join with other people in the study of good music. Many of the tenors and basses are from the ranks of the students—their number was small to-day as the vacation had begun. This Society does not give up Bach, or Handel's "Israel in Egypt" because it does not draw—the object of the association is music—not money—as it was originally with our Handel and Haydn.

The Halle Society was rehearsing Handel's "Jephtha," and it went greatly to my satisfaction, and greatly to the credit of Franz, the conductor. It is to form part of the music at the great Handel festival in June or July—to which time it has been postponed, owing to delay in finishing the statue through the illness of the artist.

The impression made upon me by Franz was a very agreeable one. A slight impediment in his speech is noticeable, but not at all disagreeable. It is very easy to conceive of him as author of those delicate musical fancies which bear his name, and which are becoming so widely known in our country.

Another musician whom I met—the name has escaped me—is organist at the Dom church, where the young law-student Handel played a single year more than a century and a half ago. He is highly spoken of. Dresel knows him. From what I heard of him I take him to be just that sort of solid, true organ style player of which we have so few examples at home. Perhaps if there is any good organ, where such an organist is desired, he might be obtained. Who knows?

"Feels like one who treads alone," &c.—how often this came up to mind both during the few days in Halle and those in Leipzig. In fact I am to the Americans here "a venerable man, who has come down from former generations." A generation of Americans here we reckon as comprising two years, which is good measure. Individuals live to the "threescore years and ten" of three and four seasons, but, as thirty years make a human generation, so do two make an American one abroad. Now, I first entered Halle, with a chemical friend, on foot from Eisenleben in 1850, more than 120 years ago, reckoning by generations! for four have come and gone in that time—so "the busy generations pass."

J.—old friend, does it seem so long to you?

A. W. T.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

Once on a time, in days gone by, some years after Rossini had given up composition, it was rumored that he had written an opera on the subject of *Joan of Arc*. The rumor was not altogether without foundation. Rossini had composed a cantata, or lyric scene di bravura, entitled *Giovanna d'Arco*, for Mlle. Olympe, at that time his pupil, and now his *cara sposa*. The London Philharmonic Society had offered Mlle. Olympe an engagement to sing at one of their concerts; and it was for this purpose Rossini composed the scene. M. Troupenas, the publisher, offered 15,000 francs for the copyright, which sum, however exorbitant, was refused by Mlle. Olympe, to whom the composer had presented the cantata as a gift, and she was unwilling to part with it at any price. The composition, nevertheless, although withheld from the world at large, was not destined to be lost entirely. The crowds which congregated at the Saturday's receptions in Rossini's house necessitated their discontinuance, and the maestro now issues cards of invitation when he is desirous of bringing his friends around him. Had Rossini's rooms been as large as the Salle Herz, and all his admirers been permitted to attend his weekly reunions, they would have been filled. Now that he is compelled to make a choice, the company is more select, and the evenings more enjoyable. Among the guests invited at the last reception were MM. Auber, Carafa, the Prefect of the Seine, and Baron Rothschild. The invi-

tations specified that an unpublished cantata, called *Giovanna d'Arco*, composed by Rossini, would be sung by Mad. Alboni. It may confidently be supposed that no one invited was absent. The rooms were crowded, but not inconveniently, as on former occasions. Besides the cantata, the programme included performances by Signors Belart, Badiali, and Madame Alboni, as vocalists, and MM. Stanzieri, Schimon, Accursi, and Madame Tardieu, as instrumentalists. The scene, *Giovanna d'Arco*, comprises an introduction and several movements, andantes, and allegros, preceded by recitatives, composed in Rossini's largest and grandest dramatic style. To no other singer living but Alboni would Rossini have entrusted his grand scene, and no other living singer could have done it equal justice. Those who remember Alboni's breadth of style and largeness in the slow movement to the rondo finale in *La Cenerentola*, and in the great air, "In si barbara," in *Semiramide*, may have some idea how she sang the new scene. The recitatives exhibited her fine declamatory powers, the slow movements her unequalled phrasing and exquisite beauty of voice, and the allegros her marvellous and unerring execution. The company were enraptured both with composition and artist, and Auber and M. Carafa were among the most energetic of the applauders. The performance commenced with Rossini's new pianoforte piece, "Prélude de l'Avenir," confided to the dexterous fingers of Madame Tardieu; while M. Stanzieri executed the new "Tarentella" for the pianoforte, which, in the opinion of M. J. L. Hengel, of *Le Ménestrel*, surpasses all tarentelles, past, present, and to come.

Phillippe Musard, the originator of the Promenade Concerts, and the popularizer of the Bal Masqué, died recently at his residence, at Autenil, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. Musard entertained extraordinary notions of the dignity of dance music. In his opinion a quadrille possessed all the importance of a symphony; and a waltz or polka had as significant a meaning as a grand chorus or concerted piece. Not that he underrated symphonies and choral compositions, but that he elevated musical contributions to Terpsichore—provided they were worthy of their kind—to the highest point of excellence. It was, therefore, with no idea of disrespect, or intention to disparage, or from the want of feeling their beauties, but in the deepest earnestness and reverence, as really conferring a grace in the employment, that he founded a waltz on one of the airs in the *Requiem* of Mozart, a *Pastorale* figure for a quadrille on a motive from Haydn's *Creation*, and a *Trenise* on the "Benediction of the Poignards" in the *Huguenots*. Phillippe Musard, although a mere writer of ballet music was a true artist. He loved his profession with ardor, more especially the immediate branch to which he had devoted his energies and time. He was an enthusiast at heart. He was the idol of a clique, who estimated dance music as the highest exemplification of the art. At the Grand Opéra, in the season of the masked balls, he was the great personage of Paris. The Emperor paled before him. He was the generalissimo of the grand army of instrumentalists and took the capital by storm when he lifted his *bâton*. Not without some reason was he denominated Napoleon Musard. Peace to his manes! He was a kind-hearted and honorable man, and died universally regretted. I understand he died immensely rich. He was hurried at Autenil on the 31st ultimo, and his remains were followed by a large number of friends, artists, and old companions.

Tamberlik, *en attendant* the preparations for Rossini's *Otello*, has made his *réentrée*, at the Italiens, in the *Trovatore*. The *ut dieze* of the great tenor is said to be transformed into *ut double dieze* by the recent change in the diapason.—*Corr. Lond. Mus. World*, April 9.

VIENNA.—At the third concert of the Society of Vienna, M. Hector Berlioz's *Fuite en Egypte* was received with immense acclamations. Ferdinand Hiller's oratorio, *Saul*, was executed on the 21st ult., by the Academy of Singing. The Gesang-Verein gave its first concert in the Salle des Redoutes. M. Servais, the violoncellist, had arrived, and Mad. Lefont, the new *prima donna* for the Italian Opera, was expected to make her *début* on the first instant.

London.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The last Saturday Concert proved by far the most attractive of the series. Many, no doubt, were enticed to Sydenham by the programme, which embraced the whole of the music to Beethoven's *Fidelio*. Here was a chance for those who never go to hear an opera in a theatre, and yet who prefer operatic to all other music. Madame Rudersdorff, by education, no less than ability, is well suited to interpret the heroic music allotted to Leonora. Madame Weiss's pure soprano voice was

heard to great advantage in Marcellina's part. Mr. Weiss as Rocco and Mr. Thomas as Pizarro, were both powerful and effective, and Mr. Wilbye Cooper gave the tender strains of Florestan in his best manner. The band was admirable, and the music went from beginning to end without a hitch. But the choral force was not strong enough for the chorus of prisoners and the grand finale to the second act.—*Apr. 2.*

The programme of the last Saturday Concert was of the miscellaneous kind, but was of a very attractive character. The principal performances comprised an early Symphony of Mozart (in D—a pearl of beauty), Handel's overture to the *Occasional Oratorio*, and Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in C major (No. 1), by Miss Arabella Goddard.

The concert terminated with Hector Berlioz's arrangement of Leopold de Meyer's "Marche Marocaine," played with great spirit by the band. Although the weather was miserably cold and wet, the rain coming down in torrents, there was a fair average attendance.

To-day, Mendelssohn's music to *Antigone* will be performed. Mr. Nichol and Miss Herand have been engaged to deliver the dialogue and introductory verses.—*April 9.*

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The season opened on Saturday with the *Trovatore*, the cast comprising two new-comers in Leonora and the Conte di Luna, and a substitute for Mario and Tamberlik in the part of Manrico. Madlle. Lotti has for some years enjoyed a high reputation in Italy and St. Petersburg as a singer in the operas of the modern Italian composers. The slow movement of Leonora's opening air on Saturday evening was so well sung as to create a decidedly favorable impression, which was hardly confirmed by the lady's execution of the *allegro*. Madlle. Lotti has a beautiful voice, a good deal of natural energy, and does not want for power. On the other hand, she is not yet a finished vocalist, and occasionally, for that reason, disappoints expectation. Sig. Debassini, who appeared, in the absence of Sig. Graziani, as the Count di Luna, is not new to London. He appeared some years ago, at Her Majesty's Theatre, in the range of Tamburini's characters, from which we may argue that the high boisterous music of Verdi's Count is not exactly in his line. Sig. Debassini is a good artist and a good singer, but his voice is a little deteriorated in quality. The Azucena of the evening was Mad. Nantier-Didiée, whose many good qualifications for this character are familiar to our readers. Signor Neri-Balardi exhibited discretion in not attempting to make too much of the part of Manrico. The band and chorus are as fine as ever. Mr. Costa was enthusiastically received. The *Trovatore* was repeated on Tuesday, and the impression produced by Madlle. Lotti was even more favorable than on the first night. On Thursday *La Sonnambula* introduced a new Amina in the person of Madlle. Calderon, who was extremely nervous, and therefore incompetent to fulfil the task she had undertaken. Of this young lady, of whose antecedents we know nothing, we shall pronounce no opinion until we have heard her a second time. Gardoni sang as charmingly as ever in Elvino, and Signor Debassini both sang and acted like a genuine artist in the favorite part of Count Rudolpho. The ballet divertissement, *Les Abeilles*, which was given so frequently last year, supported in the principal parts by Mesdmes. Delachaux and Esper, and M. Desplaces, concluded the entertainment. To-night, *La Sonnambula* will be repeated.

One of the principal attractions of the approaching season will be Verdi's *I l'epres Siciliennes*, the first time of production in this country. The chief characters will be sustained by Madlle. Titens, Signors Mongini and Graziani.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—If any proofs were wanting that a love for good music is an inherent quality in the popular mind, the result of the "Bach and Handel Night," on Monday last would have abundantly provided them. St. James's Hall was crowded everywhere, the shilling galleries being no less thronged than the more aristocratic places, and a more earnest and attentive audience never assembled within four walls. And what was the entertainment provided? Let the programme tell:

PART I.—Grand Prelude and Fugue, in E flat major, organ; Air (from *The Passions*), "Give, O give me back my Lord;" Prelude, Sarabande and Gavotte, violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment; "Recitative and Air," "Although mine eyes"; Fuga Scherzando ("Bachiana" No. 1), and Grand Fugue in A minor, pianoforte; Recitative and Air, "Thou blessed Savior;" Grand Fugue in G minor, organ—BACH.

PART II.—Concerto in B flat, organ; Air (*Admetus*), "Cangio d'aspetto"; Air, "Revenge, Timotheus cries"; Suite de Pièces, in E major, concluding with the "Harmonious Blacksmith," pianoforte; Recitative and Air, "Love in her eyes"; Duet,

"Tanti strali"; Prelude and Fugue in F minor, organ—Handel.

What a serious face it wears, and how ill-adapted it seems to please the multitude! Nevertheless, it *did* please the multitude, and so much so, that there were several encores and three repetitions. Nor did the performance, in any one instance, induce a sense of weariness or annoyance. An audience of connoisseurs could not have exhibited greater attention, or a better appreciation.

Mr. W. T. Best opened splendidly in the Grand Prelude and Fugue of old John Sebastian, and at once riveted the attention of his hearers. We may state here that Mr. Best played magnificently, and created so profound a sensation, that we have no doubt he will be heard again at the Monday Popular Concerts. The Grand Pedal Fugue in G minor, one of the most masterly ever composed, was encored. Mr. Best, however, merely bowed, and would not accept the compliment, wherein he displayed equal discretion and good taste. Miss Arabella Goddard, too, was loudly encored in the Grand Fugue in A minor which followed the popular *fuga scherzando*, "Bachiana," No. 1 (a truly wonderful performance); but, like Mr. Best, she contented herself with acknowledgments. It were to be wished that all our artists would follow such an excellent example. Sig. Piatti obtained an unanimous encore in the Gavotte for the violoncello, and did not take pattern by the pianist and the organist, both of whom had as powerful entreaties to repeat their performances as the unrivalled violoncellist. Of the three vocal pieces in the part devoted to Bach, the best in every respect was the recitative and air by Miss Dolby. This was fine legitimate vocalization.

In the Handelian part, Mr. W. T. Best again led the way majestically with the Organ Concerto (No. 3), *not* the Prelude and Fugue in F minor, as stated in the programme, and was again received with applause from all parts of the Hall.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.—The sixth concert was given on Monday evening, at the Hanover-square Rooms. The programme was as follows:

PART I.—Symphony in A minor; Mendelssohn; Song, "Beating heart," Mr. W. T. Wrighton; Beethoven; Aria, "Dove sono," Miss Eleanora Wilkinson; Mozart; Lied, "Der Erl König," Mr. E. Gordon Cleather; Schubert; Selections, with solos for oboe and cornet à-pistons (*Traviata*), Mr. A. A. Pollock and Mr. H. E. Tatham; Verdi.

PART II. Concerto in F minor, for the pianoforte, Madame Roche Chopin; Song, "Upon the wings of song, love," Miss Eleanora Wilkinson. Mendelssohn; Ballad, "Her bright smile haunts me still," Mr. W. T. Wrighton. Wrighton; Overture (*Der Freyschutz*), Weber. Conductor; Mr. Henry Leslie.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 30, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Conclusion of Chorus: "Becalmed at Sea, and Prosperous Voyage" (*Meeres-stille und Glückliche Fahrt*), by BEETHOVEN.

2. *Sanctus*: "Holy Jehovah of hosts," by PALESTRINA; as found in Mr. Webb's excellent collection, "Cantica Ecclesiastica."

Concerts.

The Complimentary Concert to Mr. C. R. ADAMS took place in the Music Hall last Saturday evening. The hall looked two-thirds full. The selections, for an occasion of the kind, were good; nearly all the pieces were well rendered, and there was general enjoyment with occasional enthusiasm. Mr. Adams's array of volunteering artists was somewhat reduced from the first announcement; the four-pianists feature of the programme had been reconsidered, only Mr. LANG appearing, and Mr. PARKER as accompanist in Handel and Haydn choruses; Mrs. HARWOOD too, was wanting, and Mrs. WENTWORTH was excused by sickness. Yet there was talent and attraction enough for any concert; such as is very seldom brought together in a testimonial of this kind. And the compliment was hearty, as it was deserved.

A small orchestra—about the same with that of the Afternoon Concerts—conducted by ZERRAHN, performed the overtures to "Martha" and to "Oberon," and with great nicety of execution and expression. A portion of the same accompanied Mr. LANG the facile, brilliant young pianist, in his very smooth

and graceful execution of the last (Presto) movement of Mozart's Concerto in E flat. He was most vehemently applauded, and gave Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" in response.

Mr. ADAMS himself was in excellent voice, and sang with that sweetness which is his peculiar quality, yet also with a good degree of strength, and with truly artistic style, of phrasing, light and shade, &c., and expression, the cavatina, *In terra solo*, from Donizetti's *Don Sebastian*, so that it was a good thing to hear, even with the memory of Mirate's singing still fresh.

Mrs. J. H. LONG delivered *Ah! mon fils* with much dramatic effect. Miss TWICHELL, buxom and blooming, a picture of health and cheerfulness, sang, with rich, warm, musical contralto, one of those stately, broad, voluptuous Rossini melodies, highly ornamented in the *Semiramide* style, but from one of his now less familiar operas. We regretted the necessity of omitting the duet from Mozart's *Tito*, which was to have been sung by Mrs. WENTWORTH and Mr. ADAMS; its place was poorly supplied to the cultivated taste, but much to the delight of the clappers of hands, by the humdrum baritone air from the "Traviata": *Di Provenza*, which was sung in a rich voice, but timidly and without style, by Mr. G. F. HALL.

There were several good concerted pieces, nicely sung. Costa's Quartet: "*Ecco quel fiero istante*," a passionate and graceful composition, was beautifully done by Mrs. LONG, Miss TWICHELL, Mr. ADAMS and Mr. WETHERBEE. The famous *Lucia* Sextet: *Chi mi frena*, in which Messrs. GILBERT, POWERS and HALL participated, had all the effect that could have been reasonably anticipated, without stage, orchestra and the greatest voices. But the gem of the evening, in perfection of rendering, was a simple thing, a bit of clear, smooth, singable harmony, the four-part song for tenors and basses, a favorite among college students, the ode of Horace: *Integer, vitæ, by Flemming*, (drolly set down in the bills as "Ode to Horace!") It was twice sung to a charm, by Messrs. ADAMS, HOWARD, GILBERT and THOMAS BALL. The vocal pieces were accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. HOWARD.

Each part of the concert was concluded by a grand chorus, sung by the Handel and Haydn Society; the first, by Haydn's "The heavens are telling," the second by the great Rain Chorus: "Thanks be to God," from "Elijah." They were finely sung, but the last needed the support of a larger orchestra, nor did the addition of a Grand Piano contribute just the right kind of sonority. We trust the concert will prove as useful to the beneficiary as it was agreeable to the listeners.

The last of the Afternoon Concerts of the ORCHESTRAL UNION (why the last, when the whole field is clear and the breath of Spring entices to the Music Hall?) was marked by a richer programme than usual, as well as by a larger and more gay and fluttering assemblage, Beethoven's C minor Symphony was finely played, for so small an orchestra. So too were the Overture to "Tell," and Berlioz's brilliant orchestration of the "Invitation to the Waltz." They played also a set of Strauss waltzes of peculiar piquancy and beauty, which we do not remember to have heard before. Mr. SUCK played with great skill a long and difficult Fantasia of his own construction on a Russian air, with orchestra, and approved himself, not for the first time, an artist.

What the Winter has done for us.

III.

Turning from the larger fields of Symphony, Oratorio, and Opera, we glance for a moment at one which occupies far less space in the public eye, and to which few, comparatively, seek admission, but which all lovers of the pure ideal music cherish as a charmed, sequestered nook, where the choice wild flowers grow, and Muses haunt refreshing springs. Of classical Chamber Music, quartets, quintets, &c., of stringed instruments, we have enjoyed hardly our average allowance. All our opportunities of this

kind have centred solely in the MENDELSSOHN QUINETTE CLUB, whose tenth season has certainly been far better than its first six or seven, but not better or materially different from that of the last year. In the matter of performance, the Club was certainly never better, their new leader making up in purity of tone and style what he somewhat lacks sometimes in the fire and energy required for Beethoven and Schubert. But the programmes have added very little that was valuable to our old stock. We have had the usual favorites among the Quartets of Beethoven, still stopping short with the Rasonmowsky set; his two Quintets; and his two finest Piano Trios, those in B flat and in D; but not yet any of the later works, which many long for and are prepared to hear. Mozart's Quartets and Quintets left scarcely anything new for us; of course it was refreshing to hear several of the old favorites. There have been several pleasant dips into genial old "father Haydn," once or twice bringing up a good thing hitherto untasted here. Of Mendelssohn, the B flat Quintet, and some of the best Quartets, were of course demanded, and will always be worth hearing. Weber's Quintet with clarinet has charmed as usual, as every thing, almost, of Weber's does. The only novelties of much real interest have been a couple of Quartets by Schubert; every opportunity to improve acquaintance with a musician of such genius must be valued. Stars of lesser magnitude were allowed to shine once or twice; we had a Quintet by Ries, and another by Gade, both new to the audience.

Not only have the Quintet Club added little to their repertoire; their performances (in Boston) have been strictly limited to their eight concerts. And the worst is, we fear, they have not had encouragement to do more. But none the less for that have they been industriously disseminating, in parlors and in halls, in all the towns about us germs of a love and taste for this refined order of music, and we doubt not they have been the best rewarded, — at all events have done the most good and prepared the best future for their operations, wherever they have had most faith in their audiences, and dared to play their best things. It is only by *hearing* such that publics ever can learn to like them.

We have sadly missed such opportunities as we have had in some past years of hearing classical piano-forte music. OTTO DRESEL has confined his exquisite poetic renderings of Bach and Beethoven and Mendelssohn and Chopin to private matinées; nor have we had anything for bringing out the best and little-known works of men like Schumann, Schubert and others, by any means so enterprising as the Piano Concerts in New York. But these blank pages in our record are but accidental. They neither disprove the taste and appetite of music-lovers nor the ability of artists, who reside among us. Taste and knowledge have still steadily increased among us, and another year will doubtless give us all that will be wholesome for us. One serious obstacle to Chamber Concerts has been felt in our want, since we have been deprived of the beautiful Chickering saloon, by the conversion of the Masonic Temple into an United States court house, of a really good hall for such things. That want is soon to be supplied, and doubly.

Perhaps we shall do well next to inquire what the winter has *not* done for us.

Musical Chit-Chat.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY are busily rehearsing Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise", which is to form the principal feature in their Benefit Concert, to take place probably on Saturday evening, May 7. . . Mrs. J. H. LONG, and Mr. C. R. ADAMS, have gone to Chicago, being engaged by a musical society there to sing the leading solos in the "Messiah."

We are to have Italian Opera again, it seems, (Ullman's pronunciamiento is out), for a short season, at the Boston Theatre, commencing May 16. What they will give us, we know not; in New York it has been nearly *toujours Verdi*; but as more singers are announced for Boston; as the company will include "all the distinguished lyric talent now in the country;" as there will be three prime donne, to-wit: GAZZANI-

GA, LABORDE, and the new one, ALAIMO, (and we hope ADELAIDE PHILLIPS); as there will be furthermore the great "immense sensation" tenor, Sig. STEFANI; above all, as there will be FORMES, we trust we shall also have some pieces of a higher interest. . . . The following, which appears among the advertisements in the New York papers, is certainly delightful:

A CARD.—Mlle. PICCOLOMINI to the Public. Before saying adieu to the public which has treated me with proverbial generosity, I beg permission to express, in the best way offered me, the promptings of my heart.

I came to this country, so grand, so free and so charming in its youth and freshness, with high hopes, which have been more than realized. An artist who is satisfied, is a miracle. I am a miracle then.

But, perhaps, the public, or a portion of it, has been disappointed. That is not my fault. Perhaps the announcements on one side were too rose-colored, while the denunciations on the other were too severe. I never pretended to divine genius. I am simply an artist, who does the best she can in her humble way, and is proud to stoop for the smallest flower that may be thrown at her feet. There may be others who have the divine spark. Perhaps many others approximate it nearer than I.

I love my art, and devote my whole soul to it. I only ask the public to be fair; you have been more. You have been generous, and whatever excess I may have hereafter, the reminiscences of my American tour will be among the sweetest of my little souvenirs. I would rather stay here than go to Europe. But one—even a spoiled girl, and a prima-donna as well—cannot always have her own way; so I must go on the 1st of June. And, therefore, I have written this in advance of my farewell performances, to thank the public of the whole country (and of New York especially), for the favor that has been lavished upon me. More than all this. I shall endeavor in the roles which I am to undertake for the first time here, to show that this previous favor has not been thrown away, but has encouraged me to new exertions.

And so I salute you all. I would be charmed to do it personally, but the country is so large, and the population so immense, that I really fear the time would not be sufficient.

The public's devoted, MARIA PICCOLOMINI.

It is good news when we hear that LISZT, the genial, appreciative critic, has written a new book about music, however heavy one may find his own laborious compositions, *Poèmes Symphoniques*, &c. We read that:

A volume by Dr. Liszt, on "The Bohemians and their music," is announced in France. M. Liszt is, or has been, with all his eccentricities, a wonderful pianist. He is a composer of some consideration also, and has a profound knowledge of and feeling for music. He is a keen observer, and paints scenery with precision and effect. He has already published some essays and a volume of poetry, and some of his letters to the "*Gazette Musicale*" are full of interest. He is peasant born, and first saw the light at Radling, in Hungary. Probably the most agreeable permanent result of his rich and varied gifts will be this volume upon the melodious, song-loving Bohemians.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer*, in the course of a long description of a rehearsal of *Robert le Diable* at Pike's Opera House, after alluding to Brignoli's singing in the graveyard scene, indulges in the following rhapsodical rose-color nonsense. We wonder if the "best of women" sat for this portrait:

"At this time PARODI, though not cast for the opera, sits absorbed, with the score before her, rarely lifting her eyes from the page, the exemplification of the student and the artist. How perfectly good-looking she is, with her jetty hair and blue eye, firm, pleasant lip and pale, very slightly haggard, cheek! If she be not one of the best of women, the science of Lavater goes for naught. That air of complete repose and gentleness reveals the living form within and the purpose of an earnest and excellent soul. As true genius ever is, she is without the least assumption, the smallest affectation. On her broad brow high inspiration sits, and her greatness sanctifies the admiration she invokes.

Only once during the long rehearsal did she pass from her rapt mood, when one of the chorus borrowed the score for a few minutes. She seemed, for a brief period, like a child that has lost its playthings, like a mathematician without his problem, an astronomer without his stars. She then turned to the piquante Patti and smiled and talked, but her eye ever wandered in the direction her precious volume had gone. She grew impatient soon, and sent for it, and when it was returned, a bright smile accompanied her "*Grazia!*" and the woman was lost in the artist once again."

Tenors, in the French Opera, when they can't sing, cry, it seems M. Guillardet, in one of his letters from Paris to the *Courrier des Etats Unis*, writes:

"An exciting scene happened on Monday last, (March 28th), at the opera. They were giving the sixth performance of Felicien David's fine work, so long delayed by artists' indispositions, that it was called no longer "*Herculanum*," but "*Reculanum*." The tenor Roger scarcely recovered from an obstinate cold was hissed. Not used to such harsh treatment, the great artist was thrown into despair; he could not restrain his tears; he tore the diadem from his brow, threw it on the stage, and rushed off, begging the director to accept his resignation immediately. Then the audience called him back with so much energy that he had to return to the stage. When they saw him so distressed and with his face so changed, the crowd shouted and all hands applauded. Roger bowed to them, weeping hot tears at the same time. They cried: "If you cannot sing, speak, only speak!" Madame Borghi-Mamo, who was moved also to tears, took his hands to give him courage. Finally, there never was an artist who received more signal marks of sympathy. Roger was touched to the bottom of his heart, and gratitude gave him a strong will, which triumphed over nature. His voice returned, and he was able to sing, if not better, at least with more expression than ever. That evening, which had begun with him by a humiliation, ended by a triumph."

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, APRIL 26.—The various attempts that have been made in this city to introduce Sunday Concerts, have proved so unsuccessful, that one wonders at any party's renewing them. Of the Americans, who have not been brought up to the thing, as you Bostonians have, there are very few whom principle, education, or regard for the opinion of friends or relatives do not deter from frequenting these entertainments. Hence the audiences consist mostly of foreigners, and these do not turn out in sufficient numbers to secure a satisfactory remuneration. The lower classes, true, are more largely represented; the "Sacred Trumpet Concerts," the "Sacred Concerts with Dramatic Performances and dancing," &c., &c., where the admission is *ten cents*, besides the price of as many glasses of lager-beer as it is possible to consume; these are all crowded to overflowing, by a quiet, respectably-behaved though homely audience, who seek these same relaxations for their week of toil and labor. But when the price rises to 50 cents or \$1, when a higher order of music is on the programme, it is plainly seen how small in proportion is the number of cultivated or comfortably situated foreigners, or rather Germans, here. In spite of "Trovator's" apparent contempt of this nation, they are the ones to whom we owe the progress which Music has made in this country during the last twenty years. That some of the most attractive concerts of the season, such as BERGMANN'S, have been on Sunday evenings, is a source of great regret to many; and among these I include myself, who, though for my own part convinced that the hearing of beautiful music can only have an elevating and improving effect, being to me more edifying than many a sermon I have heard, am obliged, from personal considerations, to forego much pleasure of the kind. Thus I missed a very fine "Sacred" concert of the German "Liederkranz" last Sunday evening, which, if you will admit hearsay evidence, is universally acknowledged to have been as good in point of performance as of programme, which latter I inclose. Why it is called "Sacred," is difficult to imagine; it merely makes the thing ridiculous to have a fantasia from *Lucia*, for instance, announced as "sacred music."

1. Overture, "Leonora," in C, Opus 138; Orchestra; Beethoven. 2. Recitativo and Aria, from "The Creation"; Mr. Jos. Weinlich; Haydn. 3. "Chor der Geister über den Wassern"; Eight part male chorus with instrumental accompaniment; Fr. Schubert. 4. Fantasia on "Lucia di Lammermoor"; Mr. S. B. Mills; Prudent. 5. March from "Der Tannhauser"; Full Chorus and Orchestra; Wagner. 6. "Die letzte Walpurgisnacht"; Ballad for Soli, full Chorus and Orchestra; Mendelssohn.

To-day, MASON and THOMAS gave their last matinee to a very respectable audience. A trio of Schumann's was exceedingly difficult to understand, and seemed to me much less attractive than his Piano Quartet, for instance, and many others of his composition. Mr. Thomas played as well as he always does, an uninteresting "Romance" of Berlioz, and Mr. Mason gave us a *Ballade* of his own and an *Etude* of Rubinstein, both of which we have heard from him before.

The crown of the whole, however, and what contained ten times more beauty than all the other pieces put together, was an Octet of Franz Schubert, for String Quartet, Double Bass, Horn, Clarinet and Bassoon. It was splendidly played, and enchanted the whole audience with its originality and beauty. It is a posthumous work which was published and first played in Germany only a few years ago. I cannot, on this first hearing, attempt an analysis of this composition, but hope to become better acquainted with it before long.

Our concert season is fast drawing to a close—next Saturday is the last Philharmonic, with a very promising programme, and there is hardly any prospect of any more music besides opera this spring. M^{lle}. ALAIMO has made a hit at the Academy. To-morrow morning she appears to the matinee-goers in "an act of a favorite Opera," in connection with GAZZANIGA in *Favorita*. Saturday there is another Matinee, with the everlasting *Trovatore*. Piccolomini is announced shortly to commence a season of twelve nights. She is out to-day in a card expressing most naively her gratitude to the American public. I would send it to you, did I not suppose that you would yourself copy it from our papers.

To-morrow evening *Tannhäuser* is to be repeated for the last time. It was so suddenly withdrawn some weeks ago because the management of the "Stadt Theater" discovered that they had lost considerably by it, the only night which was really remunerative being that of BERGMANN's benefit. Now, I believe Bergmann's singing-society, the Arion, have taken the house for this one night, and the performance is to be for the benefit of Mr. PICKNESER. I was prevented from attending any of the previous performances, but hope to be able to send you an account of this last one. —t—.

HARTFORD, CONN., APRIL 25. — What has become of all the Concert givers—pianists, "American Nightingales," "Bassi Profundi," &c., who were wont to favor us with their smiles and performances,—always telling us of their approach by flaming hand-bills and "swelling" agents, and making our hearts glad in anticipation of some rich treat? Now what a nice idea it would be for your ever delightful "Mendelssohn Quintette Club" to drop in upon us, and give us one or two of their famous concerts. Nothing but the "Quintet,"—for if they want fine vocalists with whom to intersperse their programme, we have them already here. Come on, gentlemen, and give us a heart full of those splendid old compositions, and you shall be rewarded. Hartford has taken quite a step forward in musical culture within the last two years, and is now much better prepared to listen to anything of a high order than formerly.

As I have told you before, a society has been formed here within the last year,—the "Beethoven," which has now proved itself an established institution, and which has, the last week, given its third concert, in order to establish a fund,—which any society must possess, or they will sooner or later fall through. At this concert, the "Passion" of Haydn was performed. I know that they would have pleased the large audience far more had they made a different selection, for the composition was never intended for the concert room, any more than a regular mass,—and the "Passion" is certainly more in form of a Mass than an Oratorio, which latter name is attached to it. People wondered why the music was not more expressive of the words; which is readily explained, from the fact that the words were adapted to the music, and not *vice versa*. Haydn wrote the music originally as an instrumental composition, and afterwards made the adaptation above spoken of, through a commission from a priest of a Catholic church in Spain, I believe, where it was afterwards only per-

formed on the night preceding "Good Friday," with darkened church, whose walls were hung with solemn drapery,—and there is where the music in this form first gained its celebrity. But I must say, that of all the most sleepy, monotonous pieces I ever listened to, this takes the lead for a concert. There is nothing to relieve the dreadful sameness from beginning to end, but a short tenor solo, "Jesus cried," and a pretty movement, with soprano obligato, towards the close, which was a perfect God-send to the listeners. This I also know, that these were many mouths stretched wide with gaping, mine among the number, which may have arisen from a thirsty desire to "drink in all of the music," but I doubt it. Certainly, it was not so in my case.

As far as the performance of the society was concerned, I do not recollect anything in particular to censure, and I am only surprised that they went through so uninteresting a composition as well as they did, and with so few blunders. I don't believe that the dear old man Haydn ever visited a real earthquake, else he would have produced a different illustration than that of the final number. It is a great failure in its design.

Mrs. STRICKLAND pleased much in her solo,— "Jerusalem, thou that killest," although the orchestra seemed determined to *kill* her voice by its overbearing accompaniment. A trio from Mendelssohn's "Athalie," was quite well sung by Mrs. STRICKLAND, Mrs. RISLEY, and Miss BARKER. Then came that difficult and delicious solo, "*Gratias agimus tibi*," by Guglielmi, with clarinet obligato, performed by Mrs. CLARE HOYT PRESTON and Mr. ATKINS, of Colt's celebrated band. It was splendidly rendered by both artists. Who could have sung it in a more bewitching manner than did Mrs. Preston? Even in the "Center Church," the audience could not refrain from applauding in their delight. Mendelssohn's "Hear my Prayer" was again finely brought out, both in solo and chorus, and the concert ended with Romberg's milk-and-watery ode, "The Transient and the Eternal." H.

NEWPORT, R. I., APRIL 10. — Some days ago our community were entertained with an admirable concert, from the Philharmonic Society of this city; and, as you *journal* such affairs for the musical public, some account of it may prove interesting to your readers.

The Philharmonic Society was organized in 1854, and incorporated in 1859. During that time the society has given ten public performances, including six oratorios and cantatas, among which have been Root's "Daniel," Neukomm's "David," the "Nightingale's Nest," by Reichard, and the "Haymakers."

The concert a few evenings ago consisted of miscellaneous selections. Among them, "Hallelujah to the Father," from Beethoven, was given with very brilliant effect; "God will guard His faithful band," from Rossini, was sung with great beauty of expression; "Fixed on His everlasting seat," from Handel, was admirably rendered; while "Like a fairy creature," from Rossini, and "The fox jumped over the parson's gate," from Bishop, may serve as specimens of the lighter pieces.

The concert, in every way, was a complete success. Acquidneck Hall was crowded; the music was of a very high order; and every one was pleased. The concert was gotten up by the citizens, as a testimonial to the society; and shows that our people will aid generously in efforts to increase knowledge, and cultivate taste. Indeed, the Philharmonic Society, guided by its very talented and accomplished leader, Mr. THOS. W. WOOD, has already done an excellent work towards educating our people in music; for, not only by means of classes at their hall, but also by concerts like the last, their influence is exerted towards a high standard of musical taste.

AMATEUR.

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The well remembered Terzetto in the first act, in which Lady Harriet, Nancy and Sir Tristan, take part. It is a sparkling and pleasing concerted piece, available for concert purposes.

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The first Cavatina of Paolina, the leading part in the Opera, a very brilliant and ornamental piece of Vocal Music.

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A new edition of this famous Quadrille, to which an international Congress of Dancing-masters at Vienna fixed the Figures. The authenticity of this copy is unquestionable; it corresponds with the orchestral copies which the best bands in the country make use of.

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The first number of a selection of the latest and choicest Dance-music, partly composed and partly arranged by this excellent and fashionable leader. Frequenters of Newport will recognize in this Galop, a favorite of the last season.

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Very easy little Rondos for beginners.

Villette Polka. E. C. Bigelow. 25

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Easy and pleasing Dance Music for the parlor.

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No work in our language can prove a more efficient aid to the teacher of music in his labors than this; and especially to those foreign teachers who find difficulty in explaining, in our language, much that is theoretical. Its questions and answers are exceedingly comprehensive, and contain all that is necessary for the production of a pianist of the highest order. The experience of the author during many years as a teacher, has tested the value and practicability of the system illustrated in this work; and we doubt not that it will be an invaluable aid to all teachers of music, who become acquainted with it.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 370.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1859.

VOL. XV. No. 6.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Diarist Abroad.

BERLIN, APRIL 9, 1859. — Now that the series is over it pains me to think that I have heard but one of the noble Sinfonie series of the royal orchestra; but I could not venture into that steaming narrow gallery of the small hall of the opera house. Each city believes that its own orchestra is the greatest in the world. So say the Londoners of the Philharmonic, the Parisians of the Conservatoire, the Viennese of their great concert orchestra. But the testimony of unprejudiced Americans, who have heard them all, seems to concur in this: that for symphony the Berlin orchestra, under TAUBERT, stands at the head. Be this as it may — it is a real misfortune to be forced to lose its performances. The one work given this winter by it, which was the greatest loss, was the Concert, in E flat, for Pianoforte and Orchestra, by Beethoven, the solo played by Kapellmeister Taubert.

I doubt if there lives a man who surpasses him in the execution of music of this kind. I heard him a few years since in a Concerto of Mozart, and it left nothing to be desired. The impression was similar which his performance the other evening left upon all whom I have heard speak of it. Taubert has been unlucky in his operas and symphonies, but he has given the public much sweet music of a less ambitious character, and it is a festival when he plays. I have had occasion to go to his house once or twice, and have found him a gentleman in the best sense of the term. A fatality seems to prevent my hearing his "Macbeth."

Radecke, too, has finished his series of concerts. I doubt if you had a finer feast at the close of Zerrahn's series than we had at the close of Radecke's. Here is a list of the performances:

1. Overture op. 124, ("Weille des Hanse"), Beethoven.
2. Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra, by Robert Schumann. Solo by Clara Schumann.
3. The songstress engaged for the evening being taken ill, CLARA SCHUMANN also gave two pieces, exquisitely played, upon the pianoforte: the first by Schumann, the second, the 1st and 2d Gavottes of Bach's 6th English Suite, played as one. 'Twas superb.
4. Ninth Symphony by Beethoven.

I should like to know how the Boston chorus made out with those long sustained high notes. Ours carried them through, smooth as you could wish, without wavering or hesitation. The Soprano soloist being ill, a Fräulein BUSSLER, pupil of the Zimmermann, took it, rehearsing it for the first time the day before the concert. She is a mighty pretty girl, and sang it well. The Mezzo Soprano was Mad. LEO, — the LOWE, of whom you may read in Chorley's "Music and Manners." LIEBIG's orchestra did itself great credit. I wish you could have heard the wind band! You see the players of the wind instruments are of the great band of the Alexander regiment, so that they have constant practice — it is their business, their trade, or what you will. These great bands, too, do not get the prize for playing loudest — making most noise — the great aim being to

make the most perfect music; so delicacy of performance ranks higher than strength of wind. Consequently when they come into the orchestra their playing is very near perfection. Such oboes! clarinets! bassoons, flutes, horns!

But the Symphony.

And first an admission or two. I admit for instance that "Lalla Rookh" is a sweeter, prettier poem than "Paradise Lost." (I do not admit that it is greater just because so many more people delight in it.) I admit that Bulwer's "Lady of Lyons" is a prettier play than "Lear" or "Macbeth." I admit that whole galleries of Düsseldorf pictures are prettier than Rubens' "Descent from the Cross;" that Rossini's *Stabat Mater* is a thousand times prettier than Handel's "Israel in Egypt"; that a hundred dandies may be found in Boston and New York, whom any jury of school girls would convict of being five hundred times prettier men than Webster was, — the man whose head and face were to me grander than any other that I ever saw in life, or in painting or sculpture; that you may hear fifty lectures any winter prettier than any of Webster's speeches. Admitting all this, I also admit that men have written Symphonies, nay, that many men now living, say Julien, per example can write orchestral music far prettier than Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

But sweets do in time pall upon the appetite. We do in the progress of our intellectual lives outgrow "Lalla Rookh" and the "Lady of Lyons." The taste becomes sated with pretty pictures and pretty music. We get weary of the prettiness of dandies and coquettes. So we grow tired of Jullienesque dances, of Thalberg fantasias, of sentimental airs.

Now we will modulate somewhat abruptly into another key. Is it true:

"Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise?"

If so, does it not follow, that it is wrong, nay, cruel, to induce the young person who can "bathe her soul in rapture" over "Lalla Rookh," to spend time and labor in attaining that mental culture which shall lead her to the point of discarding Moore for Milton? Does she gain anything by it? Do we not inflict great wrong upon the youth, whom we compel to cast aside his "Lady of Lyons" and go through the drudgery of studying his way up to "Lear" and "Hamlet"?

Is it not a cruel wrong for parents and teachers to deprive children and pupils of Scott's, James's, Abbot's historic romances, and force them to turn to the sober pages of history for their knowledge of the Edwards, Henries, Napoleons of the past? That is, to put them to a mental drudgery, which has for its object only to force them to find intellectual delight in books which they — the parents and teachers — are pleased to say are of a higher order?

The French have a proverb, that pleasure is pleasure and pain is pain, sleeping or waking. What matters it then whether you enjoy an event in a dream or in real life? If the Chinese finds his greatest enjoyment when dreaming un-

der the influence of opium, what right have we to 'say him nay'? If Smith and Jones come here to Berlin and take exquisite delight at the Tonhalle or at Schaefer's in hearing waltzes and pot-pourris, do I not do them a great wrong in persuading them to pay a higher entrance fee to be wearied — bored is, I believe, the polite word — by listening to Symphonies, just because I like them best? And why do I like them best? Because circumstances have led me in music, as in literature, to go through that process, which all who have done it call 'cultivating the taste.' (Of course, they give it this title merely out of self-esteem, vanity, and pretentious pride.)

Through some strange 'kink' intruded (?) by the Creator into our mental organization, if you force a boy of ordinary abilities to go through a course of Virgil and Homer, however superficially, if you compel him to read and study those old masters of English, which for some reason or other are generally brought into some part of an academy or college course, if you cause him to read (vo-) luminous Gibbon, as Sheridan called him, Hume, Prescott, Irving, Macanley, Sparks — that boy will cease after a time to find the delight he used to have in the "Scottish Chiefs," "Romance of the Forest," the "Two Horsemen," and other joys of previous years. The more thoroughly and deeply he studies, the more profound his powers of mind, the greater the breadth and range of thought that he acquires — just in that proportion does he come to despise just those sorts of intellectual food which the great public devours in the largest quantities.

Now he sets himself up as a judge upon his fellow men, and tells them, they do not know what real literary pleasure is. He really goes so far as to aver that "yellow covered" novels are trash! Nay, more, he uses all the influence he possesses — and that influence is so great as to have its effect upon school committees — to discourage the most popular books and make people read others instead! And, more curious than all, he and those who think with him, have really made the devourers of what he calls trash, ashamed to utter a word in its favor; he has forced the mass of mankind to acknowledge that divers authors whom they never read are really greater than those whom they do. In fact, his influence is such that the person who reads only 'story papers' and love tales, keeps a flashily bound Shakspeare or Milton on the table for show.

In short, the class of the 'educated' has in the process of time acquired such an influence that nobody dares set up his particular taste for 'trash' as a proof that Milton, Shakspeare, Bacon, Johnson, Gibbon and their like, are overrated, or that their works are no longer suited to the age in which we live. It is astonishing to note the difference in the character of the papers and magazines which now circulate by tens of thousands, and those whose places they have taken. Nothing to my mind proves the force of the educated classes upon public opinion as do the results of

the efforts made by those classes to extend and improve the school systems of the free states.

Now let us modulate again into another key — (sharp or flat — let the reader decide.)

This is the fifth winter I have spent in Berlin. Of the scores of Americans, who have been here these winters, few have had any opportunity at home of hearing music in one of its higher forms. Most have had to ask what is a fugue? What is a sonata? What is a Symphony? What an overture? In what does the difference between an oratorio, cantata, and an opera consist?

They knew that a psalm tune occupied half or a whole page in the singing book, that a motet or anthem filled several pages. They knew that jolly music to dance by is divided into divers classes — Contra-dances, Waltzes, Polkas, and so on; that on the muster field they could hear slow marches and quicksteps; that there are Scotch, English, French and German songs; that the Italians sing airs, (but what *are* airs?) and that in popular concerts they could hear men with blackened faces sing "nigger melodies." This picture is not exaggerated, it is not a caricature, it is plain fact.

Now one of the most interesting objects of observation abroad has been the effect of music — orchestral music especially — upon these young men. It was years ago my conviction that if people would only listen quietly to the orchestral concerts in the music hall, — go there for the music, and not to flirt — just give themselves up to the influence of the tones, with no regard to any preconceived notions derived from articles in the papers or from any other source; that the simple listening to the different performances would be all that was necessary to lead them to enjoy symphony, and in time the very highest. A. & B. come here. They go to concerts because that is the fashionable amusement. At one place they hear dance music, potpourris and light arrangements from operas, and so forth. But once or twice a week they go and take their cup of coffee in the afternoon at Liebig's symphony concerts. Every body listens and so do they. Of much of the music they can make nothing. But it is a pleasant mode of spending the afternoon; they meet there a circle of countrymen; above all, they see how breathlessly the greater portion of the crowded audience hangs upon the tones of the orchestra, offended if they lose the lightest note, and the thought: "There must be a deep delight in this of which we know nothing," arises in their minds. A. says honestly, "I hate Beethoven." The symphonies are in fact tedious to him. But here comes one of Haydn's adagios, matchless in its simple beauty. He feels and can follow the theme. The minuet and trio which follow begin to have a meaning, and certain finales took hold of him from the first. He soon feels his way into Mozart and Mendelssohn, and the simpler of Beethoven's Symphonies. If he happens to hear Beethoven's Turkish March, or the variations from the choral pianoforte Fantasia, he is all wonderment. "Can that be Beethoven's music? I thought his music was so grand nobody could understand it without being 'musical!'"

In the course of two months the concerts of dance music have lost all attraction for him, but he is regular in his attendance on Liebig, and when the Spring oratorios or the final grand concerts of the season come, you will find him paying

his dollar to hear music, which three months before he found the greatest of 'bores.'

I repeat it, I am not exaggerating, — not drawing upon my imagination. There were Mr. C. and his wife, whom we all admired so much. They were from a small New England city, and if I remember rightly, had never heard an orchestra in their lives. How often they thanked me for urging them to persevere at least a few weeks in trying to get hold of Symphonic music. The last time I saw them they said, the only regret now was that they had missed a single Liebig concert.

Another lady, of intellect and culture, such as make her able to judge, is not musical. Yet for her the deepest music of Beethoven has an irresistible charm. "Of musicians," said she once to me, "I know nothing. But Beethoven's music impresses me with the feeling that he was one of those few great creative geniuses the world has seen — that he stands with Homer, Shakspeare, Dante, Michael Angelo!"

Now, to what 'focus', or rather how to combine all these themes into a simple finale or coda?

1st. It is no affectation on the part of those who have for many years been hearing and studying all kinds of music continually, when they say that many of the most popular vocal and instrumental works have no charm for them, because they have no depth of feeling, no high artistic merit. They have arrived at this conclusion just as naturally and imperceptibly as the college student has to his preference for the great masters of romance and poetry.

2d. It is no affectation of superior wisdom, when they aver that Handel's "Messiah," or "Israel in Egypt," Beethoven's, or Mozart's Symphonies, afford them a musical enjoyment (arising from their superior musical excellence,) which other music utterly fails of doing.

3d. Nothing but the simple giving one's self up to the influence of orchestral music, and hearing it often enough, is necessary to awaken the taste of most people for the best.

4th. A love for the greatest and best does not involve at all any necessity for not enjoying other music. Certainly a love for Emerson's works does not prevent one from enjoying even the broadest farce; nor an admiration for the Greek tragedies prevent one from his hearty laugh at Buckstone's fun.

5th. As the highest efforts of mind in literature and plastic art must remain "caviare to the general," so it is to be expected that the workings of the greatest musical minds should be beyond the reach of very many. Music is however so peculiar in its nature, that its noblest treasures may be opened to even the least informed in its science — that is, in so far as appreciation of music consists in feeling it — which is its true appreciation.

6th. The ninth Symphony of Beethoven, at first condemned by the critics because it did not meet their ideas of the laws of musical form, because its themes were so strange, new and original, the treatment of those themes so utterly novel, and especially because people had not heard Beethoven's music, until they felt in his tones what he would express, has now become to such an audience as was assembled the other evening here, as clear in its purport, as regularly progressive and as full of logical sequence as any of his others. Many admit, as I am inclined to

do, that there are passages, the effect of which is not what the deaf man expected, but they pass us by as do lapses in grammar or pronunciation, when we are all absorbed in the words of some mighty orator.

To me there is no work of instrumental music, which so reaches the very depths of the soul, as this.

As to the question of its being in fact the foundation of the new school of music, as the "Sinfonische Dichtung" men aver, it seems to me that the great master could not more decidedly have given his testimony against that school. As I understand it, these men would make of music an articulate speech for the expression of intellectual ideas. But Beethoven, having carried his musical expression to the highest point — in the opening of the fourth movement of the Ninth Symphony, attempts a recitative with the most manly part of his orchestra; it does not succeed; he follows up the attempt by giving them a popular melody. It is equally vain. For the expression of what he now has in mind — having passed from the region of pure feeling — nothing but the voice will answer, uttering words. So the voice of a strong man is heard: Oh, Friends, not *these* tones, but in more pleasing ones let us join; in tones more full of joy, and then the chorus of human voices takes up the strain!

Le Pardon de Ploermel.

MEYERBEER'S NEW OPERA, PRODUCED AT THE OPERA COMIQUE, PARIS, APRIL 4.

The Philadelphia *Bulletin* translates from the *Independence Belge*, of April 6th, a long account of Meyerbeer's new opera, omitting only some sentimental rhapsodies of the enthusiastic writer, whose name appended at the bottom of the article is *Paul d'Yvoi*, which, however, is probably a *nom de plume*.

Amid profound silence the overture began. It has already been stated that this overture is a *chef d'œuvre*, and that it will take its place among the fifteen or twenty acknowledged fine overtures. It is a species of prologue to the opera. It carries you at the very beginning to Brittany and its legends. You hear festal songs, then simpler airs, of a certain pastoral yet mysterious color; you witness the happiness of a rustic pair, while in the background you fancy witches and goblins flitting by. You feel that this music belongs to a country of chivalrous traditions, of old fairy tales; and you know that you are going to hear one of those stories heard when you were a child, in the chimney corner, on a dark winter evening, with the wind wailing outside.

The overture begins with a mysterious movement of violoncellos, interrupted by the horn and clarinet. A passage for the violins, with mutes, of charming eccentricity, follows, and is repeated throughout the opera every time Dinorah appears. It is suggestive of her madness. Then you will remark the graceful allegretto, with tinkling bells, and a capricious movement of the violins, introducing the goat. A mysterious chorus, without accompaniment, and softened by the curtain, is now heard. It is cut short by a religious march, in the midst of which rises a superb air for the horn. Then the hymn is resumed, and grows more solemn; it mingles and interweaves with the noise of the storm, then rises above it, and terminates with an ascending march which, making the chorus still rise, reaches to a dazzling crescendo, and winds up with a brilliant peroration. The applause of the whole house greeted this great work and the rising of the curtain.

The stage represents a wild rocky scene, with a stormy sky, and old Breton sacrificial stones —

dolmens and *menhirs*—in the background. On one side is a little cabin hollowed out of the rocks. A crowd of Bretons, dressed in the picturesque costume of their country, cover the heights and sing a chorus in three-four time, on a rustic theme, the refrain of which, by the sopranos, has a charming effect. This chorus concludes with a beautiful decrescendo; the Bretons depart; the tinkling of a little bell is heard; the goat appears on a rock and bounds on the stage; Dinorah (Mme. Cabel) appears, running after her capricious animal. She stops and sings an air full of grace and strange irregularity—a lullaby, accompanied by the violins with mutes, and which concludes with brilliant passages imitating the songs of birds.

But in the distance is heard a *binou* (Breton bag-pipes), admirably imitated by the hautbois, the clarinet and the bassoon, upon an even pedal-bass on which are constructed some new and very original modulations. Corentin (M. Sainte-Foy), the bag-piper, is on his way back from a neighboring village. He has been dwelling lately in the cabin of his uncle, old Father William, who has been dead for three months, and he himself is dying—of terror. He dreams of nothing but spectres, goblins, and fairies. To keep himself up he sings a very original and much applauded song. He then takes up his bag-pipes. Dinorah, the crazy girl, re-appears, and there is between her and the bagpipes a contest of notes, variations and charming warblings. The girl goes into the cottage. Corentin mistakes her for a fairy, who makes the fellows dance till they die of fatigue. Just then there is a loud rap at the door, the girl escapes through the window, and Hoël enters abruptly.

Hoël tells his story: A year ago this day, the day of the Pardon of Ploërmel, he was to have married Dinorah. A storm came, the lightning struck and burned the house of his betrothed. He was in despair at the thought that she whom he loved was going to live in misery. Just then an old sorcerer named Tony said to him: "If we spend a year alone in the woods, without touching the hand of another man and without looking on a woman, we shall find the mysterious treasure guarded by the Korigans" (Breton Goblins). He consents to make the experiment. He has gone and has passed this year of trial. He returns ignorant that Dinorah has become crazy because he has deserted her. On this very night at midnight, he is to follow the goat that will guide him towards the treasure. But the first person that touches the treasure is to die. Hoël can think of nothing better than to get Corentin to touch it. He offers to share it with him if he will go along with him. Corentin, though a natural coward, is brave when he is drunk, so Hoël sends for wine. While he is alone, Hoël (M. Faure) sings an air, "*O puissante magie!*" of masterly breadth and power, followed by an allegro, "*De l'or, de l'or,*" and concluding with a brilliant passage, "*Me voila plus riche qu'un roi.*" The whole of this is of remarkable beauty, and all barytones will be wanting to sing it; none will do it with more talent, taste and success than Faure.

The syllabic duo which follows, between Faure and Sainte-Foy, is also very remarkable and was encored. At this moment the tinkling of the goat's bell is heard; Hoël and Corentin pursue it, Dinorah appears at the other side, and the act concludes with a charming trio, full of fancy and mystery, interrupted at times by the whistling of the winds and the heavy rumbling of the storm. Meyerbeer has here found a very new and original effect of contra-basses and drums to imitate thunder.

After an introduction, consisting of a fine waltz movement, the curtain rises and a forest is seen. The act begins with a men's drinking chorus, interrupted by the arrival of women also singing a chorus, accompanied by men singing with their mouths closed. When the drinkers and their wives have withdrawn, Dinorah arrives. She sings a charming lament, written so high that few singers could sing it without transposing it. This lament is simply the legend of the treasure. The moon then rises, and by an effect

of electric light, the shadow of Dinorah is thrown upon the ground, and she sings and dances with her shadow a very graceful polka-mazurka, the accompaniment of wind instruments to which is of rare beauty. Mme. Cabel does here some miracles of vocalization. The air terminates with a *point d'orgue* the most marvellous ever done by any singer. The scene changes, and we are in the Cursed Vale, the *Val Maudit*, where the treasure is hidden. It is night: the *Val Maudit* bears its name written on its gloomy appearance. The sky is stormy and dark, sprinkled with heavy clouds that now hide and now unveil the melancholy moon struggling among them. Great rocks arise, amid which rushes a torrent, between the rough banks of which lies the trunk of a fallen tree, serving for a bridge. It is near twelve o'clock.

Hoël and Corentin arrive, and Corentin sings some verses, "*Ah, que j'ai peur,*" in which the tremblings of terror and the trembling from cold are admirably expressed by the orchestra. An air sung by Faure, "*Sombre destinée,*" produced a great effect. It is accompanied by a tremolo of violins near the bridge, which gives to the piece a very quaint coloring. While Hoël goes to reconnoitre the road, Dinorah passes, singing the legend of the treasure. This song opens Corentin's eyes; he then learns that the first one that touches the treasure shall die. "That's the reason," says he, "why Hoël wanted me to go first." So when Hoël, returning, wishes Corentin to go on, he refuses and they sing a very original duo, bearing decidedly the stamp of the Opera-Comique.

Suddenly the goat appears bounding from rock to rock and passing over the tree stretched across the torrent. A few minutes more and the treasure may escape them. The thought strikes Corentin to make the crazy girl, who just then appears, touch it first. Hoël recognizes Dinorah, but he thinks it is a vision sent by the spirits to keep him back. He sings an air, "*Si tu vois ton père expirant,*" accompanied by the bass clarinet, of curious character and singular beauty; it suggests, without resembling, certain passages in *Der Freyschutz*.

The storm clears away: the crazy girl clambers over the rocks, steps on the trembling bridge and crosses it. At that moment a gust of wind rushes through the ravine; the thunder bursts, the bridge falls into the torrent, and Dinorah falls with it. Hoël plunges in to save Dinorah. The torrent overflows its banks, and dashes from rock to rock, breaking into foam, or into diamond-like spray, or cascades of genuine water. The moon casts a misty and troubled light from the crevices of the clouds upon the waters; the lightning is reflected from the cascades; the light changes from the greenish paleness of the stars, to the silvery reflections and flaming flashes of the lightning; everything seems to tremble, as if nature itself were going to be destroyed. These torrents of rushing water produce a grand and terrifying effect; the electric light gives to the scene a wonderful appearance. The illusion is complete; it is a real *Val Maudit*, a real moon, a real storm, and real torrents. The scene does the greatest credit to M. Depleschins and to the German machinists, M. Mühlendorfer & Son, who came from Manheim to put it on the stage. As to the musical effect of the storm, it is very striking, and calls into play all the resources of the orchestra. Mme. Cabel is very dramatic in this scene, and in the very height of the tumult of the elements she utters some high notes that gleam above the mass of the orchestra like lightning on heavy clouds.

The curtain falls and after an entr'acte of fifteen minutes, begins the very original and beautiful introduction to the third act. You hear a quintet of horns playing a hunting air, different from any other known hunting air. This quintet concludes with a trill executed by a horn, while the reed instruments take up enharmonically a second exquisite air, creating a delightful surprise, and then the curtain rises. The scene is lovely; as gay and smiling as the other was gloomy and awful. The torrent is now only a brook; the bare rocks are replaced with banks

covered with turf, behind which is seen the bell-fry of the chapel of Ploërmel. We have here a rustic concert, the programme of which is a hunter's solo, a mower's solo, a shepherd's crook, duo and a quartet finale. Bardielle sings very well the hunter's solo, the air accompanied by the horns, which is an innovation. The mower's solo is sung by a young tenor, with a lovely voice; he sharpens his scythe as he sings, and the sound of the iron against the stone is very well represented by the triangle and flute arpeggios. The shepherd's crook duo is sung by two pastoral ladies, Mme. Belia and another whose name escapes me. It is very original, and Mme. Belia especially sings it with great good taste. These four persons reappear in the scene and sing a very peculiar prayer, which they did much better at the general rehearsal than at the public performance; for at the latter, singing without accompaniment, they fell a quarter of a tone, which produced a singular effect when the orchestra started again.

This concert over, the piece went on. Corentin arrives in terror; then some melo-dramatic music announces the arrival of Hoël, and he appears carrying in his arms Dinorah, whom he has just rescued from the water. The sweet and plaintive strains of the violoncello touch you. Is Dinorah dead? Ah, no; the movement of the violins, imitating the beating of the heart, reassures you; she has only fainted. Hoël places her on a green bank, and to bring her to herself, he sings a delicious romance, admirably accompanied by the harp, and by sustained chords of the violoncello. Dinorah does not resist this magnetic appeal. She opens her eyes and looks around her. The fall into the torrent and the sight of her lover have restored her reason. She passes her hands over her brow, and exclaims, "Oh, what a dream!" Hoël seizes the idea, and, in a charming duo, persuades Dinorah that all that has happened in the past year is only a dream. Doubtless the fairy had dried the poor girl's clothes; otherwise they would have recalled the reality. Dinorah has, then, been dreaming; but, says she, while I slept, I was surrounded by my friends. It was the Pardon of Ploërmel, and they were singing a hymn to the Virgin. She tries to remember the air of this hymn; she seeks it by a succession of charming strains which lead to the air which, at that moment, the chorus takes up behind the scenes. Her friends surround her; she has only been dreaming, she can no longer doubt it. The hymn to the Virgin rises in all its religious majesty; a procession is formed, with banners fluttering in the wind, and people carrying shrines and votive vessels. Dinorah and Hoël, under a canopy, are going to be married. The procession approaches the chapel; before its steps the hills sink down, and we can see at a distance the chapel, the crowd of pilgrims and the festival of the Pardon. In the midst of the splendid finale which concludes the act and the opera, we do not notice the ridiculous words which finish the libretto:

Corentin. And the treasure?

Hoël. Lost; but her heart is worth all.

The applause went beyond all bounds. The most remarkable pieces were encored. The name of Meyerbeer was shouted and was cheered frantically. He was called for and came, dragged, in spite of himself, by Faure and Mme. Cabel; all hands clapped and all mouths cried bravo. The Caryatides let the ceiling rest on their heads, so that they might use their hands in applause. The Emperor and Empress, who staid till the last, applauded the maestro with warmth. It was an immense success.

M. Gounod's "Faust."

(From the London Athenæum, March 25.)

THEATRE LYRIQUE, PARIS.—The new "*Faust*."—M. Gounod's five-act opera on this known subject, was produced on Saturday last, under circumstances of uncommon excitement and expectation. It may be doubted, whether on any previous occasion such a price for entrance was paid. If there was fatigue behind the curtain, owing to long and frequent rehearsals, there was, before it, fever; and the two conjointly make the steadiest judgment of the music

amount to but little beyond a statement of impressions.

As regards choice of subject, however, and the manner in which the story has been treated by MM. Barbieri and Carré, in professed imitation of Goethe's drama—first and last thought must be one. The tale is unfit for the musical stage, if it be attempted in its integrity. Neither the German dramatist's *Faust* nor *Mephistopheles* can be rendered by concords or discords, by sweet *cantabile* or bitter *staccato* movement. This opinion, which we offered some time ago, was confirmed this day week. In the new opera *Faust* becomes a washed-out *Robert le Diable*, *Mephistopheles* a tame *Bertram*. Only one of the three principal characters, *Margaret*, has been strong enough to keep anything like its original form or color. *Valentine*, the soldier-brother, comes out into a certain prominence. Many of the persons and scenes which give significance and variety to Goethe's play have been left out—others have been awkwardly jumbled together, leaving an outline to be filled up; the unmanageable nature of which will suggest itself when it is told, that the fourth act demands three, and the fifth, five changes of scene.

Possibly the very qualities which, as a theme for opera, should have repelled, may have beckoned to M. Gounod. That which has hitherto hindered the complete success of his genius on the stage has been his over-anxiety to produceameleon colors, passing lights, half-shades,—all that is comprehended in the untranslatable word "*nuance*,"—his too great ingenuity in attempting to define those under-currents of emotion, which can be only (in music) introduced with any hope of success by the interpreting artist, and by him even with reserve. How large, how frank, how noble M. Gounod can be in his melodies and their treatment "*Faust*" shows abundantly in its choruses, and in most of its great situations; but his "*Faust*," also, contains (as we shall indicate) too many charming passages, which never may be valued as they deserve, owing to their evanescent brevity. Crowding and change are faults as well as meagreness and monotony.—

They are as sick that surfeit with too much
As they that starve on nothing.

The scene of the First Act—to come to particulars—is laid in the study of *Faust* (M. Barbot), and is precluded by a gloomy but arresting introduction (in G minor?) finely written, and passing into a major close on a broad phrase of melody which would have borne expatiation. To avoid the monotony of a long scene sustained by male voices alone, *Mephistopheles* (M. Balanqué) being the other character who takes part in the prologue,—the soliloquy of the aged Philosopher, ere the Demon appears who is to give him back his youth, is broken by snatches of music behind the scenes,—the first of these, a too-short pastoral of delicious elegance. So, again, his duet with the Tempter is lightened by the delicate and aerial music which accompanies the vision of *Margaret*. This is choicely instrumented. The Second Act, also a single scene and not a very long one, is the *Kirmesse*. In this *Valentine* (M. Keynal) has a leading part; here, too, *Mephistopheles*, with an awkward transposition from the original play, causes confusion and brawl by striking out fire from the fountain; here *Margaret* (Madame Miolan-Carvalho) crosses the stage, only pausing for a few moments, detained by the passionate admiration of *Faust*. The choruses throughout this act are excellent, especially if compared with those in "*Herculanum*," the last opera choruses we had heard. They breathe, and burn, and stir. An episode in the opening chorus pleased so much that the audience interrupted the movement to demand it again. The second, a waltz with dancers, is more gracious, not less animated. The third, for the drinkers, is also very good. If the drinking song of *Mephistopheles* pleased us less, this may have been owing to the singer, on whom the emotion of a first night may have told. But the music of the Demon throughout M. Gounod's opera, however quaint and grim in places, will prove, we suspect, when looked into, deficient in the acrid irony demanded by the world's idea of the part, which, possibly, can be only indicated, not fully sustained in music.

Act the Third is one garden and night scene, which for the first time brings prominently forward the heroine. Passing a short ballad for *Siebel* (Mdlle. Faivre), a person whose presence in the opera is superfluous, the music consists of *Margaret's* ballad and her pretty wonder on finding the jewel casket (which was deposited at the opening of the scene), the two unwrought so as to make a *sortita* for the *prima donna*—her love-making with *Faust*, ingeniously framed within a quartet, in which *Mephistopheles* and *Martha* (Madame Ducloux) likewise take part,—lastly, her admission of her lover to the fatal interview. This act is full of delicious details, which (to return to our

opening remark) are accumulated with too lavish a hand. *Margaret's* "*King of Thule*" is a right good folk's-tune, however; her jewel-bravura, though delicate as well as childishly gay, loses some of its effect in consequence of its being written a good third too low for the accomplished voice that sings it. The quartet is new in form, owing to the prolonged and separate employment of the two pairs of voices. Very delicious are the phrases given to the young lovers; and so felicitous is the combination of the four towards the close that the ear longed for more—the movement ending too inconclusively. The public, however, was not of our judgment, perpetually interrupting the act with applause which would not wait, and calling for the performers when the curtain fell. The fourth, or what may be called the Cathedral Act, establishes its composer, past doubt or question, as the next in serious French opera to Signor Rossini, and M. Meyerbeer. But it may be observed that in its opening scene of *Margaret* alone, M. Gounod has been compelled to measure himself against the best composer of German ballads who ever lived,—and to present anew *Gretchen* at her spinning-wheel. Her song, with its whirling accompaniment, is as good and fresh as there was any chance of its being. It had been better avoided, however; especially since the talk of the girls at the fountain, with *Margaret* creeping homeward, shame-stricken, might have instead been selected, to show that "her peace is gone—her heart is sore." This, too, would have averted the change of scene, which now takes place, bringing us to the outside of the church. We have next *Mephistopheles's* serenade, the return of the soldiers, with an incomparably triumphant chorus (furiously re-demanded), the quarrel between *Faust* and *Valentine*, and the interposition of the Demon, wrought up into a spirited *trio*, the death of *Margaret's* brother, and his imprecation against his terrified heart-broken sister, who greets him but to find him perishing—of her shame! The treatment of this encounter leaves nothing to be desired, and as a concerted piece it is majestic and terrible, and most happy is the solemn peal of choral voices heard from within the church, inwrought at its close—if only as prefacing what the necessities of this awkward book demanded, another change of scene: which displays to us the interior of the church. Here we have the well-known "*Dies iræ*"; *Margaret* in her agony, and the Devil at her ear tempting her to despair. The grouping of the three different emotions is in the highest style of Art; the seething (as it were) of the lurid cauldron which accompanies the fearful incitements of the Tempter,—the passion of distress and prayer, not utterly hopeless, as the child-mother ponders out her whole soul of sorrow and penitence, in a last desperate appeal ere her senses fail her,—the awful, passionless, judicial severity of the monkish chant, are combined in a manner irresistibly dramatic. Here, again, the excitement of the audience was wrought to a high pitch, and with full reason.

The Fifth Act, containing only five changes of scene, commences with the Walpurgis revel. This opens well and wildly with shrill, short phrases, dropped from every quarter of the heavens, as it were by unseen singers. But they cease too soon; ere the ear has seized their novelty; and the whole diabolical music of this night-picture is less effective than we had expected, recollecting the strange wordless symphony among the ruins in M. Gounod's "*Nonne Sanglante*." The scene includes a transformation to a hall of Pagan enchantment and revel, which contains a chorus of luscious sweetness. From this we return to another part of the Brocken, for the sake of the apparition of *Margaret*, which is not happily managed. In the closing orgy the cries of devilry perilously approach the verge of burlesque. Then falls, what the French call a "*toile d'attente*," to rise, after a prolonged and melancholy symphony, on the last scene—that of *Margaret* in her prison. From the first to the last note of this catastrophe, which naturally takes the form of a *terzetto* on the most ambitious scale, M. Gounod proves equal to the situation. The part of *Margaret* is exquisitely treated. One phrase, where her wandering brain goes back to the days of her innocence, is irresistible in its tender sweetness. Excellent, too, is the mutual burst of recognition, when she knows again that her false lover is near her; while the winding-up, the strife between Good and Evil, which becomes close and pressing as moments grow precious, is wrought out in a climax of fearless excitement and passionate energy, without peer in any combination of a similar kind that we recollect, often as it has been attempted. With a calm, celestial, and stately chorus of apotheosis and angelic vision "*Faust*" concludes. This day week the hymn could be hardly heard, so impatient was the uproar of enthusiasm excited by the prison trio. A more complete success, a more rapturous greeting, neither theatre,

composer, nor artist could desire. In 1851 the name of M. Gounod was unknown, save to some half-dozen persons.

Long as these notes have been, it must be repeated that they contain only first impressions of a serious work on the largest scale. Meanwhile, there is no doubt that in producing "*Faust*," the *Théâtre Lyrique* has done its best. It is not M. Barbot's fault if he has neither the grace of person nor grace of voice such as the hero's part demands. Lovely tenor voices, handsome men, and passionate actors (the three in one) are among Earth's greatest rarities. M. Balanqué, again, was less satisfactory than (to compare) M. Obin might have been; but M. Obin is at the *Grand Opéra*. The *Valentine* deserves a word of praise; and nowhere could French, German, or Italian composer have found a *Margaret* superior to Madame Miolan-Carvalho. Her acting is simple, natural, and intense, without a tinge of affectation. Her voice, save in a middle note or two to which no force can be applied, in the scenes of passion seems absolutely to transform itself into the powerful and penetrating organ which we know it not to be. Her style is admirable, whether expression or breadth is called for, or that more familiar mood of liveliness, or elegance, by which, till now, she has been principally known. The chorus and orchestra are excellent; the scenery is picturesque and probable.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

PART SINGING.—The meeting of 6,000 male part-singers, made up of 150 societies convoked from every corner of France, took place in Paris at the close of last week. The great gatherings were in the *Palais de l'Industrie*. The voices were supported by a small organ, with upwards of a score of double-basses, and the band of the 1st Regiment of Cuirassiers. The chief conductor was M. Delaporte, formerly organist of Sens, who seems of late to have come forward in the matter. He was assisted (a sight strange to English eyes) by some eight or nine subordinate conductors:—thereby, it might have been fancied, multiplying the risk of vacillation some eight or nine times.—On the whole, however, allowing for the want of habit of the French *Orphéons* to congregate in masses, this vast body, made up of disconnected forties, was well under discipline. The tone, too, was better than could have been expected by those familiar with our neighbors. The old sarcasm, "such or such another nose has got a good voice," bids fair to become inapplicable to the French, whether they sing singly or in numbers. The mass of sound, as is always the case in these monster gatherings, was less imposing than was looked for.—Many of the amateurs sang timidly; some not at all; but the sonority was good; though not so poignant as that of a male chorus in Germany, nor so rich as the tone would be from an assemblage of England's north-country singers. Among the pieces most suitable and successful were Mendelssohn's "*Hunter's Farewell*," Mozart's "*O Isis*," and the "*Lord's Day*," by Kreutzer. The mistake made, to our thinking, was in the *Septuor* from "*Les Huguenots*," accompanied by the brass band; yet it seemed to please the most among the pieces in the first part. It was encored; and, considering its difficulty and unfitness for choral execution, it went better than might have been expected. On the Saturday, idyllic contests for prizes took place among the different bodies, divided into three parts.

The second meeting in the *Palais de l'Industrie* went off with such spirit that it was found expedient to announce a third for Tuesday. In the evening of the last day, a performance of "*Herculanum*" was offered, by Imperial command, to the singers, the entire theatre being reserved for them, with gratuitous hospitality. Nothing livelier can be imagined than the Rue Lepeletier during an hour and a half before the doors of the *Grand Opéra* opened. More merry and more orderly no troop of invited guests could have been. Falling into line, as is the usage in France, they beguiled the time by a vigorous singing of their best part-songs—now in one joint of the *queue*—now in another. It may be doubted whether expectation of pleasure was ever seen lighting up a larger number of faces than were collected together on Tuesday. The theatre had been so arranged by removal of fixed seats as to accommodate more than double its usual audience. It must have been strange to the artists on its stage to sing and dance and play to an exclusively male public. The Festival, in short, may be described as successful beyond expectation; and may have important results.—*Athenæum*, April 2.

Hector Berlioz has completed an opera entitled the "Trojans," the manuscript, it is said, having been submitted to the Committee of the Grand Opera.

It is affirmed that Liszt, the famous pianist, is about to visit Paris, and will give a series of concerts. Vieuxtemps has concluded his concerts at the Salle Herz. One of his solos, which created quite an excitement, was a fantasia upon American negro airs.

Christy's Minstrels, after playing three weeks to very good houses, have left Paris and returned to England. The funniest souvenir we have of them is a little pamphlet, containing their songs translated into French.—*Cor. N. Y. Express.*

Germany.

The Lower Rhine Whitsuntide Festival will, this year, be held at Düsseldorf. The programme will include a Symphony by Schumann, Handel's "Samson," an Overture by Bach, a Psalm by Mendelssohn, a sacred composition by Herr Ferdinand Hiller (who will conduct the Festival), a selection from Gluck's "Iphigenie en Tanride," and Beethoven's Symphony in A. Madame Ney will sing there, and Herr Niemann, described by a correspondent "as having the finest tenor voice in Germany." Herr Hiller's "Saul," first performed, as readers may recollect, at last year's Cologne Festival, has been recently given at Vienna, we are informed, on good authority, with success.

A Schiller Festival is to be held, at Weimar, on the 10th of June, instead of in November, when the birthday of the composer really fell. On the 9th will be performed a piece of music written for the occasion by Dr. Liszt, and Beethoven's 9th Symphony with the "Ode to Joy"; on the 11th will be acted "The Robbers,"—after which will be a torch procession; on the 13th "Fiesco"; on the 15th "Cabal and Love,"—the series of dramatic celebrations winding up on the 30th with "William Tell."

England.

Dublin papers speak in the highest strain of praise and pleasure of Signor Verdi's "Macbeth," produced there on the 30th of last month, with the utmost possible success. The hero was enacted by Signor Graziani, who is described as having shown unusual warmth in the part; the Lady by Madame Viardot, with a power, passion and impressiveness which (to quote from the journals) took "the audience by storm" in the letter, the murder, and the banquet scenes,—and "held it spell-bound" in the catastrophe of remorse. This, we imagine to be no exaggeration; remembering the unrivalled power as an operatic actress displayed by her in *Fides* and *Rachel*.

Miss Balfe is on her way to London—if not already here; under engagement, it is advertised, to sing at Drury Lane. Miss Jenny Meyer has arrived. M. Jules Stockhausen announces his intention of passing the month of May in London, and of giving *Matinées* in conjunction with Madame Schumann and Herr Joachim.

There seems no end "to the movement" in the Provinces, and, save as regards English musical drama, hardly a limit to the variety of its objects. At Glasgow, we find a local Professor, aided by "the members of the Choral Union," has been able to attract his friends by nothing less severe and statuesque than a reading of the "Antigone," with a performance of Mendelssohn's choruses. But "the wonder of wonders" is the simple Catalogue of the music performed during the last two seasons, at *Mr. Halle's Orchestral Concerts* in Manchester, (these, it should be added, by no means the solitary musical entertainments of the place). The copiousness of this haffles all power of condensation; but we may mention that it includes two oratorios, five choral selections from operas or dramas with music, twenty symphonies, three times as many overtures, and some half a hundred instrumental solos by the greatest living players—many of which are unknown in London. With the songs we cannot pretend to deal. The document, we repeat, is a curiosity, as a record of success marking a period in the story of Music in England.—*Athenæum, April 9.*

Musical Correspondence.

BERLIN, APRIL 2.—When Handel used to visit Leipzig from Halle in his youth to see his friend Tellemann, it took him rather longer to cross the monotonous plains between, than it took me by railroad on the 23d day of March, in this year of Grace, 1859. I doubt, however, if he met a more kindly reception

from his friend than I from mine, Dr. CHRYSANDER, of whom I have written before. I found him as usual overwhelmed with work, just putting the finishing touches to the Handel Society's new edition of "Acis and Galatea," and of Handel's pianoforte works, which make up with "Susannah" the issues for the first year. The aggregate will be from 500 to 700 pages folio of splendidly engraved music, on good paper, in full orchestral score, for ten thalers (\$7.50!). Next year "Hercules" follows, and, I believe, "Athaliah." The King of Hanover is so pleased with the edition of "Susannah" and so confident of the honest intention of the editors to give the real Handel, and nothing else, that he has subscribed 1,000 thalers per annum to the undertaking until it is finished. Can we do nothing in our country?

Chrysander is a man who excites my enthusiasm. I know what he has to contend with; how untiringly he has labored; how often the great work has been forced to lie in abeyance, while he earned bread; how industriously he has studied the music of Handel's contemporaries and predecessors; how willingly, nay gladly, he receives and carefully proves all objections to and criticisms upon his publicly expressed opinions; how singly he looks to the truth, and the truth alone. I know how far beyond any other man he has extended his researches, and what rich results he has gained. In Germany, he is not sustained. His enthusiasm for Handel is looked upon as enmity to Bach! He is viewed as a partisan, and nothing can be more incorrect, more ungenerous than this. For his own sake I wish him support, but more for the sake of Handel, and for ourselves. The thought that the treasures of knowledge, which he has accumulated, should be lost, is to me a very painful one, and they must be so, unless a public somewhere be found willing to sustain him in his effort to edit the great composer's works. Cannot the public libraries of our cities afford \$7,50 annually for three volumes?

"Why do I urge this so strongly?" you ask. Because I enjoy Handel's music so much.—"Why do I enjoy it so much?"—Because of all vocal music it is that which touches my feelings deepest and gives me the greatest real musical enjoyment. Moreover I would have his works within the reach of every musical student, to whom they should be in his studies, what Bacon, Jeremy Taylor, Shakspeare, Milton and the great masters of English are to the student of literature. When I mark the progress of Handel's oratorios in England and Germany within my own memory, see how popular they are growing, beyond their popularity in any other epoch, I feel that no other means of affording so much musical enjoyment to the masses at home can be found.

Just try "Acis and Galatea" and see if it does not succeed.

I was too busy during my short stay in Leipzig to do anything in the way of visiting. Of the Professors in the Conservatorium I only met PLATDY, who is busy as ever teaching the technics of pianoforte playing as few others can.

Of music I heard but little. The Thomas boys in their Saturday afternoon motets, one about 16 years of age conducting, (I wish they could sing once in the Music Hall!), and a first rehearsal with orchestra of Bach's great mass. It was a shocking bad rehearsal, reminding me of old Handel and Haydn times, and did not keep me long. There was a Gewandhaus concert, mostly made up of Schumann's music to Byron's Manfred, but I had on that evening, as the Frenchman put it, "to go and fry some fish."

The number of pupils in the Conservatorium Plaidy stated at 104, "about." The only Americans of whom I heard (and saw) are Tracy, sometime organist in Bangor, Me., Buck of Hartford, and Locke (!) of New York, all young and apparently earnest students.

A little home sickness in Leipzig is a soft impeach-

ment which must be confessed. I could but look at that house by the Peter gate with a slight tinge of sadness coloring my feelings. Pratt is gone! The place knoweth Clapp no more. Then too, every time I crossed the market place my eyes lingered upon that corner house and my thoughts crossed the ocean and dwelt upon those with whom such pleasant hours had been passed there. Dear hearts all of them!

One rainy evening I could not resist the temptation to leave the promenade, pass through the arch, cross the bridge and go down to that huge caravansery wherein, at one end, dwelt Wilson, and at the other "Das Fraulein" about two generations ago—say four years. Well, this indulging of reminiscences is a "parlous" matter, and I must cease, lest some good friend in view of all these "generations" should see fit to exclaim: "A good old man, sir; he will be talking; as they say, 'when the age is in, the wit is out; God help us! it is a world to see! Well said, i' faith, neighbor Verges;—well; God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse one must ride behind:—An honest soul, i' faith, sir; by my troth, he is as ever broke bread; but, God is to be worshipped; All men are not alike; alas, good neighbor!"

So no more allusions to the past.

By the way, Plaidy says that the story has come to Leipzig that GÖCKEL is dead. Is this so? I have seen no notice to that effect in the Journal; the professors of the Conservatorium thought much of him and would be glad of authentic information on the point. He was the pupil, who was to play a Concerto once, and when the time came, Mendelssohn looked round and asked Plaidy, "Where's Gockel?" The latter went into the lobby, found him, and asked what he was doing? "Cooling myself," said he. Plaidy hurried him, he rushed into the hall, stumbling over a music stand or two, and began like lightning. He had sixteen measures solo, which gave the orchestra time to get ready and fall in at the right moment. I believe I told the story once before, but my volume of the Journal for 1855-6 is missing—lent in America, "I guess."

In the great libraries of Leipzig, that of the University and that of the city, I found little of value to me; but the Becker collection of music and musical works, now in the latter, is something to covet. Still we shall have some good works in ours that the Leipzigers may in turn wish for. Becker's collection is very rich in choral and song literature and music. It was a splendid gift to the city, and made me regret for the hundredth time that there is not public spirit enough in Boston among the editors of musical works to secure a copy of everything printed, for preservation. I care not how bad a book may be. If it be really not worth the space it would occupy in a private library, that is a double reason why the public should save a copy. Some time or other there will be a history to American music. Then somebody will study it and write it out. For him nothing can be too insignificant to have a certain value.

A. W. T.

NEW YORK, MAY 2.—Mr. Ullman closed his opera season last Saturday with a *matinée*. Flotow's *Martha* was given, FORMES, LABORDE, BRIGLIA and BERKEL taking part. It was a success, which is more than can be said of the short season, taken as a whole. I understand that it has not paid expenses, though the loss has not been very great. For the last few nights STEFANI and MORELLI were engaged, yet even with these additions, the houses were not crowded. *La Favorita* was given twice, and magnificently rendered, GAZZANIGA being superlatively fine in the last act. The other operas of this short season have been *Traviata*, *Lucrezia*, *Martha* and *Norma*. In the latter, the new prima donna, ALAIMO, appeared and failed. She only sang once. Her voice is worn and tremulous, but she made some happy

hits, especially in the last act, and did not deserve such universal condemnation from the press as she received. She is a good actress yet, and I can readily imagine, has been an excellent singer in her time.

On Wednesday, PICCOLOMINI commences her farewell engagement, appearing in *Traviata* with BRIGNOLI and AMODIO. She will during this engagement, sing the parts of Adina in *L'Elisir d'Amore*, Alice in *Robert le Diable*, and Paulina in *I Martiri*.

Wagner's *Tannhäuser* was repeated, last Thursday evening, for the benefit of the tenor PICKANESER, who always sings as if he had a severe cold in his head. The audience comprised a great number of our musical people, including Strakosch with the majority of his company. Carl Formes was there and seemed to know everybody, as he bobbed around, a perfect walking polyglot, talking by turns in French, German, and English—anon crying bravo, and clapping his hands very vigorously at a favorite strain, and all the time looking just like Leporello, in *Don Giovanni*.

The performance was not equal to the previous ones, and there was considerable dissatisfaction manifested at the delay that occurred previous to the raising of the curtain. This delay was caused by the unwillingness of the orchestra to play without some material guarantee that they should be paid for the night's work. Let this fact be borne in mind by those correspondents of *Dwight's Journal* who are so excessively Teutonic in their predilections. These Art-loving Germans, who are supposed to be so devoted to music, refused to interpret one of the greatest works of one of their greatest music-apostles, simply because they were not sure of being paid for it.

The Philharmonic Society gave a concert last evening but presented little that was new. The Soprano, Mrs. INMAN, who was advertised, did not sing, and in her place a quartet of male singers were introduced.

You remember poor BOSIO. The New York papers have generally done justice to her memory in giving her long and generally judicious obituary notices. The last time I heard Bosio was at Birmingham, during her last provincial tour in England. She sang in *Trovatore* at the theatre in that noisy city, Neri-Beraldi, Graziani and Didié, assisting. In this opera, as Leonora, Bosio was good but not great. She never could be a great tragic actress, because she was too thoroughly lady-like to get excited. But her voice was delicious, and she trilled beautifully. In the air preceding the *Miserere*, (the same which La-Grange gave so exquisitely), she was excellent, and in the prison scene again, was decidedly ineffective.

Her chief triumphs in New York were in *Puritani*, *Sonnambula* and *Lucia*. In the latter Opera she and Salvi made what the Bowery boys call a "team," and to hear the two in the final duet of the first act was decidedly a "gilly go." There are a certain set of opera goers here, who had determined to have operatic traditions of their own, and chose Bosio as their pet. Never since she left America, has this "set" heard any body equal to Bosio. To those her death will be a peculiar loss, especially as they were congratulating themselves on her approaching return to this city.

TROVATORE.

NEW YORK, MAY 2. — *Tannhäuser* was repeated, as announced, at the Stadt Theatre last Thursday; and to a crowded, and certainly most good-natured audience. For when, on account of some difficulty about the pay of the orchestra, the commencement of the performance was delayed full three quarters of an hour, without a word of explanation being given, the general impatience and indignation found vent in nothing worse than stamping, and frequent calls for "Musika!" "Hoy!" "Haucahm!" (the two directors) and the like, without the slightest approach to vulgarity or impropriety of any serious kind. In an American theatre a miniature riot would have been

the lightest consequence of such an impertinence on the part of the management. Of the performance, the best that can be said is that it was very good for the powers employed. It was much better than I had expected, even though friends who had been present at previous representations, thought that the effects of the pause and want of practice were plainly discernible.

One feature struck me as contrasting agreeably with the Italian performances which we are accustomed to hear. All the singers, both in solos and chorus, were evidently in earnest, and tried to do their best. There was none of the flippancy and indifference which so often characterizes Italian acting, even through the veil of superficial passion. I remember to have seen Amodio, in the death scene in *Traviata*, make a whispered remark to the waiting-woman which nearly convulsed her with laughter, nor did she take particular pains to hide the broad grin that was so entirely out of place while she was assisting her suffering mistress. Nothing of this kind was perceptible on Thursday evening; the lowest "sup" kept up his character completely. Mr. PICKANESER, as Tannhäuser, exerted himself rather too much—he overacted, and strained his voice—his lady, as Venus, was, I am sorry to say, beneath criticism, both in singing, acting, and "making up,"—her costume was unpardonably shabby. Of the solo singers, Madame SIEDENBURG, as Elizabeth, was decidedly the best, in every respect; she always sings well, though her voice is thin and worn; her acting was good, and her costume, as were, indeed, most of the others, quite in character. Wolfram von Eschimbach was very well represented by Mr. LEHRMANN, who has a most agreeable voice, and acted naturally. The most satisfactory part of the performance, however, was that taken by the orchestra and the choruses. The former was good throughout; the latter, as well as some of the ensembles, mostly so. The march was, as usual, encored, and the whole performance won hearty applause, and interested the audience sufficiently to keep the greater part of it together till after midnight. I believe, however, it is not to be given again for the present.

The Philharmonic concert, on Saturday, was very well attended, every one wishing, now, to lay in a store of music for the long season of drought before us. Beethoven's beautiful Fourth Symphony, Liszt's *Préludes*, and Weber's *Euryanthe* were the orchestral pieces. Of the first and last I need only say that in their rendering the orchestra surpassed themselves. This holds good, too, of Liszt's composition, which requires, however, some farther comment. My Brooklyn colleague, "Bellini," has given you his opinion of it. The impression it produced upon me before I became familiar with it, was similar to the one he received—only I would illustrate it differently—it seemed to me a piece of patchwork, or a mass of fragments, some beautiful, some ugly, heterogeneously jumbled together. Yet as you listen to the work of tenor, it assumes more shape and comeliness, and you cannot but admire the wonderful effects of instrumentation. In these, however, as in many of the figures and phrases, a close resemblance to the music of *Tannhäuser* is unmistakable. The fragmentary character of the whole was satisfactorily explained by the quotation from Lamartine which was given in the programme, and upon which the composition seems based.

The soloists announced for the evening were Richard HOFFMANN and a Madame INMAN, a prima donna fresh from England. The former played Mendelssohn's beautiful "Serenade and Allegro Gioioso," a "Spinnlied" by Spindler, a pretty graceful little thing, and Chopin's Polonaise, Op. 53, in A flat. All these he rendered with his usual unquestioned excellence; the only fault some have to find with him is, that, when encored after the Polonaise, he could play a mere show-piece of his own, on themes from *Rigoletto*! Verdi after Chopin does not taste well! Madame Inman was announced as too ill to appear, and the audience owe all possible gratitude to several performers who, on a few hours' notice, consented to fill up the voids in the programme. There were four gentlemen who played a quartet for French Horns

by Weber; and four others, among them Messrs. BEUTLER and MAYER, who sang some four-part songs with much taste and feeling. Strangely enough, several of our dailies have made no mention of the kindness and obligingness shown by these artists, but I can assure them from experience, that it was widely felt among the audience.

I have long since resigned myself to pass over in silent indignation the numerous mutilations to which your printers subject my own communications, but in justice to the absent "A. W. T." I must protest against some unconscionable typographical errors in his last "Diary," and thus save him from the imputation of being a spiritualist or,—what is about the same thing, a fool. He is made to take a walk about Halle with Prof. Thorbecke, a man who has been dead over six months, having perished in the Austria, instead of Prof. Tholuck, the eminent divine. Then, unless his informant thought him and his friends, as Americans, fit subjects for being gulled, it is utterly impossible that any person who knew anything about Goethe and Shakespeare,* could have been so stupid as to pretend that they met anywhere. "A. W. T." probably refers to the house formerly occupied by the Musik-director and composer Reichardt, where it is quite probable that Goethe and Schiller, or Goethe and Schelling met at sometime—as Reichardt was acquainted with all the literary men of that time. This is the nearest approach I can make to Shakespeare among Goethe's cotemporaries.

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* Shakespeare it is clearly in the "copy." Will our friend, "T." the greater, explain?—Ed.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 7, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — We commence this week, and shall continue at intervals, four pages at a time, another Opera, arranged for the Piano-forte. We have selected that Opera which, of all others, offers the most that is interesting as an instrumental work, namely, "DON GIOVANNI." We doubt not very many of our readers, who have skill at the piano, will rejoice to get this masterpiece of MOZART, entire, in such a form that they can recall its beauties and its grandeurs with a pair of hands.

Death of Madame Bosio.

The lyric world has met with a sudden and severe loss. ANGIOLINA BOSIO, whom we remember with more pleasure than any prima donna who has sung in opera in this country, or than any singer except Jenny Lind—Bosio, who, since she left America in 1851, had risen till she stood, by general consent, at the head of living female Italian opera singers,—died on the 12th of April at St. Petersburg. The immediate cause of her death is not yet reported; but she was always of a delicate and frail constitution, and has suffered from an affection of the lungs, which, it is probable, has at last proved fatal to her in the cold capital of Russia. The London Times, of April 15, in noticing the performance at the Royal Italian Opera, thus describes the effect of the sad news:

Had the acting of Signor Ronconi, nevertheless, been ten times as great and all the rest of the performance to match it, it would have failed to create any deep sense of enjoyment in the audience which filled the theatre last night. A heavy gloom, indeed, hung over the proceedings—a gloom which the brightest manifestations of genius would have failed to dispel. The telegraphic wire in the course of the day had brought intelligence from the capital of Russia at once disastrous to the theatre and to Art. Before the opera commenced, news of the early and unexpected death of one as much admired by the public as she was esteemed and loved by her fellow-artists, and who for years past had been a brilliant ornament, not only of the Royal Italian Opera in London but of the chief lyric theatres of the Continent, was conveyed from mouth to mouth, until it circulated all over the house. Madame Angiolina Bosio, the most accomplished soprano of the day, expired at St. Petersburg, on Tuesday last, after a very short illness. She was about to start for England to fulfil her engagement with Mr. Gye. The manager of the Royal Italian Opera, however, was not des-

tinged again to derive advantage from her distinguished co-operation, nor his subscribers to be charmed by her graceful presence and delighted by her brilliant and exquisite vocalization. The syren, endeared to all, had sung her last note. Such melancholy intelligence could not but exercise a prejudicial influence alike on the efforts of the performer to please, and the faculty of the audience to appreciate. In all probability, had Mr. Gye been in London, instead of Paris, the theatre would have been closed for one night at least. Such a mark of respect would have been no more than was due to the memory of such an artist as Madame Bosio, whose place it will for some time be difficult, if not impossible, to fill.

Doubtless the European Art journals will soon furnish us with a full sketch of her career. At present we can only recall a few particulars. She was born in Turin, August 20, 1829, and first studied music at Milan, under Cattaneo. So rapid was her progress that in July, 1844, being then only fifteen years old, she made her debut in Milan, in *I due Foscari*, by Verdi, and with a success wonderful for one so young. After a brief engagement there, she went to Verona, where she confirmed the best hopes of her friends and excited great interest among the opera-goers. We next hear of her in the North, at Copenhagen, where she became so popular that great efforts were made to induce her to accept an engagement for six years; but the climate was against her, and she refused. Her leave-taking at Copenhagen is described as something remarkable. Next we find her in Madrid, at the Circo theatre, creating an immense enthusiasm among the Spaniards.

She was soon afterwards engaged for a short time in Paris, but we recollect no glowing reports of her from that metropolis. Admired she must have been, however, by the more discerning. In 1848 she went to Havana, a member of Marti's troupe, and came thence to New York, Philadelphia and Boston. Among our most memorable opera experiences was the visit of this Havana troupe, which brought us Steffanone, Badioli, Marini, and so many admirable artists. But the finest impression made at once by any of them, and one that lasted and still grew upon us, was that of Bosio. Her coming from New York to Boston (1850) was almost an emerging from obscurity; the larger city was too much preoccupied with Steffanone, and coarser and more muscular models of lyrical intensity, like Parodi. She sang here but a few times that season, but these sufficed to win the admiration of all persons of true taste and culture. Such fire and delicate force, such spiritual fascination, and such imaginative talent, as she then showed as Lucia, as Lucrezia Borgia, and as Lady Macbeth, were new to us upon the stage. Those few fortunate persons, who were present that stormy night at the Howard Athenæum, when Verdi's "Macbeth" was performed for the first and last time in this country, and when, whatever might be thought of the music, the beautiful *abandon* and completeness of Bosio's impersonation, her action, voice, singing, all, made it one of the rare and thrilling moments of their lyrical experience, will never forget it. Slight in figure; with features neither plain nor handsome, but lit up with the continual play of life; with one of the pure silvery soprano voices, managed with a perfect method, and infallible good taste; thoroughly the lady in her manners and in all her movements, she might not pour the full-blooded passion of a Parodi or a Steffanone into her music, but she won her way by a more subtle, soulful, intellectual charm.

This was the sincere record of our impression after her first performance of Lucia: "It was not merely the fine, pure, vibrating, flexible voice, trained to most finished, easy execution; nor the faultless style, clearly tracing every finest line and tint of beauty in the music; nor the true Italian fervor, transporting singer and audience with something better than the blood-heat which goes by the name of passion; nor the consummate grace and truthfulness of action; nor the rare intellectual subtlety and penetration manifest throughout. It was all these blended with a certain leaven of the spiritual, we might almost say, the supernatural element. It was a higher sphere of lyric impersonation than we had felt in any other prima donna. It was the true lyric transport, a calm exaltation from beginning to end, from which it was cruel to startle her into reluctant acknowledgements of applause. This lifted it above all danger of the least extravagance, while it was all as dramatic and intense as the part could be."

And of her Lucrezia: "There were great points in her impersonation; but it was even more satisfactory as a whole. The trained voice, which physically had scarcely more weight than her light and fairy figure, was ever an obedient and unwearied Ariel to the imagination. It was equal to the vindictive pride, as well as to the mother's tenderness of the Borgia. And did it at all detract from probability or interest, that you saw and heard a lady-like, a finely-organized, a spiritual Borgia, rather than a bold physical embodiment of all voluptuousness and masculine imperiousness in female form? Rather admit that when, with that light voice and form, you see that where there is a will there is a way, you have something much more truly marvellous and Borgia-like."

In May 1851, she visited us again, and more than confirmed the first impression. The memorable thing of that year, never since surpassed, was Bosio's Zerlina, with Truffi's Donna Anna. If there be anything more exquisite, more perfect, in singing and in action than Bosio's Zerlina, we have yet to witness it. The impersonation was not only simple, natural and pretty, but in the sincerest sense refined. Those who remember Bosio in that, will have little difficulty in accepting M. Oulbicheff's idea of Zerlina as something higher than a common rustic girl.

Bosio returned to Europe in 1851, and all our American admiration of her as an artist and a lady were soon fully justified in Paris and in London. In 1856 she, with Mario, saved the reputation and the interests of the Covent Garden management, by her astonishing success at the Lyceum after the burning of the Covent Garden Theatre. Her recent triumphs in the Russian capital we have all watched with interest. Her career is cut short in the prime of her ripened powers. She was scarcely thirty. The future has one artistic pleasure less for us.

"In private life," says the *New York Times*, and all accounts accord therewith, "Madame Bosio was as estimable as she was distinguished in her public career; and Mme. Bosio, the woman, will be mourned sincerely, long after the *prima donna* has become a mere memory and tradition with the *habitués* of the Opera." She had been married (not fortunately, the story went) to a Greek gentleman, by the name of Xindavelonis, from whom she has been for some years separated.

Musical Review.

Florence: nine songs by F. Boott. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

These compositions of Mr. Boott have that sort of merit which we should suppose would widely recommend them to persons who seek for songs that are easy of execution, both for the voice and the fingers, and yet have passion and feeling that does not run into sentimentality. The present nine songs are a second series. Among them are two spirited declamatory songs: "The Battle of the Baltic", and a "Cavalier's Song", which have a high degree of merit and a spirited effect. Mr. Boott's music to Tennyson's "Break, break", and to "The Sands o' Dee", and "I am weary of rowing", is of a different character also, and they are very successfully treated. The words are no vulgar doggerel or merely jingling rhymes, but are the most beautiful of modern English songs. Tennyson, Longfellow and Lowell, are the authors of most of them.

Cantica Ecclesiastica; Consisting of English Anthems, together with Select Pieces from various authors, Ancient and Modern, adapted to Words from the Sacred Scriptures. By George James Webb. Price, \$2.00. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.

The known good taste and learning of Mr. Webb led us to expect a choice selection of the best of English Anthems in this compilation; and our expectations have not been disappointed, as a glance at the list of authors will show that the sources from which Mr. Webb has drawn this collection, are the very classics of English Church Music, and such as are entirely new to our Church singers. Some choice selections from the great German and Italian masters, such as Haydn, Mendelssohn, Spohr, Binck, Allegri, Palestrina, Hauptmann, show that, however great the editor's admiration of the English style, it does not render him an exclusive; and it is always true, that the earnest lover of what is truly great in one school, is the first to recognize real merit in other schools. Some compositions by Mr. Webb are characterized by much beauty and graceful treatment, and are among the most attractive and useful portions of the volume. We regret that he has, after the manner of the Church of Swedenborg, substituted the word "Jehovah," for "Lord," or "God." Even if more correct or solemn, we, in common with most Christians, should prefer the more familiar appellations of the Deity, as we have them in the common versions of the Scriptures.

The "Cantica Ecclesiastica" is a valuable work for choirs capable of performing the higher and more difficult styles of Church Music, and to such we earnestly commend it. Typographically, the volume is one of a remarkably distinct and beautiful appearance, save in its *title page*, and it is very neatly and appropriately bound.

Musical Chit-Chat.

First, the *amende honorable* to the HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY. In our review of the past Oratorio season, we referred in rather strong terms to what we had understood (apparently on good authority) to be one of their motives for performing the "Messiah" in the Theatre instead of in the Music Hall, — namely to make more money. We are too happy to find that we lent a too credulous ear to that report. The directors of the Society assure us that they never entertained the thought of deserting the Music Hall, and that their action on that occasion was purely exceptional, and solely dictated by the desire to aid a charitable object for which the Hall was occupied. We make the correction cheerfully, both on account of our old, which we trust will be life-long, regard for the Handel and Haydn Society, and because of our pardonable anxiety for our noble Music Hall, that it be kept true to the ends for which it was built. . . . The Society will rehearse the "Hymn of Praise" with orchestra to-morrow night, preparatory to the performance of the following Saturday.

Mr. S. B. BALL had a successful concert last week, which we were unable to attend. The programme, for a miscellaneous one, was uncommonly good, embracing such vocal pieces as Spohr's Sextet: "As pants the heart"; a song from Mozart's *Zauberflöte*; Kreutzer's "Chapel" (8 voices); Stradella's Prayer: *Pieta, Signore*; Mendelssohn's two-part song: "I would that my love"; *Una voce*; *Giorno d'orrore*, duet from *Semiramide*; "With verdure clad"; Rossini's *Quis est homo*; the "Good night" quartet from *Martha*, &c. . . . There will be much curiosity to witness the performances (whatever they may be) of the "Dutton children," at the Music Hall, this afternoon. They are said to be the *smallest* little Fairies (for their age) in the world, and models of symmetry of form.

Of music in New Orleans, during the past month, the enthusiastic gleaner of the *Picayune* reports:

April 10.—During the week past we have had, at the Theatre d'Orleans, representations of the following operas: Grisar's "Giles le Ravisseur," Verdi's "Trovatore," Rossini's "Barber of Seville," and Auber's "Muette de Portici," all of which have been well performed to excellent houses.

April 17.—The musical events of the week now closed have been the performance, at the Orleans theatre, of the operas, "Dragons de Villars," "Le Sourd," "Lucie de Lammermoor," with an act of the "Robert le Diable" for Lamothe's benefit, and "L'Ambassadrice." Cordier has been the heroine of the week, and has never sung better than she has in the "Lucie" and the "Ambassadrice." She gains upon her audience with every fresh representation.

April 24.—We have had one opera and two concerts, during the week just closed. As it was Passion week, the Orleans theatre only gave a single performance, that of "The Favorite," on Tuesday evening, which was well attended.

To-morrow evening, our opera-goers are to have another rich treat in the revival of Auber's charming comic opera, "La Sirène," which has not been given here for many years. Cordier is to sustain the leading rôle; and on the Thursday evening after, she takes her benefit, appearing in "the swan song of Herold," the "Pré aux Cleres."

The grand concert given by the artists of the Theatre d'Orleans, on Wednesday evening last, at Armory Hall, for the benefit of the widow of a deceased member of the company, was one of the best ever given in our city. Cordier, Lafrange, Lucien Bourgeois, Beauce, Taste, Prevost and his entire orchestra, and Mlle. Hedwig Brzowski, the pianist, took parts, and everything went off most successfully to a well-filled house.

Another musical event of the week was the concert of young Arthur Napoleon, the accomplished boy-pianist.

The new Opera House may now be fairly considered *un fait accompli*. The stock is taken, the site selected, the lessee chosen, and everything in the preliminary way satisfactorily arranged; and Mr. Boudousquid now invites all who wish to secure places to call at his office, and enter their names. The plan of the interior has already been devised and determined on, with the situation of the sittings which may be seen on application to Mr. Boudousquid. The new theatre will be a superb affair, and it is the purpose of the lessee to open it early in November next, with a full and talented company.

The programme of the last Classical Concert consisted of Mendelssohn's overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream," Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony," Weber's overture "Jubel," Haydn's adagio and scherzo to the third symphony, Beethoven's "Funeral March on the death of a Hero," and Mendelssohn's overture to "Ruy Blas." A remarkably fine programme.

GAZZANIGA goes to Europe forthwith. So does ULLMAN, it is said, to make arrangements for next winter. He means to engage MARIO and GRISI, it is hinted. . . . Gazzaniga, in her six months visit to Havana, made, with her salary, benefits and presents, about fifty thousand dollars. . . . STRAKOSCH had concluded his season in Cincinnati. A few evenings before the season closed, he was presented with a superb baton by the members of his company. . . . Late advices from London state that Mr. LUMLEY has recently become a bankrupt, and left for Italy. This may explain PICCOLOMINI's newly formed resolution to remain in the United States during the ensuing summer.

All the critics who write weekly dramatic *feuilletons* in the principal French journals, speak in high terms of the beauties of MEYERBEER's new opera. The following, from M. de Rovray's critique in the *Moniteur*, sums up the leading features of the general opinion:

"I have to-day to speak, not only of a *chef d'œuvre* but of an entirely new phase of that fertile genius which might have been thought to have developed already the fullest extent of its capacity in the highest walk of art. The '*Pardon de Ploermel*' has nothing in common with the great tragedy of the master, '*Robert le Diable*,' '*Les Huguenots*,' '*Le Prophète*,' and still less with the '*Etoile du Nord*,' that admirable episode of military life and camp music. The new opera is simple as an idyl, home-

felt and religious as a picture of the early Biblical ages—it is a composition of the highest order—homogeneous, complete, and thrown forth with all the spontaneity of inspiration. Melodies of incomparable grace are enshrined in exquisitely elaborated harmony. It is, beyond a doubt, the most natural and finished work that Meyerbeer has yet produced."

Mme. EBEN (*née* HENRIETTA BEHREND), a young German singer, favorably known in New York concert rooms, died lately in Vienna, of typhus fever, with which she was attacked on the morning of the day in which she was to have made her first appearance at the Imperial Opera, in the "Magie Flute." Her first appearance in public, according to the *N. Y. Post*, was at Castle Garden, with Jullien. Subsequently she appeared at the Crystal Palace, and several times in opera. Nearly eighteen months ago she married the flutist, Eben, and soon after, sailed for Europe. She sang at Hamburg and other German cities quite successfully, and had just received a warm welcome to the above-named opera-house. Her husband, who will be remembered as a favorite among flutists, particularly for his unassuming modesty of demeanor, was, at last accounts, suffering from the same disease. Madame Eben was but twenty-two years old.

Here is a sample of the programmes of the afternoon "Rehearsals" of the Germania Orchestra, under CARL SENTZ, in Philadelphia:

Overture—"Libella,"	Reisiger.
Song—Schwanenmadel,	Brock.
Waltz—Sonderlinge,	Lanner.
Jupiter—Symphony, Andante,	Mozart.
Overture—Return from Abroad,	Mendelssohn.
Polka—Datscha,	Lziesingl.
Entrée Act—Martha,	Flotow.
Galop—Soldateneuer,	Schacht.

PICCOLOMINI, in addition to her Papal descent, is now alleged to be a descendant of Cortez, the Conqueror of Mexico. Mr. J. McLeod Murphy in his lecture on Tehuantepec before the Geographical Society last evening, stated that he had prosecuted some curious researches in relation to the descendants of the renowned filibuster, many of whom are living on the Isthmus, and had become satisfied that the blood of Cortez runs in the veins of the gay little *prima donna*.—*Ev. Post*.

Here is an extract from a private letter from an American in Stuttgart, Germany, dated March 29.

"We have had some good operas here during the winter, by a tolerable company. Among others, the *Huguenots*, Wm. Tell, one by Gluck, *Der Freischütz*, Hans Heiling, *La Dame Blanche*, Lucia, *L'Elisir*, *Puritani*, *Don Juan*, Mozart's *Figaro*, *Troubadour*, (Verdi), *Dof-Barbier*, *Geralda*, and many that I cannot at present remember;—one by a Double Bass player in the Orchestra, ABERT, a young man of talent. The opera is "*Anna von Kronenland*," in 3 acts,—something of the "future music"—it had a tolerable success. Next comes *Tannhäuser*, the instrumentation to which is beautiful, and might be heard with pleasure without the voices. But to be compelled to hear the voices without the orchestra, would be a worse punishment than ever was invented by the inquisition. In the soprano and tenor parts Verdi is outscored. Indeed, the only vocal piece that gives pleasure is the Pilgrim's Chorus. The opera has never been given here. I heard JOHANNA WAGNER in it in Karlsruhe last November. Molique gave several concerts here last month—he is a good player, but without feeling."

The Chicago Musical Union celebrated the centennial anniversary of Handel's death on Friday evening, by performing for the first time in Chicago the Oratorio of the Messiah. The principal solo singers were Mrs. LONG, Soprano; Mrs. BRAINARD, (formerly Miss Kate L. Jones) Soprano; Mrs. MATTESON, Contralto; Mr. C. R. ADAMS, Tenor; Mr. J. G. LUMBERD, Basso; C. M. Cady, Conductor; A. J. VAAS, Leader of Orchestra. An address was also delivered by Rev. N. H. SCHENCK.

ROSSINI laid the other day the corner stone of a villa at Passa, hard by the side of Ranelagh. He invited several friends to be present at the laying of the corner stone of his villa. He placed in the corner stone a medal, struck to celebrate his *Stabat*, the coins of the day, and a plate with his name and the date engraved on it. He was with difficulty restrained from placing in it a valuable coin of Caracalla's reign, merely to puzzle future antiquarians, he said, who could not fail to write learned dissertations of Rossini, the friend of Caracalla. Somebody recited verses on the occasion, which Rossini laughed at, saying his pocket and the architect convinced him every quarter he had nothing of Orpheus about him, for whereas Orpheus had but to play his lyre to raise houses and move trees and rocks, he, poor Rossini, had to draw checks on his banker for every tree and rock moved.

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The first is a brilliant Waltz of moderate difficulty; the second a very tasteful and elegant arrangement of Weber's beautiful melody. Favarger, whose compositions enjoy the most distinguished favor of the fashionable musical circles of London, and whose talent and taste is unquestionable, has not yet been introduced to the American musical public. His works will find a large market in this country; amateurs of moderate skill can master them without any great difficulty.

Petite Fantasia, an air in the Barber of Seville.

Favarger 30

This piece is more particularly addressed to pupils, to whom it will be a charming lesson.

Books.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 371.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1859.

VOL. XV. No. 7.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

On the Bridge.

The leaves in the garden murmured
As in a broken dream ;
Balmily breathed the night wind,
Softly rippled the stream.

The quiet of eve grew deeper,
Soon all things sank to rest ;
The green leaves slept on the branches,
The wind on the river's breast.

" Good night ! " I said to the river,
The wind and the leaves, — " good night !
But I will watch and wander
Abroad with the full moon's light."

I stood on the bridge in silence ;
In silence I staid not long ;
My rapture broke from my bosom,
A sounding rocket of song.

If — as the poets of science
Affirm — sound never dies,
But onward, through circles increasing,
For ever and ever flies,

In what far sphere of hereafter,
What moment of pleasure or pain,
Thou song, lost breath of my being,
Shall I meet thee and greet thee again ?

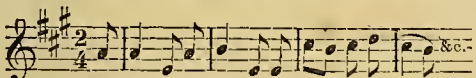
FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Incondita Jacto.

I.

My college chum, the " Diarist," asks: " Why Portuguese Hymn ? " — and then asks if it be not English. I think not ; that is, if the Diarist means :



I believe that tune to be of extreme antiquity, to have been taken by Protestants from the Catholics, and by Catholics from the Jews. I am told that there are two forms of synagogue worship among the Jews, one called the German, the other the Portuguese. The cantillation in this worship is traditional, and has come down from generations long since gone home. In 1845, I think it was, I attended worship at the Feast of Tabernacles in the " Hope of Israel " Synagogue, Philadelphia, which uses the Portuguese form, and there in a certain part of the cantillation, where the congregation joined in chorus, I heard the theme of the Portuguese hymn, beginning as I have written it above. Here, said I, is the theme, perhaps as old as King David, of the Catholic *Adeste fideles*, the Protestant " Portuguese Hymn."

II.

It appears to one of the readers of DWIGHT'S JOURNAL, that the long discussion of the Characteristics of Keys, recently given, is unnecessary. The whole matter may be summed up, I still think, as summed it up, in this Journal, years ago.

1. It is granted on all sides, that the simple position of the key note, higher or lower in the scale, produces some effect on the character of the music ; but this is not the effect now under consideration.

2. It is conceded, that if the twelve semitones of the piano-forte or organ could be tuned to precisely the same intervals, there could be no difference in Keys, except that difference which in the preceding paragraph we have thrown out of consideration.

3. But it is highly improbable that any tuner could tune, by the ear alone, an instrument to perfectly equal temperament. And, as a matter of fact, I have tried persons who, seated out of sight of the piano, could tell in what Key I was playing, equally when the instrument was up to concert pitch, or a semitone below.

4. The success of this last experiment, when the piano had been tuned by different persons, shows that, in the attempt to get equal temperament, several of the tuners about Boston make very nearly the same aberrations in the same parts of the octave ; — and this arises probably from all tuners tuning the several notes usually in the same order.

5. The difference in Keys produced by a variation from perfectly equal temperament, must produce to hearers of sensibility a difference of expression in Keys ; and so far as tuners are constant in their variation from equal temperament, the expression of a Key is constant. But, inasmuch as this variation must be slight, the expression must be feeble ; modifying, but never controlling, the sentiment of the music.

III.

In an interesting paper recently read by Prof. FELTON, before the American Academy, he spoke of the loss of *quantity* in the Greek tongue, and said that the modern Greek poets were now imitating the ancient metres by putting accented syllables for long syllables, and unaccented for short. It is well known that this has been done by German, American and English poets. But I think that sufficient care has not usually been taken to make every long syllable of the ancient metre become an accented syllable in the modern. It is somewhat difficult to do this in English, but not impossible. Read one of the ancient odes, until your ear catches the rhythm, and you can easily parody the measure. Although I am no poet, I can readily form a rough imitation of Horace's metres. Thus taking up Ode I. 1 : *Sunt quos, &c.*, I translate :

Some love, covered with dust, riding a chariot,
and so on, every line in like measure. The second ode, *Jam satis, &c.*, may be thus parodied :
Full enough snow, mingled with dreadful hailstones,
Earthward Jove sends down, while his rattling thunder

Leaps to strike high towers, and the sacred temples,
Shaking the city.

The third ode is in couplets, thus :

Fair ship ! may the all-powerful,
Foam-sprung, Cyprian dame, dazlingly beautiful,
Guide thee, while the twin brethren of
Fair-haired Helen assist, shining propitiously.

The variety which could thus be given to our English verse by a good poet, would, I think, lend it new beauties.

Le Pardon de Ploermel.

(From the London Athenæum.)

M. MEYERBEER'S BRETON OPERA. — While, as we have not long ago been seeing, a French composer has selected the most philosophical of German plays for the subject of his opera, — a German master has resorted to Brittany for his theme and his scene. This is only one among the many instances of sagacity shown by M. Meyerbeer — the newest adaptation of his genius to the humor of the time. A taste for what is traditional and picturesque, — not without its analogies to the minute and loving observation of Nature in the worlds of England's imagination, — has been growing in France during the past thirty years. Madame Dudevant, MM. Souvestre and Feuillet (to name but three authors) have given to our neighbors stories, scenes, pages, which are doubly delicious if they be contrasted with the old shepherd-work which passed for rural life and manners among the Florians and Fontenelles. The French are becoming landscape painters (thanks, some say, to their having taken up our Constable). They are beginning as tourists not to faint at fresh air nor to be saddened by "*trop de verdure*." As literary artists they have doubled the number of tints on their palette of verbal expression. Think (to offer an example) of *Annette and Lubin*, and the other Pater peasant girls and Boncher boys, whom the Marmontels and D'Héles marshalled for the Philidors and Grétrys to set, and the Dugazons and St. Aubins to sing, in comparison with the three folk who support the interests of M. Meyerbeer's " Pilgrimage-Day ('*pardon*') of Ploermel " ! *Dinorah*, the love-crazed heroine, with her goats, has a touch of the true fantastic mingled with the old, faded, opera insanity, as any one will own who takes the trouble of recollecting Sterne's once-popular Maria with her Sylvio. Then, the old superstitions concerning hidden treasure and the person by whom it is found, common to all moorland rock districts — so delicately touched by Madame Dudevant in her "*Jeanne*" — are turned to account. The seeker is, of course, *Dinorah's* lover, whom a catastrophe had severed from her, on the day of the last year's "*Pardon*," when they were on the point of marriage. The seer is replaced by a cowardly piper, anxious to drive a safe bargain ; and on the above characters and incidents (into which is inwrought another known tradition, holding that when hidden treasure is found the life of that person who first touches the gold-stone must be sacrificed), and the final recovery of the senses of the love-crazed girl on the day of the Pilgrimage — the anniversary of the loss of her senses — has been built a story, by MM. Barbier and Carré, strong enough to interest a public and sufficiently quaint to attract a composer, both of whom, without scandal be it said, are notoriously difficult to satisfy with a subject.

This gives us pleasure, inasmuch as we have long felt, and often said, that the limits of stage complication have been reached, and that " the touch of Nature " is now the touch to try. But the subtleties with which simplicity may be invested have never been more signally illustrated than in this case : nor was ever " the ruling pas-

sion" displayed more amusingly. Who has forgotten Horace Walpole's *mot* concerning Count de Viry, the Sardinian diplomatist—"He is dead" (ran the anecdote), "but he does not wish it mentioned for some days?" Who has forgotten the metamorphosed *Minette* in the fairy tale, that could not bring herself to decline a mouse, when after having been a cat for years she was promoted to become a young lady? But neither the tale of the Sardinian diplomatist, nor of the transformed *Grimalkin*, outdoes in caution and curiosity many a one which has been circulated in Paris concerning the master's reserves and requirements in regard to this Breton opera. How his goats had to be trained, how his thunder of a particular rumble had to be stage-managed, to the exhaustion of every creature's patience and the purse of the *Opéra Comique*, are matters of green-room talk, if not of history. Yet never has been super-solicitude less required to eke out deficient genius than in this case. In no former grand opera has M. Meyerbeer poured out melody with such freshness as in this simple French legend. In none has he been so subtle, while so simple. How difficulty and ease must, in his case, be reconciled as a condition of invention, the following paragraphs may possibly indicate.

This Breton opera opens with an overture, which, we are told, is to be considered as a retrospect. There can be no objection to such experiment being tried,—though it is hard to conceive how unprepared strangers are to make anything explanatory out of bell, and flute, and voices, and storm. Thus it virtually becomes an overture to every one's second hearing of "Le Pardon," if its meaning is to be unthreaded. Considered as a piece of music, it is ingenious, though possibly spun out to too great a length. The themes are all good; there is a "Will o' the wisp" passage, a rustic tune with goat bells, a storm, a march of Pilgrimage, and a delightfully simple choral chant behind the scenes. These are combined and wrought with great seeming ingenuity and resource; though the combination relies too largely on that fancy for chromatic progression, which is its composer's favorite resource, whether he deal with the cathedral scene in "Le Prophète," or work up the *Dessauer March* to a climax in the mutiny scene of "L'Etoile." After this is over, the curtain rises on a village chorus, in 3-4 time, with a quaint episode, natural and melodious, and then the heroine comes on the stage. Among the other difficulties of this opera of few singing personages is the fact, that *Dinorah's* part is one, from first to last, of madness. This has been varied by M. Meyerbeer with a diversity of color, clearness of form, and affluence of melody, which raise him to a point higher, we think, than that at which he has heretofore stood. *Dinorah* has an imaginary lullaby, or cradle song, a real melody on the fewest notes possible (as noticeable in M. Reber's "Berceuse"), next a duet with *Corentin*, the cowardly piper, where her voice, after whirling, gamboling, and flourishing in antiphonic mockery of his instrument—so as to make the despair of any songstress who is not fearless, fitful, and fluent as lark or linnet—subsides into a lazy, languid *cantabile*, as sweet as sleep. The duet is throughout charming and new. After this, *Hoel*, the hero of the piece, appears, and *Dinorah* vanishes. He gives what may be called the exposition of his love, of her craziness, caused by sudden calamity, of his resolution to heal all by aid of the treasure which is to be discovered that very night, and his reasons for hiding himself for a twelvemonth, first in a scene, afterwards in a duet, both full of the happiest phrases and details; the latter reproducing without plagiarism the prompting duet "Un bandeau," in Grétry's "Richard." In this M. Meyerbeer's musical vigor is attested by the fact, that one of the interlocutors—*Corentin*—is handed over to a singer who is no singer, the part lying musically within small limits. The act closes with a *trio*, in which *Dinorah*, outside the hut, and in yet another "lune," takes part. This *trio* is exquisitely fresh in melody, though written at a height for the female voice which will puzzle the Diapason Commission-

ers. The work of the theme, which is in *andante tempo* too, lies on G (?) above the line.

The second act is a night scene, mainly devoted to the quest of the treasure—the night following the evening during which the story began. Here, the curtain rises on a wood scene, with a pleasing and effective chorus of peasants going homeward. They talk of the poor mad girl, who cannot stay at home when the moon is out. Talk of *Dinorah*, and (after they have gone home with their lanterns) she appears; with her, too, *Madge Wildfire's* "bonny lady moon." This gives occasion to a dancing song to her own shadow: which, albeit in waltz *tempo*, and as little Breton as Burmese, is about the most delicious and fascinating display for a brilliant singer which has been written for the last quarter of a century. Right or wrong, old or new, the song is one "to set the world on fire," yet it avoids commonplace by touches astonishingly few and natural. Shortly after this the scene changes to a ravine with water, and for bridge that perilous fallen tree, which we have learned to distrust, ever since Scott showed us the *Black Linn of Linklater* in "Old Mortality," as a tree sure to fall when the moon goes down and the storm gets up. Here we have a second night song for the poor wandering creature—the legend telling how the seeker who first touches the gold-stone shall perish. Wilder, more weird, more elvish, a briefer tune (and this is a brief one) could not be. Whether the wildness be nationally Breton, let antiquarians of the district tell. If it be, it is wondrously unlike the wildness of those Welsh legendary tunes known to Lady Charlotte Guest and Miss Jane Williams,—and in legend, and in *patois*, Wales and Brittany are not yet divorced. The act ends with a storm-*trio*. The coward (who has to play the seer's part) drives on the poor girl to be the precursor, the gold-pointer, the victim (she having been up to this time adroitly kept out of sight of her lover). The storm thickens, the bough breaks as *Dinorah* crosses the bridge; she is drowned to all intents and purposes (save those of opera). But the scene is melodramatic, and, though capitally effective on the stage, as a forced scene, has only got forced music out of M. Meyerbeer, in comparison with the *trio* which closes his first act and his haunting moonlight dance.

The third act is devoted to the good morning following such a bad night. (Among other of its twenty titles, this opera, provisionally, bore that of "The Bad Night.") The curtain rises to a short symphony, radiant, sonorous, refined in no common degree. Then arrive four new singers, first, a hunter, *basso*; second, a mower, *tenor*; third, a lad and lass, *contralto* and *soprano*; the four conspiring, ere they vanish, in a prayer, which has reference to the impending annual pilgrimage ("Pardon" the Breton word is) to Ploermel. The value of these—save as fillers-up of time—did not, at rehearsal, occur to us. We observe, however, that at the first performance M. Barielle, the *basso*, got an *encore*.—we learn, moreover, on the authority of M. Berlioz, that M. Meyerbeer will probably recombine the quartet on a national theme, that movement having (with reason) failed to satisfy him. Lastly, comes the scene of *Dinorah's* slow return to life: her rescue from the torrent having been effected by her lover, which gives occasion for yet another graceful setting of the old sentiment, "*Reviens à toi*." There is nothing in the opera beyond this,—save the grand duet of recognition, and the restoration of the heroine's recollection by the soothing influences of the Chant of Pilgrimage. In point of its *libretto* this act is the weakest; perhaps weakest, too, in point of its music. The duet, however, is alive with emotion, and the efforts made by *Dinorah* to rally her returning powers of memory, more probable and thus more touching than anything of the kind which we recollect, while the close of the opera is simple and solemn in no common degree. The stage is left empty after the pilgrims and the reunited lovers have passed; and one repetition of the hymn "Sancta Maria" succeeds to another, fainter and more faint, till the curtain descends

slowly on the last echoes of the song of the Pilgrims of Ploermel.

The opera is, in some respects, executed to a nicety, which M. Meyerbeer will obtain nowhere except at the *Salle Favart*. Nowhere else, do we conceive, will he find a heroine so perfectly equal to the situation as Madame Cabel. Prolonged study of the part has added to the courage of her old attempts a changeful finish and delicacy which are charming in proportion as her duty is difficult. Trying her performance by past recollections, *Dinorah* reveals to us an entirely new Madame Cabel. With M. Faure, her lover, we are less enchanted. Paris delights in him obviously; but to us his stature as a singer is a cubit shorter than that of his predecessor, M. Battaille. M. Saint-Foy, the mercenary piper, is farce itself; and farce with hardly a musical tone in its voice: but his consummate stage tact carries him through; and the effect of his superstition, greediness, fright, and folly prefigures what may be expected from Signor Ronconi, should he fulfil the rumor which points him out as the representative of the part at Covent Garden Theatre; where the opera, we believe, will certainly be given. Such other remarks as we may have to offer on a work which, be it good or bad, is peculiar in every sense of the word, must be reserved for another day.

Madame Bosio.

(From the New York Evening Post.)

Madame Bosio will be well remembered by our opera-going citizens. She first appeared on the stage in one of the larger Italian cities (Venice, we believe) when but fifteen years old, in the chief soprano part of Verdi's *Due Foscari*, and was engaged for Marti's Havana troupe before she had attained a continental celebrity. It is indeed in this country that Bosio first gained a real professional reputation. She sang in this city several seasons, at the old Astor Place Opera-house, and at Castle Garden, and though we have now a more magnificent opera-house, larger stage, finer accessories, better orchestra and chorus, yet many lovers of music will fondly recall those moonlight evenings when, sitting in the balconies that surrounded the old fort, they listened to the liquid notes of Bosio as she warbled, from the stage, the Polacca from *Puritani*, or threw her whole soul into the delicious *finale* from *Sonnambula*.

At one time Bosio, quarrelling with her manager, undertook herself to manage an opera company, and was the chief member of the Italian Artists' Union Opera Company, which gave a short season of fifty-cent operas at Niblo's, in competition with Maretzek at the Astor Place House. Bosio's troupe included Bettini, the tenor, and Badiali, the baritone, while Maretzek opposed to these attractions Steffanone, Salvi and Marini. Competition ran high, and Bosio, naturally a jealous artist, did what *prime donne* will do only when actuated by interested motives—she consented to take a secondary part, and sang the rôle of *Adalgisa* to the *Norma* of Rosa de Vries. But even such sacrifices were unavailing. The season proved unsuccessful, and the Artists' Union was soon broken up through the personal quarrels of its members.

During her stay in this country Bosio had a husband, with a preposterous name, commencing with X, but not Xerxes. This man, like the husbands of every *prima donna* we have heard of, spent his wife's money and was constantly getting himself and her into trouble; it was through his influence that Bosio shortened her visit to this country, of which she was very fond. Returning to Europe, she was fortunate enough to get engagements in London and Paris, and finally reached that very Paradise of opera singers, St. Petersburg, where for several seasons she has been the reigning favorite. She had contracted an engagement for London, (where, as well as also in the English provinces, she was highly popular,) and on its conclusion expected to make a second visit to this country, when her career was cut short by her death, which occurred on the 12th instant, at St. Petersburg, after returning from a professional visit to Moscow.

Bosio was a brilliant, but not a "sensational" singer. Her voice, a clear soprano, was excellently cultivated, and her style finished and lady-like. She seems, indeed, to have been the legitimate successor of Persiani, who, in her day, was considered the most lady-like opera singer on the stage, and who yet lives, or did till recently, at Paris. Bosio was, by some of the foreign critics, considered the really best public singer living. Her voice had great flexi-

bility, and while her limited histrionic powers and her delicate figure unfitted her to heavy tragic rôles, she was almost perfect in such characters as Zerlina, Amina, Adina, Lucia, Elvira (in *Puritani*) and the like. Her style was better adapted to the cantabile movements of Bellini and Donizetti than the declamatory strains of Verdi. She delighted, too, in comic opera, and as Norina in *Don Pasquale*, and Rosina, in the *Barber*, was perfectly at home. In her death the musical world loses one of the most elegant and finished singers of the day—one who could really sing.

(From the London Athenæum.)

As a singer her loss is indeed great. We recollect no young artist improving so rapidly. We know of no one coming forward so deserving of public favor. Madame Bosio's executive powers were, year by year, refined and perfected. From being lifelessly elegant on the stage, she warmed up part by part into something more and more of grace and pathos; and though she could never have aspired to the heights of tragedy, in all that was sentimental, gentle, and sad she was beginning to command the sympathies of her audience to a degree which no one could have anticipated from her first efforts. Though Madame Bosio's features were curiously irregular, there was an attraction about her, passing for and superseding beauty,—that which our neighbors term "distinction." How the void which her premature decease will cause on the Italian stage is to be filled we cannot dream.

(From the London Musical World, April 16.)

The death of Madame Bosio has filled all musical London with consternation and regret. The melancholy intelligence reached England from Paris on Thursday, having been received in the French capital by electric telegraph from St. Petersburg, on Wednesday. No previous tidings of indisposition had prepared the friends of Madame Bosio, in Paris or London, for the deplorable event. By the latest accounts from the northern capital, the fair and accomplished artist was in possession of her usual health and spirits, and more than ever had cause to exult in her triumphs and rejoice in her talents. It is but a fortnight since we recorded a signal and unprecedented honor conferred on Madame Bosio, by the Emperor of Russia. The latest notices of the singer at the Imperial Theatre exhibited her in the height of her powers and at the zenith of her popularity. The journals teemed with her praises. The world was at her feet. The public idolized her; the aristocracy loved her; royalty paid homage to her. Of what use are decorations now,—popularity, praises, homage, and love? Death has stopped that voice, that was like a silver lure to our hearts, and has fixed in everlasting rigidity that form that moved before our eyes with so much grace and fascination; nothing, save the sexton's shovel, could have severed the tie between the public and the favorite.

Madame Angiolina Bosio was one of the most accomplished singers of her time. Her voice was a pure soprano of great fluency and beautiful quality, possessing, moreover, in a remarkable degree, the brilliancy so essential to organs of that register. To these desirable qualities were added a superior knowledge of vocalization, an excellent judgment, and a delicacy of refinement, the characteristic that more than any other distinguished her from modern cantatrices. So strongly was this characteristic impressed upon her, that, no matter in what part she appeared, no matter what music she sang, she never could entirely divest herself of the lady. For this reason, perhaps—certainly for no other—Madame Bosio's acting in Zerlina in *Don Giovanni* was not universally admired. As an actress, without reaching the points of passion and abandonment, and without being able to realize the most powerful emotions, she was always earnest and real, and, as far as the eye was concerned, invariably satisfactory. Madame Bosio's best performances, however, were those in which the singing was paramount to the acting, and in which neither the tragic nor comic powers were severely taxed. Hence she appeared to such perfection as the Countess in *Conte Ory*, as Matilda in *Matilda di Shabran*, Gilda in *Rigoletto*, Martha in Flotow's opera, and Zerlina in *Fra Diavolo*. In all these parts she was unapproachable, and, as far as we know, has left behind her no successor. Apart from all consideration of vocal capabilities and histrionic acquirements, Madame Bosio's singing had a charm which cannot be described, and which, as it were, completely evaded analysis. Voices of more beautiful quality, even of greater brilliancy, were not rare; nevertheless, her tones frequently reached the heart, where those of more gifted singers would not have passed the ears. Nor could this be attributed to a more intense expression, or to a more artistic method of vocalization. Madame Bosio had several contemporaries, her equals,

at least, in both respects. Perhaps the cause may be referred to the sympathetic quality of the organ, coupled with an intonation at all times unerring. In no other way can we account for the peculiar charm of Madame Bosio's singing.

Madame Angiolina Bosio came to London in 1852, and made her debut at the Royal Italian Opera, at the end of the season, in Donizetti's *Elisir d'Amore*. She created little effect. She subsequently appeared as Marguerite de Valois, in the *Huguenots*, with some advancement in public favor. Her third appearance was in *Ernani*, and her success was still more decided. As yet, however, she had created no "sensation," and the public, if they turned attention to the singer at all, looked upon her as a tolerable substitute in case of necessity, rather than one who was shortly to become conspicuous among the most remarkable prima-donnas of modern times. What intention failed to effect, however, accident accomplished. *I Puritani* had been performed the whole season with Grisi in her celebrated part of Elvira. When the regular season terminated, three extra performances were given at reduced prices. M. Jullien's *Pietro il Grande* produced the same year, was announced. Tamherlik was taken ill, and *I Puritani* was substituted. Grisi refused to sing, and Madame Bosio was requested to undertake her part. She did not hesitate; the trial was hazardous, but she felt her power, and was determined to do or die. The writer of this article was present, and remembers distinctly the occurrences of the evening. Madame Bosio was extremely nervous in the first scenes. The duet with Georgio was ineffective throughout; the polacca created no impression. The curtain fell on the first act with scarcely a hand of applause. Many left the house. The audience were listless and apathetic. Still they were not unkind, and listened when, under other circumstances, they would have expressed dissatisfaction. The curtain rose on the second act. When Elvira came on in the mad scene, and commenced the favorite cavatina, "Qui la voce," the audience were strangely inattentive. Perhaps their indifference inspired the singer with determination; perhaps, from her very fear there grew a courage. Whatever the cause, Madame Bosio began to sing in reality, and the slow movement was followed by "bravos" from all parts of the house. Now came the artist's revenge. The *cabaletta* literally took the house by storm, and created an immense furor. A more sudden and enthusiastic sensation was never witnessed. Madame Bosio was encircled with acclamations, and recalled several times, and, what was more to the purpose, her singing indicated no falling off in the third act. This performance was in reality the turning point of Madame Bosio's fortune. Her success was the prevailing topic in musical circles, and Mr. Gye, who likes to take the ball at the first hop, engaged her for three years. So great indeed was the impression she made on the manager and musical director, that, in the prospectus of the following season, 1853, no less than three new operas were announced, in which Madame Bosio was to sustain the principal characters. These were, Rossini's *Matilda di Shabran*, Verdi's *Rigoletto*, and Spohr's *Jessonda*—thereby acknowledging the artist's versatility, no less than her talent. Rossini's opera was not given until the following year, but the other two were produced. The performance of Gilda in *Rigoletto* satisfied the public as to Madame Bosio's artistic claims, and placed her at once among the most eminent vocalists of the day. From 1853 Madame Bosio made steady and sure progress in popular estimation, until last year, when she might have been fairly denominated "the reigning Queen of Song" at the Royal Italian Opera—no offence to Grisi, who has a right to exact the higher title of "reigning tragic Queen of Song" at the same establishment.

The loss of Madame Bosio to the operatic stage will be universally deplored. To the Royal Italian Opera, we fear, it will prove irreparable. So admirable a mistress of her art, so graceful and elegant an actress, and one gifted with so many eminent qualifications, we know not where to look for among modern singers. Madame Bosio died in the prime of life, and in the very height of her powers and reputation. The causes which led to her death we have not learned. It is possible she may have undergone too much fatigue in the arduous duties consequent on her high position in St. Petersburg, which, combined with the harass and toil in undertaking so long and trying a journey to and from the capital of the Czars, might indeed affect any but an iron constitution. But for the Imperial Theatre at St. Petersburg, it is more than probable that Tamburini would not have lost his voice at forty-five, nor Rubini have quitted the stage before reaching fifty. The saddest conjecture remains behind. But for the Imperial Theatre in St. Petersburg, in all probability, the charming, the talented, the admired, the accomplished Angiolina

Bosio would still have been suffered to delight her friends and admirers in following that profession of which she was so graceful and distinguished an ornament. In the cause of the art she loved, she has sacrificed her life. Poor Gilda now, indeed, is laid low by the hand of the Universal Assassin, and musical Europe is the Rigoletto that weeps over its lost child.

DESMOND RYAN.

PICCOLomini EATS A "CORN-DODGER."—The *Detroit Free Press* tells a good story under this caption, the scene of which is laid at the Biddle House in that city. It appears that a Wolverine—one of the rough, hearty, backwoods style of old fellows, bluff and outspoken, a great contemner of city airs and frivolities—who was spending his money in the city, yearned for a corn-dodger, and like Rachel of old, "refused to be comforted because they were not" at the Biddle House, so he procured one to be manufactured at an eating house, and had it brought—in a dray, we presume—to his hotel and set on the supper table. The *Free Press* shall give its own version of the scene:—

He was in his glory that night as he was seated at the table with the big corn-dodger before him, and all the company wondering what on earth it was. Directly opposite it happened that Piccolomini was placed, and no eyes were wider spread than the brown orbs which illumine the childish face of the petite Siennese. The little minx looked at the corn-dodger, which was as big as a half-bushel, and then gazed at her male companion in the prettiest of puzzlements. Then she laughed a little, and leaned forward so as to look in the face of the old fellow, giving him a glance full of the most radiant *diablerie* that ever mortal saw in woman's eye. He was fascinated, but mistook the cause. He honestly thought Piccolomini wanted some of his corn-dodger, and, seizing his knife, with a glowing countenance and pleasing expression he ejaculated:

"Have a piece, Miss?"

A puzzled expression overspread the pretty face opposite for a moment, but a sudden light dawned upon it, followed by a merry laugh and such a clapping of hands. Then a succession of nods ensued, which signified assent to the delighted trader. He lost no time in carving out a huge piece, which he passed over on the point of his knife. It wasn't much of a bite for him, but the little prima donna could scarcely clasp it in both hands, as she received it in high glee. She looked at it with a delightful bewilderment for a moment, and then, with a rueful face at the predicament she had got herself into, put her teeth to it. She nibbled at it like a mouse, smiled an angelic smile, took a second nibble, and laughed as heartily as a school girl. Then she deposited it on one side of her plate—it covered up two-thirds of it—and with a relieved air returned her thanks.

"Zat ees ver-ee coot, my frien'. I sink he ees mos', vat you call him?—mos', mos'—ex-cel-lent."

"No, you don't say so?" exclaimed the delighted trader. "Who'd a tho't it, by jimminy? Give us yer hand, sissy!" and he fairly jumped out of his chair as he stretched out a brawny palm clear across the table, which was grasped with a half-fearful and half-comical expression by the jeweled hand of the little princess. The scene created an uproar, and there was no end of hilarity and good humor, in which none more heartily participated than the Piccolomini.

Who Writes Our Songs?

(From the New York Evening Post.)

The musical composer who really furnishes the great majority of our songs, and whose productions have the widest popularity among the masses of our people, is known to very few of them, even by reputation. The new melodies that greet the public ear, month after month, and are sung, whistled and hummed by thousands—that are thumped on pianofortes, thrummed on banjos, breathed on flutes, tortured into variations, and enjoy a wide, though, after all, evanescent popularity, are chiefly the product of one of fertile brain—and that brain, as Mr. Micawber would say, is the brain appertaining to Mr. Stephen C. Foster. This gentleman is a native of Pittsburgh, and has spent all his days there, excepting three years at Cincinnati, and two at New York. He was born on the 4th of July, 1826, (the very day that John Adams and Thomas Jefferson died,) and is therefore, now in his thirty-third year. His father, Mr. William B. Foster, was a Pittsburgh merchant, a member of the State Legislature, afterwards a

Mayor of Alleghany city, and subsequently occupied an official post under the federal government. His oldest sister is the wife of Rev. E. Y. Buchanan, the only brother of the President of the United States. Stephen C. Foster is the youngest of his family.

He enjoyed but limited opportunities for musical instruction, and took but few lessons. When nineteen years old he composed for a social quartette club, of which he was a member, his first successful song, the popular favorite, "Uncle Ned." It was shortly afterwards sung at a public concert in Cincinnati, and received such applause that Mr. William C. Peters, the music publisher in that city, requested the privilege of publishing it, which was at once granted. Mr. Foster next composed "Susanna," which was more simple in its style, and became even more popular. In a private letter, Mr. Foster writes: "I had up to this time neither received or thought of any pecuniary remuneration for my efforts in the musical line. Imagine my delight, therefore, on receiving for my next song one hundred dollars in cash! Though this song was not successful, yet the two fifty dollar notes which I received for it had the effect of starting me in my present vocation of a song writer."

It would render this article too much like a "catalogue of popular and standard music" to give a list of Mr. Foster's songs. "Massa's in the Cold Ground," "Old Kentucky Home," "Hi! Boys, Carry me 'Long," "Nelly was a Lady," and "Old Folks at Home," may be mentioned as among the most popular. His "Susanna" melody has been seized by many pianists, (among whom may be mentioned Herz and Thalberg) as a melodic theme peculiarly suited for treatment with variations, and some of the other negro melodies have obtained an equal popularity. Nor is this popularity merely a local one. In many of the Southern States Mr. Foster's songs have been adopted by the slaves to enliven them at their huskings and field labors. In a private letter from one who has recently returned from an extended pedestrian tour through the border land of Scotland, where the songs of Burns and the older oral Scotch ballads are known to and sung by every one, occurs the following passage: "I spent several weeks amid the poetic hills of Ettrick, along the braes of Yarrow, so famed in Scottish border minstrelsy, and here I found some of Foster's earlier melodies were almost displacing, in the estimation of the shepherd boys and cottage girls, the songs of Burns and Ramsey. Often in the Scottish cottages, after the bagpipes have droned out their accompaniment to 'Scots wha hae,' and 'Lord Athol's Courtship,' a voice will take up one of these American melodies, and all gathered around the ingle side will join in the simple refrain; and thus the plaintive, touching strains that are first sung in the dark, sooty town of Pittsburgh, on the Monongahela, rise away above the smoke and steam of city life, float across the Atlantic, and are heard upon the heathery hills of Ettrick, and among the birks that grow on the 'braes of Yarrow.'" Favorable mention has also been made of them from California, China, and Australia, and even the deserts of Africa, through the foreign and home correspondence of our newspapers.

Ethiopian minstrelsy, as it is called, has, however, culminated, and is now in its decline. Appreciating this fact, Mr. Foster has somewhat changed his style, and abandoning the use of negro jargon, he now writes songs better adapted for general use. While the melodies exhibit a decided improvement, the words are rhythmical, always unexceptionable in point of moral, and as good, poetically considered, as the majority of songs. We do not say that Mr. Foster's "melodies" can be compared with those that have immortalized the names of Burns, Barry Cornwall, or Thomas Moore; but we do maintain that the composer who produced such popular and pleasing songs as "Gentle Annie," "Willie, we have Missed You," "Maggie by my Side," "I see her still in my Dreams," "Old Dog Tray," "Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair," &c., deserves an honorable mention, as one of those who has enlarged the pleasure of thousands.

The reason of the popularity of Mr. Foster's songs lies in their easy, flowing melody, the adherence to plain chords in the accompaniments, and the avoidance of intricacy in the harmony or embarrassing accidentals in the melody. They have a family resemblance, but not greater than the simpler melodies of Bellini and Donizetti, and the composer is no more truly open to the charge of self-plagiarism than are those Italian melodists. And, as Mr. Foster is still young, he may improve and elevate his style, till he attains a musical reputation that will be more than ephemeral.

HANOVEN.—A new opera by E. Flotow, to be entitled *Le Moulin de Meran*, was announced to be given on the 15th instant.

Verdi's "Macbeth."

The DUBLIN Journals have spoken at great length about the production of Verdi's *Macbeth*, by Mr. Willert Beal's Italian troupe. The following account is from the *Daily Express*, dated the 31st of March.

Verdi and Shakspeare are a novel combination, at least in this country. It seems strange to us to associate the antique dignity of the time-honored tragic muse with the conventionalities of the modern opera. Shakspeare's peculiar language has become so inseparable a part of his conceptions that we forget that the general imagination of the story, the characters, dramatic sequence and positions, may be capable of powerful effects, even when separated from his immortal words. Thus, "Macbeth" has donned its Italian dress, but still retains each familiar scene and incident, and has not been shorn of its wonted power. Signor Solero, Verdi's usual librettist, has taken inevitable liberties with the text. Abridgement was necessary, and the requisitions of a musical composer are imperative; but he has adhered closely to the leading features, and followed the text, as far as an Italian could be expected to comprehend phraseology so wholly alien to his language. The result has been highly successful in Italy, and it is surprising that the honor should have been left to a Dublin manager of first introducing an acknowledged favorite to these countries. Twelve years have elapsed since its first production at the Pergola, in Florence, and yet neither London nor Paris has yet heard it!

The witches are naturally a prominent feature in the story, and were that which most puzzled the Italians. The northern and Teutonic superstition is strangely at variance with the less fantastic, but more beautiful, supernaturalisms of southern climes. Thus too, the music is utterly different from that which an Englishman would have written. Those who have Locke's admirable arrangement on their ear will be confounded at Verdi's heretical treatment of the same subjects. Yet both are equally true, only modeled on different forms of thought and feeling. Verdi has given a wild and consistent character throughout to their weird revelries, which well preserves its unearthly individuality, and which always bears a striking and distinctive melody. The first scene contains the prediction of Macbeth's future greatness, and the third their incantations, with the prophetic apparitions. Lady Macbeth found a representative, probably not now to be equalled on any stage, in Madame Viardot. Her first appearance, as in Shakspeare, is where she reads the letter that suggests to her thoughts of terrible ambition. The opening air, *Vieni l'affitta*, is a bold melody, enriched by harmonic changes, and to which she imparts the energy of the relentless Lady Macbeth. She learns the arrival of the king within her castle, and bursts into the strain of fierce delight, *Or tutti sorgete*. Nothing could exceed the dramatic power she transfused into this, and the brilliancy of her vocalization. The applause was overwhelming, but the encore was not complied with. Next follows the murder scene, in which the faltering courage of Macbeth (Signor Graziani) is animated by his less timid spouse. The deed is done; and the duet, *Fatal mia Donna*, is as highly dramatic and appropriate in melody as any production of Verdi. Her contempt for his weak remorse finds powerful expression in the *motivo*, "Sei vano, O Macbetho." The murder is disclosed, and the act concludes with a striking and impressive finale, *Schiudi inferno*. It is wrought up with great power; the solo parts, with out accompaniments, are skillfully interwoven with the chorus; and it concludes with a bold *ensemble*, which is most effective, and was admirably executed throughout. The chorus throughout occupied a prominent position, and forms not the least important portion of the opera. In the second act, the chorons of murderers, *Sparve il Sol*, is highly original and descriptive, full of charming and simple melody; and it may be said, once for all, that the chorons throughout showed the benefits of excellent training and frequent rehearsal. The banquet scene follows, in which Lady Macbeth entertains her guests, more according to Italian than English ideas, with a drizzling song, not improbably destined to as much popularity as the famous *Libiamo*. This is interrupted by the Ghost of Banquo, and Macbeth's horror is painted in music of great intensity, and which developed the full powers of Graziani's noble voice. His acting, too, was much better than in any previous character, and was fully equal to the situation. Of Madame Viardot too much cannot be said. Not even Ristori could equal her, while she far excelled her only rival, in being truthful without exaggeration. The *finale* of the second act is one of Verdi's best productions. He always preserves a simple and striking air, which imparts unity to the whole, while each separate part

has been written in with skill and individuality. The entire scene was highly effective, and will please more the oftener it is heard. The third contains the incantation, with its wild, weird-like witch music, and two songs for Graziani, which are as great master-pieces as any that great artist has yet accomplished. The fourth act introduces the banished nobles who have conspired against Macbeth's tyranny, and gave occasion for the first appearance on any stage of a new and promising young tenor, Signor Corsi. He filled the part of Macbeth, which is necessarily subordinate to the principal characters, but which contains a song, *Ah! la Paterna Mano*, of sufficient pretensions, and which showed an excellent and genuine tenor voice, producing so favorable and decided an impression as to receive a very warm *encore*. The famous sleep-walking scene worthily closes Mme. Viardot's appearance, and still further exalts her reputation. Truthful and vivid, without being painful, it surpasses the efforts of our greatest English tragedians. It received the best tribute—that of breathless attention and intense interest. The battle scene was somewhat lamely fought. Macbeth falls in a combat, which disappoints the galleries, and the opera comes to a conclusion. The not unimportant part of Banquo was admirably filled by Signor Lanzoni, but the weight of the performance rests on the two leading artists—Viardot and Graziani. Two better suited it would be impossible to find. It will not be easy to obtain such a combination in London, where these two will not be united. They have now established on the stage a new opera. Its success cannot be doubted. It is plainly destined to popularity. It has but one defect, in which it resembles its prototype that of too great length. From the first two acts, it would be impossible to cut without injury; but parts of the third and fourth acts may be curtailed with great advantage in its reproduction. Too much honor cannot be given to all concerned in the arduous task of surmounting the difficulties of a first reproduction. Both Mr. Levey as leader, and Signor Arditi as conductor, displayed a skill and energy without which success would have been impossible, and owing to which it has happily been achieved.

The Death of Madame Bosio.

The *Evening Bulletin*, (Philadel.), furnishes the following:

The particulars of the last illness and death of Madame Bosio, are contained in our Continental papers received by the Niagara. A letter dated St. Petersburg, April 2, to the Independence Belge, mentions that in the second week of Lent, she and other artists of the Italian Opera went to Moscow to sing at concerts. One of these was for the benefit of the French Benevolent Society, the gross receipts of which were 20,000 roubles, (about \$16,000). The expenses were heavy, Bosio receiving 4000 roubles (\$3209). The net profits were about \$6,000. On her return, Mme. Bosio received an official letter announcing her appointment as first contralto to Their Majesties, and soon after she received a splendid bracelet, a gift from the Emperor, with the medal belonging to the office, although before Mme. Bosio no artist had thus been honored by the Russian Court. The medal was gold and bore the portrait of the Emperor, set round with diamonds, and a laurel wreath, also in diamonds, the whole surmounted by the imperial crown. She did not long enjoy this honor. A later letter, dated St. Petersburg, April 12th, contains some interesting particulars which we translate:

"I have already spoken of the desperate illness of Madame Bosio. The day after sending my last letter she was pronounced better, and this improvement continued for twenty-four hours. But then suddenly, in consequence of a sudden change in the weather, fatal here in affections of the chest at this time of the year, she became worse, and in spite of the care of three skilful physicians, M. Karch, physician to the Empress, and M. Eck and M. Kantzler, both skilful in pulmonary affections. They combated the disease, step by step, but though occasionally relieved, she grew weaker, and to-day, at half after two o'clock in the afternoon, she yielded her soul to her Maker, after having blessed her afflicted husband, and charged him with her last messages to her absent relatives and friends.

You know the interest shown universally in this city in the great artists during her distressing illness. I went every day to inquire about her, and always met in her parlor some of the most distinguished persons of the Empire. To-day it was filled. There were high dignitaries of the Court, generals aides-de-camp, ministers, diplomatists, men of the world, etc. The staircase and ante-chamber were literally crowded. This homage was not only to the great singer; for Madame Bosio, besides being a great ar-

tist, was a graceful and charming lady of the house, a woman of the world of the best taste and most agreeable manners; she was also a modest Christian woman, distributing her charities privately and refusing them to none that were unfortunate. This can be certified to by her unfortunate compatriots, by exiles, and all those who when suffering came to her.

The journey to Moscow killed her. She appeared to dread it and did not want to go. This was like a presentiment—a warning voice forbidding her to go!

But it had no effect on her companions, Messrs. Calzolari, de Bassini and Cavallini. They were going to give a couple of Concerts and without her they would lose their chief attraction. She went and sang three times, although she was already indisposed. Coming back she was in an over-heated car, and a window was opened which caused a violent change in the temperature, icy cold succeeding to a great heat, and it struck her lungs. She arrived at St. Petersburg, Sunday, March 20th; the same day she went with her husband, M. Kindevalonis, to dine with the Duke of Ossuna. She was gay and affable as usual. In the evening many visitors called to pay their respects to her before her departure for Paris, which was to take place the next day. At ten o'clock in the evening she felt chilly and sent for a shawl; at eleven, she felt so much worse that she was obliged to retire. She went to her bed and never arose from it again.

There was a sort of fatality attending her. Her regular physician, Mr. Fossé, was taken sick the day after his first visit, and he sent in his place a skilful man who was attending himself. He was a military physician; his uniform annoyed the invalid, and she would not have him. Her friends recommended another, and this one seems to have made a mistake in regard to her disease, treating her for a bilious attack, while she was suffering from inflammation of the lungs. The inflammation increased rapidly, and when a week afterwards, Messrs. Karel, Eck, and Lantzer were called in, the disease had made such progress that they had to announce the great danger she was in, and the little hope there was of saving her. But they did all that could be done, and a sovereign could not have been nursed and attended with more devotion and zeal. M. Karel went to see her five or six times a day, and his two colleagues, who agreed with him entirely as to the treatment, were generally with him. Day before yesterday, M. Fossé, who had got better, but was still feeble, went to see his dear patient, and he expressed the opinion that her treatment was perfect. All that human science could do was done to save her, but without avail. She is dead—Bosio, the diva, the artist whose triumphs were lately so brilliant, is dead in the height of her strength, her youth, her glory, in the full bloom of her marvelous talent. The funeral service of Mme. Bosio Kindevalonis will take place in the Catholic Church of St. Catharine on Saturday next, April 16, at 11 o'clock in the morning.*

Marx on Beethoven.

The publication of two new volumes on Beethoven, by Dr. Marx, of Berlin, the title of which may be rendered as 'Life and Productions,' must not pass without a word commending them to the musical reader as worthy of consideration. The peculiar taste and temper which we have found in other works by Dr. Marx—a certain controversial bitterness—is here so mitigated as to be hardly discernible. While he is a thorough-going enthusiast for the great master of romantic instrumental composition, he has nothing in common with the nonsense of such a rhapsodist as M. von Lenz. It is needless to say, that he has yet less sympathy with the narrow and grudging folly of M. Oulibicheff;—who because Beethoven was not Mozart, and not impeccable, did his best to "write down" Beethoven.—There is not much, if any, new anecdote beyond what was contained in the *Life* by Herr Schindler, the *Notizen* of Ries and Wegeler, and the annotations thereon by Prof. Moscheles.—To lecture from Beethoven as from a model, we have always felt to be a grave and mischievous mistake. His was a masterly genius, incompletely complete within that circle of its own, where

none could walk but he.

It has been seen how, by attempting to tread in it imitatively, a less masterly man—who had, nevertheless, genius—we mean Ferdinand Ries; has entirely failed to secure that reputation due to his unquestioned power and vigor and skill as a musician. The *Life* of Beethoven, in brief, including a clear view of his productions, has yet to be written. This must be done by some one conversant with the incidents and accidents of Viennese society for the last seventy years,—familiar with the progress, forward and backward, of the world of instrumental and vocal music, who has the feeling of a humorist, the judgment of a

just but not sour moralist, and the affections of a large heart. In Beethoven's case (as in that of another musical genius yet living who could be named) the "productions" must be separated from the "life"—keenly though kindly; by some one who may have had insight into the worlds both of life and production. But such a biographer as we require is, probably, only to be found in Utopia.—*Lond. Athenæum.*

Bach and Handel.

(From Programme of the London Monday Popular Concerts.)

John Sebastian Bach, and George Frederick Handel—the two most illustrious musicians of their age, and who, in their own particular walks, have never been equalled, much less excelled—though contemporaries, were personally strangers. These great men were simultaneously producing masterpieces destined for ever after to exercise a most important influence upon the art; and yet so independent were they of each other, that it may be safely said, had Bach not existed, Handel would have been precisely what he was; and had Handel not lived, Bach would have been nothing less than his incomparable self. We believe that in the history of art no parallel instance can be named of two great and original geniuses working wholly apart, and reaching the pinnacle of fame, without any reciprocal advantages, and without anything in common but their unsurpassable excellence. Raphael and Michael Angelo were not merely contemporaries, but friends; Haydn and Mozart were mutually debtors, in so far as their art was concerned; but Bach and Handel were like self-luminous suns, each lighting up a sphere of its own, while all but invisible to its rival. What they have done for music it would be superfluous to insist on now. They found a chaos, out of which they created a symmetrical and beautiful world. Bach was the fountain head of harmony; Handel of melody. To attempt any comparison between them, however, would be irreverent. Each had a mission of the highest import, and each fulfilled it to admiration. It matters little, that some regard Handel as the most fertile inventor, Bach as the profoundest thinker, Handel as the poet, Bach as the mathematician and philosopher; enough that both were essential to the future destiny of music, and that both put to the noblest uses the gifts they had received from above. That Bach will always remain the chief idol of musicians, while Handel will continue to produce the most vivid impression on the many, is perhaps as true as that the earth will forever revolve round the sun, and the moon round the earth. Impartial judges, however, will draw no distinction between them on that account, but admit their equal claims to the world's esteem, and, at the very most, premise that the office of one was more particularly to teach, that of the other to enchant—each being, at the same time, both teacher and enchanter.

Bach and Handel never met. And yet they were born within what may fairly be described as "a stone's throw" of each other, and, what is more, in the very same year and all but in the same month. Bach first saw the light at Eisenach, in Upper Saxony, on the 21st of March, 1685; Handel at Halle,* in Lower Saxony, on the 23rd of February, 1685. Nor was there a very long interval between the periods of their respective deaths—Bach quitting this world (at Leipzig) on the 30th of July, 1750, aged 65; Handel on the 13th of April, 1759, (in London—at the house which is now 57, Brook Street), aged 74.† So that Handel outlived his renowned contemporary nine years, although Bach wrote even more music than Handel, which is the rather to be wondered at, inasmuch as Handel was one of the most rapid and voluminous producers ever heard of. Both died blind—a result no doubt induced in a very great measure by their almost superhuman labors, mental and physical.

Thus the two "Saxon giants" were inspired contemporaneously, and worked contemporaneously, at different portions of the Temple of Art. Between them they raised the structure in which so many true high priests have since worshipped, and some with a no less holy zeal than the founders.

What a fund of interesting speculation attaches to the fact, that the *Passion of St. Matthew* and the mass in B minor, the *Well-tempered Clavichord* and the *Art of Fugue*, should have existed, and Handel not know them; and that on the other hand, *The Messiah*, *Israel in Egypt*, *Acis and Galatea*, and the *Suite de Pièces*, should have been bequeathed to the world, and Bach remain comparatively, if not wholly, ignorant of them. That the two great musicians continued strangers to the last, however, was the fault of Handel entirely, and is one of the very rare charges that might (with deference) be preferred against the immortal composer of the *Messiah*, as in some degree too much a man of the world. Handel, from his early youth, until he settled in England (in 1714),

and even afterwards, was always a traveller; he sought for money no less than for fame. With Bach the case was different. Unlike Handel, who never married, and gave no "hostages to fortune," in the shape of children, Bach, who was twice wedded, had seven by his first wife and thirteen by his second—eleven sons and nine daughters. These he had to maintain and educate out of the income he received as Director of Music and Cantor of St. Thomas's School at Leipsic. The post was sufficiently lucrative: but Bach had no further resources, and sought none. "He was," says his biographer, "too much occupied with his business and his art to think of pursuing those ways, which, perhaps, for a man like him, especially in the time at which he lived, would have led to riches. If he had thought fit to travel, he would have drawn upon himself the admiration of the whole world; but he loved a quiet domestic life, constant and uninterrupted occupation with his art, and was, like his ancestors, content with a moderate competency."

That Bach's desire to make the acquaintance of Handel, with some of whose published works he had become familiar, was sincere, may be elicited from the following interesting extract out of Forkel's biography:—

"Bach had a very great esteem for Handel, and often wished to be personally acquainted with him. As Handel was also a great performer on the clavi-chord and the organ, many lovers of music, at Leipsic and in its neighborhood, wished to hear those two renowned men together; but Handel never could find leisure for such a meeting. He came three times from London to Halle, his native town. On his first visit, about the year 1717, Bach was at Coethen, only four German miles from Halle; on being informed of Handel's arrival, he immediately set out to pay him a visit; but Handel left Halle the very day Bach reached it. On Handel's second visit (between 1730 and 1740 ‡), Bach was at Leipsic, but ill. No sooner, however, informed of Handel's arrival, than he sent his eldest son, William Friedemann, with a very polite invitation to Leipsic; but Handel regretted that he could not come. On Handel's third visit, in 1752 or 1753, Bach was dead. Thus his wish to be personally acquainted with Handel was not fulfilled, any more than that of many lovers of music who would have been glad to see and hear him and Handel together."

It has been surmised that the composer of *The Messiah* was a little jealous of Bach's reputation; but, though it is difficult to account for Handel's indifference to the advances of so illustrious a compatriot and fellow musician, such an idea had better be rejected altogether. Whatever the two may have been as mortal men, as immortal geniuses their wreaths are twined together in a partnership of glory that is indissoluble: from this point of view should their remembrance be for ever contemplated. Bach was Bach, and Handel Handel; but either was worthy to be the other, and might have been, had circumstances placed them under opposite conditions. It should especially be borne in mind that Handel lived and struggled amid the strife and passions of the great world; while Bach made a world for himself, in which, like a true patriarch, he passed an existence of almost undisturbed serenity. And this should atone for what was wanting in the one, while it accounts for the unselfish single-heartedness of the other.

* Forkel, in his *Life of Bach*, relates the following:—"Handel's master, Zachan, organist at Halle, died in the year 1717: and J. S. Bach, whose reputation was now already high (he was in his 32nd year), was invited to succeed him. Bach, in short, went to Halle to prove his qualifications, by performing a piece, as a specimen of his skill. For what reason is not known, however, he did not enter upon the office, but left it to an able scholar of Zachan's, of the name of Kirchhof."

† Between these two eventful dates—as if the goddess of music had been loth to suffer her darling art to remain without a worthy representative—was born (on the 27th of January, 1756), that other grand musician, Wolfgang Amadée Mozart. Fourteen years later, came Beethoven.

‡ This must have been either in 1733, when Handel went abroad to engage singers for the Italian Opera (and preferred Carestini to Farinelli)—or in 1738, when he repaired to the baths at Aix-la-Chapelle for the benefit of his health.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 14, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the opera, *Don Giovanni*, arranged for the Piano-Forte.

Organs.

We had the pleasure of listening, one afternoon last week, in the new Appleton Chapel, of Harvard University, to the admirable Organ just completed for the Chapel by Messrs. Simmons &

Willcox of this city. It was an informal opening, Mr. WILLCOX, one of the makers, who has great skill in illustrating the uses of all the various stops and contrivances of such an instrument, in the way of free and fanciful improvisation, as well as in the rendering of the solid classics of the organ, having invited a number of the members of the Harvard Musical Association, who of course felt an interest in this musical godsend to their Alma Mater, to go out and hear it for an hour or two. These were joined by quite a number of the professors, students, and friends of the college, of both sexes, making an impromptu gathering that nearly filled the Chapel; and few seemed willing to retire as long as any sounds were breathed from that enchanted forest of pipes.

The organ is placed in the choir loft, over the main entrance of the building, opposite the chancel. It is a pity that both choir and organ do not stand upon the floor; but, as it is, the exterior of the instrument, with case of oak, and fine display of pipes of burnished tin, adds greatly to the architectural effect of that end of the room—a frigid looking room, by the way, with its green and faded yellow stained glass, and nowhere one warm touch of color, so that you do not forget the uninviting aspect of the exterior upon entering. But this *en passant*—it is a matter of taste, and ours is not puritanical. There is warmth and lusty strength and richness and vitality and beauty and delicacy enough in the tones of the new Organ, to warm the soul through one sense, though it be chilled through another.

Mr. Willcox played a free and wandering impromptu, a continuous arabesque of melodies in all moods of feeling, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," as he was tempted now by this stop, now by that, singly, or in variously mingled or contrasted combination, into which setting he would introduce from time to time, with the full organ, a good solid fugue by Bach, or a chorus from Handel (like the "Hallelujah," "And with his stripes," "Lift up your heads," &c.) or an old Lutheran Choral, or a part of an Organ Sonata by Mendelssohn, thus exemplifying all its uses so far as an organist without singers could. Every one was struck with the beauty and individual flavor, as it were, of many of the fancy or imitation stops. Some of these were introduced for the first time in an American instrument. Of these we may note the German *Viola di Gamba*, with its rich and breezy volume, of which the kindred tone of the *Viol d'Amore* seemed a more exquisite and distant echo. Then there is the *Flute Octavante*, livelier than the various other flute stops, which speaks well for itself, when not allowed to talk too much, and adds a zest to the full organ. Then there is that curious, much-heard-of thing, the *Vox Humana*, more quaint and strange than beautiful, yet good for certain occasional *bizarre* effects—startlingly human, to be sure,—but all human voices are not lovely—much like a Swiss boy singing in the street; yet in some combinations it was not without charm; its true effect, however, must rely upon the illusion of distance, in a vast cathedral, and the *crescendo* and *diminuendo* of a swell arrangement, which will probably be added.

These stops are new. And there are others in the organ which Messrs. S. & W. have been the first to introduce in this country; as, the sixteen feet *Fagott* in the Swell, which with its kindred

Oboe, are here of the richest, reediest quality; the *Spitzflöte*, fluting with a rustling, watery sound; and the 16 ft. *Posaune*, or trombone, in the Pedal, at once strong and mellow. Then we noticed the magical sweetness, the "dying swell" of the *Vox Angelica*; the pervading musical whisper of the *Æolina*, like that of breezy pines, filling in finely amid other stops and fusing them more perfectly; the *Corno pean*, too, and the *Corno di Bassetto* are beautiful and mellow stops, most satisfying to the ear.

But we cannot, nor is it to our present purpose, identify distinctly all the shades of tone in all these "fancy" stops. Leaving them, and turning to the solid and substantial elements, which have more to do with the real mission of the Organ in a place of worship, we may say, that we were equally struck by the power, solemnity and grandeur of the instrument as a whole; by the grand volume of its basses; by the round and mellow quality (due, no doubt, greatly to the pure metallic material) of those sets of pipes in which the peculiar Organ quality, as such, is wont chiefly to reside, and which are commonly called the *Diapasons*, but which here, following the German custom, bear other names, as *Bourdon*, *Principal*, &c. And we must note as highly satisfactory the *Trumpet*, whose vivacious peal told capitally in the Handel "Hallelujah." It was the genuine, great Organ music, of course, that we came to with a soul appetite, after the novel fancies had begun to pall, as such things always will. And in Mr. W.'s playing of the fugues and choruses, with full organ, we had assurance of a grand and powerful and admirably balanced instrument. The deep-mouthed basses were too rich and full and loud to be over-topped by the screaming *Mixtures*, also softened by such milder elements as *Flutes*, *Dulciana*, *Viola*, &c.

But our knowledge of Organ craft is not such as to enable us to go into a critical enumeration of all the stops and faculties of this fine instrument, nor to pronounce it beyond rivalry with works of like cost and magnitude which may be produced by other artists. That we leave for time and the experts to settle. We are at least safe in saying that Messrs. Simmons and Willcox have reason to be proud of a work, into which they seem to have put their best skill with enthusiasm, and that every son of Harvard must rejoice that this long standing want of the old University is now so admirably supplied. For the rest, we add a mere literal summary of the contents, and of some points peculiar (here, at least) to the mechanism of this Organ.

There are three Manuals, from C, 8 feet, to G, making 56 notes; twenty-seven pedals, from CCC to D;—fifty registers, musical and mechanical, embracing in all about 2300 pipes, distributed as follows:

Great Organ.—1. Bourdon, 16 feet. 2. Principal, 8 feet. 3. Rohr Flöte, 8 feet. 4. Hohl Flöte, 8 feet. 5. Viola di Gamba, 8 feet. 6. Octave, 4 feet. 7. Spitzflöte, 4 feet. 8. Flute Octavante, 4. 9. Mixture, 2 2-3 and 2 feet. 10. Mixture, 3 ranks. 11. Symbal, 2 ranks. 12. Trumpet, 8 feet.

Swell Organ.—1. Bourdon, 16 feet. 2. Principal, 8 feet. 3. Bourdon, 8 feet. 4. Keraulophon, 8 feet. 5. Vox Angelica, 8 feet. 6. Octave, 4 feet. 7. Geigen Octave, 4 feet. 8. Mixture, 3 ranks, 2 feet. 9. Corno pean, 8 feet. 10. Oboe, 8 feet. 11. Clarion, 4 feet. 12. Fagott, 16 feet.

Choir Organ.—1. Æolina, 16 feet. 2. Dulciana, 8 feet. 3. Viola d'Amore, 8 feet. 4. Bourdon, 8 feet. 5. Gemshorn, 4 feet. 6. Flute a Cheminée, 4 feet. 7. Flageolette, 2 ft. 8. Corno di Bassetto, 8 feet. 9. Vox Humana, 8 feet.

Pedal Organ.—1. Contra Bass, 32 feet (tone). 2. Open Bass, 16 feet. 3. Bourdon Bass, 16 feet. 4. Violoncello, 8 feet. 5. Quint, 5 2-3 feet. 6. Octave, 4 feet. 7. Posaune, 16 feet.

Mechanical Movements.—1. Coupler, Great and Swell. 2. Coupler, Choir and Swell. 3. Coupler, Pedal and Great. 4. Coupler, Pedal and Swell. 5. Coupler, Pedal and Choir; also two Composition Pedals. 6. Full Swell (Pneumatic). 7. Great Organ Tacit (Pneumatic). 8. Great Organ, M. F. 9. Improved Tremulant. 10. Bellows Signal.

Every stop in each manual extends through the entire compass, except the 16 ft. *Fagotto* in the Swell, which descends to Tenor C.

The mechanical action is singularly perfect. Every pipe speaks promptly, and there is no gasping inequality, or jerking, of wind ever perceptible; no rattling of keys, registers, &c. This is due partly to the precision of the workmanship, but also still more to the introduction, for the first time here, of some of the latest European improvements in the regulation of the wind. Chief among these we may mention (1.) the Swiss spring-valve wind-chests, by which all waste of wind and all impediments to smooth action, incident to the old system of slides, are perfectly avoided. Such wind-chests, although they cost more, ought henceforth to be held indispensable in all large works.

2. Three different pressures of wind, the wind being conducted from the main reservoir into smaller intermediate ones, from which the pipes are fed, thus avoiding all sensitiveness of the pipes to any sudden jerks of the bellows; such disturbances expending themselves in the main reservoir, and leaving the pipes to draw from quiet and untroubled waters. This is a very ingenious and original method for securing equality, steadiness and ample supply of wind.

3. Pneumatic Register movements, by which a great deal of physical exertion is saved to the organist; and which, in addition to other great advantages, enable the performer, while playing upon any given combination, to entirely change the stops without removing his hands from the keys.

4. The *Crescendo Pedal*, by which all the registers of the Great Organ can be drawn or pushed back one by one, in the order of their power, so that a *crescendo*, or a *diminuendo*, or a *sforzando* is instantly attainable without lifting the hands to the draw-stops. An indicator—or *phonometer*, we might call it—is placed above the Manuals, directly before the performer, which always shows the number and kind of stops which any degree of pressure upon the *Crescendo Pedal* has prepared for speaking. This *Crescendo*, a Swiss invention, surpasses any mechanism heretofore employed to vary the quality, or dynamics, of any combination of stops.

The vigilance and enterprise which Messrs. S. & W. have shown in thus availing themselves of all the latest improvements both in the mechanism and the voicing of the Organ, is highly to their credit, and entitles their works to the careful consideration of all who are looking out for a good instrument.

Another interesting Organ "Opening" took place Saturday evening, April 30, at the Old South Church, where the Organ, which was built by Thomas Elliot, of London, in 1822, had just been rebuilt by Messrs. E. & G. G. Hook, of Boston. The qualities of the new work were tested by some of our best organists, with the aid of the fine choir of the Old South, under the direction of their organist, Mr. B. J. LANG. The

church was crowded in all its pews, aisles, galleries and door-ways. There was a printed programme, as follows :

1. Introductory Voluntary.
Mr. Hayter.
2. Aria. "O God, have mercy," Mendelssohn
Mr. Wetherbee.
3. Selections from "Tannhäuser"
Mr. S. A. Bancroft.
4. Song. "Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets," Mendelssohn
Miss Adams.
5. Interlude. Organ.
6. Quartet. "Celestial Lord." Rossini
7. { a. Arrangement of Schubert Song.
b. Nocturne. Mendelssohn
Mr. B. J. Lang.
8. Quartet. Benedictus. Mozart
9. Organ. Sonata for four hands. Mendelssohn
Messrs. Bancroft and Lang.
10. Song. "Ah ! mon fils." Meyerheer
Mrs. Eimons.
11. Overture to "Egmont." Beethoven
Mr. B. J. Lang.
12. Old Hundred. Be thou O God exalted high.

We were unfortunately present only during the latter portion of the performance. We were struck, as all must have been, by the exceeding beauty and refinement of several of the stops, especially those of a violin and 'cello character, and generally by the pervading sweetness and mellowness of tone of the whole work. In the accompaniment of the vocal pieces, which were admirably sung, it showed to very great advantage. We subjoin the printed description of the new works as contrasted with the old.

Its compass, which before was from GG to F in alt, in the Manuals, has been transposed to that from CC to A in alt, and in the Pedal, from one octave to two octaves and two notes ; and in volume and variety of tone and mechanical facilities, it has been more than doubled. It has an entirely new Swell Organ of fourteen Stops, extending through the whole compass, and a new Pedal Organ of three Stops. The Keys, Action, and most of the Pipes are new, and what remains of the old has been thoroughly remodeled, revoiced and improved, and in the construction of the new Pipes, the richest composition of metal has been used, — the effect of which is increased brilliancy and purity of tone, as well as greater durability.

The Organ now contains the following stops, viz : *Great Organ*.—Double Open Diapason, Open Diapason, Stop'd Diapason, Melodia, German Viol di Gamba, Principal, Twelfth, Fifteenth, Sesquialtera, Mixture, Trumpet. *Choir Organ*.—Open Diapason, Stop'd Diapason, Eolina (or Double Dulciana,) Dulciana, Gemshorn, Wald Flute, Fifteenth, Clarinet. *Swell Organ*.—Bourdon Bass, Bourdon Treble, Open Diapason, Stop'd Diapason, Keraulophon, Vox Celestis, Principal, Violin, Piccolo, Flute Harmonique, Doublette, Double Trumpet, Trumpet, Hautboy. *Pedal Organ*.—Double Open Diapason, Double Stop'd Diapason, Violoncello. *Couplers, &c.*—Swell to Great, Unison, Swell to Choir, Super-octaves, Choir to Great, Sub-octaves, Great to Pedals, Choir to Pedals, Swell to Pedals, Tremulant Swell, Bellows Signal.

The Organ formerly contained the following Stops, viz : *Great Organ*.—Open Diapason, Stop'd Diapason, Principal, Twelfth, Fifteenth, Sesquialtera, Mixture, Trumpet, Clarion. *Swell Organ*.—Open Diapason, Stop'd Diapason, Principal, Trumpet, Hautboy. *Choir Organ*.—Stop'd Diapason, Dulciana, Principal, Flute, Cremons. *Pedals, &c.*—Open Diapason, Pedal Coupler, Swell to Choir Coupler, Tremulant Swell.

Signor Bendelari's Soiree.

A very interesting private musical entertainment was given last Saturday evening, at Mercantile Hall, by our accomplished *maestro di Canto*, Signor BENDELARI, and his pupils. The hall was crowded with invited guests—a brilliant and an eager audience. The programme was the following excellent selection from the Italian operatic masters :

- PART I.—1. Coro, "Martiri" : Donizetti. 2. Romanza, "Guglielmo Tell" : Rossini : Miss Kimball. 3. Duetto, "I Masnadieri" : Verdi : Miss Abby Fay and Mr. Tuckerman. 4. Aria Finale—Largo, "Lucrezia Borgia" : Donizetti : Miss Goodwin. 5. Coro e Cavatina "Giuramento" : Mercadante : Mrs. Harwood. (Con accompagnamento di Flauto obbligato.) 6. Second Finale—(Pezzo Concertato), "Vestale" : Mercadante : Misses M. Fay, Harrington, Ide, Messrs. Tuckerman, Garrett, Wilson, and Chorus. 7. Cavatina, "Rigoletto" : Verdi : Miss Abby Fay. 8. L'Ave Maria, (Quartette) : Florimo : Mrs. Harwood, Miss Goodwin, Mr. Tuckerman, Mr. Garrett, and Chorus.

PART II.—1. Coro, "Giovanna d'Arco" : Verdi. 2. Buetto, "Giuramento" : Mercadante : Miss Goodwin and Mrs. Harwood. 3. Cavatina, "Betty" : Donizetti : Miss Pierce. 4. Duetto, "Sonnambula" : Bellini : Miss Abby Fay and Mr. F. Nash. 5. Quartetto, "Ridiamo Cantiamo" : Rossini : Mrs. Harwood and Messrs. Tuckerman, Andrews and Garrett. 6. Cavatina, "Linda" : Donizetti : Miss Abby Fay. 7. Trio, "Voga, Voga" : Campana : Miss M. J. Bartlett, Miss Goodwin and Mrs. Harwood. 8. First Finale, "Linda" : Donizetti : Miss M. Fay, Mrs. Harwood, Miss Ide, Messrs. T. Ball, Garrett and Chorus.

The choruses were sung with remarkable precision, purity of tone, richness and volume, by a choir of forty-eight ladies, and sixteen gentlemen, a fine collection of fresh, musical voices. Mr. Bendelari himself played all the accompaniments. The opening of the chorus from the "Martyrs," by male voices in unison, was better than we often hear on the Italian stage, having refinement as well as vigor and precision. The chorus of women, too, from *Il Giuramento*, was beautifully sung. Among the concerted pieces we were most struck by the Quartet : *Ridiamo, cantiamo*, for soprano, tenors and bass ; it is a bright, fresh, original fancy of the genial Rossini, and was nicely rendered. The Finale from the *Vestale*, also, made a fine impression.

There were some excellent specimens of solo-singing, showing well-cultivated voices and a high degree of execution. Besides Mrs. HARWOOD, who lent her services in a beautiful and brilliant rendering of the pieces from Mercadante ; and Miss FAY, the pupil *par excellence* of Sig. Bendelari, whose pure soprano is more beautiful than ever, and who has greatly improved in the expression of her singing, as well as in her execution, which was always wonderfully facile (witness especially her finished rendering of the pieces from *Rigoletto* and *Sonnambula*), there were some fine displays of voice and skill by several of Sig. B.'s younger present pupils. We may instance especially Miss GOODWIN, Miss PIERCE, and Miss KIMBALL. Mr. TUCKERMAN's tenor, with his fervent, tasteful, and really Italian style of singing, was something notable for an American ; and Messrs. BALL, GARRETT, and others, with their bass voices, lent good service. Altogether it was a most agreeable, and even an enthusiastic occasion, and did great credit to the master and his pupils.

Musical Chit-Chat.

We hope and trust all the friends of Oratorio and all great choral and orchestral music will gather to the support of the old HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY, at the Music Hall, this evening. It ought to be indeed a "Benefit" to the Society, which has been emptying its treasury at a sad rate for our good, and whose future efforts to keep up the line of noble Oratorio among us may be expected to derive encouragement or discouragement from the interest now shown by the public. Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," (*Lobgesang*), which forms the first part of the programme, created a sensation in the audience a year ago, and is, intrinsically, one of the noblest works of modern times. In it we get both a complete Orchestral Symphony, and a Choral Cantata,—in fact a short, but noble, Oratorio. Its shortness gives it an advantage over other Oratorios. The second part will be miscellaneous. Mrs. LONG, Mrs. HARWOOD, Mr. ADAMS, Mr. HENRY DRAPER, Mr. POWERS, and others of our best vocalists have volunteered their aid, and ZERRAHN will conduct.

We have been much interested this week by watching the operation of a very ingenious invention of our townsman—for some years a citizen in the West, Mr. HENRY BOND. It is no less than a machine, which may be attached to any Piano-forte, and is entirely out of sight, occupying but little space, for the recording upon paper of whatever notes are played. The plan is simple, as it is ingenious, and beautiful in the working. It consists of some clock-work machinery, buried in the space at the left end of the keyboard, which turns a barrel, inked, around which scored paper is reeled off upon the floor, bearing an accurate impression, in marks of various lengths, of all the notes struck by the player, the bar lines, and

all. The barrel revolves at any rate of tempo required. Each key when struck presses the end of a lever underneath the key-board, which presses the paper against the inked barrel, causing it to take an impression just so long as the key is kept down and no longer. From these marks, falling on the proper lines and spaces of ruled staves, one may easily write off in common notation all that has been played. Composers, when they improvise at the piano, may thus manage to arrest their fleeting inspirations and work them up at leisure. Of course the music is recorded just as played, and if there be any blunders, any notes too long, too short, or slighted in the execution, it will all stand written, as in a book of judgment, in the record. With what results this invention may be pregnant, time must show. Meanwhile the working of the instrument may be seen by any one, at any hour, at the warerooms of the Messrs. Chickering, where Mr. Bond is often in attendance, and will cheerfully give any explanations.

A new Italian Opera Company will shortly appear at the Metropolitan Theatre, in New York. ADELAIDE CORTESI and PEPITA GASSIER are the prime donne ; MARETZKE is the director. The STRAKOSCH troupe, including PICCOLOMINI and WILHORST, are at the Academy, ULLMANN, with GAZZANIGA, PHILLIPS, FORMES, &c., are at Philadelphia, where *Martha* and *La Favorita* have been the pieces that excited the most interest. We shall have them here at the Boston Theatre next week. The opening is postponed to Thursday, when *Martha* is to be performed, with the same cast as last winter, except that ADELAIDE PHILLIPS is to take the pretty part of Nancy. FORMES, of course, will be farmer Plunkett. *Don Giovanni*, *Robert le Diable*, *La Favorita*, *Lucrezia*, *Norma*, *I Puritani*, &c., figure in the prospectus of the brief season.

Musical Correspondence.

CINCINNATI, APRIL 30.—The "Cecilia Society" celebrated their third anniversary on the 28th inst., before an overflowing house. The programme, which we subjoin, was one of unusual interest and variety, and evidently pleased all who were present.

PART I.

1. Overture.....Fr. Schneider.
2. Chorus, Elijah : "Blessed is he".....Mendelssohn.
3. Aria, Creation : "On mighty Pens".....Haydn.
4. Chorus, Elijah : "Rest ye in peace".....Mendelssohn.
5. Aria, Orpheus.....Gluck.
6. Andante and Allegro : 1st Symphony.....Beethoven.
7. Aria, "Oberon" : "Ocean".....Von Weber.
8. Chorus, Elijah : "Thanks be to God".....Mendelssohn.

PART II.

Comala, for Soli, Chorus and Orchestra.....N. W. Gade.

The orchestral pieces of the first part were executed with much spirit, and warmly applauded. The three choruses from "Elijah" and especially the last one, "Thanks be to God," were rendered with all the enthusiasm which works of that high order can not fail to excite.

Mad. RIVE sang the ever welcome aria, "On mighty pens," with artistic finish, and the Misses RAYMOND and HAUB but added fresh laurels to their well deserved reputations by the rendition of their respective arias from "Orpheus" and "Oberon."

The genial Niels W. Gade's "Comala" (performed, if we mistake not, for the first time in America,) was admirably given, and, considering the extreme difficulty of the work, we must confess we were not prepared for the excellence with which it was rendered. The faltering of the soprano in the "Chorus of the Maidens," (No. 10), was speedily restored by the energetic leader, Mr. RITTER, and commencing anew, it was vigorously completed. The soli were sung by Mad. RIVE, Miss FANNY RAYMOND and Mr. KROELL.

"Comala" is founded upon a story from Ossian, of a princess, who disguised as a youth, follows her lover Fingal to battle. On the morning before the conflict, Fingal left Comala on a hill within view of the scene of battle, promising, if victorious, to return that night. A storm arising in the meantime, Comala sees borne upon it the spirits of her ancestors, who go to escort the souls of the departed. She, believing the battle lost, and Fingal killed, dies with grief. The warriors return in triumph, and Fingal learns the death of his beloved. He bids the bards and maidens raise their songs over her body, and with their lament and eulogy, the composition closes.

The work itself is one which deserves to be more generally known in our country, and we are surprised that it has never been heard in the East, having acquired a considerable reputation in Europe. Leaning

in style as it does towards that of the modern German composers, it nevertheless contains exquisite melodies, which, we doubt not, a learned New York critic would term "*salient*." The instrumentation is, in some parts, decidedly original, and beautiful throughout; the almost unearthly strains of the "*Chor der Geister*" (Chorus of Ghosts) are still ringing in our ears.

We look forward with great pleasure to a repetition of one of the best of modern musical productions, by this constantly improving association, and feel confident that the trifling imperfections, which were almost inseparable from a first representation, will be carefully avoided the next time.

J. A. D.

Music Abroad.

London.

From the Musical World, April 16.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The selection at the second concert, which took place on Monday, was both interesting and novel. Cherubini's overture to *Medea*, too seldom heard in the concert room, and certainly one of the finest of the great Italian master's orchestral preludes, was a good beginning, and was admirably executed under Dr. Wyld's direction.

The scena for *contralto solo* and chorus, "*Chi mai dell'Erebo*," from Gluck's *Orfeo*, was another novelty—or rather quasi-novelty, not having been introduced at a public entertainment for some time. In the *répertoire* of the Ancient Concerts it was a stock-piece, in which Malibran, as Orpheus, was wont to create an impression. The lovers of classical music, no doubt, will thank Dr. Wyld for affording them an opportunity of hearing the two specimens of great masters of the German and Italian schools. Miss Dolby, as Orpheus, sang very finely, and was well supported by the chorus.

Viotti's concerto for violin and orchestra was another novelty, but hardly afforded the same gratification as its precursors. Either the music was too antiquated, or M. Wieniawski had no sympathy with it. He played it capably, but the audience, although they applauded, were not moved as when he plays in the quartets of Mozart, Beethoven and Mendelssohn.

Mendelssohn's symphony in A major (the Italian), and Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in C minor, were the other great features.

The concerto was finely played by Mr. Charles Hallé, who was recalled at the end. The accompaniments, however, were as bad as well could be.

In the second part M. Wieniawski introduced a *Preghiera* and *Polonaise* of his own composition, for violin and orchestra. M. Wieniawski has lately identified himself with classical music at the Monday Popular Concerts, a fact which would seem now to militate against his success in the *fantasia* school. In no other way can we satisfactorily account for the enthusiasm that follows his "readings" of the great masters, and the comparative indifference that awaits his more showy mechanical achievements. It is not that M. Wieniawski's playing deteriorates, but that the public taste improves.

The vocal music, besides *Orfeo*, comprised "*Di militari onori*," from *Jessonda*, and "*Vedrò, mentr'io sospiro*," from *Figaro*, both sung by Signor Belletti in his most energetic manner, the first being encoored. There was, also, the duet, "*Bella imago*," which on the stage is highly effective, but in the concert-room loses its dramatic point. The concert terminated with Beethoven's overture to *Prometheus*, which few remained to hear. The attendance was large, and Dr. Wyld was warmly received.

Mr. W. H. HOLMES' first concert (of a series of three) took place on Wednesday morning, at the Hanover Square Rooms, when a full and fashionable audience assembled to listen to the following programme:

PART I.—Sinfonia, W. H. Holmes. Solo, trumpet, Mr. Thomas Harper. Dr. Arne. Nocturne (Orchestra), "*Les Étoiles et leur Langage*," Georgiana Holmes, oboe obligato, Mr. Nicholson, and horn obligato, Mr. C. Harper—Georgiana Holmes. Concerto in G minor, Mr. Hammond (pupil of Mr. W. H. Holmes), Mendelssohn. Song, "*The blind flower girl*," Miss Dolby, W. H. Holmes. Duet Concertante, "*Lo! here the gentle lark*," flute, Mr. Richardson, clarinet, Mr. Lazarus—Sir H. R. Bishop. Overture Caprice for the Orchestra, Lady Cotton Sheppard.

PART II.—Concerto in C, pianoforte, Master H. C. Allison (pupil of Mr. W. H. Holmes)—the Cadence composed by Master H. C. Allison—Mozart. "*Spirit Song*," Miss Dolby, Haydn. Romance for Orchestra, "*Whispering Music*," W. H. Holmes. Overture (*Meo of Prometheus*), Beethoven.—Leader, Mr. H. G. Biagrove. Conductor, Mr. C. Lucas.

Mr. OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT's first *Matinée Musicale* of chamber music was given at Willis's Rooms, on Monday. The programme comprised Mozart's Quartet in E flat, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello; Mendelssohn's *Variations Sérieuses* (Op. 54), for pianoforte solo; Beethoven's Sonata in G minor (Op. 5), for pianoforte and violoncello; and Hummel's Grand Septuor, in D minor (Op. 74), for pianoforte, flute, oboe, horn, alto, violoncello, and double bass. A better selection, or one varied with nicer judgment, could hardly have been made. In the quartet of Mozart, Mr. Otto Goldschmidt enjoyed the valuable co-operation of M. Sainton, Herr Schreurs, and Signor Piatti, and we need hardly state that this glorious composition was splendidly executed. In Beethoven's sonata, the accomplished pianist was assisted by Signor Piatti, when another fine performance was realized. In Mendelssohn's *Variations Sérieuses*, Mr. Otto Goldschmidt was eminently successful. The brilliant septuor of Hummel, admirably played by Messrs. Otto Goldschmidt, S. Pratten, Crozier, C. Harper, Schreurs, Piatti, and Howell, brought the performance to a termination with *éclat*.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The one-hundredth anniversary of the death of Handel was commemorated by the Sacred Harmonic Society on Wednesday evening, with a performance of the *Messiah*, the remarkable feature of which was the first appearance of Mr. Sims Reeves after his recent long and serious indisposition. The attendance was immense. The other singers were Mad. Catherine Hayes, Miss Dolby, and Sig. Belletti.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—At the last Saturday Concert, Mendelssohn's music to *Antigone* was performed for the first time, in consequence, no doubt, of the eminent success which the same composer's *Edipus* achieved a few weeks previously. Mr. Manns was again careful in the selection of his chorus, and left nothing undone to ensure a satisfactory performance. Acting on the suggestions of one or two of the morning journals, the directors engaged a lady to assist Mr. H. Nichol in reciting the verses. The lady was Miss Edith Herand.

MR. AGUILAR'S MATINEES MUSICALES.—The first, for the present season, took place on Wednesday morning, at Mr. Aguilar's residence. The rooms were crowded. The first part of the programme consisted of Dussek's *Plus Ultra*, Beethoven's *Sonata Pastorale*, and the *Preciosa* duet, by Mendelssohn and Moscheles. Miss Weldon, who played the "*Plus Ultra*," was not equal to her task—an herculean one, as all know who have tried it. Miss Henry's performance of Beethoven's "*pastoral sonata*" was marked by intelligent reading and correct execution. The *andante* was gracefully rendered. The Misses D'Aguilar Samuda, in the *Preciosa* duet, brought the first part of the concert to a brilliant conclusion. The second part opened with Beethoven's *Désir*—a popular waltz movement, well played by Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, which was followed by an excellent performance on the part of Miss Bertha Salomons, of Mr. Aguilar's romance called *Sunset Glow*. The same composer's *Bolero* was played with no less effect by Miss A. D' Aguilar Samuda. We have not space to particularize all the pieces in the second part, but must single out as worthy of special praise Miss Esther Aguilar, in a *nocturne* by Stephen Heller, and Miss Waters, in a *fantasia* by Vincent Wallace. The concert ended with Mr. Osborne's duet on *Les Huguenots*, capably played by the sisters Samuda.

VIENNA.—Among the engagements for the ensuing season at the Italian theatre, are Mesdames Charton-Demeur and Medori, and Signor Everardi.

COLOGNE.—Auber's *Fra Diavolo* has been reproduced with immense success.

MADRID.—Sig. Ginglini's benefit took place on the 2d inst., at the Teatro Real, in the presence of the King and Queen, and a crowded audience. The performances comprised the *Trovatore*, and a new cantata, *Addio alla Spagna*, written expressly for the occasion, and dedicated to the Queen. Sig. Ginglini is represented by the local journals as something unprecedented in the Spanish capital. After the performance, the chorus accompanied him to his hotel, and serenaded him under his windows. On the following day her Majesty, the Queen, was pleased to confer on him the order of Chevalier d'Isabella Cattolica. The journals further stated, that Sig. Ginglini presented the entire receipts of the performance to a charitable institution. The popular tenor is expected daily in London, to enter upon his professional duties at the Royal Italian Opera, Drury Lane.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by O. Ditson & Co.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Farewell forever. Dr. J. Haynes. 25

A sweet Ballad by the Composer of numerous little songs, which have found favor with the public. The words are by Geo. Morris, contributed lately to the New York Ledger.

Pleasure climbs to every mountain. Song. Minnie May. 25

When the night's dark shades are stealing. Mary Ashore. 25

Pleasing Parlor Songs for voices of medium Compass.

From the time of earliest childhood (Solo, profugo, rejeito). From Flotow's "*Martha*." 25

This Song is taken from the favorite duet between Lyonel and Plumkett, and transposed into a lower Key, to make it available to common voices. The Italian words are added.

The Irish lake. Song. C. Glover. 25

Light and pretty; a happy musical version of a poem, treating on an amusing superstition, prevalent in the vicinity of a certain lake in Ireland.

Oh, think of me when the first bright star. H. J. Haycraft. 35

A sterling Song by an accomplished and highly esteemed musician.

I dream of thee, (Nie kann ich dich vergessen). Franz Abt. 25

This is a truly genuine inspiration of this dreamy tone-poet, who, with the melancholy strains of his "*When the swallows homeward fly*," has captivated and softened so many a heart. All who are fond of this pathetic, touching element in Music, will be charmed with the above Song.

Instrumental Music.

Beauties of Don Giovanni, arranged in 2 nos., each, Albert W. Berg. 60

Nobody can wish for a better arrangement, or for one which gives a choicer selection of airs. Every melody which, in listening to the Opera, seems to be endowed with superior beauty, will be found here: it is a whole evening's musical entertainment condensed. More tasteful and comprehensive than Beyer's otherwise very acceptable arrangements, and adapted throughout for good Common Players. These arrangements will doubtless be eagerly sought for.

The Huguenots Quadrille. Henri Laurent. 30

A very effective Quadrille, excellent for dancing. A number of the best airs will be recognized.

Martha (Illustrations operatiques.) C. Fradel. 35

Selections for Pupils, who will find all the sweets of this Opera served to them in the most agreeable and pleasing manner.

Blossoms. (Knosper) Impromptu à la Valse. Fritz Spindler. 50

Very graceful and comparatively easy. The number of persons who are partial to this Composer's music, is constantly on the increase. They will find this piece a valuable addition to their Repertoire.

Mount Vernon Polka. Virginia. 25

Military March. Amanda Russell. 25

Ella Schottisch. S. A. Schreiner. 25

Light Dance Music.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 372.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1859.

VOL. XV. No. 8.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Diarist Abroad.

NOTES.

If ever a book was needed it is a carefully studied life of BEETHOVEN, founded upon thorough researches. But what a labor! He has been dead but 32 years, and yet it is exceedingly difficult to find the facts which we need to show how he became what he was. Just as he was coming into life other matters than Art engrossed the attention of men of all classes, and men recorded more of warriors and statesmen than of musicians. I have just come from hearing "Egmont" with Beethoven's music, and before I sleep upon it will make a note or two to Mr. Macfarren's sketch of him. I like that gentleman's articles, and would fain see them correct to the minutest particulars.

1. Mr. M. says the boy was remarkable for playing Bach's fugues at eight years old. Not so. Neeffe was appointed successor to Van der Eder as organist in the spring of 1781. Van der Eder lived until June, 1782. It was Neeffe who first gave Beethoven the fugues of Bach. See *Cramer's Magazine*, 1783, for Neeffe's letter.

2. The pianoforte variations of 1783 were upon a march by Dressler. Those which Beethoven played to Sterkel were upon Righini's "*Vieni amore*;" place and time at Aschaffenburg on the way to Mergentheim, in 1791,—a few months before Beethoven was 21 years of age.

3. As to Beethoven's violin studies there is no evidence of them in his childhood; in his 18th or 19th year he played viola in the orchestra.

4. He would often go to the Breuning house to attend to his pupils, and his heart failed him, &c. No. From the Breuning house he would cross the square to the Austrian Ambassador's — and his heart fail him.

5. What reason has Mr. Macfarren to suppose that Beethoven wrote the music to the ballet before his visit to Mozart? And did he receive lessons from him? I know of no evidence. Wish I did.

6. How did Beethoven receive pecuniary assistance from Bernhard Romberg at the time of his mother's death? Bernhard was born in March and Beethoven in December of the same year! Moreover the Rombergs did not come to Bonn until 1790.

7. "Mr. Schindler has a story," &c. Schindler does not say: "On Haydn's return from England in 1790" — he simply says: "*Als Haydn zuerst aus England zurück kam*" — (when Haydn came back from England the first time) — the Electoral chapel gave him a breakfast at Godesberg — and this was true. Nor does the biographer (Schindler) say that "no vestige of the Cantata remains, and that Beethoven knew nothing of the composition or of the occurrence." Not at all. Schindler's words are: "*So berichtet Dr. Wegeler. Ich selbst hörte kein Wort von Beethoven über ein solches Erstlingswerk, ohne jedoch im Mindesten zu bezweifeln.*" That

is, "Thus Dr. Wegeler informs us. I myself heard not a word from Beethoven upon such an early work, — without in the least doubting it."

Mr. Macfarren has followed some false authority here.

8. About Count Brown. Query?

9. "In 1796 he first began to suffer . . . the loss of hearing." How then did Wegeler, who was with him in 1796, in Vienna, know nothing of it? Better say in 1798.

10. "In 1797 Beethoven made his only artistic tour." Not so. On the 21st of June, 1796, he extemporized on a fugue theme of Fasch, in the Singakademie at Berlin. His tour was therefore in 1796.

11. The Horn Sonata, "five or six years later the Violin Sonata, op. 47." The Horn Sonata was written in the spring of 1800. Who will inform us when Bridgetower was in Vienna? I think in 1804 — but cannot decide the point.

12. Ballet of "Prometheus" — the difficulty of obtaining the music of the action. There is no edition of this in score to my knowledge. But it can be found in full in the library of the great Vienna Society of the Friends of Music. There are two editions of a pianoforte arrangement at least, one for string quartet, and others.

13. Symphony in D (Second) written in 1801? Made three entire copies? On what authority are these statements? I ask with a sincere desire for information. Ries says it was "new" at the concert April 5, 1803 — the date we get from other sources. Ries had the original score as a present, and finds it "remarkable" that much of the *accompaniment* of the *Larghetto* had been so carefully erased and rewritten that he could not find out the original idea. Of three copies not a word.

14. Mr. Macfarren adopts Schindler's mistaken date as to Julia Guicciardi's letters. She was married to Gallenberg and in Italy before June, 1806. "Lenz quotes a passage from the conversation book," &c. Lenz, so far as I know, never saw the conversation books — he prints from the *second* edition of Schindler himself! That he printed from this is proved by an error as to date, which, had he seen the conversation book, would not have occurred. Lenz is no authority at all.

15. In 1801 he (Beethoven) received Ries as a pupil." Ries says, "On my arrival in Vienna in 1800."

16. "Bernadotte, then ambassador at Vienna, suggested to Beethoven, in the course of 1803," the Heroic Symphony. Will the reader turn to any biographical dictionary, or any similar authority, and see where Bernadotte really was in 1803. I have yet to learn that his embassy lasted over a few months, and those months in 1798. The fact is that this symphony ran in his thoughts some five years.

17. *Leonore* was produced with the First Overture — that published as Op. 138. Not so. It was never played with that.

18. "In 1806, while corresponding with Count-

ess Guicciardi." That woman was married and in Italy before June, 1806. Schindler's date is a mistake.

19. Mr. M. dates the pianoforte Concerto in G, 1808. It was published then, but was finished before June, 1803.

20. As to Beethoven knocking Ries from his seat to the floor. Ries's own words are: "*B. kam herbei gerannt und stiess mich halb vom Clavier, schreiend, 'Wo steht das, zum Teufel!'*" That is: "B. came running up to me, half pushed me from the instrument, crying, 'Where the devil does that stand?'"

21. The overture to *King Stephen* "may perhaps be attributed" to the same date with the *Ruins of Athens* music. Is the Thematic Catalogue of Beethoven's works unknown to Mr. M? On page 99 of that work is

Op. 117. Overture zu König Stephan (Es dur) (geschrieben zur Eröffnung des Theaters in Pesth.)

Not having more of Mr. Macfarren's article at hand, I cannot add more notes.

About LUDWIG ERK? Yes. Don't you know a certain Ludwig Erk? What, the man with the big head? asked my friend. — I don't know as to his head, but the famous collector of German popular melodies, I mean, said I. — To be sure, I know him, and will introduce you to him if you wish, said he. And he did so.

This was in 1849. I found Erk a most modest, unpretending man, of middle stature, and truly with a head of remarkable size; face quite round and wearing as pleasant an expression as one often sees. Though I do not see much of him — not so much this winter as in '54-'55 — still the acquaintance is kept up with advantage to both sides, I hope — each has opportunities to aid the other.

I cross-questioned some particulars of his history from him the other day, and will note them for the benefit of the great number of those at home to whom the name has become so familiar from seeing it in their sacred and secular tune-books. His father was Adam Ludwig Erk, successively cathedral organist and music teacher at Wetzlar — not far from Coblenz — then for a year (1812) at Worms, whence he removed out of hatred to the French rule, and was settled at a small village called Dreieichenhain, not far from Darmstadt. He died in 1820. Rinck used to say that Erk surpassed him in execution. He was so much of an organist that in that region of fine players — for the Catholic cities of the Rhine are not wanting in them, as may well be supposed — he used to give organ concerts with success, as at Mannheim for instance.

Well, his son Ludwig was born at Wetzlar, Jan. 6, 1807. When 13 years of age (1820) he became a pupil in the Spiesz school at Offenbach, and thus became in music scholar of Anton André. He afterward studied music with Rinck. In 1826 he was appointed music teacher in the seminary at Meurs, whence in 1835 he was called to Berlin to the same office in the Royal seminaries

for the city school—a sort of Normal School. Born in 1807, he is getting along in life now. There is not much to tell about one who has lived so quiet a life. In 1834-5 he had the lead of the teachers' festivals in the department of Düsseldorf, where from 400 to 800 teachers would assemble and do immense quantities of singing, to say nothing of the wine, beer, 'butter-brods' and the like.

Erk has a choir of men's voices, some 80 strong, here in Berlin, also one of mixed voices, some 70 in number. Now this man has made the popular songs—*Volkslieder*—of Germany the study of his life. His knowledge on this subject is like that of Dr. Mason upon all that pertains to English and American psalmody—inexhaustible. And as you talk with him you think: "I should like to find something in his line that he never saw!"

I had this pleasure after getting the Boston Library books to my rooms. I invited Erk to call. "There is an old lutebook, A. D., 1574," said he, "on the catalogue, which I should gladly see," and so he came down. But what sort of notation is this! Not to be read. He took the book home. He studied upon it, and found here and there a tune which he knew, and so by little and little he worked his way into the notation. Then he set himself to reading the book through, and his labor was more than rewarded by finding a dance or two and a few song tunes that he had never seen.

Some old psalm and hymn books with music came the other day. Erk called. "Here are two that are new to me, they are not in the Royal Library. Perhaps there is something here"; after a time, "There! that is a tune I never saw so old before; the oldest was" so and so, giving the date. Happily he found material for future use in both. The mass of matter which he has collected in these long labors is immense. He has published a great deal, though generally in forms small, cheap, and suitable for popular use. His "*Volksklaenge*" in six small numbers,—popular songs arranged for men's chorus, is a model. His collection of German popular songs with their original melodies, in 8vo., has not yet reached its second volume. A. W. T.

The Handel Commemoration Festival.

At the Crystal Palace, London, June 20, 22 & 24.

PROGRAMME OF THE GENERAL MANAGER.

When the intention of The Sacred Harmonic Society to hold in London, in 1859, a Great Centenary Festival in commemoration of GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL, was announced by Mr. Bowley, in a letter to the Members and Subscribers of the Society, it was expressly stated that the object of the Festival of 1857 was entirely preliminary and experimental. It was projected with two objects: first, to determine the best mode of commemorating Handel's genius; and, secondly, to furnish an efficient illustration of the point to which musical knowledge and practice have advanced in England at the present period.

The latter of these two objects was well alluded to by the *Times* newspaper of November 20th, 1856, in a leading article on the proposed Festival. After stating that, in a Commemoration of Handel, it is England that must lead the way, the writer proceeds:—"Taking Handel as the man whose musical influence has been most felt in this country, and through whose works we have been gradually trained into a musical people, the opportunity has been seized for calling upon England especially to testify on this occasion its enthusiasm for the man, and to rejoice over the good which he has accomplished. . . . The evidence the present plan affords of the

great advance in the cultivation of music which has been made in this country is most gratifying. . . . Now, a century after the death of the composer, it is found possible to assemble together a Chorus of 2,000 voices, a large proportion of these being simply trained amateurs, to sing the grandest music which has ever been written, in a way which was impossible when the composer lived, if not inconceivable. The difference between England now, and England then, is indeed vast."

With regard to the former object—the determination of the mode in which the Commemoration should be carried out—the Festival of 1857 was perfectly successful. It enabled the Society to ascertain the amount of duly qualified assistance, both from professors and from amateurs, which might be relied on for the Commemoration of 1859, and also to settle what arrangements and combinations of so unprecedented a number of musicians, would conduce to the most efficient performance of the great Choral Works of the Master. It also served to test and to establish the fitness of the Centre Transept of the Crystal Palace as the locality for the Commemoration. At the experimental Festival little or no attempt was made to adopt even the most obvious arrangement for assisting the sound. But, notwithstanding this drawback to the effect of the Solo vocalists, as well as of the mass of the Orchestra, the vast capabilities of the Great Transept became so apparent, and its construction afforded such unrivalled conveniences of various kinds, both for audience and performers, as to settle *unequivocally* the place of meeting for 1859. It was proved that the amount of musical talent which might be secured for the Great Commemoration was as ample as the space at command was extensive; while it was placed beyond a doubt that the Choral Works of the MASTER OF MUSIC acquire greatly increased grandeur and majesty by such an addition to the number of performers.

In accordance with these conclusions the Commemoration of 1859 will be made the occasion for the largest musical gathering which, under proper arrangement and proportionate combination, has yet been witnessed. The event is one which will not occur again during the present generation; and it is, therefore, doubly imperative on all concerned to render the arrangements and the execution so perfect and so imposing that the recollection of "THE HANDEL COMMEMORATION OF 1859" may long live in the memories of those who are fortunate enough to attend it.

The preparations for the Commemoration may be said to have been continuously progressing since November 1856. From before that period and up to the present time, the Sacred Harmonic Society have been diligently collecting information respecting the performers in the various provincial Choral Societies, the Cathedral Choirs, and the Great Continental Musical Institutions. The attention of Mr. Costa has been unremittingly given to perfecting the arrangements of the coming Celebration. Those only who have had the opportunity of acquaintance with the details of such occasions can be aware of the amount of labor and anxiety which has been bestowed by Mr. Costa, on the successful accomplishment of this great undertaking. The *critiques* on the Festival of 1857 frequently referred in the highest terms of praise to the exertions of the conductor, and all who took part in those performances can testify to their justness.

The time having arrived for affording precise information respecting the arrangements for the Commemoration, the present prospectus is issued.

The Central Transept of the Crystal Palace may, for the present purpose, be considered as a great Music Hall, 360 feet long, by 216 feet wide, and containing an area of 77,760 square feet, exclusive of several tiers of galleries; a space affording accommodation for a vast orchestra and audience.

At the Festival of 1857, it was remarked by many, that the mass of performers did not produce the overpowering sound anticipated; and that notwithstanding the unparalleled grandeur of the Chorus, the tone did not completely fill

the area of the Great Transept, and might have been still further augmented with advantage.

There was no doubt some justice in this remark, and the Orchestra is therefore being extended at the sides and in front, so that the number of performers will fall little short of FOUR THOUSAND.

This enormous mass of executants has not been arbitrarily or capriciously determined upon, but is the result of careful study. It is confirmed by the judgment of many of the most celebrated musicians, musical directors, and others, who have long occupied themselves with the working arrangements of great musical Festivals; and it is now announced with perfect confidence, that the Handel Commemoration Festival of 1859 will far surpass in musical success the experiment of 1857, as the latter surpassed all previous attempts. In the minds of those who have given careful attention to this question it is a settled conviction that the large mass of performers to be employed, coupled with the acoustic improvements now for the first time to be adopted, will give a grandeur and solemnity to the music of HANDEL, which even its most enthusiastic votaries have as yet scarcely imagined. The improvements above alluded to consist mainly in a solid boarded enclosure running round the entire back of the orchestra and organ, and in a roof—after the manner of the Roman *velaria*—of a repellent material, joining the enclosure and extending forward beyond the line of the Conductor's seat. A contrivance for assisting the voices of the Solo Vocalists is also in preparation, and experiments which have been made, lead to the anticipation of the most satisfactory results from these additions.

In a place like the Crystal Palace no foundation need exist for the extraordinary fears which preceded the Handel Commemoration in Westminster Abbey, in 1784. Dr. Burney, in the Preface to his *Account of the Commemoration* (page xii.), says, "The effects of this amazing Band not only upset all the predictions of ignorance and sarcasm, but the conjectures of theory and experience. By some it was predicted that an orchestra so numerous could never be *in tune*; but even tuning to so noble an organ was for once grand and productive of pleasing sensations. By some it was thought that, from their number and distance, they would never play *in time*; which, however, they did most accurately. By others it was expected that the Band would be so loud, that whoever heard this performance would never hear again."

A better instance of the advance in musical practice since Dr. Burney's time could hardly be given than is furnished by the fact that the Band and Chorus which excited these fears consisted of under 500 performers—far below the number who take part in the regular performances of the Sacred Harmonic Society, at Exeter Hall. But still it is remarkable that similar fears were revived the year before last in reference to the Festival at the Crystal Palace. Hundreds of persons have been met with since June, 1857, who avow that they were deterred from being present on that occasion, from the risk of being stunned. Others predicted that, from the large space occupied by the Orchestra, the sound would travel in such varying currents that no precision could be obtained; while, up to the first rehearsal in the Palace, letters and suggestions were daily offered to the Directors, respecting the precautions requisite to prevent the glass in the sides and roof of the Palace being fractured by the waves of sound as they were propelled onwards from so enormous a body of executants.

All these fears being now effectually dissipated, the anticipations of success in the forthcoming Commemoration may be the more confidently expressed.

The Orchestra will be enlarged to the full width of the Transept, viz., 216 feet, with a central depth from front to back of about 100 feet. Its extent will be more clearly appreciated when it is stated that its width is exactly double the diameter of the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, or, as will be seen by the diagram appended to this announcement, that it possesses a larger area

than the combined Orchestras of Westminster Abbey (as arranged for the Commemoration of 1784); York Minster (as at the Festival of 1823); the Birmingham Town Hall; the Leeds Town Hall; St. George's Hall, Bradford; the Philharmonic Hall, Liverpool; and some other smaller Orchestras.*

But it is not from the mere *augmentation* of extent that the most favourable results are anticipated. The additions are mainly based upon a recent alteration of the Orchestra at Exeter Hall, which has been attended with the happiest effect; and every confidence is felt that these modifications in the general plan, with the acoustic improvements already adverted to, will result in greatly increased *concentration* and *unity of tone*. At the same time the appearance of the Orchestra will be materially improved by its more perfect proportions, and by the decorations which it is proposed to adopt.

When it is borne in mind that the Orchestras of some of the noblest Music Halls of the country, owing to their confined space and inconvenient arrangement, fail to produce those broad musical effects so especially needed in the Double Chorus of HANDEL, it will be apparent that an opportunity is offered at the Crystal Palace for a musical display of the most magnificent description. As a mere arena for exhibiting a large number of persons it will be without a rival; for, since the days of the Coliseum at Rome, no such assemblage as that composing the Orchestra of the Handel Commemoration Festival has been seen displayed in similar symmetrical form.

It would be a source of deep regret if it were supposed that this extension had been decided upon with the mere view to increased numbers, *irrespective of other considerations*. Such a course of procedure would be unworthy the great object of the Festival. The space usually occupied by a Choral Orchestra, in a well-proportioned Music Hall, varies from one-third to one-fourth of the entire length of the room. It is considerably within the smaller of these limits that the Orchestra at the Crystal Palace is confined, and it is therefore as much with reference to the space devoted to the audience that the number of performers has been determined, as by the musical considerations previously referred to.

(Conclusion next week.)

* According to the diagram the Orchestra at the Crystal Palace contains about nine times the area of the stage in the Boston Music Hall. Ed.

A Tour Among the Organs.

No. II.

FLORENCE, MARCH 30, 1859.

MR. EDITOR: In accordance with my promise, I now send you some account of my visit to Herr WALCKER's Organ Factory at Ludwigsberg, and a description of the grand organ in Ulm Cathedral, reserving for a future letter my impressions of the famous organs in Weingarten, Berne, and Fribourg. But before proceeding with my narrative, let me call the attention of your readers to certain facts in relation to the organ now building in Germany, for our Music Hall, which may not, perhaps, be generally known. Our townsman, Dr. J. B. UPHAM, President of the Board of Directors of the Boston Music Hall, was the originator of the plan for procuring a large and first class organ for our noble concert-room, and about two years since, he visited the principal organ factories of Europe, for the purpose of obtaining specifications from the different builders, for an organ which should be in all respects the most complete and effective of its kind, and in its construction, should include every known modern improvement.

To this end, Dr. Upham made two or three journeys to Europe, but, before awarding the contract, he consulted the most eminent authorities on this subject, and thus availed himself of their valuable judgment, before making his final decision. The result was (as we already know) that Herr Walcker, of Ludwigsberg, obtained the contract, and the specification furnished by him (after certain alterations and addi-

tions had been made) was accepted. This grand organ is now in process of completion, and when finished, and placed in our Music Hall, is destined, I believe, to effect an important revolution in our general system of organ building; and more than that, I will venture to predict, that the very persons who so strenuously objected to our sending abroad for this instrument, on the ground of their entire faith in the competency of our own workmen, will yet discover that they were in error in supposing that our organ builders, enterprising, and capable as they are, could favorably compete with their elder and more experienced European brethren, in some at least of the most important details of organ building. These prefatory remarks having been made, I will now proceed with my narrative.

Ludwigsberg is a small but pretty town, three leagues from Stuttgart, and was, until a few years past, a favorite residence with the king of Wurtemberg, and his court. It contains a superb palace, with a villa, or farm belonging to it, and extensive gardens and grounds, tastefully ornamented. At the farther extremity of the town, is the Organ Manufactory of Herr Walcker, a large and commodious building, containing a greater variety of work rooms, than are usually found in such establishments. The principal room on the ground floor contains a small but powerful steam engine, which is used for a great variety of purposes, such as the sawing, planing, and preparing the material for manufacturing wooden pipes, cutting out trackers, of various lengths, &c. &c. The next apartment contains the furnaces for melting the pipe metal, which is afterwards run into sheets of different lengths, and degrees of thickness; these are then taken to an adjoining room, planed smooth, cut into the required form, and finally manufactured into pipes. The finishing process (the voicing), perhaps the most important work in the art of organ building, is superintended by Herr Walcker in person, and in his absence, by his eldest son, who, although quite a young man, already uses his *nicknack* instruments with a degree of skill and quickness worthy of his father.

On entering the counting room, or office, the first object which attracted my attention, was a small, but accurate model, of the interior of the Boston Music Hall, which I understood was made expressly for Herr Walcker, that he might know the shape and size of the building, its capacity for sound, and the exact position which the new organ is to occupy. In two large rooms on the second story, are stored the finished portions of the Boston organ. The first room was literally filled with pipes of various lengths and sizes, from the gigantic 32 feet pipe, down to that of the diameter of a quill, and perhaps some four or six inches in length. A certain proportion of these pipes are made of wood, others of pure tin, or the ordinary pipe metal, and after a careful examination of specimens from the different registers, I was entirely satisfied in my own mind that this important portion of the work was carefully and thoroughly made, and fully able to stand the task of the severest criticism. In the adjoining room were stored other portions of the organ, such as the bellows, wind chests and wind trunks, and here, again, I found the workmanship, even in its minutest detail, properly and faithfully performed.

Towards the conclusion of my visit, Herr Walcker took me into a large and lofty apartment, on the first floor, resembling the exhibition or show rooms in our principal organ factories, and showed me a first class Church Organ with three manuals, and an independent Pedal Organ of five registers. This instrument I examined very carefully, and though only partially completed, and but roughly tuned, yet, I saw and heard enough to convince me that Herr Walcker possessed very great abilities as an organ builder, and though his *reeds* may not in all instances, equal the best English specimens, his *flue* work must be con-

sidered, as yet, unsurpassed in Europe; therefore I have no hesitation in declaring my belief, that the Boston organ will prove itself to be a grand, effective, and, in the fullest sense of the term, a magnificent instrument, worthy of the great fame of its builder, worthy of our noble concert room, satisfactory to the subscribers to the organ fund, and the musical public generally, and a crowning monument to the zeal, energy, and good judgment of its projector, Dr. Upham. In my previous communication, I commented somewhat at length upon the subject of Swell organs, and called your attention to the fact that this important department is at present almost unknown in Germany; and it now occurs to me, that, perhaps some of your readers may infer, that the Boston organ will be deficient in this particular. If so, I beg to inform them that this instrument will have a first class Swell of about eighteen stops, the second manual being retained for that special purpose.

(Conclusion next week.)

Joseph Joachim at Brussels.

(Translated for the London Musical World.)

Concerts de L'Association.—Herr Joseph Joachim.—Happy were those who were able to penetrate, on Saturday, into the Salle de la Grande Harmonie. They spent an evening they will always remember: they experienced feelings of the most lively and complete delight that the divine art of music can cause those who have the felicity to love it. The Association was desirous of concluding with *éclat* its series of concerts. Having previously secured the co-operation of the most skilful *virtuosi* in the country, it was not quite sure what course it could pursue to offer fresh material for the satisfaction of public curiosity. It hit upon the notion of summoning to its aid a great foreign artist: Herr Joachim. The young and celebrated German violinist eagerly responded to the fraternal appeal. On the appointed day, and at the appointed hour, he arrived from Hanover, where he resides; thus keeping, with scrupulous punctuality, his disinterested engagement. The hall was crowded, for great interest was excited by the appearance of a new star on our musical horizon. We will pass over the first pieces in the programme, to return to them afterwards, and come at once to Beethoven's concerto, which formed, even before it was played, the subject of general attention. Before paying its homage to the talent it was, ere long, to be enabled to appreciate, the audience discharged a debt of politeness, by saluting, with a long salvo of applause, Herr Joachim, directly he took possession of the platform: silence was then established, and the orchestra played the *tutti* of the concerto.

If we are asked what are the qualities of the *virtuoso* which Herr Joachim possesses, we answer, without hesitation: *all*. What about his weak points, though? We have not discovered them, although we had decided on judging the talent of the German violinist without undue favor, or an exclusive intention of admiring him. The tone Herr Joachim obtains from the instrument is of the most beautiful quality, pure, soft, and possessing that absolute correctness which, to speak the truth, is so rare, and which completely satisfies the ear. One violinist excels in the skill of his left hand; another, by the magical dexterity with which he "bows." Herr Joachim possesses both these qualities developed in an equal degree, and it may safely be affirmed that, for him, mechanical difficulty has no existence. For variety in his "bowing," as well as for that of the effects of sonority depending on the manner of attacking the string, he is incomparable. What people admire in Herr Joachim, is not so much the unvarying perfection of his play, and the marvellous facility with which he solves the most complicated problems of mechanism, as the deep feeling which animates him, and the knowledge he possesses of musical coloring. The sounds which vibrate under his eloquent bow are not notes; they are the words of a language—of a most rich and most expressive language; each one has a peculiar accent: each one has a sense in keeping with the thoughts of the master whose interpreter it is. If Beethoven were still living, and heard Herr Joachim execute his Concerto, he would, we feel certain, exclaim, "That is, indeed, my work; that is what I wanted to express!"

There is one thing in Herr Joachim above all praise, and that is the complete absence of that charlatanism of which the most famous *virtuosi* have a certain dose. He does not seek the means of mere display, and does not have recourse to the plans

usually employed to wring applause from the public. All other violinists think it is not possible to be expressive, or to achieve success, for it is success which most engages their attention, except by anticipating and retarding alternately the measure, and carrying the vibration of the string almost to trembling, by an oscillation of the finger. Herr Joachim possesses in his rhythm the precision of a metronome; he produces the sound with his bow, as a good singer does with his voice, without imparting to it the intensity of a factitious vibration, and yet no one touches or moves us more profoundly. His broad and powerful play, grand from its simplicity, seizes on the hearer so irresistibly, that it would be impossible for the latter to be inattentive, supposing he wished to be so. During the whole time occupied by the performance of Beethoven's Concerto, in which Herr Joachim displayed miracles of sentiment and mechanical skill, the two thousand persons assembled to hear him were no longer their own masters; they were subjected to a kind of fascination. Never, as far as we know, did an artist command so imperiously the attention of his audience.

Does the reader desire a proof of the conscientiousness which distinguishes Herr Joachim from other virtuosi? He shall have it. Herr Joachim once introduced into the *point d'orgue* of Beethoven's Concerto a cadence terminated by a *trait en octave*, which caused an extraordinary effect. People spoke only of this cadence; it was the event of the evening wherever he played. This success wounded his feelings of artistic probity; he considered it unbecoming that people should be more taken up with the skill of the executant than with the beauties of the music, and the cadence was suppressed. Should we find many other violinists who would do as much?

The second piece played, the same evening, by Herr Joachim, was Tartini's *Sonate du Diable*, so called by its author from the fact of his composing it after a dream, in which Satan appeared provided with a violin, and regaled him with an air in his own style, and of which Tartini endeavored to recollect the principal features when he awoke. Herr Joachim played the *Sonate du Diable* like a god. We give up, as hopeless, all endeavor to convey a notion of the enthusiasm which burst forth among the audience after each of the pieces executed by Herr Joachim. We do not remember ever having seen any other artist applauded with such transport. The violinist thus received in the native land of De Beriot, Vieuxtemps, Léonard, etc., has a right to be proud of his success.

The day after the concert, a piece of good fortune happened to us. We were invited to hear Herr Joachim at a private party. We felt pleased at being able to subject our first impressions to the control of a second proof, and at assuring ourselves we had not yielded too easily to the charm of new talent. Herr Joachim did not spare himself; he performed in a quartet by Beethoven, and in a sonata by the same master, with M. Dupont for partner; he then played a *chaccone* and a *fugue* by Bach. His hearers found him a greater artist than on the previous evening—more powerful, more varied, more complete. All those who were privileged to be present at this interesting meeting retired penetrated with impressions which will with difficulty be effaced from their memory. Herr Joachim is eight-and-twenty. Born in Hungary, he began his musical studies in Vienna, and terminated them at Leipzig, under the direction of that excellent violinist and composer, Herr David. He is, at the present time, director of the Court Concerts, Hanover. X. X.

The Privileges of Criticism.

There is something anomalous in the self-adjusting rules of praise and censure, as applied to the various developments of genius or Art. Commendation, applause, puff, enjoy a license that is limited by nothing but the powers of language; while censure has no liberty of speech. It matters not that usually a portion, and often a large portion, of praise is undeserved; and that censure is at least as often well founded; the popular voice seems to assent to approbation and to condemn fault-finding—each, as a matter of course, without reference to facts. In other words, the alleged merits of a thing may be extolled without truth or discrimination, and no one disapproves; no one thinks that the puffer is actuated by any other than generous, honest motives—if, indeed, any one thinks of his motives at all. But the moment that a discriminating, analytical, candid exhibition of faults appears—no matter how carefully written, how logically presented, and how unanswerably true—the readers become virtuously indignant, denounce the critic as a persecutor, and assail the unworthiness of his motives, it being a point settled, in their judgments, that the motives of praise are necessarily good, and the motives of censure necessarily bad.

If this were the end of the matter little harm would come of it. If the mistakes of the readers of criticism were limited to an exhibition of their own want of judgment, who would be the worse or the wiser? But the office of criticism is to discriminate the good from the bad; to commend the one and condemn the other; and to do this in such a manner that the praise and censure shall be obviously founded on the facts of the case, and not on the prejudices of the critic. To dissent, therefore, from a sound verdict of criticism, is to uphold an error that criticism ought to correct. To approve what criticism condemns, or condemn what it approves, is to deal unwisely and unjustly with the person or the thing criticized.

Criticism is not, indeed, necessarily just. It may be quite as faulty as the subjects it discusses. It, like those subjects, must stand or fall by its own merits. But the difficulty with a certain portion of the public seems to be that they estimate a criticism by its tone and not by its qualities. They accept it if complimentary, and reject it if censorious. They see a good motive in praise, and a bad motive in censure; and the fact of a bad motive—the existence of which is wholly assumed—is conclusive against a criticism. Nevertheless, a criticism in which nothing is bad but the writer's motives, will probably live as long as its subject.

The term "friendly" cannot properly be applied to laudatory criticism. Undeserved praise is not friendly; it is flattery. And does any one believe that flattery is friendly? Criticism which discriminates between faults and merits, and gives to each appropriate exposure and comment, is the only criticism that can be called "friendly"; and it is friendly, even though it be exclusively censorious. Solomon disposed of that question long ago, in setting forth the benefit of the rod. And although a critic does not stand quite in the relation of a father to the subject of his comments, the ability to criticize does give a critic a constructive and provisional authority to speak magisterially.

When, therefore, an artist or an author finds himself rebuked, his better course is to take it patiently, and endeavor to profit by the suggestions of his critic. But if he or his "friends" set about investigating the critic's "motives," and indignantly rush into a controversy, it is ten to one they will get the worst of it. — N. Y. Eve. Post.

Neukomm's "David" in Philadelphia.

(From the Evening Bulletin, May 12.)

Among the five hundred and twenty-four vocal, and the two hundred and nineteen instrumental compositions of the Chevalier Sigismund Neukomm, the Oratorio of "David" stands prominently forth as a palpable illustration of how an industrious and plodding musician, without remarkable genius, may make an enduring "hit," on the "try, try again" principle. *David* is by no means a great work, theoretically considered,—a sort of *Traviata* among the *Messiahs*, the *Eljahs*, and the *Creations* of the classical oratorio repertoire,—abounding in pleasant, tasteful *morceaux*, with ever and anon a fine dramatic point, and at intervals perchance a well devised and satisfactorily developed chorus. It is almost superfluous to add that, with characteristics such as these, this is emphatically an Oratorio for the million, which pleases the great masses by dint of its martial effects, its stone-whizzing, thunder-rumbling imitations, and its tastefully wrought orchestral accompaniments, but which connoisseurs regard merely as an agreeable recreation after arduous study, not altogether to be despised, but by no means up to their Handel, Mendelssohn, and Haydn standard. The fugues which occur during the progress of this work, are scarcely calculated to infuse the auditor with an enthusiastic glow of admiration, or to afford a subject for earnest study; but the charming instrumental solo symphonies, which precede many of the vocal parts, are sufficient to stamp their composer as a man of exquisite natural taste and genial feeling—invariably suggesting, moreover, in their flowing rhythm and spontaneously gushing melody, the intimate relation which Neukomm bore to the illustrious Joseph Haydn.

The performance of this popular oratorio by our own Handel and Haydn Society, on Tuesday evening last, was, in most respects, as satisfactory as might have been expected from a first rendition,—although there were individual portions which caused sensitive musicians to contract their brows, and to glance around to acquaintances near at hand, with a dubious oscillation of the head. The majority of the choruses were rendered with power and precision; but there were instances when the lines faltered and wavered with the consciousness of insufficient rehearsal. The solos were generally well rendered, and suitably applauded, and the two ladies who severally personated Saul's Daughter and David's sister, confirmed

the favorable impressions which former efforts of theirs have created in our music-loving community. So, too, the Tenor, who vocalized the score of David, and the Basso, who personated that "high old fellow" Goliath, acquitted themselves very well—the latter occasionally wandering slightly from the pitch, but, *peccati conscientius*, invariably righting himself.

The part of Saul was most admirably rendered by the Conductor of the Society, Mr. Philip Rohr, against the fearful odds of a turbulent orchestra, which played sadly out of tune during almost the entire oratorio, and which seriously marred the effect of some of the finest passages.

The favorite chorus "Daughters of Israel," drew forth an enthusiastic encore, while during the really effective composition which constitutes the finale of the oratorio, the audience walked out with its wonted bad taste, its shuffling, scraping of feet, and careless tittering.

The house, crowded as it was, even on a cheerless, murky night, evidenced clearly the prominent place occupied by the Handel and Haydn Society in the esteem of our music-loving population.

HANDEL'S ORGAN MUSIC.—We announced only some time ago that Mr. Best, our capital organ-player, was busy over an arrangement of Handel's *Six Grand Organ Concertos*, in which the orchestral parts were to be so compressed as to present the *Concertos* in the form of grand *Solos* for the organ. Here is the work (Novello), fulfilling richly the promise of the *prospectus*. If examined side by side with the original scores it will raise Mr. Best in the estimation of all lovers of Handel and of the organ. The *Concertos*, as they originally stood, were useless, for reasons easily stated. The organs on which Handel played, and for which he wrote, were poor and limited, without pedals even. Therefore, as Handel had the habit belonging to every great genius and real artist of making any material suffice, and turning what he could get to account, he filled up the *quasi* flimsy organ part with such orchestral supports as were to be got,—trusted to his own flow of fancies for the moment (and in Handel's day creation and amplification, as well as "interpretation," were expected of the *Concerto*-player),—and thus managed out of his own rich ideas, his poor means, and his commanding personality to make up a series of works which, as Burney says (quoted by Mr. Best in the Introduction), furnished their "entire subsistence to English players during thirty years." We are not, however, on the strength of these facts, which are "accidentals" not "essentials," disposed to go the length of Mr. Best, who leans to the authority of M. Berlioz, in maintaining that organ and orchestra cannot be happily combined. If organ be accompanied, peculiar instruments must be chosen,—but we can fancy even such a *Boanerges* as the one in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, which Mr. Best makes speak so well, relieved and set off, were a weight of stringed instruments added in suitable passages, so as to cut out—and, in certain phrases, to lighten—the masses of pompous sound by the admixture of pungency. This, however, is matter for dispute, proposed because a principle has been laid down. It will hardly be disputed that Mr. Best has done his work well,—carrying it out to the point (as usage and precedent ordain) of writing *cadenzas* for the use of our degenerate folk of modern time, who have availed themselves of the pedantry of critics to lay by one of the *solo*-player's most precious responsibilities—namely, that he should show *his own* musical power. Mr. Best's *cadenzas* are reasonable, thoughtful,—too much worked,—in this resembling the *cadenzas* published by Prof. Moscheles to Beethoven's *Concerto*,—and too much, to our fancy, *modulated*: considering that the Organ is the instrument which has to be *cadenced* on. After all is said and done, however, here is a sterling contribution to the Handel interest of the Handel year. — London Athenæum.

(From the Cleveland Plaindealer.)

ARTEMAS WARD SEES PICCOLOMINI.—Gents—I arrived in Cleveland on Saturday P. M., from Baldinsville just in time to fix myself up and put on a clean billed rag to attend Miss Picklehomony's grate musical sorry at the Melodion. The krowds which pored into the hall augured well for the show bisnis & with cheerful sperrets I joined the enthusiastic throng. I asked Mr. Strakhosh at the door if he past the profession, and he set not much he didn't, whereupon I hawt a preserved seat in the pit, and obsarving to Mr. Strakhosh that he needn't put on so many French airs becawz he run with a big show, and that he'd better let his weskut out a few inches or perhaps he'd bust hisself some fine day, I went in and squatted down. It was a sad thawt to think that in all that vast audience Scarcely a Sole had the

honor of my acquaintance. " & this ere," sed I biturly, "is Fame! What signerfy my wax figers and livin' wood beasts (which have no ekals) to these peple? What do they care becawz a site of my Kangaroo is worth double the price of admission, and that my Snakes is as harmilis as the new born babe—all of which is strickly troo—?" I shoold have gone on ralein at Fortin and things sum more but just then Signer Maccarony cum out and sung a hairey from sum opry or other. He had on his store close & looked putty slick, I must say. Nobody didn't understand nothin' abovt what he sed and so they applauded him versiferusly. Then Signer Brignoly cum out & sung another hairey. He appeared to be in a Pensiv Mood & sung a Luvy song I spose, tho he may have bin cussin' the aujence all into a heep for aut I knowd. Then cum Mr. Maccarony agin & Miss Picklehomony herself. They sang a Doit together.

Now you know, gentz, that I don't admire opry music. But I like Miss Picklehomony's stile. I like her gate. She suits me. There has been grater singers and there has bin more bootful wimin, but no more fassinatin' young female ever longed for a new gone or side to place her head agin a vest pattern than Maria Picklehomony. Fassinatin' peple is her best holt. She was born to make hash of men's buzzums and other wimin mad becawz they ain't Picklehomonies. Her face sparkles with amuzin' cussedness and about 200 (two hundred) little bit of funny devils air continually dancin' chamption jigs in her eyes, said eyes bein' brite enuff to lite a pipe by. How I shoold like to hav little Maria out on my farm in Baldinsville, Injany, where she cood run in the tall grass, wrastle with the boys, cut up strong at parin bees, make up faces behind the minister's back, tie auction bills to the skoolmaster's coat tails, set all the fellers crazy after her, & holler & kick up, and go it jest as much as she wanted to! But I diegres. Every time she cum canterin' out I grew more and more delited with her. When she bowed her hed I bowed mine. When she powtd her lips I powtd mine. When she larfed I larfed. When she jerked her head back and took a larfin survey of the audience, sendin' a broadside of sassy smiles in among 'em, I tried to unjint myself & kollapse. When, in tellin' how she dremt she lived in Marble Halls, she sed it tickled her more than all the rest to dream she loved her feller still the same, I made a effort to swallow myself; but when, in the next song, she looked strate at me and called me her Dear, I wildly told the man next to me that he mite hav my close, as I shoold never want 'em agin no more in this world. [The Plain Dealer containin' this communcashun is not to be sent to my famerly in Baldinsville under no circumstances whatsomever.]

In conclushun, Maria, I want you to do well. I know you air a nice gal at bart & yu must get a good husband. He must be a man of branes and gumpshun & a good provider—a man who will luv yu strong and long—a man who will luv yu jest as much in your old age, when your voice is cracked like an old tea kittle & yu can't get 1 of your notes discounted at 50 per cent a month, as he will now when you are young & charmin' & full of music, sunshin' & fun. Don't marry a snob, Maria. Yu ain't a Angel; Maria, I'm glad of it. When I see angels in pettycoats I'm always sorry they haint got wings so they kin quietly fly off where thay will be appreciated. You are a woman, & a mighty good one too. As for Maccarony, Brignoly, Mullenhuller and them other fellers, they can take cair of theirselves. Old Mac kin make a comfortable livin' choppin' cord wood if his voice ever givs out, & Anodio looks as tho he mite succeed in conductin' sum quiet toll gate, where the vittles would be plenty & the labor lite.

I am preparin' for the Summer Campanie. I shall stay in Cleveland a few days and proply you will hear from me agin ear I leave to once more becum a tosser on life's tempestuouse billers, meaning the Show Bisnis. Very Respectively Yours.

ARTEMAS WARD.

A NOVEL MUSICAL PROJECT.—We learn from Mr. Franz Schlöter, a well-known musician of this city, that he has in contemplation a series of musical entertainments offering unusual attractions to the musical student or professor, as well as to the general music-loving public. Mr. Schlöter, who shortly leaves for Europe, to complete his arrangements, proposes to revive here, in a regular progression, specimens of the musical compositions of the earlier masters, commencing with the works produced in the tenth century, and carrying us down to those of the nineteenth. The antiquated compositions will be performed upon the very instruments for which they were first written. For instance, the old "well-tempered clavierchord" will be used to interpret such of Bach's works as that master wrote for that instru-

ment, and this plan will be fully carried out in other instances. Many curious instruments, now never heard, will thus be brought out once more, and the present generation can thus form a strictly correct idea of the music which our great-great-grandfathers and grandmothers and their ancestors, delighted in. These musical performances will be connected by short historical and biographical sketches of the composers and their times. A project that offers such refreshing novelty, and promises to be carried out on such an extensive scale, certainly deserves the attention of the musical public.—*Evening Post.*

MISS WARD, THE PRIMA DONNA.—*A Muscovite Nobleman and his Yankee Bride.*—The musical world has been occupied with the debut of Madame Guerrabella, who is the daughter of of a former American Consul to Liverpool, Mr. Ward. She is, like all her fair countrywomen, remarkable for great beauty. Her history is peculiar. On the death of the Consul, Mrs. Ward left for Italy, in order to complete the musical education of her daughter. At Rome, the beauty and talents of the young lady attracted the attention of a young Russian nobleman, the Count Guerbel. As no other proposition but marriage was admissible, the Count demanded Miss Ward's hand, and they were privately married at Rome. A short time afterwards the bridegroom disappeared; and, after the most heartrending anxiety on the part of the deserted wife and her mother, news was received of his return to Russia; and when applied to for explanation of his extraordinary conduct, he returned for answer that he considered himself a free man, not having been married in the Greek church, and that Miss Ward was also at liberty to marry whom she pleased, without any fear of molestation from him. The bitterness and indignation with which this communication was received can be well imagined; but the American mother was not to be put down by threats or contempt—she immediately set forth with her daughter for St. Petersburg. There the American consul taking the matter in hand, laid the case before the Emperor Nicholas, who, immediately sending for the Count, after administering a reprimand, declared it his imperial will that the marriage should be immediately performed in the imperial chapel of the palace. This was accordingly done, and Miss Ward became the Countess of Guerbel to all intents and purposes; but the ceremony over, she withdrew nor would she ever apply for one farthing of the income which the Count durst not, for the life of him, withhold from her, should she insist upon claiming it. The Yankee ladies must somewhat have surprised the Muscovite gentleman.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Portuguese Hymn.

Mr. Dwight:—The "Diarist," in Vol. 14, p. 321 of DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC, is right, as to the authorship of the popular tune known as "The Portuguese Hymn." It was composed by JOHN READING in 1680. In Mr. Vincent Novello's collection of beautiful music, called "Home Music," is the following note appended to this tune:

"John Reading was a pupil of Dr. Blow, (the master of Purcell) and was first employed at Lincoln Cathedral. He afterwards became organist to St. Johns, Hackney, and finally of St. Dunstons in the West, and St. Mary Woolnotte, London. He published, towards the end of the seventeenth century, a collection of anthems of his own composition, and his productions are generally esteemed for their tastefully simple melodies and appropriately natural harmonies. This piece obtained its name of "The Portuguese Hymn," from the accidental circumstance of the Duke of Leeds, who was a director of the Concert of Ancient Music, many years since, (about the year 1785) having heard the hymn first performed at the Portuguese Chapel; and he, supposing it to be peculiar to the service in Portugal, introduced the melody at the Ancient Concerts, giving it the title of "The Portuguese Hymn," by which appellation this very favorite and popular tune has ever since been distinguished: but it is by no means confined to the choir of the Portuguese Chapel, being the regular Christmas Hymn, 'Adeste Fideles,' that is sung in every Catholic Chapel throughout England."

The above is undoubtedly the paragraph referred to by the "Diarist," as being found in Novello's *Musical Times*. My copy of that work is not at hand, at the moment of writing, but my impression corresponds with that of the "Diarist." There is a copy of Reading's Anthems above referred to in the Library of The Harvard Musical Association. The following is a copy of the title page:—

"By Subscription, A Book of new Anthems containing a Hundred Plates, fairly Engraven with a Thorough Bass, figured for the Organ or Harpsichord, with proper Ritornels, By John Reading, Organist of St. John's, Hackney; Educated in the Chapple Royal, under the late Famous Dr. John Blow."

Strangely enough this volume is lettered on the back as "Blow's Anthems," and on the side as DR. BLOW'S ANTHEMS. F. F. H.

Music Abroad.

London.

(From the Athenæum, April 23.)

The Halls of St. James, St. Martin, and Exeter—not to speak of the Hanover Square Rooms, in which the *Amateur Society* met on Monday, have had "the call" during this lively week. On Monday there was yet another Mendelssohn night. This set yet another seal on the increasing reputation of Herr Wieniawski who led the concerted music, and brought forward one of our London pianists, whom we hear too seldom—Mr. L. Sloper.

On Tuesday and Wednesday St. James's Hall was miscellaneous; on Thursday, sacred.

On Tuesday, at Mr. Hullah's meeting, displaced from its usual Wednesday, a capital performance of 'Elijah' was given. Whether that adopted master-work was ever performed, or heard, in England with truer relish may be doubted. The orchestra and chorus were good.—Madame Rudersdorff was singing her best, and hers is always the singing of a skilled musician.—Miss Palmer and Mr. Wilbye Cooper continue to show the progress which relieves concert-listening from its wearisomeness,—since when rising artists love their work and improve, great is the pleasure to attend their progress upwards. Mr. Santley's *Elijah*, again, deserves express commemoration for its advance in breadth, grandeur, warmth, and solemnity.

On Wednesday there was the usual 'Messiah' at Exeter Hall,—a meeting, too, of the *Réunion des Arts*. On Thursday *Miss Grace Alleyn* gave her concert. To-day's concert at the Crystal Palace is to be devoted to the settings of Shakspeare to music. What a monograph could be written on this subject!—one to be commended to every lecturer on "pictures, taste, and the musical glasses."

By way of closing our notes on so curious a concert week, we may copy a statement from the *Morning Post*, which mentions that "the great" 'Passions Musik' of Sebastian Bach is to be performed at the Palace this evening, in the presence of *Her Majesty*, 'Judas Maccabeus' is to be sung to-night at the Surrey Theatre.

Mr. Gye, it is announced, has engaged Madame Penco for the *Royal Italian Opera*. Miss Thomson, the young English lady, whose singing in Paris not long ago made some sensation, is advertised as about to come to London for the season. Herr Formes is coming back from America. Madame Czillag, who has been for some time a leading lady at the Vienna Opera, is about to adventure on the stage of the *Grand Opéra* at Paris. There is absolutely a talk there, say some of the journals, of reviving Gluck's 'Armide.' Should this be a measure seriously contemplated, it were wise to place the revival under the superintendence of M. Berlioz, whose study and admiration of the master are notoriously zealous.

GLASGOW.—The *Daily Bulletin* writes as follows:—In the course of a provincial tour, Dr. Mark and his Little Men paid the city a visit yesterday. They performed three times in the City Hall, and were greeted with the warmest enthusiasm. It is no small treat of itself to see a little fellow performing on the violin some of the most difficult passages, in size a third shorter than a violoncello! Merely to witness the precocity of youth in music when under the care of such a teacher as Dr. Mark, the "Little Men" are worth hearing. They perform with a precision in regard to time almost perfect, and the tones produced by all on their respective instruments are as true as they are distinct and clear. The public ap-

pearances of these little fellows must not be mistaken in their object. Dr. Mark's intention is less to amuse than instruct. He wishes to show that the art of music has a wider mission than the schools have yet assigned it. With an energy and a self-will almost equal to a Howard, he has tried to demonstrate, that, under proper tuition, youths taken at random may be made first-rate musicians. Assuming that all have the gifts of time and tune, he labors, and has done, with great success to develop them. In a programme before us, Dr. Mark lays down a few philosophical beliefs, and then introduces us to how he has set about putting these into practice. He has established an institution in Manchester—"The Royal College of Music,"—and thus engages his Little Men:—"I take them from five to nine years of age, indiscriminately; availing myself of native talent only. I apprentice them for three years. During that time I give them a sound musical and general education, clothe and keep them, all gratuitously; receiving merely, as a *quid pro quo*, their services in performing at my concerts." They are all total abstainers, and, judging from the active, modest, and manly appearance of the little men on the platform, they are well trained. Dr. Mark further tells us that his object is to teach the boys how to blend music with general education, and also with their future occupation as apprentices. To those who have seen, or who may yet see them, we may mention how they have been drilled. They rise in summer between six and seven o'clock; in the winter between seven and eight o'clock. They have to attend prayers at eight o'clock; breakfast at half-past eight; from nine to twelve writing and reading, dictation and arithmetic, theory and practice of music; from twelve to one they have a play-hour to themselves; from one to two, dinner; from two to five, same as from nine to twelve, except an afternoon concert; from five to six they have another play-hour; from six to seven, tea; from seven to ten, evening concert, and when they leave the concert-room they have their supper, say their prayers, and go to bed. That the little fellows do not count this too hard work, is seen in their affection for their teacher. With scarce enough of physical energy to tune their instruments, the violinists surround him, eager who is to be served first; and on his smile or his frown evidently depends their pleasure for a day. The doctor seldom does the latter—he seldom needs, indeed, for the behavior of the little fellows is beyond praise. We may mention that they are all vocalists as well as instrumentalists—Dr. Mark develops the musician thoroughly. Miss Ada Perry is a young pianist of great promise, and her performance of "Home, Sweet Home," yesterday, was very pretty. With an enthusiasm equal to that of Jullien, Dr. Mark claims the support of all who would wish to see music a branch of national education.

Paris.

(Correspondence of the London Musical World, April 23.)

Donizetti's *Les Martyrs*, under the Italian title of *Polinto* (at the Royal Italian opera it was called *I Martiri*), has been produced at the Italiens with undeniable success, thanks, in a great measure, to Tamberlik's splendid singing and fine acting. Madame Peneo, too, is heard to decided advantage in Paolina, although the character is of too severe a cast for her sympathies, if not too exacting for her physical means. The heroine of Pierre Corneille's tragedy, indeed, demands all the power and tragic instincts of Grisi. When *Les Martyrs* was first produced at the Grand-Opéra, in 1840, the three principal parts were assigned to Madame Dorus-Gras, MM. Duprez and Massol. The lady was out of her element, and the opera obtained but a questionable success. Strange to say, no one referred the partial failure to Madame Dorus-Gras's histrionic incompetence. Pauline was one of Rachel's sublimest impersonations, and is only suited to an artist with high tragic powers. Madame Jullienne-Dejean attempted the part at Covent Garden, and exhibited a great deal of energy, but was far from the *beau idéal* of Donizetti's Paolina. The music of *Polinto* was composed expressly for the great French tenor, Adolphe Nourrit, who himself selected the subject of the *libretto*: but, after it had been rehearsed at the San Carlo, Naples, for which theatre it was intended, the Government forbade the performance. Nourrit never played the part, nor lived to witness the immense effect created in it by his celebrated rival, Duprez. Tamberlik, by all accounts, is the nearest approach to the great French tenor. I heard him the first night at the Italiens. He sang splendidly, and was in his finest voice. *Polinto* has proved one of the most eminent successes of the season, and the management has cause to lament that it was not brought out sooner. *Athalie* has been revived at the Théâtre-Français, with new choruses, by

M. Jules Cohen. In alluding to this work, the Parisian journals seem to have overlooked the fact that Mendelssohn wrote choral music to Racine's *Athalie*. Is this French ignorance, or lack of veneration?

Hector Berlioz has written a letter to Tamberlik, *à propos* of his performance of Manrico in the *Trovatore*, and it has found its way into some of the papers. It is too characteristic not to send it for insertion in the *Musical World*. I transcribe it in the vernacular:—

"Mon cher Tamberlik,—J'ai été si malade ces jours-ci, que je n'ai pu aller vous serrer la main, vous remercier, vous dire à peu près toutes les émotions que j'ai éprouvées, corame tout votre auditoire, en vous entendant dans le *Trovatore*. Jamais vous ne m'avez paru si véhément dans la passion, si irrésistible dans la tendresse, si puissant, si grand, en un mot.

"Certes, si vous veniez, à tort ou à raison, à vous croire près de votre dernière heure, vous auriez le droit (pardon de la comparaison, *Caro imperatore del canto*) de dire comme Néron: *Qualis artifex pereo!!*

"Adieu, adieu, je vous embrasse de tout mon cœur!"

"HECTOR BERLIOZ."

A propos of Tamberlik, the Emperor sent him a magnificent jewelled snuff-box after singing at a concert in the Tuileries a few days since. Alboni, after singing at Rouen, has gone to Havre. At both places she is an immense favorite.

VIENNA.—Mr. Swift, the English tenor, has been engaged at the Imperial Theatre, as *primo tenore assoluto*, to replace Signor Bettini. Mademoiselle Fioretti will be the *prima donna*, and Signor Coletti first barytone.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 21, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the opera, *Don Giovanni*, arranged for the Piano-Forte.

Concert of the Handel and Haydn Society.

It was truly inspiring, last Saturday night, and if one went there with any doubt or sorrow on his soul, it must have been like an influx of new life and strength to him, to hear once more that beautiful and lofty "Hymn of Praise," by Mendelssohn. How fervently and grandly it gives utterance, from first to last, to pure religious joy in life, to thanks! And how perfectly its sympathizing tones meet the soul waiting in darkness, and express the yearning, the excited expectation, and at last the coming of light; and then help to nerve the resolution to "cast off" the works of darkness and gird on the armor of light! Never had composer a grander theme, and he was no less fortunate in the selection of the words he had to set.

How distinctly and inspiringly the leading motive of a few notes, the watchword of Praise, rings through it all! *All that has life and breath, sing to the Lord!* Almost as intelligibly announced in the very opening of the instrumental Symphony, in the hoarse unison of trombones, as it is afterwards when the multitudinous choral voices take it up, and when again they shout it forth before the final Hallelujah.

We need not enter into any detailed description of the "Lobgesang," as that work was so fully done in these columns last year (See Journal of April 3 and 10, 1858). Suffice it to say, that the impression this time made was even greater than it was when it was performed then, for the first and only time until last Saturday. The only wonder is, that a work so exciting, so invigorating, so full of beauties and surprises, so original in conception, so novel and so clear and perfect in form,—a work containing so many elements of popularity, so easily appreciated, and so sure not to weary anybody, both from its shortness, and from its dramatic progress, and the art

with which it keeps expectation still alive and still does not disappoint,—that such a work should not have entered more frequently into the programmes of an Oratorio society so competent to do it justice. Coming at any time but at the fag end of a season, it must have been a sure card.

The performance this time was, at least so far as orchestra and chorus were concerned, highly satisfactory. The three Symphony movements, which prelude to the vocal parts, and which equal a regular Symphony in length, were nicely rendered. The first, *Maestoso con Moto*, the least so, perhaps, although it was made quite impressive. But the exquisite *Allegretto un poco agitato*, with its lovely melody; divided between string and reed bands, and afterwards alternating with the fresh strains of an old Chorale, wafted in as it were upon the breeze; and the profoundly tender, rich and solemn *Adagio religioso*, whose strange fragmentary figures of accompaniment, in the last bars, prepare the way so strangely and so excitingly for the entrance of the chorus: *All men, all things, &c., praise the Lord*, were played as clearly and as effectively as one could wish.

We know not when the Handel and Haydn Chorus have done their music or themselves more justice. Excepting, perhaps, a little lack of clearness and smoothness in the opening chorus, all the choruses were sung with admirable effect. In that sweet pathetic one: *All ye that cried unto the Lord*; in the passages which echo and sustain the burden of the lovely duet: *I waited for the Lord*; in the miraculous splendor of: *The night is departing*, with its blaze of high trumpet tones in thirds, and its inspired *girding on of the armor of light*; in that soul-uplifting, tranquillizing Chorale: *Nun danket alle Gott*, the effect of whose rich breadth of harmony is like that of standing on the sea-shore as the broad waves roll in, (the first stanza unaccompanied, the second buoyed up on bold figures of the stringed instruments, which are like the waves); and in the final exclamations: "*Ye Nations, ye Monarchs*," &c., all went clearly, grandly and impressively. Surely there are few things that Mendelssohn, or anybody else, has written, that are so exciting and so satisfying, or that illustrate a grand theme so grandly, as the musical climax which he gives us to these words:

ARR (tenor).—The sorrows of death had closed all around me, and hell's dark terrors had got hold upon me, with trouble and deep heaviness. But said the Lord, Come, arise from the dead, and awake thou that sleepest; I bring thee salvation.

—We called through the darkness, Watchman, will the night soon pass? The watchman only said, Though the morning will come, the night will come also. Ask ye, inquire ye, ask if ye will, enquire ye, return again, ask: Watchman, will the night soon pass?

Soprano.—The night is departing!

CHORUS.—The night is departing; the day is approaching. Therefore let us cast off the works of darkness, and let us gird on the armor of light. The night is departing.

After the excitement of such a climax, one could subside into nothing so worthily as that great, broad, tranquil Chorale.

Mr. ADAMS, although not in his best voice, yet did good justice by the sweetness of his tones and the refinement and simplicity of his style, to the dramatic passages above, as well as to the fine recitative and aria: *Sing ye praise, and He counteth all your sorrows*. The soprano solos and duet were made quite effective in the brilliant voices of Mrs. LONG and Mrs. HARWOOD.

The Second Part of the Concert was miscellaneous, as follows:

1. Overture to "Der Freischütz." Weber.
2. Scena and Duet from "Il Trovatore. "Qual voce." Verdi.
Mrs. Long and Mr. Henry Draper.
3. Cavatina from "Il Giuramento": "Or la sull' onda."
Mrs. Harwood. Mercadante.
4. Grand Scens: Fall of Zion. Paesello.
Mr. P. H. Powers.
5. Coronation March from the "Prophet." Meyerbeer.

Hardly such a miscellany as most minds would be in the mood for hearing after such a "Hymn of Praise," or as such a Society should spend its strength upon. A repetition of Part First, even, would have been far more edifying. But it was good, it is always good, (in itself, supposing the "Hymn" forgotten) to hear the ever fresh, ever romantic overture to the *Freyschütz*, which still excites the imagination like a new marvel, though you have heard it hundreds of times. Of course ZERRAHN's orchestra played it well. The *Trovatore* duet was an effective performance, and exhibited a rich, musical, well-cultivated baritone in Mr. HENRY DRAPER, — only somewhat affected with the prevailing trick of tremolo. Mrs. HARWOOD's voice was well suited to the florid cavatina by Mercadante — a piece of sweeter and sincerer melody than ever Verdi wrote — and was sung very satisfactorily. The rest we did not hear.

As this had been announced as a "Benefit Concert," with the hope of reaping some material harvest to make good in part the losses which the Society had sustained during the past season, one might reasonably have looked for a large audience. It was discouraging to find the Hall but half filled. This may have been wholly owing to the lateness of the season, and to various accidents — perhaps even to the departure from the usual habit of a Sunday evening performance. At all events, we do not think it should be taken too much to heart, nor suffered in the least to check the vigorous efforts of the Handel and Haydn Society another season. Let them be early in the field next autumn; let them adhere to great works, till audiences appreciate; waste no time on "Davids"; give occasionally such works as the "Hymn of Praise," with shorter miscellanies of a high and sacred character, and they will not need to despair now after forty years of standing up so bravely and in such good service.

We must not forget to mention a small, but very effectual improvement, which has been made in the general aspect of the Music Hall. The statue of Beethoven is at last relieved against a tasteful background, consisting of a curtain of deep crimson; and the niche in the middle of the upper end gallery is now occupied by a splendid cast of the Apollo Belvidere — the very same which has stood so many years in the Boston Athenæum; it lends a new and fitting glory to the Hall.

Musical Chit-Chat.

Our Concert season is quite over; it ended with the "Hymn of Praise." Nothing remains now but the Ullman Opera, which opened Thursday evening, with *Martha*, to be followed last evening by *Lucrezia Borgia*, and a "Matinée" this afternoon. It will run a couple of weeks at least, and then very probably be followed by the Strakosch troupe, with Piccolomini, Colson, Cortesi, Brignoli, and the rest. . . . But there is still good music listened to in private;

witness what we have just come from hearing (2 P. M. Thursday), to-wit, the following piano-forte music: A fugue, by Bach; a *Ballade*, by Chopin; a quaint little fancy by Robert Schumann; the "Moonlight" Sonata of Beethoven; a wild Polonaise, by Chopin; a Romance, by Schumann; another, wilder, and most fiery Polonaise, by Chopin; another Romance, by Schumann; the *Variations Serieuses*, by Mendelssohn; two waltzes, by Chopin, cunningly divided by one of Schumann's little Album pieces. All these in a room full of the best listeners, mostly ladies, and with OTTO DRESEL for interpreter. . . . The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB are meditating upon the pleasant theme, which we trust they will succeed in working out, of visiting the White Mountains in the warm months, and, from North Conway as a centre, giving some concerts in the principal mountain houses. . . . Señor de CASERES has been giving several concerts in Worcester, where he has excited not a little interest. . . . Dr. WARD's amateur Opera, "The Gypsy Frolic," is to be performed in the Metropolitan Theatre, New York, early in June; Mrs. ESTCOTT, Miss JULIANA MAY, and an amateur tenor are named as about to take part in it. . . . In Philadelphia the "Hymn of Praise" was to be performed this week by the Harmonia Sacred Music Society; besides also the *Inflammatus*, by Rossini, the Cherubim Chorus of Handel, extracts from "Moses in Egypt," &c. . . . WILLIAM STERNDAL BENNETT's Cantata, "The May Queen," consisting of an overture, choruses, recitatives, airs, trios, &c., which made so fine an impression in London, is in press, and will shortly be published entire by Oliver Ditson & Co. It contains some charming pieces, and is interesting as a whole.

There is a piece of musical criticism in last Wednesday's *New York Tribune*, so "bewilderingly beautiful" that we cannot forbear copying a portion of it. It is about Mme. DE WILHORST, and begins thus:

An American lady, a New Yorker by birth, a young creature (we believe that's the proper word) nursed by the genius of Gothamite luxuries; nursed in the circle of "our best society," nursed between the termini of Stephen Whitney's dwelling on Bowling Green and the Ultima Thule of Union Square (that is dating before the brown-stone extemporizations of Fifth Avenue, leading out almost to the periphery of Olmstead's Central Park, which is progressing under the muscular influences of 2,500 of our adopted fellow-citizens), a young lady so reared, whose first words are the monosyllables of the mother's knee or the Lord's Prayer — and we mention incidentally that the genius of the language of Wm. Shakespeare and James Buchanan is monosyllabic — a young lady, to come to a conclusion, who is so reared, who allows her spirit to soar over waves and mountains, over the Atlantic and the Alps, and nestle in the polysyllabic effluences of the mother of arts and of arms — Italy, who imbibes not only the syntax, the prosody, the etymology, and the entire speaking apparatus of the *lingua Toscana* in the *Bocca Romana*, but adds to that the method and the style of the Italian singer — that royal inheritor of the lyrical voices of the Greek actors, whose mellifluous grandiosities in the immense theatres without any roofs, which have slept for 3,000 years — a young lady, who, not to make this sentence too Ruffy Chorty — is a marvel whose extra-American and super Columbian-aquiline merits, ought to be aesthetically recognized. Sweet is recognition — in the street, in the ball-room, in the foyer — in literature. We tender this saccharine recognition to the fair New Yorker. She sings, indeed, like an Italian. No dazzling difficulty that the love-nourished Bellini heaped upon the muse of his "Puritani" is shirked by this interesting and charming young Gothamite prima donna. She showers the fiorituri of "Elvira" with the most lavish mouth, &c., &c.

Ullman's Opera troupe (now here) seem to have excited much interest in Philadelphia. Last Saturday they gave a matinée, and the Oratorio of the "Creation" in the evening. The *Bulletin* says Robert le Diable never created more enthusiasm than it did this time, in the great performance of GAZZANIGA, LANORDE and FORMES. Of Gazzaniga it is said: "Her Alice was the best thing she has yet done, and this we say with a full remembrance of all the great points of her other characters. But for beautiful, versatile and impressive acting, and for correct, affecting singing, nothing that she has yet done has equalled this. Her voice never sounded

fuller, fresher, richer and more powerful than it did last night, and her old friends, moved by their old sensations, applauded her warmly." — The same paper says:

Accounts by private letters from the West Indies speak in the most flattering terms of the continued success of the Signorine Francesca and Agnese Natale, better known here as Miss Fanny and Miss Agnes Heron. After delighting the musical people of Caraccas, where they first sang in opera, they went with Signor Rocco to St. Thomas and Porto Rico. They gave a number of concerts, which were very successful, and the ladies were loaded with honors and presents while Signor Rocco, the capital basso, came in for a corresponding share. Afterwards they secured a good tenor, Signor Da Costa; a fine pianist, M. Bérard; and other artists, and they have been giving a series of full operas in the chief towns of Porto Rico, Signor Rocco being the Director, and Signor Rinaldo business manager.

The young ladies have recently played in the operas of Ernani, Nabuco, La Traviata, Lucrezia, Norma, L'Elisir, La Figlia del Reggimento and Il Trovatore. In the latter, while Signorina Agnese was fine as *Leonora*, the splendid performance of Signorina Francesca as *Azucena* made the greatest sensation.

MR. JOHN CHURCH JR., formerly of this city, and well known to the musical public as connected with the establishment of Oliver Ditson & Co., has recently succeeded Messrs. Traux & Baldwin in the music business at the fine store No. 66 West Fourth St., Cincinnati. His facilities for furnishing all musical works, either in sheet or book form, is not exceeded by those of any house at the West. He will constantly be able to supply at wholesale or retail the issues of American and Foreign publishers, as also Piano Fortes, Melodeons, Guitars, and other musical instruments. Mr. C's long experience in the business has rendered him not only familiar with the wants of teachers and scholars but with the catalogues of the various publishers, so that he is able to fill all orders with promptness and in a most satisfactory manner. We commend him to the patronage and good will of our Western friends.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MAY 17. — The opera season at the Academy of Music, as now carried on by STRAKOSCH, is tolerably successful. The company is good, but the operas are not got up with care, and there is an occasional shiftlessness that is extremely annoying. No novelties have as yet been produced, though plenty are promised. Mrs. WILHORST sang last evening in *I Puritani*, and exhibited the most delicious execution and a voice of increased power; but she acted so carelessly — without the slightest effort to really act — that her performance was quite unsatisfactory. Yet she was liberally rewarded with bouquets and applause, in which none were more profuse than little PICCOLOMINI. To-morrow *Don Giovanni* will be produced. Strakosch goes to considerable expense in getting this opera ready. Besides his own troupe he has engaged GASSIER and PARODI, at two hundred dollars a night each, for the roles of the Don and Donna Anna. The rumored operatic season by MARETZKE, at the Metropolitan Theatre, has fallen through, and Strakosch has engaged CORTESI, the chief star of his troupe. This Cortesi has just returned from Mexico, and rumor says that she is a fine high pressure tragic singer, and will create a sensation. Rumor said the same of Alaimo and Alaimo failed.

The "Metropolitan Musical Association," is a new scheme got up by STRAKOSCH, BRISTOW and DODWORTH, who propose to give a series of ten concerts at the Academy of Music, the first to take place May 17. They have engaged an orchestra of eighty performers, the Harmonic Society Chorus, and Mrs. WILHORST, MILLS the pianist, and MOLLENAUER, the violinist, for the first concert. Tickets for the ten are placed at five dollars for a gentleman and lady. Concerts to take place once a month.

MR. BERGE, the organist of the Sixteenth Street Church of St. Francis Xavier, of whose resignation I have previously spoken, has been recalled, and has resumed his position with his old choir.

ARTHUR NAPOLEON has returned from the South after a tolerably successful tour, and will remain some time in New York.

Oh! the singing men and the singing women in New York! The tribes of opera people wanting to sing in public! The Prime Donne!! The Bassi!! The Baritoni!! I will in my next send you a list of them. What are they to do? TROVATORE.

BERLIN, MAY 2. — In the "*Cecilia*," Vol. 33, p. 50, is a notice of Prof. FISCHOFF's collection of musical works. That gentleman was appointed professor of the pianoforte in the Conservatorium at Vienna in 1833; became famous not only as an instructor but as a collector, and died within the last two or three years — the date at this moment escapes me. In 1844, Alois Fuchs sent the notice of his library to the *Cecilia*; since which time the collection has increased to such an extent as to bear quite another character. But to Fuchs' notice.

"This collection has been made with special care and with great skill in selection. It contains — not to mention a great mass of chamber music — a rich selection of pianoforte schools, methods of teaching, exercises and works of a similar character, containing instructions from the first beginning to the utmost perfection of pianoforte playing. As the owner has kept his eye constantly upon older works of this class, and has been so happy as to obtain the most rare and important, these works offer what Prof. Fischhoff intended, all the materials necessary for a history of the development and progress of the art of playing keyed instruments from the very beginning of Solo playing. The collection is not wanting in the works of the most distinguished organist."

At present the collection consists of some 6000 numbers, at the least estimate. Of Theory, History and Miscellanea — many of great value, but mostly in the collections already bought for the Boston Library — there are some 500 volumes. But what gives the collection its highest value, is its now huge mass of practical music — as the Germans call it — that is, Scores and everything of that sort. This department of the Library embraces in the catalogue over 5000 numbers. There are in round numbers 500 Orchestral Scores of Operas, Oratorios, Symphonies, Concertos, &c. Among them the publications of the Handel (London) Society, the Bach Society, &c., Mozart's works, Beethoven, Gluck, and so on. Of which five sixths is printed music, and of the other sixth much which never was printed. There are also some 300 arrangements for pianoforte of Orchestral Scores. Bach is represented by four to five hundred works — some only in manuscript. There are some sixty pages of music, autograph of Beethoven. Fischhoff in fact, had made his collection one of the finest among the private ones of Germany.

Well, say you, what then? Only this: that, in purchasing for the Boston Library, works upon music, not music itself, have been bought, knowing that in time the opportunity would come to get such a collection as this. Of the value of this, such a general description can give no idea. It is precisely what is now needed for the foundation of our great collection of practical music. For terms apply to the Editor of the JOURNAL OF MUSIC, for it is for sale.

Speaking of Libraries, Prof. Netto, long in Halle, is now blind, and has moved to Berlin. The other day I was in Weber's Antiquarian bookstore.

"What on earth are all those books, lying there?" a huge cartload at least.

"That is a Homer Library," said he carelessly.

A day or two afterward I found the books "stacked up."

I. — "So, that's the Homer library?"

W. — Yes — looks well, don't it.

I. — Indeed it does. How many volumes are there?

W. — I have hardly an idea. I suppose when I make the catalogue, there will be at least 200 numbers, — some five or six hundred volumes.

I. — Oh, more than that, I think. What are they mostly?

W. — German books — but a few English and French — all on Homer.

I. — How many Editions do you suppose there are of the old Bard?

W. — Have hardly any idea, must be a hundred, I think; shall not know until a catalogue is made.

I. — Many old ones?

W. — 1523, 1524, 1535, 1541, 1553, Venice, Basle, Strassburg, these you see are there, and I know that there are a great many from 1600 to 1700. There are all sorts of commentaries, dissertations, everything the poor old man could collect all his life. But he can't use them any longer, and must sell.

"Thinks I to myself" — if any body 'out side' wants a Homer Library, here is a chance.

A. W. T.

HARTFORD, CONN., MAY 16. — What should we do without the negro minstrels — the "Buckley's," the "Campbell's," the "Sanford Troupe," the "New Orleans Serenaders," and a host of other companies — who always draw immense audiences wherever they perform — none greater, I understand, than those at the South, in the midst of the very ones whom they caricature and burlesque? There is a strange fascination about them, which has proved itself for over twenty years — from "Jim Crow Rice" to the present time; and still the attraction is unabated. Think of the fortune E. P. Christy has made in New York, through the agency of banjos and "burnt cork!" — riding on Broadway like a prince; and "Matt Peel," too, one of the very best of the Ethiopian delineators, who lately died in Buffalo, leaving a large fortune from "rattling the bones!" In England these negro bands "take" immensely, and even in Paris, the "Christy" entertainments have been crowded. How a Frenchman can enjoy any thing of the kind, I cannot understand; but it is told that their appreciation of the jokes hardly falls short of our own, purely from imagination; so much so that when "Pompey" merely cries out, "All right," it is enough to bring down tremendous applause from the Gallic audience. Just as it is in the German theatres, whenever in a play, an English character exclaims, "Gott tam," it is received with intense delight, and is always considered a great "hit."

Well, we have had the "minstrels" here, lately, in profusion. The "Sanford Troupe" came first, and Town Hall was completely packed with people to see and hear them. They were here two evenings, and met with great success. The next week appeared the "New Orleans Metropolitan Troupe," and they, too, attracted crowded houses. A day or two since the exciting and important news burst upon us that the "Campbells are coming!" They have "come," and are filling their hall every night. And now again to-day, as I passed along the street, I was highly gratified to learn that the "Morris, Brothers" celebrated troupe will shortly appear! And still I don't believe that they will go away penniless.

Friday evening, while American Hall was crammed to listen to the "Campbells," Town Hall was also filled to hear Madame BISACCANTI and her assistants, Mr. WILLIAM H. DENNETT, Basso, Mr. G. T. EVANS, Pianist, and Sig. A. BISACCANTI, violoncellist. It was one of the finest and most select audiences that has been seen in Hartford for a long time. Mme. Bisaccanti sang most delightfully, and was received with tumultuous applause every time she appeared, being *encored*, as is the present outrageous fashion, at the close of each of her pieces named on the programme, thereby making the second part of the concert quite tedious. Mr. Dennett is not a remarkably pleasing singer — possessing a good clarabellow voice of considerable compass, but not much power, and apt to be somewhat out of tune. We should advise him not to sing *Non più Andrai* in any place where Formes has sung it, unless he is a particular friend of the latter and is desirous that people should see the difference between a splendid and a meagre performance of it. The piano was either too loud for his voice, or his voice too weak for the piano — I can hardly tell which. At any rate, it was not satisfactory. Schubert's "Serenade" was exquisitely sung and played by Signor and Madame Bisaccanti, — the former accompanying upon the violoncello. Mr. Evans is one of the very best accompanists upon the piano-forte I ever heard. His solos, such as Mason's "Silver Spring," Thalberg's "Home, Sweet Home," &c., were well played. By close practice he might become one of the finest performers in the country. No singer, since Jenny Lind, has pleased the Hartford people to such a high degree as Madame Bisaccanti. As a testimonial of appreciation of her powers, she was presented, at the close of the concert, with an immense floral star, made up of the choicest flowers, by one of our choicest damsels.

H.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC,

Published by O. Ditson & Co.

MUSIC BY MAIL. — Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Mary May, Ballad. T. Banks. 55
My brother dear. Song. T. H. Howe. 25
The Silver River. Song. B. C. Blodgett. 25
What's a tear. Song. M. W. Balfe. 25

Pleasing little ballads for the home circle.

- Underneath. Words by John S. Adams. Music by L. O. Emerson. 25

A gem of a poem, suggested by the many treasures of beauty hidden "underneath" the surface of trifling things. The music is of a popular character and may be performed either as a song or as a duet.

- O take me from these marble halls. Wilson. 25

Words adapted to the beautiful melody which forms the groundwork upon which Paner, the French composer, has built his celebrated Etude de Concert: La Cascade.

- I must depart from thee. Duet. Stephen Glover. 30

An excellent addition to Glover's bright wreath of vocal duets. Adapted for female voices.

- Sweet tie of friendship. (Sacra la scelta.) Luisa Miller. 25

- In childhood we wandered. (Dall' anle raggi-auto.) Luisa Miller. 25

The first is a melodious Romanza, the second an uncommonly pleasing and easy Duetto for alto and baritone. These songs from "Luisa Miller" deserve to be extensively known; they are eminently worthy of the composer of *Trovatore* and *Traviata*.

Songs, with Guitar Accompaniment.

- Rest thou troubled heart. (Lay of Pestal.) Arranged by T. B. Bishop. 25
I wandered by the brookside. " 25
Midnight moon. Duet by Glover. Arranged by F. Weiland. 30
Now the early morn. (Parigi o cara.) " 25
When stars are in the quiet skies. " 25

Instrumental Music.

- Il Trovatore. (Illustrations operatiques.) Charles Fradel. 35

Sweetmeats for young players.

- Overture Huguenots. Meyerbeer. 60

This popular overture needs no recommendation. Most piano players will delight in reproducing its enchanting and soul-stirring strains.

- Valse, opus 70. (Posthumous works.) Chopin. 25

A very beautiful waltz, strongly infused with the peculiarities of this remarkable musician.

- New Lancers' Quadrille, with new figures.

Charles D'Albert. 35

This quadrille is very high in favor with the fashionable circles of England as a substitute for last season's Lancers.

Books.

- THE CHILD'S FIRST MUSIC BOOK. For the Pianoforte. By J. T. Craven. 50

The popularity of this book for beginners has induced the publisher to issue this new and greatly improved edition. For the youngest scholars it will be found exceedingly useful.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 373.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1859.

VOL. XV. No. 9.

The Handel Commemoration Festival.

At the Crystal Palace, London, June 20, 22 & 24.

PROGRAMME OF THE GENERAL MANAGER.

(Concluded.)

The collection of the large mass of executants required in 1857 was a task of much anxiety, and would have been far more difficult but for the complete organization of the Sacred Harmonic Society. Every care was then exercised in their selection; but it need scarcely be pointed out that the experience gained on that occasion will now be of important service. The many thousands of applications which the Festival Committee have received since that time, from amateurs and others desirous of taking part in the Commemoration, has given them the opportunity of exercising the most scrupulous vigilance. This is already apparent from the greatly improved character of the metropolitan amateur division of the Chorus, which numbers 1,600 efficient amateurs, and has long been in course of regular rehearsal at Exeter Hall. Those who were present at the rehearsal of "Belshazzar," and the subsequent rehearsals of "Solomon" and the "Dettingen Te Deum," during the present season, must have been struck with the improvement manifested. Advantage has also been taken of many valuable suggestions for the selection of country performers, and thus a body of musicians will be assembled whose united efficiency will be unquestionable.

The music to be performed has occasioned much consideration and discussion. Those engaged in the preparations for the Commemoration would have gladly put forward such of the Oratorios or other works of the Great Master as would, in the present day, possess some novelty; but daily experience shows that the public are unwilling to relinquish works with the detailed merits of which they are familiar, from repeated hearing, in favor of others less tried, and therefore comparatively less appreciated. As the arrangements for a Festival on so gigantic a scale cannot under the most economical arrangements, and with a very large proportion of amateur aid, be undertaken but at enormous cost, it is manifest that pecuniary considerations cannot be left wholly out of sight. The object must be not so much to perform new works, as to impart a fresh interest to the old ones, by executing them on the *grandest scale and in the most perfect manner*.

No English Musical Festival can be considered complete without a performance of "Messiah." It is peculiarly the ORATORIO of the English people. This work has therefore been selected for the opening day. "Israel in Egypt" created such a sensation at the last Festival, and the attendance at its performance was so great, that, apart from the acknowledged grandeur which has placed it at the culminating point of Choral excellence, no question can arise as to its repetition in 1859. Bearing in mind the amount of exertion required throughout all the details of so vast a celebration, and the heavy demands made upon the time and attention of the members of the Orchestra,—the occupations of most of whom, whether Metropolitan or Provincial, do not permit of lengthened absence,—it is considered impossible to attempt more than Three Performances. Under these circumstances, the task of selection is narrowed to one day. In order to meet opinions expressed in favor of portions of some particular works of Handel, it has been decided that the second and third parts of the remaining performance shall comprise a selection of the finest Choruses from his other Oratorios; the first part consisting of the "Dettingen Te Deum," a work, which from its frequent performance at St. Paul's, and the various Cathedral

Festivals, is well known, and which possesses that broad, effective character which peculiarly fits it for a celebration like the present. The Oratorios from which the selections will be made, include "Saul," "Samson," "Belshazzar," and "Judas Maccabeus;" and as it is probable that they will be interspersed with Solos by Vocalists of eminence who do not take part in the Oratorios of the other days, this performance will possess an interest of its own.

In order, however, that the Commemoration week may afford an opportunity for more completely illustrating Handel's varied genius, it has been arranged that the Wind Bands employed in the Festival shall, after each day's performance, execute in the Grounds, during the display of the Fountains, Marches, Minuets, and other compositions by Handel, including the Water Music, the Firework Music, and other celebrated pieces; and, also, that during the intermediate days, selections from his Italian Operas and Secular works shall be performed by the Band of the Company, conducted by Mr. Manus, with such additional aid as may be required. By this arrangement, together with the daily Organ Performance, ample opportunities will be afforded during the entire week for most interesting and diversified selections from Handel's Music, which will thus be brought under public notice in a more varied form than could be obtained under other circumstances.

The dates of each performance will be as follows:—

Monday, June 20, "MESSIAH."

Wednesday, June 22, "DETTINGEN TE DEUM:" Selections from "SAUL," "SAMSON," "BELSHAZZAR," "JUDAS MACCABEUS," and other Works.

Friday, June 24, "ISRAEL IN EGYPT."

An object of much interest to musicians and the general public, in connection with a Commemoration of Handel, will be the collection of a series of Portraits, Busts, Autograph Scores and Letters, and other Memorials of the Great Composer, towards the formation of which the Company have already received the most gratifying offers of assistance.

When it is borne in mind what a varied field of interest may be opened up by these personal reminiscences of HANDEL—by paintings, miniatures, and engravings of himself, or of vocalists and others associated with him; by drawings or examples of musical instruments of the period; views and plans of buildings devoted to music in Handel's time, when brought into comparison with those of the present day—it will be apparent that a collection of this character may be made highly interesting, not only as regards its association with the great musician, but as exemplifying the progress of the art.

It will give the Directors great pleasure to receive communications from persons who possess such objects, and who may be willing to contribute the loan of them for the Festival.

The price of Tickets has occupied serious attention. The desire on all sides is to place the Festival within reach of that large class whose means preclude high payment. A due regard, however, for the pecuniary success of an undertaking in which so large an outlay will be necessarily incurred, renders it impracticable to fix the rate of Tickets giving the right to special accommodation lower than on the former occasion; but other arrangements will be effected which will afford the opportunity of attending the Festival to those who do not desire the higher-priced Tickets.

The alterations and additions to the Orchestra will bring the performers more into view, and will also enable a much larger number of visitors to see and hear than on the former occasion;

and thus, while affording to the holders of Reserved Tickets the full accommodation which gave so much satisfaction in 1857, additional space will be at the command of the Directors, the appropriation of which will be announced at a subsequent period.

From the block plan appended to this prospectus it will be seen that the division of the Transept and Naves into two compartments—North, or Sydenham side—South, or Norwood side—with their respective separate entrances and approaches, will be again resorted to. The indication of each block of seats by letters, which greatly facilitated the working arrangements of the Stewards, and gave such general satisfaction to the Visitors, will be again adopted. It is intended that the central blocks, marked A, B, C, D, G, H, K, and L, with the corresponding double-lettered blocks, shall be allotted as Stalls (each seat numbered), at One Guinea each, or in sets for the three days, at Two Guineas and a Half. The blocks lettered E, F, I, J, M, N, will not have each seat numbered; but Tickets issued for these positions will entitle to admission to the blocks indicated on the Ticket, provided the holders of them are in their places at *least half an hour* prior to the time of commencement of each day's performance, after which time the places will not be retained. The Tickets for these blocks will be issued at Half a Guinea each, or in sets for the three performances at Twenty-five Shillings.

The Tickets for the two Corner Galleries, opposite each wing of the Orchestra, will be issued as Stalls, at Five Guineas for the set for the three days, in the front row, and at Two Guineas and a Half the set for the rows behind.

Applications for Tickets may now be made to the Secretary of the Crystal Palace Company, at Sydenham, S. E.; or to the Secretary of the Sacred Harmonic Society, at the Handel Festival Ticket Office, No. 2, Exeter Hall, W.C. Every application will be considered in the order of its receipt. Applicants should point out as near as possible the spot which may be desired, or if no particular place is indicated, the best possible selection will be made. No application can be attended to unless accompanied by a remittance of the amount, and a voucher will be immediately returned acknowledging the receipt of the money, with full directions respecting the issue of Tickets. The delivery of Tickets in exchange for vouchers, will commence on Thursday, the 28th of April, at the Crystal Palace, and at Exeter Hall, with the issue of SETS of Tickets for the Guinea Stalls, and of SETS of Tickets for places within the Half-Guinea Blocks. The Tickets for one or two days' performances only, will not be issued until Monday, the 2nd of May, but applications for these will now be received and registered, and the receipt of the money acknowledged by voucher, it being guaranteed that after supplying the demands for Sets of Tickets for the three days, applicants for Tickets for one or two days only will have them allotted in the order of their applications.

Cheques and Post-office Orders sent to either of the above offices should be made payable to the order of GEORGE GROVE, Esq., Secretary to the Crystal Palace Company.

By order,

ROBERT K. BOWLEY,
General Manager.

Crystal Palace, March 17, 1859.

For Dwight's Journal of Music,

A Tour among the Organs.

(Conclusion of No. II.)

And now a few words about Ulm, and my visit to its splendid cathedral, and noble organ. Just before

leaving Ludwigsberg, Herr Walcker proposed that his eldest son should accompany me on this journey, and in accordance with the plan, we met at the Stuttgart railway station on the following morning, and after a rather tedious ride of four hours we finally reached our destination. Ulm was formerly a free and imperial town, but is now included in the kingdom of Wurtemberg. It contains a population of about 20,000, and the prevailing religion is Protestant. The houses are, for the most part, old in look, and dismal in appearance; the streets are narrow, crooked, and very dirty; and the only places that seemed at all attractive to the inhabitants, were the cafés, where I observed numbers of people, both old and young, enjoying the beer and tobacco, for which this town has long been famous. The cathedral (or Münster, as the Germans call it) is a very fine specimen of Gothic architecture, and one of the largest and loftiest churches in Germany. It is 485 feet long, 200 feet broad, and the nave or middle aisle is 150 feet high. The exterior, though in somewhat of a ruinous and dilapidated condition, is very grand and impressive, especially the great western tower, with its rich and elaborate carvings, its enormous buttresses, and the graceful stone tracery of the windows. According to the ancient plan, this tower was intended to be 500 feet high, but after it was carried up some 340 feet, the work was finally abandoned from want of funds. The crane used for lifting the stones, is still to be seen on the summit, but we may consider it very doubtful if it is ever completed according to the original design of the architect. Within the church are many curious monuments and works of art, paintings by old German masters, and some admirable specimens of carved work in the choir-stalls. The organ (Herr Walcker's *chef d'œuvre*) is placed in a gallery at the extreme end of the church, and occupies the entire depth and width of the recess, in the tower; but the case and front pipes are so disposed as not to intercept a view of the great western window, a very beautiful object as seen from the nave or choir.

The Ulm organ, in regard to size, power, number of pipes and registers, is one of the largest in the world. It is 70 feet in height, 54 feet wide, and 48 feet deep. There are four manuals, each of C C compass, and two sets of pedal keys. The key action is reversed, and placed about ten feet in front of the organ. The draw-stops are 110 in number, including couplers, but they are not conveniently placed for making quick combinations, or for rapid changing. This may not be desirable in a church or cathedral organ, yet for a large instrument designed for a concert hall, and which may be used in performing symphonies or overtures, it is certainly important that the stops belonging to the different manuals should be so arranged as to enable the organist to see at a glance the combinations he may be in search of; and moreover the stop-knobs should lie convenient to his hand, so that he can make any change or combinations he may wish, without shifting his position from the organ seat. It is well known that the English and French organ builders, especially Willis of London, and Cavallé of Paris, have introduced several new and useful mechanical facilities for drawing on and shutting off the stops, but they have not, as yet, been adopted in Germany; there is, however, a very effective and ingenious contrivance of this nature, invented by Herr Walcker, and first applied to the Ulm organ, by which the organist is enabled, either to draw on or shut off successively, all the registers, and without taking his hands from the key-board. The mechanism is simple and not liable to get out of order, and consists of a cylinder, placed just behind the pedal roller board, which is made to revolve by the action of a pedal, and at each partial revolution, the stops are drawn separately, beginning with the diapasons, and followed by the chorus-stops and reeds in regular succession, until the full power of the organ is attained; then, by reversing the ac-

tion of the pedal, the volume of tone can be as gradually reduced. There is also another novelty in the Ulm organ, deserving of especial notice. The ten largest pipes belonging to the 32 feet metal open diapason, are placed in groups of five each, on the two end towers of the organ front, and to the eye, they appear to be made of tin, or the ordinary pipe metal, but upon examining them from the interior of the organ, I found that the six largest, viz., from C. C. C. C. to F. F. F. F. were made of wood, and covered with metal, that their outward appearance might coincide with the other pipes. Upon my expressing some surprise at this wooden ending to what purported to be a metal register, I was told by M. Walcker that his father considered the ordinary pipe metal of too soft a material for such large and heavy pipes, and whenever used for this purpose, the great weight of the metal would soon cause them to bend or give way at the foot, and as few persons were willing to pay the cost of tin (the proper material) there was no alternative but to make the wooden pipe act as a substitute. In regard to the tone of these pipes, they certainly lack the metallic quality, and the break between F. F. F. F. and F. F. F. F sharp (where the metal pipes begin) is quite perceptible to the ear; but on the other hand, each of them possesses a round, full and genuine note, which responds instantly to the touch of the pedal-key, and notwithstanding the break, and the slight difference in quality of tone, between the wooden and metal pipes, I think (all things considered) that Herr Walcker has acted wisely and with good judgment in this matter. Among the almost endless variety of registers belonging to the Ulm organ is one called the *Physharmonica*. This stop is, in fact, simply a *Harmonium* reed, enclosed in a long and narrow box, with a lid capable of being raised or shut by means of a foot pedal; but the only effects producible from it are a crescendo and diminuendo of the most feeble character, and so slight in extent and short in duration as scarcely to be perceptible to the ear; and though Mr. Walcker chose to dignify this step with the name of *Swell*, I was unwilling to allow the title or to admit that he had made a correct application of this now very significant term. Still I feel inclined to welcome the *Physharmonica* stop, with all its shortcomings, and general inefficiency, and in doing so, let me express the hope that its introduction into German organs is but the initiatory step towards the adoption of the English and American *Swell* organ, with its *real* crescendos, diminuendos and sforzandos, and its other capabilities for grand and legitimate effects.

I have already expressed the opinion that the German reeds are inferior in tone to the best English and French stops of the same class; but by this I do not mean that they are actually bad, or deficient in all good qualities. The Ulm organ possesses a great number and variety of reeds, and many of them are quite effective, and sound very well, when used with other unison registers, but if tested alone, they are found to be deficient in some of the qualities belonging to a first class reed stop; yet such is the quantity, variety, and consummate excellence of the *Flue work*, that when the reeds are used with the full organ these defects are scarcely noticeable, and perhaps by the unpracticed ear would never be detected.

The principal Pedal organ is, without exception, the grandest, most complete and effective that I have ever heard. The key-action is easy and elastic to the touch, noiseless in its movement, and the pipes respond instantly to the pressure of the keys. Among the great number and variety of registers belonging to this department, is a *five-rank mixture*, of remarkable excellence and effectiveness, and I am glad to know that this stop is to be introduced into the Boston organ. It is of 32 feet tone, the lowest note being composed of a sixteen and eight feet pipe, quint, ten and two-thirds, and tierce, that is, five pipes to

each note, throughout the key-board. I have never heard a *pedal* mixture at all comparable to this, and when our organists and organ builders hear the one which is to be placed in the Boston organ, I am sure they will fully corroborate the opinion I have expressed. The sixteen and thirty-two feet open diapason stops, made by Herr Walcker, are, in all respects the best that I have ever heard, and, in my judgment, are greatly superior in tone and equality of voicing to the English and French stops of the same class; and this superiority I attribute to the fact that the Germans adopt smaller scales for their large open pedal pipes, and in this way are enabled to produce a purer and better quality of tone. I passed some two hours in examining the mechanical details of the Ulm organ, and perhaps a longer time at the manuals, in carefully testing the effects of the different registers, both singly and in combinations, and the conclusions I arrived at were, that the mechanism of this instrument is strong, durable, and faithfully made, though the workmanship may not be so highly finished as that produced by the best English and French builders. But in regard to the voicing of the *flue work*, (by which term I include all the pipes but the reeds) and the quantity and quality of tone produced, I consider this instrument as unsurpassed by any organ of modern times; and as to its power, brilliancy, and capacity for grand and broad effects, I believe it to have no superior in Europe. My next communication shall contain accounts of the celebrated organs of Weingarten, Berne, and Fribourg. S. P. T.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Peeps at Italian Papers.

No. III.

BY TROVATOR.

What are they doing now in Italy? At latest dates they were of course playing Verdi. But even Verdi is being rivalled in popularity by an older, better, and less celebrated composer, Pacini. At Lodi they are playing Pacini's *Saffo*, in which the prima donna Zecchini is praised to the skies and called both egregious and insuperable—which must be very gratifying to the lady in question. At Naples, at about the 13th of March, they were playing Donizetti's *Maria Padilla*, which, with the exception of the duet for two female voices, was but coolly received. At the small Teatro Nuovo, a new opera by Carlo Riso, a new composer, has just been produced. It is his first work, and is called "Don Chisciotte." The *Omnibus* newspaper says: "With laudable intention in Chesciotte, his first opera, the author, who does not seem to affect the vivacity and spirit of buffo music, has in this work paid less attention to its comic suggestions, and devotes himself more to the expression of its poetic sentiments. However, this opera of Riso is not free from a certain exaggeration and mannerism, which is derived less from the natural inclination of the composer, than from the study of various works of the present school of art, in which the authors seek to astonish with startling effects rather than with gentle beauties. Yet the work has great merit. The most admired gems are a lovers' duet, a quartet, and a battle scene."

At Modena, the favorite prima donna, whose name is Carmelina Proch, has had a farewell benefit. "She was regaled," says *Il Pirata*, "with magnificent and precious objects, with sonnets, epigrams, crowns and bouquets."

At Bukarest, Meyerbeer's *Robert*, with a Signora Gianfredi as Alice, a basso, named Benedetto, as Bertram, and Stigelli as Robert. They have had a great squabble in this theatre because the seconda donna, Zenoni, who sang Isabella, refused to sing any longer, unless she could have the part of Alice. So the opera had to be withdrawn.

At Novara, *I Lombardi*, with Signora Rolandini

as Giselda, and the tenor Zennari, and baritone Masiani, has been successful.

At Venice, Pacini's *Saltinbanco* has had a great success. One of the Venetian journals says:—"It is a true masterpiece, worthy of being ranked by the side of *Saffo*, and other great productions of its learned author, both for the originality of its character, the effect of its melody, its dramatic power, and fine instrumentation."

In Pesaro, the birthplace of Rossini, an opera by Ricci, entitled *Crispino e la Comare*, has met with success. The same opera has also been produced at Lisbon and Lugano.

In Florence, at the Teatro Ferdinando, somebody named Sofia Lorini-Vera, has just had a benefit, at which she sang selections from *Matilda di Shabran* and *Trovatore*. "In these pieces," says *Il Pirata*, "she was, without exaggeration, great, admirable, sublime!"

At Oporto, a new composer, named Sanelli, has produced a new opera entitled *Fornaretto*.

At Madrid, the tenor Giuglini, and the pretty English Prima Donna Eliza Kennett, have been singing in *Lucia*.

At Trieste, a new opera called *Jane Gray*, by Menghetti, has completely failed.

At Mantua, they have been playing *Rigoletto*. The scene of this opera is laid at Mantua.

At Rome two *prime donne*, Maray, and Tortolini, have taken a joint benefit. The season closed with the *Elisir d'Amore*.

At Palermo, the tenor Salviani, who sang some time since at New York, in the *Prophet*, has been singing in *Trovatore* and *Traviata*.

At Barcelona, a new opera by Achille Peri, called *Victore Pisani*, has been produced with eminent success.

At St. Petersburg, the favorite basso Marini, so well known here, has contracted a fourth engagement.

At Parma, Rosa de Vries has been singing with more success than at Palermo.

At Rimini, they are playing Verdi's early opera, *I Due Foscari*.

At Madrid, Madame D. Angri has been singing with great success—Mirate, the tenor, has signed an engagement for Rio Janeiro.

Mozart—Child and Man.

The life of Mozart, as it is reflected, first as regards his prodigious and prodigiously overtaxed childhood, in the letters of his superstitious and money, no less than art-revering father; secondly, as regards the meteor-like career of the matured genius, in his own correspondence with his friends, his family, his wife, forms a subject of contemplation too deeply interesting to our readers, musical and the rest, that we should need offer any apology for the insertion of the following series of letters carefully translated from various sources, and annotated with a view to complete the body of biographical information they present.—*London Mus. World*.

No. 1.

MOZART, SENIOR, to M. HAGENAUER, a Merchant of Salzburg.*

Linz, 3rd October, 1762.†

You have perhaps thought us arrived, when, in fact, we had only reached Linz? To-morrow, with God's permission, we shall resume our journey. We should have been at Vienna by now had we not been kept prisoners at Panau five whole days. This delay, which was owing to the Bishop of Passau, has cost me eighty florins, which I should have touched at Linz had I arrived sooner. I must be content with some forty florins left us from the concert we gave the day before yesterday. Wolfgang obtained the favor of appearing before the Prince Bishop of Passau, from whom he received—one whole ducat!

My children are cheerful, and are quite as much at ease everywhere as if they were at home. This little one is familiar with every body, and especially with the officers, whom he treats at first sight as though he had known them always. The dear children are the subject of general astonishment, especially the boy.

Count Herberstein and Count Schlich, who are in command over the province, want to have our arrival

at Vienna preceded by a great hubbub. All prognosticates that our affairs will go on well. God grant us only a continuance of good health, as hitherto. I beg that you will, as soon as possible, have four masses performed for us at Maria-Plani.‡

No. 2.

From the same to the same.

Vienna, October, 1762.

We started from Luiz on St. Francis' day, and arrived in the evening at Matthansen. The next day we reached Ips, where two Minnorites and a Benedictine, who had been at the waters with us, solemnized mass. Meanwhile, our Wofel flourished it in such fair and proper style upon the organ, that the Franciscan Fathers, who were just sitting down to table with a number of guests, left the refectory and hurried to the choir. They could not recover from their amazement. We passed the night at Stein, and Wednesday we arrived here. We escaped all the annoyances of the custom-house—thanks to my Lord Wofel, § who, in the twinkling of an eye, had struck up an intimate friendship with the receiver, taught him the piano, played him a minuet on the violin, and hoped he should have the pleasure of seeing him again.

Notwithstanding the abominable weather it is, we have already been to a concert at Count Collalto's; the Countess Sinzendorf took us to the house of Count Willschegg and to Count Colloredo's, the Vice-Chancellor of the Empire, where we met the ministers and all the grand ladies of Vienna, with whom we conversed. Among others were the Chancellor of Hungary, Count Palffy, the Chancellor of Bohemia, Count Chotsek, and Bishop Esterhazy. The Countess gave herself great pains on our account, and all the ladies are raving about my son. Our fame has already spread to all quarters. Thus I was at the opera on the 10th when I heard the Archduke Leopold, speaking out of his box to an adjoining, say: There is a little fellow just arrived at Vienna who, I am told, plays admirably the piano, &c. The same day, at 11, I received an order to proceed to Schoenbrunn.¶ The next day we were put off to the 13th, as the 12th, the festival of St. Maximilian, was a gala day, and it was desired to hear the children quite at ease. Every one is seized with admiration at my little boy, and all agree in finding him possessed of wonderful aptitude. The court expressed a desire to hear him before we sought for a reception. Young Count Palffy, on his way through Linz, heard from the Countess Schlich that we were to give a concert in the evening; by dint of persuasion, she so prevailed upon him, that he left his coach at the door and accompanied the countess to the concert. He was extremely astonished, and directly after his arrival spoke of it to the Archduke Joseph, who related it in turn to the Empress. As soon as it was known we were in Vienna, an order was conveyed to us to appear at court. I should have given you an account of our presentation immediately after, had we not been obliged to go off at once to Schoenbrunn, to the residence of Prince Hildburghausen; and six duets have prevailed against the pleasure of writing to you directly. Even now I have only time to tell you that their Majesties ¶ received us with such extraordinary favor that a minute account would appear fabulous. Wofel jumped on the knees of the Empress, flung his arms about her neck, and devoured her with caresses. We remained with her Majesty from three to six o'clock, and the Emperor himself came into the next room, to bring me to hear the Infanta play the violin. Yesterday, St. Theresa's day, the Empress sent us her private treasurer, who appeared in grand gala before our door bringing two complete suits for my two children. It is this personage whose charge it is to fetch and conduct us to court. This afternoon they are to go to the two youngest Archduchesses and afterwards to Count Palffy. Yesterday we visited Count Kaunitz, and the day before Countess Kinsky and Count Udefeld.

No. 3.

The Same to the Same.

Vienna, October 19, 1762.

I have been sent for to-day to the private treasurer. He received me with the greatest politeness, and asked me, in the Emperor's name, whether I could not remain some time longer in Vienna. I throw myself at the feet of his Majesty, was my reply. Thereupon the treasurer handed me one hundred ducats, adding that his Majesty would soon summon us again.

Do what I will I cannot see how I am to return before Advent. I shall take care to obtain beforehand a prolongation of my leave of absence.** For though I should leave hence in a fortnight or three weeks, yet must I travel slowly with these children that they may rest occasionally and not fall ill.

To-day we go to the French Ambassador, and to-

morrow to Count Harrach. All these personages have us fetched and brought back in their carriages, accompanied by their servants. We are engaged from five, six days, and a week beforehand, not to be too late. Lately we were at one house from half-past two till four. Thence Count Hardegg had us fetched in his carriage, and brought, full gallop, to a lady's, where we remained until half-past five. Thence we had to go to Count Kaunitz, where we stayed until nearly nine o'clock.

Should you like to know what kind of suit was brought to Wofel? It is of the finest cloth lilac colored; the waistcoat is in moiré of the same color; coat and waistcoat trimmed with a double border of gold lace. It had been ordered for the little Archduke Maximilian. Nanerl's dress was made for an archduchess. It is of white taffeta, brocaded with all manner of trimmings.

* He was the landlord of the house occupied by the Mozart family.

† The whole Mozart family, father, mother, son, and daughter, had set out for Vienna on the 19th of September, 1762. John Chrysostom Wolfgang Gottlieb Mozart, born at Salzburg, January 27, 1756, was therefore six years of age; his sister, Marie-Anne, was born August 29, 1751, and consequently eleven. Leopold Mozart, the father, born December 14, 1719, married November 21, 1743, Anna Berslina, born December 25, 1720.

‡ A celebrated place of pilgrimage, one league from Salzburg.

§ Diminutive for Wolfgang.

¶ Summer residence of the Emperor.

¶ Francis I. and Maria-Theresa, who had sixteen children, among whom were the Emperor Joseph II. and the unfortunate Marie-Antoinette.

** Mozart was in the service of the Prince Bishop of Salzburg, in the capacity of Vice-Capellmeister, violinist, and leader of the orchestra at the Court concerts.

(To be Continued.)

Negro Minstrelsy in London.

London is proclaimed to be the healthiest capital in Europe. It is also said to be the most cleanly. We are not so well learned in statistics, nor so deeply versed in the chronicles and testimonies of Boards of Health and Registrars General as to be enabled to dispute the former proposition. The latter, we fancy will hardly be universally accepted. If London be the cleanest capital in Europe, however, all we have to say is, we pity all the other chief cities. No doubt London is well drained, well watered, and well swept—the last two frequently to the utter inconvenience of the inhabitants—but can any amount of drainage, watering, and sweeping make amends for the abominable smoke nuisance? Can any care and pains expended in scouring and purifying the streets make the atmosphere clear, or keep the pavement white? No—coal, when heated, will necessarily smoke, smoke will necessarily ascend, and the soot will as inevitably fall. This is the great grievance of the metropolis—it is inundated by the "blacks."

A nuisance somewhat similar in complexion, and no less grievous and intolerable, is involved in the continuous influx for years of sable musicians from America. They infest our promenades and our concert halls like a colony of beetles. If we avoid their presence in street or music-room, their names and designations stare us out of countenance from dead walls, boardings, lamp-posts, and the interior of omnibuses. If we read the advertising columns in the journals, our eye is arrested by a long list of musical performances to be given, after the most approved fashion, by these ebony artists from the regions of the sun. Even Epsom and Hampton are not sacred from their influence. The great Derby race is run amid a salvo of bones and banjos, and the Surrey and Middlesex Stakes are contested to the accompaniment of "Dandy Jim from Caroline," or "My old massa tol' me so."

There must be something wonderfully attractive to a certain section of the public in nigger melodies or nigger minstrelsy to account for this, unless we suppose that modern taste is entirely depraved. So many of these fellows would not travel such a distance from their native country if they were not sure to meet with encouragement, and if those who preceded them had not returned home with well-lined purses. That the populace have a liking for nigger entertainments is beyond all question, since at no former period were there so many black troupes in London, who are all making money. Chief of these are the famous "Christy's Minstrels," who have earned a high reputation in their own country, and who won such applause in England as to induce a speculative manager to engage them recently for a series of performances in the French capital, with so much success, indeed, as to make M. Calzado himself exclaim with a woe-begone countenance—"Would that Mr. Mitchell would exchange his 'blacks' for my 'whites.'" If all the "Minstrels," in talent, conduct, and respectability, were like "Christy's," we should have little to find fault with, although still much to complain of. What we want to know is, of

what utility are the minstrels or their performances, and how is it that they have been allowed to swell into such importance? Now that they have lost their novelty, in what can their attraction consist? Woolly heads, ruled shirts, and high collars, have long ceased to surprise and delight, and the most violent antics and emphatic contortions of countenance are to be detected only in the lowest grade of the "black art." When an attempt was made to refine on the entertainment, the characteristic was lost. A nigger concert without grimace and copious gesticulation would be simply an ill entertainment. Unfortunately, the refiners soon saw their error, and resumed the demonstrative phase, or we should have got rid of the nigger concerts altogether. The moment they became respectable they would cease to attract. There is no such fortune in store for the public. Three "high class" nigger companies nightly tender their songs and their postures to an admiring British audience. The "Christy's minstrels" lead the way, followed, *longo intervallo*, by the "Ohio Minstrels," who are succeeded by the "Black Opera Troupe." How many more "rare birds," which might be likened to "black swans"—who, unhappily, never sing their dying songs—are to be met with, housed in the metropolis, may be ascertained at the police stations. We take no account of such "cheap blacks."

We should be sorry if the legislature interfered to put down the nuisance. Persecution might only create an undue sympathy, which might make matters infinitely worse. Let us live in hope. "Christy's Minstrels," by their really clever performances, have made that entertaining which otherwise would have provoked laughter only. It is pleasing to know that in the minstrels "life's copy's not eterne," and that some day or other their light must be dimmed. When they have departed, the "Black Opera" and the "Black Concert" will cease to live. People will grow friendly, and no longer quarrel about black and white, and nigger-tunes will be appreciated without any reference to the color of their interpreters. Let the "sable professors" therefore, "frolic while 'tis May." Let the foolish be amused, and the weakly be excited. Those who cannot understand may yet have their ears tickled, and the senseless and devoid of judgment may be moved to mirthfulness by uncouth voices and extravagant gestures.—*Musical World.*

Parisian Gossip—Rossini, Lablache, &c.

I mentioned in my last letter that Louis Napoleon gave a free performance of "Herculanum," Mons. Felicien David's new opera, to the choral societies. I have heard since they behaved with the utmost rudeness at the opera. They bawled, whooped and crowded, and hissed everybody and everything except M^{me}. Lauters and M^{lle}. Emma Livry. You know the Paris societies are called Orpheans. They figured in the procession and mass celebrated by the Provisional Government in memory of the victims of the Three Days of February. A boy seeing their banner, exclaimed, "Look! look there, Louis! there are the orphans of the victims!" "Well, Francois, all I can say is that they are the meanest, most unnatural fellows I ever saw, to be going about town singing in that way while their fathers are corpses." "Lor! Louis, they have got pensions from the Government, and that's what they are singing for." "Oh! that's it. I don't wonder at them now." I think I told you that Mons. Roger's voice has almost entirely gone. His exertions in "Herculanum" have injured it a great deal. It is whispered that Mons. Auber heard him at the last performance of this new opera, and said, "By Jove! there is the first fellow I have heard who has adopted the new 'pitch,' alluding to the lowered 'pitch' recently made the standard by the French Government. Rumor, who knows everything, says M^{me}. Roger is furious that any suspicion has got afloat of the extinction of her husband's voice, and she vows, by all her penates, that he has ten years' reign yet as first tenor of the Grand Opera. 'Tis most true, Ma'am.... "if, like a crab, he could go backward."

Have I or not told you that Rossini is about to give his friends a "Joan of Arc," which M^{me}. Alboni is to sing? Rossini's first wife, M^{me}. Colbran, a popular songstress, died young, and some years after her departure he married M^{lle}. Olympe Pelissier, a beautiful woman, with an admirable voice, who, when he addressed her, was studying under his guidance for the stage. Before he addressed her, and while she was thinking of visiting London during the concert season, to make herself known professionally, Rossini wrote for her, at her solicitation, a piece of music composed to exhibit her talents in the best light, and which, being acknowledged for his composition, would attract notice to her. She did not go to London, and did not appear in public, but

became M^{me}. Rossini. The piece he composed for her was "Joan of Arc." It has lain in his writing desk ever since then, until Rossini discovered it recently, and gave it to M^{me}. Alboni to sing.

Rossini has never been in finer spirits than he is now. He is full of his youthful fun and anecdote. I told you to-day how he wanted to bury a medal of Caracalla in the corner stone of his house at Passy to run a rig on some future Monkbarns: "Who will prove, in a long dissertation," said Rossini, "that I wrote music in the days of Caracalla." A few days ago, one of the musical composers of Paris sent Rossini a copy of his last new opera. Rossini sent him back a valuable present, with a sheet of paper containing these words: "Rossini to —, (the composer's name,) his musical peer." "Good heavens, maestro!" exclaimed an acquaintance, "how is it possible you can call that fellow your peer? he does not write music." "Nor do I. It has been ten years since I touched music paper." I must repeat to you a story he tells about Lablache, and then silence my pen, which I know has been quite too musical to-day. Poor Lablache was absent-minded enough at times. One day the King of Naples summoned him to the Palace. Lablache obeyed, and stood waiting his turn of audience in the drawing room, which preceded His Majesty's closet. It was full of courtiers, who all knew him, and flocked around him to enjoy the brilliant conversation of the great singer; for Lablache was a thoroughly educated and intellectual man. As he had a bad cold, he asked permission of the gentlemen present to keep his hat on, which was, of course, instantly granted. The conversation was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of an usher, who told Lablache the King was waiting for him. Lablache took up a hat and walked rapidly towards the King's closet, which he entered, bowing and scraping, persuaded his manners were most courtly. The moment the King saw him, he roared with laughter. Lablache blushed and felt exceedingly awkward. "My dear Lablache," said the King, "what in the deuce are you going to do with the hat I see you hold in your hand?" "I beg ten thousand pardons, Sire, I... really, do not... understand Your Majesty?" "...I beg your pardon, my dear fellow, for I cannot see what use you can make of the hat you hold in your hand." "Why... Sire... I wear it." Lablache, joining pantomime to speech, attempted to put the hat on his head. The hat in his hand struck the hat on his head, and for several minutes Lablache did not know what to make of it; then he recollected how the mistake occurred, and begged the King's pardon, but the King was laughing so heartily he could hear nothing, and Lablache joined His Majesty's laughter.—*Corr. of New Orleans Picayune.*

Congregational Music.

To the Editor of the Christian Inquirer:

It seems that many of the churches which formerly depended upon congregational music, have found it impracticable, however desirable it may have been considered.

Rev. Dr. Bellow's Church, of this city, and Rev. Mr. Longfellow's, of Brooklyn, have both tried the congregational system, and have both returned to a quartette choir. In the last Number of the *Christian Register*, we find the following article respecting the Unitarian and the "Orthodox" churches of Springfield, Mass:

The *Republican* says that the Unitarian Society in Springfield, after four years' experience of pure congregational singing, has modified it by the introduction of a quartette choir, as leaders of the common voice. The first Congregational Society (Rev. Mr. Parson's), after a year's similar experience, has introduced a like modification.

We believe Rev. Dr. Farley's Church, of Brooklyn, for a season endeavored to supply the music by the congregation, and went so far as to employ a chorister to instruct the younger people of the Society for the purpose; but this church now employs a quartette choir also.

Music Abroad.

ST. PETERSBURGH, April 16.—Madame Bosio's mortal remains were conveyed yesterday evening, at eight o'clock, in the midst of an immense crowd, to the vaults of the Roman Catholic Church. The Nevsky Perspective was literally blocked up by the multitude from the house of mourning, at the corner of the Sadoiva, to the church, and it was with great difficulty that, after the prayers had been recited by the clergy in the chapel lighted up with tapers for the occasion, the coffin, carried on men's shoulders, could be transported to its provisional destination. Per-

sons belonging to all classes of the population thronged around it. We never before witnessed such eagerness.

Before the funeral procession left, it was found necessary to close the entrance of the house of death, and great difficulty was experienced in clearing the stairs and passages, which had been invaded by the crowd a full hour before the ceremony. Garlands, flowers, and chaplets were sent, from all quarters, both to the church and poor Bosio's house. An immense basement for the coffin may be formed of them in the burial vault. The funeral service will, as we have already announced, be performed to-morrow, Saturday, at eleven o'clock, in the Roman Catholic Church. Persons who have received invitations are requested to bring them to the door of the vestry, and to enter the courtyard of the church by the Michael place.

INN., April 17.—The funeral obsequies of M^{me}. Bosio took place to-day, at eleven o'clock, in the midst of a large concourse of people. The Roman Catholic Church of St. Catherine was full long before the appointed hour, although it had been found necessary, on account of the crowd which besieged the place, to admit only the persons furnished with a special letter of invitation. We cannot, without exposing ourselves to the risk of omitting many important names, enumerate every one present on the occasion. Members of the diplomatic body, of the highest government offices, and of the army, were mixed up with the most distinguished ladies of the first rank. Art, science, and literature, also, contributed their numerous delegates and most noble patrons. The students of the University and of the Special Schools were to be seen among officers of every grade and of all arms, and of *employés* in the various departments of the public service.

The coffin, covered with chaplets and flowers, had been placed, the previous evening, on a raised platform, before the choir.

At eleven o'clock precisely mass began. Mozart's *Requiem* was executed by the artists of the German opera and the choristers of the church. The comrades of poor Bosio had left a fortnight before her death, and it will be a bitter cause of regret to them, in addition to the share they take in our common grief, that they were no longer here, to send towards heaven the last prayers for the deceased with their friendly voices.

About half-past twelve the procession set out from the church. Thanks to the intelligent measures adopted by the Grand-master of the Police, General Count Schouvalow, who, with great tact, was himself present to maintain order, there was only a momentary stoppage on leaving the church, and, immediately afterwards, the procession was enabled to pursue its course towards the cemetery of St. Mary. The throng was enormous, and was no less so even at the cemetery, whither the *cortège* had been preceded by a great many ladies who were found there weeping and praying.

The choristers of the Italian Opera, also, were there, and executed a dirge.

After the prayers of the clergy, the coffin was lowered into the grave, which the chaplets and bouquets filled up, as it were, in a moment. One of the gentlemen present then pronounced the following words:—

"Before this tomb is closed, permit me, gentlemen, to bid a last farewell to the eminent artist, to the distinguished woman, to the excellent friend, whose death has so suddenly struck with affright our admiration and our sympathy.

"Her life was very short, but how well was it employed! Born on the 29th of August, 1829, at Turin, Angiolina Bosio, after completing her musical studies at Milan, commenced, at the early age of 16, the career in which she rendered herself illustrious. I could not, even if I wished, at present describe in detail her existence of resolute labor and of ever-increasing success. Her life will, doubtless, be accurately related elsewhere. The glorious wanderer was *fêted* by turns in Italy, at Copenhagen, Madrid, Paris, Havana, New York, London, again at Paris, and in St. Petersburg, where, for the last four years, she achieved her most brilliant victories.

"A few weeks since, an august testimony of kindly justice—an exceptional honor, and, as it were, a solemn attestation—sanctioned the triumphs of a talent which had exhausted the formulas of praise and the expressions of enthusiasm. But, alas! Madame Bosio scarcely enjoyed this mark of distinction which no other lady ever obtained! As if, thenceforth, she had nothing more to expect which could still honor or flatter her—she was doomed to go no further. She is here!

"Poor Bosio! Was the character of the *Traviata*, in which she achieved her greatest success, simply a presage!

"Must we regard as a presage the two successive seasons terminated by that fatal drama of which she embodied the grace, the pity, the poetry and the charm, so poignant and yet so filled with attraction! Which of us, when she suffered the melodious death of Violetta, could think he was listening to the dying strains of the swan? Such was, however, the case; we were to hear no more.

"Gentlemen, I will not speak to you of her as the great artist; my words would be cold and vapid before your recollection of her. But her friends, in whose name I have the painful honor of now addressing you, have lost one blessed with a heart, a kindly grace, a serious intelligence, and a playful spirit, which rendered the sympathy they experienced for this truly distinguished woman even more lively than their admiration for the artist. She divided her life into two parts; one belonged to the public, and this was the largest part; she reserved the other for herself, and kept it within a circle of select friends. She was honor itself, and the living worship of duty. She was pious, and her art was for her a second religion. No obligatory labor daunted her; she dreaded indulging in any fancy which might have so fatigued her that the public would have had to suffer from the fact. It was with her a question of dignity. She possessed legitimate feelings of pride, but no one ever found in her any of that susceptibility which degrades *amour-propre* to jealous spite. She was kind, but her friendship never outstripped her esteem. We guessed her charity, but she herself concealed it with such care that we needed the revelations which have followed her death to learn all the extent of her generosity.

"Poor Bosio!

"But is she, after all, the person we ought to pity? Her soul has mounted upwards again to its divine origin, and, God, doubtless, has granted her prayers and our own. Our regret is presumptuous, and our grief egotistical. It is for ourselves that we weep, and for the void she has left.

"Oh, no! we weep for her also!

"We weep, in the midst of really public mourning, for her last hours, when she had to suffer the horrible sight of death approaching, with a slow but sure step, to crush all her affections, all her hopes, and all her dreams of repose, after her laborious exertions for fourteen years! We weep for that persevering courage which a breath of wind has rendered suddenly sterile! We weep, because the faith we have in the soul, and the reason which we invoke, cannot prevent its being a heart-rending thing to behold one so young die all at once in the vigor of life, and in the splendor of her fame—die, at the very moment she was able to think of her own happiness, after having devoted herself so long to our amusement!

"Thus, in this country, where her mortal remains will repose, far from the soil which bore her first steps, bitter regret will survive her; and, when the hearts which loved her shall have ceased to beat, tradition will preserve her dear memory in the land which is henceforth the native country of our remembrance of her.

"Adieu, Angiolina Bosio, may your body repose peacefully in this faithful earth, and may your soul not forget us in its present abode. Adieu!"

After a last prayer by the priest, the crowd began slowly to retire; it appeared to quit the tomb with regret, as though it still cherished an impossible and touching hope. All eyes were filled with tears, and we never saw, under analogous circumstances, a crowd depart more affected or more melancholy.

Paris.

A new singer, Madame Hermann Csillag, has appeared at the Grand-Opéra, as Fides in the *Prophète*. This lady comes from Vienna with a great reputation, having been *prima donna* of the German Opera for some time. Her voice is a powerful mezzo-soprano, of good quality, though not rich in tone, and under perfect command. Her acting is full of intelligence and enthusiasm. She was very successful, and was admirably seconded, in the parts of Jean of Leyden and Bertha, by M. Roger and Madlle. Dussy. At Vienna, Madame Hermann Csillag appeared in Mr. Balfe's opera *Keolanthe* and Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord*.

The success of the *Pardon de Ploërmel*, eminent at first, rather increases than retrogrades. Two representations were given in Holy Week, when, notwithstanding the influence of that sacred season, devoted by most good Catholics to fasting and praying, the theatre of the Opéra-Comique was crowded in every part. *Fra Diavolo* runs side by side with Meyerbeer's new opera, and has an attraction entirely its own. The performance of M. Montaubry in the Brigand Captain is much admired. Madlle. Lefebvre is exceedingly pleasing in Zerlina, and Madlle. Lemercia makes a capital Pamela—the Lady Allcash of the English version.

Rossini has at length broken through his determination, and has in reality "assisted" at a public entertainment. On Sunday week (the 17th instant), the Société des Concerts had inserted in their programme selections from the great composer's *Stabat Mater*, and the finale to *Motse*. On perceiving Rossini, the audience rose *en masse* and received him with thunders of acclamations. At the end of the concert the same enthusiastic demonstrations awaited him, and continued until the illustrious master had made his escape through a private door. Her Majesty the Empress honored the performance with her presence.

Madlle. Emeny Legrua, an artist well-remembered at the Grand Opéra, has returned to Paris, after a sojourn of three years at Rio Janeiro.

Caroline and Virginia Ferni, two violin players of repute, have announced a concert for the 3rd of May, at the Salle Herz.

M. Hans Bulow, the pianist, and son-in-law of Franz Liszt, will give a second concert in the Salle Pleyel-Wolff, on the 5th of next month, when he will execute Beethoven's Sonata in A major, No. 101, besides a prelude and fugue of Bach's, *moreaux* of Mozart, Chopin and Liszt, together with a fantasia upon Hungarian Melodies, and a "transcription" of the march from *Tannhäuser*, by Herr Richard Wagner.

You have already, I doubt not, heard of the death of the celebrated tenor and master of singing, Nicolo Tacchinardi, father of Mad. Persiani. This eminent *virtuoso* died a few days since at Florence, in the 88th year of his age. He was born at Leghorn, on the 3rd of September, 1772, and from the earliest age displayed an extraordinary predilection for music. He began by playing the violoncello in the orchestras of theatres, where, subsequently, he won renown as a singer. After he had been several years on the stage, the French General, Miollis, heard him at Rome, and engaged him for the Italian Opera at Paris, and appointed him chamber-singer to the Emperor Napoleon. After this engagement he was heard no more in Italy, except on one occasion, when, desirous to behold his native country, he accepted the same title of chamber-singer at the Court of Tuscany, and consented to sing at the theatre of La Pergola. Having renounced the stage, he commenced giving instructions in singing, and his daughter constitutes the most celebrated example of his method of teaching. Tacchinardi was not a musician merely. He had a very lively taste for the fine arts, and numbered all the great artists of the day among his friends. One of the most intimate of these was Canova, who has bequeathed to us his bust in marble. Tacchinardi was extremely short in stature, and by no means prepossessing in appearance. An anecdote is related of him to the following effect:—One evening, while singing on the stage in presence of a large assembly, he was by no means treated with the respect due to the first tenor of the establishment. Stopping in the middle of one of his songs, he came forward to the foot-lights and addressed the audience thus:—"Gentlemen, I do not present myself before you that you may see me, but that you may hear me."—*Mus. World*.

The trilogy 'L'Enfance,' by M. Berlioz, was executed, as part of a sacred concert, at the Opéra Comique of Paris, this day, sen'night. On Thursday week, a new setting of "the Seven Words," by M. Gounod, was performed at Lyons.

London.

The *Athenæum*, of April 30, keeps us informed of the doings at the two Italian Opera houses, including debuts of several new singers, and new laurels won by some old favorites on this side of the water. The comparison of Rossini with Verdi will find sympathy.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—"Innocence of stealing a silver spoon" (*vide* the answer of the wit in Byron's *Memoirs*) is but a silly subject for a tragico-sentimental village opera,—yet who can help feeling the enormous relief, that turns from the roasting and revengeful gipsy in 'Il Trovatore' to the thievery of "the chattering pie" in 'La Gazza'? And, so far as musical genius, freshness, and pathos are concerned, what an abyss is there betwixt the grim nonsense of the new opera and the sickly nonsense of the elder one—betwixt Signor Verdi and Signor Rossini! There are more ideas in the Introduction to 'La Gazza' than in the entire 'Trovatore' (in which, by the way, the *Miscere* might never have been written had not a certain "Qual mesto gemito," in 'Semiramide,' gone before it). Then there are "Di piacer," as a *sortita* unparagoned,—duets, trios, quintets,—a pair of *finales*, the second beginning with that capital funeral march

framing the prayer of the half-dying girl on her way to the scaffold,—but what is there *not* in point of music? If the *maestro* was too careless in accepting his stage subjects, no one, since *Musie* began, has been so prodigal in decking them—if not with the resources of science, with the treasures of genius. The vein of Signor Rossini is the true vein, for it is the vein of inexhaustible melody—not excluding expression, not precluding science. A time may come when every opera from his pen will be hunted up and treasured, as though it was so much old gold or imperishable jewelry. This is no opinion of to-day, but an old one strengthened by comparison and experience, and emphasized to the utmost by the revival, on Tuesday, of Signor Rossini's 'La Gazza,'—not his best opera, though still an *Olympus* height above Signor Verdi's best opera.

Signor Rossini's operas, however, were written for singers,—not the bald, bawling, declamatory people who in Germany and in Italy have tried of late to make sound pass for singing. And thus, though they are sure to return, the fact may happen when there are no artists to be found capable of executing them. Think, for instance, of the changes which have passed over the world since 'La Gazza' was given with its great "cast" in 1838! Who that thinks can avoid feeling how immense is the amount of musical loss? Yet the opera, as times go, is well mounted at Covent Garden Theatre. We have good hope of Madlle. Lotti, whose voice is a reality—one of excellent kind, and who has time to give the labor required to make it flexible. The part of *Ninetta* is one of great difficulty in the florid execution it requires:—and the *sortita* was the worst given. In the concerted music the voice of Madlle. Lotti told excellently. The duet "Ebben" was so well sung as to get an *encore*,—and the verse which opens the *Rondo finale* was given even better. If this lady comprehend her position she will do good service to the stage, even in Rossinian opera. Madame Nantier-Didiée is, without question, the best *Pippo* we recollect; she sings the music with due brilliancy and pathos, and looks the part to perfection. Signor Gardoni is a good *Gianetto*; Signor Ronconi is a wonderful *Podesta*, managing to get through the music though it contains hardly a note which suits his voice,—in action mean rather than malignant. Signor Debassini, though compelled to retrench some of the florid passages of *Fernando*'s music, in which Signor Tamburini used to revel so triumphantly, is still effective as the deserter-father. The subordinate characters, too, are well filled. But the feature of the evening was the overture, which went with a splendor and spirit enough to make its tantalizing writer's ears tingle as he sits in his retreat of the Chaussée d'Antin, just doing enough to keep himself in public view. If there be losses, there are gains also. We doubt whether any such orchestral execution existed when Signor Rossini was writing his operas as that now secured by Signor Costa. Nothing of the kind, at all events, was even dreamed of in England. The *encore* was furious. The whole opera was well received,—what wonder?

DRURY LANE.—Drury Lane Theatre, freshened up with white draperies, made comfortable with the most brilliant of carpets, and the softest of elbow-chairs by way of stalls,—decorated with flowers, and blazing with lights, opened for its Royal Italian Opera season on Monday:—the opera being 'La Sonnambula.' Musically the start was not auspicious. When we recall the sounding promises of Mr. Smith, which announced sixteen operas as *capable of representation at a few hours' notice*—the first opera given, and this about the most hackneyed and the simplest of the list, should have been better rendered by orchestra and chorus than it was. The two were never neatly together, nor wrought comfortably with the principal singers. Among these, the artist to be most expressly commended is the veteran Signor Badiali: whose singing as *Count Rodolfo* was warm, finished, and masterly,—a new proof, had we needed it, that Time has nothing to do with style. Quite the reverse has to be said of Signor Mongini, the much-talked-of tenor. This gentleman, though disabled by a cold, exhibited an organ of the finest possible quality,—capable of delivering pure chest-notes to a natural, if not a flat, above the line—a voice in which power does not exclude sweetness. But the use to which it was put! We remember Signori Fraschini, Negrini, Bettini, Baucarde: none of them were good singers (as we understand the word)—yet all of them seem great singers if compared with the new comer. Emotion may deprive a man of some of his powers:—catarrh of others:—but neither will give him a bad delivery, wrong readings, and false taste,—nor prevent exercised ears from appreciating what is good and real. Signor Mongini is agreeable looking; but as an actor his earnest wish seemed to be to sing his scenes with *Amina* to the

stalls, whose occupants, not the Somnambulist, exclusively benefited by his distress and jealousy in the chamber-scene. With Miss Balfe's best will to put herself in the way of being scolded, her agonized lover rendered this impossible: so determined was his resolution to ignore her presence. The *prima donna*—by accident, not discourtesy, noticed last—was singing with great care, and acting with great animation. She has been trained to the utmost:—she gives all that her voice can give, pleasingly; she is fearless, finished, and redundant in execution. Her voice has subsided into a *mezzo-soprano*, most powerful in its five upper notes: but it may be doubted whether it is capable of abiding "wear and tear" in a theatre; and it is certain that with half the ornaments that she uses, and those more tastefully selected, the singer would produce double the impression that she produces. Miss Balfe is too interesting and too accomplished to confound wrong with right, and not to be warned that she is doing so. On Tuesday, 'La Favorita' was given, with Mdlle. Guarducci (of whom we must speak on some future occasion), and Signor Giuglini. The tenor, we perceive, was most warmly received.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 28, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the opera, *Don Giovanni*, arranged for the Piano-Forte.

Italian Opera.

MR. ULLMANN's company returned to us last week, and made a brilliant opening on Thursday evening. In spite of ten days rain, the lateness of the season, the satiety of a whole winter's pleasures, the Boston Theatre was completely filled with as fine an audience as we ever see on such occasions. The as yet fresh charms of the pretty little opera of "Martha," by Von Flotow, heard here only twice before, last season, was in great part the secret of such unexpected concourse. The good houses have continued, nightly, from that time to this. *Martha* was played on Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon, and *Lucrezia Borgia* on Friday evening.

The second performance of *Martha* was the best, although both were good. The piece was well cast, well put upon the stage, and all the persons entered *con amore* into their parts, so as to make a genial, pleasant whole of it. Of the opera itself our first impression has been quite confirmed. It is full of pretty, lively, facile music, on which a cleverly contrived series of playful, sentimental situations and adventures, and graceful comedy of dialogue and action, with touches of the serious, are floated easily and happily enough—music more Italian than German, more French than Italian, and appealing with the *argumentum ad hominem* to popular English sympathies by the perpetual introduction of the "Last Rose of Summer," as well as of a swaggering old chorus tune or two. In the first two acts it is all very genial and charming; nothing finely imaginative, nothing that shows genius, nothing very original, but graceful, natural, spontaneous and flowing. The music just serves its purpose of setting the little play afloat, of blending dialogue and action into a fluid and harmonious whole; it is pleasant to the ear and nowhere overstrained. It is just where it begins to grow serious, just where the sentimental element comes in, and where the music makes higher pretensions, that it begins to sound weak and tedious. Nor is it, as a whole, considered intrinsically as music, an opera that can long wear. Elegance and ease and liveliness cannot save it; the bloom of novelty wears off and leaves it common-place and threadbare.

In the performance there was a great deal to enjoy. If this return of the opera brought no other new gain, it is at least no small refreshment that it gives us Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS, as new, as she was supposed well known. Her pretty part of Nancy was from first to last in all respects artistic and most charming. Her voice, so large, and rich, and warm, has acquired new flexibility and smoothness; she has lost much of that thickness of utterance; and her delivery is beautifully finished and effective both in melodic aria and in the nimble *parlando* of the comic dialogue. Her fine figure, easy grace of motion, and perfect naturalness of action made up one whole with her singing. In her abundance of witching, merry by-play, she was just a match for Formes, and these two were precisely what the play required. There is no overstraining and no nonsense about the performance of Miss Phillips; the quality thereof is good and wholesome; you can but like her heartiness. It was a decided triumph for our young townswoman, here in her slow-believing home; such recognition was worth waiting for, since there can be no question now that it was fairly won. Miss Phillips has nobly justified the interest which the young girl inspired in Jenny Lind, and which led that generous woman to contribute largely, both in money, and in advice more precious, to her obtaining the best musical culture that Garcia and other European masters could afford her.

Mme. LABORDE of course vocalized with exquisite facility and fineness in the difficult and florid soprano music of *Martha*, and sang "The last Rose" unsurpassably well so far as grace of execution goes.

Of FORMES, as farmer Plunkett, there is no need of saying that he was, what every one can always rely on him to be with certainty, all that his part can possibly require. The rich, round, organ tones of his bass voice seemed more satisfying and more musical than ever; his manly recitative smacked of whole-heartedness; he was thoroughly in his part, and never, for a moment, out of it, acting always to a charm; and if he does sometimes sing a little out of tune, you pass it over as a mere accident in him, so much absorbed are you by his solid, genuine, great qualities.

There was a new tenor, Signor SBRIGLIA, in the part of Lionel. One of the light and little tenors, of whom we have so many lately. He has a fair voice of rather a metallic quality, not without sweetness, even when forced to somewhat painful intensity on a high note. His intonation is generally true, and execution good; and he sang, at least on Saturday, with considerable abandon. Herr MUELLER, with his portly voice and figure, made a very good Sir Tristram. By the way, it was a curious feature of this entertainment that, of the quintet of principal singers, one only was Italian, Sig. Sbriglia; Laborde is French; Miss Phillips, American; Formes and Müller, German. The choruses and orchestra were as effective as before, under the energetic baton of Herr ANSCHUTZ, but sometimes furiously noisy.

LUCREZIA BORGIA.—The representation of Friday was, as a whole, above the average, and by no means one of the very best we can remember. Mme. GAZZANIGA somehow did not quite reproduce the fine impression we received of her a few years since. She labored in her singing,

and her impersonation of Lucrezia was not sustained throughout to that dramatic height for which she surely has the gift. Yet there were flashes of the true fire, passages that were marvellously well done. We cannot think that she was quite herself that night. Again it was Miss PHILLIPPS who lent most charm and freshness to that repetition of a well-worn piece. She sang and looked and acted Maffeo Orsini more satisfactorily to our taste than any of her predecessors. In point of voice and singing only Alboni has surpassed it. In all those passages where her voice should stand prominently out before the loud orchestra and chorus in the first act, it was perfectly effective. She sang the Romanza with just the right kind of warm, rich, romantic coloring; and her "Drinking Song" was so perfect as to be like a new thing; that large, full trill of hers had really a luscious quality; she was compelled twice to repeat it. Chaste, honest, wholesome, generous singing, we call that.

Much was expected of the new tenor, STEFANI, and much, if not all, was realized. He is a tall, broad-shouldered, manly looking fellow; acts earnestly, although a little awkwardly, but not extravagantly; and has a voice of good ring and volume, quite musical and sweet when moderately employed, but of a splitting quality, when forced to fortissimo in high notes; it is as if the tone clove the air, like a tough resisting medium, with wedges. He reminds you somewhat of Benedetti, though without his magnetic, intellectual force. He sings well, but with far less smoothness, sweetness and finish than Brignoli. In *Di pesceator*, and in the Trio, he made an excellent impression.

Signor FLORENZA lacked dignity for the Duke. There is no repose about him. He attitudinizes and grimaces fiercely. His baritone is ponderous and powerful, and at times rich; but certain bad tricks in its delivery, which were always noticeable, seem to have become more fully pronounced, such as that of violently jerking out the sound, instead of letting it roll forth continuously. The parts of Gubetta and the Duke's spy were more than respectably filled by Signors DUBREUIL and QUINTO.

LA FAVORITA, which was performed on Monday, fell very far short of the mark of a perfect performance. The energetic and loud beating of Mr. ANSCHUTZ in the beginning gave sure signs of unsatisfactory and inadequate rehearsal, which were entirely fulfilled by the performance. The orchestra was uncertain and the choruses dragged, and the principals failed to enter into their part with the necessary fire. Signor DUBREUIL was entirely incompetent for the role of Balthazar, which Marini, Badiali, and others have made one of the most important in the opera. His voice, though correct and not displeasing, lacked the majestic volume which the dignity of the character imperatively demands. FLORENZA, too, appeared to less advantage as the King than in many other characters; his voice seemed hard and worn, his action sometimes bordered on the ludicrous, and was surely far from indicating the dignity of a King Don Alfonso of Castile. His nether limbs too were arranged in the stripes of our country's flag (the stars left out), which gave a singularly odd effect to his "make up." The ensemble of these voices injured the concerted music, and till the last act, every thing fell quite

flat and died upon the ears of the audience, save here and there an aria by Gazzaniga and Steffani. But they reserved their forces for this last act, which was so admirably sung and acted as to redeem the performance from the disgrace of failure, and conclude it in a triumphant blaze of glory. The applause conferred, and justly too, upon STEFFANI'S *Spirto gentil*, and on the duet which ends the opera, was impetuous and tumultuous, and we must confess that the finale has rarely or never, perhaps, been rendered with more spirit and splendid effect. Signor Steffani has that rare talent in a tenor, of abandoning himself to his part, and of infusing into it the fire and passion which the part of the *primo tenore* always requires and almost never receives. His fine personal presence and commanding figure aid him not a little in giving due effect to the parts that he assumes. GAZZANIGA was well mated with him as Leonora, and sang throughout the opera with her wonted beauty and expression.

NORMA was the piece on Tuesday evening. We were not present, but can well credit the report of LABORDE'S unsurpassable vocalization in *Casta Diva* and the other florid melody, and of the grandeur of the Druid High Priest of FORMES. GHIONI is said to have been an excellent Adalgisa, and STEFFANI to have made the most of the "ungracious part of Pollio."

DON GIOVANNI. — Mozart's master-piece must have one night, of course, in every opera season. On Wednesday evening it drew a large and eager crowd. The performance was indifferent as a whole, excellent in certain features. With a good orchestra, and passable singing, the music itself always saves it, for that, indeed, is inexhaustible in beauty and variety and grandeur, in spite of imperfections in detail, the list whereof in this case might unroll as long as Leporello's; instances of false tune alone were *mille e tre*. The Trio of maskers was sadly marred in this respect, as were other parts, by the inadequacy of the tenore, Signor SBRIGLIA. His *Il mio tesoro* was not edifying. After hearing Mario, one would think the part of poor Ottavio not one to be despised. Much depends on it in the first scene, with Donna Anna. There was dignity and pathos in Mlle. POISSON'S rendering of that character; the dramatic quality of her voice still grows upon us; her recitative is expressive, and in the noble outburst, *Or tu sai*, with the preceding narrative, she showed true fire. Her singing is artistic, and her efforts always command respect. Mine. GHIONI appeared to uncommonly good advantage in the part of Elvira. Her rendering, especially, of the long recitative and aria, *Mi tradi*, (one of the finest pieces in the music, and by few attempted here), was a fine success. Mme. LABORDE, of course, sang Zerlina's melodies with a grace and fineness not to be surpassed; but there was a lack of individual flavor and decided piquancy, as compared with Bosio, Sonntag, Piccolomini, and others, and her acting was no more than pretty.

FLORENZA'S voice rang effectively in the strong parts of the Don's music; but his impersonation was often coarse and exaggerated. Leporello was the man; — the real person of the play. Herr FORMES is the king of Leporellos. Nothing could exceed the perfection of his acting; while the music, in his rich, unctuous tones, was everywhere the native and spontaneous language of the part. In the two scenes with the statue, the mixture of terror with the buffoonery and cunning of the Spanish servant's nature was inimitably grotesque and true. How the delicious summer night's music of the churchyard scene heightens the effect of those supernatural and grotesque elements! — The part of Masetto seemed indifferently

filled at short notice. The ball-room scene was splendid, the crowd on the stage great, and the short outburst of *Viva la liberta* — it can hardly be called a chorus — was so startling that it was absurdly redemanded; but there was no dancing, no three orchestras playing the dance music, and the whole thing was got over in the easiest way. The scenic effect, however, of the last finale was a great improvement on the old childish plan of painted flames and devils. An imposing scene out of the "Faust and Marguerite" spectacle, recently produced at the theatre, representing Lucifer in lurid light upon the top of a vast globe, after Martin's illustrations of Milton, was happily substituted. The orchestra did well their part, and theirs, in *Don Giovanni*, is the all-important part.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MAY 22.—On Tuesday we had MASON and THOMAS'S last Matinée, the series not having ended, as I stated a few weeks ago, with the previous concert. The programme was an excellent one — Mozart's fresh, quaint, childlike little piano quartet in G Minor, a Rondeau for Violin and Piano by Schubert, which, with all its beauties, had the very common fault of its composer, of excessive length and too much repetition, and one of Beethoven's latest quartets, No. 14, which was played for the first time in this country. This latter was most interesting — full of exquisite beauties, but with a morbid vein running through it that spoke too well the unhappy state of mind of the composer during its creation. Such a work can be neither understood nor thoroughly appreciated at a first hearing. I envied a friend accompanying me, who had listened to the practising of it from the beginning. That this practising had been thorough and arduous, the fine rendering of the exceedingly difficult music plainly showed.

Besides these instrumental pieces, we had a couple of songs by a young *débutante* — a member of a gifted family, Miss WOLLENHAUPT. This young lady — and very young she seemed, has a fine, pure voice, which, in the upper region, is also very powerful. She was evidently, however, exceedingly nervous, and probably hardly did full justice to herself. She sang Mendelssohn's *Zuleika* with much feeling, and, by way of showing variety of style, a song by Rossini, *La Separazione*. She evinced proof of good training, but is hardly yet far enough advanced, and is also too young to enter the lists as a public singer. A few years more of study, both here and in Europe, will undoubtedly place her high in the ranks of the profession.

Two very attractive concerts were given on Thursday night; pity that separate evenings had not been chosen. The one was that of Mr. ARTOMAS, with the assistance of Madame ABEL. The latter played exquisitely as always, the first movement of Beethoven's Sonata Op. 54 — called "L' Aurora," a modern trio with the harp, "Les Mancenilliers" of Gottschalk, Prudent's "Danse des Fées," and in answer to an encore the "Lucia" of the latter composer. Chickering's pretty little hall was thoroughly filled, and all seemed to enjoy the music. At the same time, Mr. MILLS gave his first concert at Niblo's. His own choice of pieces was excellent, and calculated to show him in every variety of style. First, with Messrs NOLL and BERGMANN, he gave us a Trio of Mendelssohn, (I forget the opus or key) then, alone, Liszt's arrangement of the March in *Tannhäuser*, the A minor Etude of Thalberg, and Chopin's *Polonaise* in E flat; and, with Mrs. Mills, Moscheles' *Homage to Handel*. Mrs. MILLS, of whose powers no one had previously been aware, made her debut that evening, and acquitted herself most creditably. She rendered the very difficult

Treble of Moscheles' Duo with a force and precision which took every one by surprise. It may not be out of place here to mention a bit of romance connected with this young artist couple, which is generally believed authentic among us. It is said that Mr. Mills and his wife became acquainted at the conservatory of Leipzig, and soon preferred each others' company to the rest of the world. There was a mamma in the case, who, as the young man had yet to make his own way in the world, was prudently averse to trusting her daughter to his care, and to cut the matter short at once, resolved to put the sea between the lovers, and remove to America, where I think she had friends. But in spite of the secrecy in which this plan was kept, a little bird whispered it in the ears of the lover, and he, thinking that "faint heart never won fair lady" immediately took passage in the same vessel, and the result was, that the young people were married soon after their arrival in this country. I hope I have not been too personal in relating this story; it is generally known here, and my main object in giving it is to refute some reports less creditable to Mr. Mills that are said to be current in your city.

The remaining performances of Thursday's concert were vocal, and were very unattractive as regards the music, and not much less so in performance. Mr. SIMPSON'S voice is sweet — too sweet, but very weak, and his singing lifeless. A Mr. THOMAS sang a German ballad, and the comic basso aria from *Cenerentola*, but as he enunciated without the least distinctness, it was difficult to make out in what language he was singing, though it finally proved to be English. In answer to an encore, the man had the audacity to produce a ballad with five verses to the same tune, the words of which (of which only one in ten could be understood) were meant to be comic, but failed utterly in effect.

The remaining singer, though a lady, I have left to the last, as being the best. Miss BRAINERD'S fine, true voice always tells, even though it must be noticed with regret, that she does not progress. Her *fioriture*, particularly her trill, the other evening, were beneath criticism. I should advise her to confine herself to slow movements, and long drawn notes, as the want of flexibility in her voice is too apparent in more rapid movements. Nor is her choice of pieces generally good. A song by Wallace and a "Polka Song" by an unknown, "Imogene Hart" are not very attractive or interesting. It is with regret that I speak so plainly of this lady, who has always been one of my favorites, and who is a pains-taking student, but I would warn her, while there is yet time, against retrograding instead of advancing.

It remains to speak of Mr. Mills's performances — what more can I say than that they were excellent throughout? This young man has succeeded wonderfully in the short time that has passed since his arrival, in winning the public favor — and this is all the more satisfactory, as he never for a moment resorts to clap-trap attractions or humbug of any kind — modest, unassuming, always true to himself, as an artist, (I judge only from his appearance in public), exceedingly versatile in his powers, he satisfies the listeners completely, in every respect, and wins the admiration of all, both artists and audience. His choice of pieces, too, is excellent, and, though his repertoire is not very large, he is constantly adding to it. May he realize all the promises he gives!

"Trovator" keeps you *en fait* of operatic doings, so I will only mention them in connection with as complaint I have to make against STRAKOSCH. He has a bad way of imposing upon his audience. He advertises Matinées with one entire opera and one act, or the like, of another. When the time comes, however, the "entire opera" is mutilated in the most absurd manner, some most important part being omitted, as, for instance, the "mad scene" in *Lucia*, or that whole part of *La Favorita* in which Fernando learns Leonora's position, and rejects her. And that this is not done to save time, is proved by the length of the intermissions, which would be sufficient to act the omitted part twice over. It is, in plain words, an imposition.

The Paris correspondent of the *Picayune* (New Orleans) gives us this:

We have not only Mons. Meyerbeer's new opera, but we have, too, Rossini's cantata, "Joan of Arc." Mme. Albouy sang it, Rossini himself accompanied her!! A very select company was invited to hear it; among the guests were Prince Poniatowski, the Prefect of the Seine, Baroo de Rothschild and wife, Mme. Orfila, Mons. Auber, Mons. Caraffa, Mons. Bazin, Mons. Vivier, Mr. Lumley, the celebrated impresario, Mlle. Tagliioni, Mme. Plessy, and Mme. Ferraris. Several of Rossini's guests were absent in consequence of a singular coincidence. I have told you that Rossini found he had such troops of friends his house could not hold them all, and he had been obliged to discriminate between them and in favor of the intimate friends with whom he was personally acquainted. It happened that the first card he issued were as follows: "Mons. and Mme. Rossini beg you to spend the evening with them on Friday, the first of April." Rossini is so fond of practical jokes, a good many guests looked on the invitation as an "April fool," and kept at home. The cantata is fully equal to any thing Rossini has written.

Music Abroad.

London.

The Philharmonic Concerts have commenced. The first programme of the season was as follows:

Sinfonia in E flat, No. 8.	Haydn.
Aria, "Non so donde viene"—Signor Belletti.	Mozart.
New Concerto, Violin (MS.)—Herr Joachim.	Joachim.
Scene, "Infelice"—Madame Anna Bishop.	Mendelssohn.
Overture, "The Ruler of the Spirits."	Weber.
Sinfonia in D. No. 2.	Beethoven.
Duetto, "Se la vita," (Semiramide)—Madame Anna Bishop and Signor Belletti.	Rossini.
Solo, Violin—Herr Joachim.	Bach.
Overture, "Zauberflöte."	Mozart.
Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus. D.	

HERR JOACHIM'S CONCERTS.—The quartet concerts announced by Herr Joseph Joachim, have been looked forward to by amateurs of classical music with the utmost interest. The later quartets of Beethoven are too seldom heard—those styled the "Posthumous" scarcely ever; and yet they deservedly rank among the noblest productions of the German "tone-poet." The design of Herr Joachim is to include as many of these as possible in the series of performances which began on Wednesday night in Willis's Rooms, before such a union of connoisseurs as is rarely found assembled at a musical entertainment. That of all living violinists, now before the public, Herr Joachim is the most accomplished—whether as a "virtuoso," possessing all the secrets of modern mechanical display, or as a master of the great and lasting school—is indisputable; and that his reading of Beethoven's most profound compositions is incomparable must be admitted without a dissentient voice. The most refined enjoyment was, therefore, anticipated; nor was expectation in any way deceived. The programme occupies so small a space that we are able to make room for it:

Quartet in F minor, Op. 95.	Beethoven.
Quartet in E flat, Op. 127.	Beethoven.
Quartet in F, Op. 59.	Beethoven.

Thus, it will be seen, there were only three pieces; but three pieces of such transcendent worth, executed in a manner fully to justify the epithet *perfection*, are a sufficient tax on the attention of all who set a proper estimate on the value of music of the very highest order—music that appeals to the heart and the intellect just as much as it enchants the ear. Associated with Herr Joachim were Herr Ries (second violin), Mr. Webb (viola), and Signor Piatti (violin-cello). Finer quartet playing was never listened to. Not merely were the passages given with faultless accuracy, the melodious phrases delivered with a sentiment that left nothing unexpressed; but there was—best of all—a common sympathy among the four players which showed that they must have practised together diligently, with an artistic resolution to do honor to the honored composer, whose music it was their task to interpret. Beethoven was king of the evening, and—as we have had more than one occasion to remark, after hearing Herr Joachim in music of this elevated character—it was not until the termination of the performance that the audience remembered the high merit of the executant to whose efforts they were indebted for such unmingled satisfaction and delight, and expressed their sense of it by enthusiastic plaudits. Herr Joachim's playing is as unobtrusive as it is remarkable for all the rarest qualities of executancy. He calculates upon no effects except those which spring from a strictly legitimate fulfillment of the composer's design—never thinking to shine on his own account, but anxious, from first to last, to present the text in its integrity. The art of self-denial—which he owns in the highest perfection, and by which alone full justice can be done to the works of the great masters—is one of Herr Joachim's most enviable acquisitions; and to this chiefly, amid all his other qualities, he is indebted for the reputation he has obtained as the first classical violinist of the day.

He has obtained as the first classical violinist of the day.

We have said that finer quartet playing was never listened to, and we may add that never was fine playing more thoroughly appreciated. Such, indeed, was the calibre of the execution that the very long, elaborate, and almost uniformly serious quartet in E flat became quite as clear and intelligible to the audience as even its universally popular companion in F, the first of the set dedicated to Count Rasmowsky. If Herr Joachim goes on, the so-called "posthumous" quartets (which were engraved during the lifetime of the composer, and corrected by his own hand) will soon cease to be a mystery.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—*Judas Maccabæus*, which was given on Wednesday last by the Sacred Harmonic Society, seems to have been most aptly suited for the present time, its martial character and fine spirit-stirring music harmonizing well with the warlike events now impending. The entire execution was highly to be commended, the choruses generally telling with the greatest effect. We would especially cite "Fallen is the foe," "We never will bow down," and the final "Hallelujah," in which the breadth and grandeur of Handel are everywhere manifest, and which seemed to inspire the "700." Madame Ruderodorf, who sustained the principal *soprano* part, produced a marked sensation in the air, "With mighty kings." Mr. Sims Reeves' execution of the difficult and trying music which falls to the share of the first tenor, was beyond all praise, and his declamation of the soul-stirring air, "Sound an alarm," enough to rouse the enthusiasm of even the most apathetic. Setting at naught the conventional regulation forbidding applause, the delighted audience burst forth unanimously, and would not be repressed. Signor Belletti gave the principal bass part with all the care and finish which invariably mark the performances of this thorough artist. Miss Laura Baxter and Miss Banks (both, we believe, *débütantes* at the Sacred Harmonic) although at first apparently laboring under slight nervousness, sang their respective parts most creditably; and in the duet, "O lovely peace," called forth the merited approbation of the audience. Mr. Montem Smith and Mr. Thomas, also, were highly efficient aids in the tenor and bass music allotted them. The next oratorio is to be *Israel in Egypt*.

THE LONDON POLYHYMNIAN CHOIR.—This choir, consisting of about eighty men's voices, under the able conductorship of Mr. W. Rea, gave a public concert at the Hanover-square Rooms on the 27th ult., assisted by Miss Kate Morrison, as pianist, pupil of Professor Sterndale Bennett. The following selection was provided:

Part song, "Come, bounteous May"—Spofforth; Part song, "Lovely Night"—Chwatal; Glee, "King Canute"—Macfarren; Part Song, "Serenade"—Mendelssohn; Glee, "Father of Heroes"—Callcott; Part Song, "Spring's journey"—Mendelssohn; Solo, pianoforte, "Variations Sérieuses," Op. 54, Miss Kate Morrison—Mendelssohn; Part song, "The Merry Wanderer"—Mendelssohn; Part song, "Nature's Welcome"—W. Rea; Part song, "Love and Wine"—Mendelssohn; Part song, "Hark above us"—Kreutzer; Part song, "Blue Bells"—Arranged by W. Rea; Finale, "To all you Ladies"—Callcott.

The Polyhymnian choir was established about two years ago by a few gentlemen, with the intention of raising a body of amateurs similar to the Cologne Choral Union. All the members appear to possess good voices, and have evidently been carefully trained by their conductor.

ENGLISH GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION.—This company, the principals of which include Miss Banks, Mrs. Lockey, Messrs. Foster, Lockey, Montem Smith, Winn, and Thomas, inaugurated a series of four morning concerts, on Monday last, at Willis's Rooms. The programme comprised, among other *morceaux*, Beale's glee, "Go, lovely Rose"; Spofforth's glee, "Come, bounteous May"; and Linley's madrigal, "Let me careless." If any fault could attach to the selection, it would be that the old composers, whose works are so much prized, were unduly sacrificed to the moderns, the names of Messrs. R. Barnett, Callcott, Hornby, Goss, Hutton and Bishop figuring conspicuously among the dozen items of which the scheme was composed. Mr. J. L. Hutton presided at the pianoforte, when his services were required, and acquitted himself, as he invariably does, like a thorough master of the keyboard.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The programme of the concert on Monday evening week was devoted exclusively to English composers. The instrumental selection comprised a quintet in G minor by Mr. Macfarren, sonata in A major (No. 2, op. 3) for pianoforte by Pinto, Mr. Loder's quartet in D major (No. 6), and Professor Sterndale Bennett's chamber trio in A major.

Special Notices.

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MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Evening Hymn. (Hymne du Soir.) Three-part Chorus for female voices, with French and English text. *Concone.* 30

One of the admirable Collection "Les Harmoniennes," which are beginning to be so widely known and so generally appreciated on account of their intrinsic beauty and their usefulness to the class teacher in female schools. They supply a great want in our musical literature, which has long been felt. This series has lately been translated into the German language for the second time, which fact furnishes ample proof for their excellence.

Spring Song. *Minnie May.* 25

Yes, take the lute! Song. *Mary Asthore.* 25

Away with care and sorrow. Song. " 25

Who can she be? Song. *Walter Maynard.* 25

Song of the Skylark. *S. Glover.* 25

Musical pastime for amateur singers: agreeable melodies, easily mastered, wedded to pretty poetry. Each of the above would be a valuable addition to a young lady's Musical Folio.

Hail ye bright and blooming flowers. (Selve voi che sperante). Canzonetta by *Salvator Rosa.* 25

'Tis the noonday. (Star vicino al bel idol.) " 25

Two more of the quaint, but beautiful ditties by this distinguished old painter. They will appear to the musical connoisseurs like some precious stone freed from the dust of ages: sparkling and bright, as if Nature had but just created it.

Spinning wheel Rondo. From Flotow's "Martha." 35

The bewitching melody, which is given to Lady Harriet in the Opera, to the buzzing accompaniment of the wheels. It here appears as a song only, the other three parts in the quartet being essentially subordinate and merely accompanying the soprano. As a charming concert song, the piece is particularly recommended.

Instrumental Music.

Beauties of Il Trovatore. *Charles Grobe.* 50

A potpourri from Grobe's pen is certainly something extraordinary, and may be called an "event." Of course it contains all the pretty airs in an unexceptionable, dashing, but withal easy arrangement, which will delight everybody and astonish not a few.

Traviata. (Illustrations operatiques. *C. Fradel.* 35

Adapted for beginners. Easy to play and sweet to hear.

Frikell Galop. *Julien.* 25

Gondolier's March. *G. W. Stratton.* 25

Gaieté de coeur (Herzenslust) Galop. *F. B. Helmsmüller.* 25

Fur Jollet Galop. *W. H. J. Graham.* 25

Coral Waltz. *J. Dayton.* 25

Pretty Dance music by good authors, some of them long since established in the favor of the public, others new aspirants, who deserve to be heard.

Books.

IL TROVATORE. (The Troubadour). Composed by Verdi. Containing the Italian text, with an English Translation, by Theodore T. Barker, and the Music of the Principal Airs. 25

This is the first of "Ditson & Co.'s Standard Opera Libretto,"—a new series, which will include between forty and fifty operas, and prove very desirable Hand-books for opera goers, with correct versions, both in Italian and English, of the text. They are issued in a neat and attractive style and must command a very large sale.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 374.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1859.

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Æsthetics.

From the German of HROEL. Translated for the *Crayon*, by HORATIO HUBBELL.

UPON ÆSTHETICS IN GENERAL.

The subject matter of æsthetics is, in its widest sense, the realm of the beautiful and more approximately, Art, and its dominion the Fine Arts.

As applied to this object, the term æsthetic is not, in fact, altogether suitable; for æsthetics, taken in its precise sense, signifies the science of the senses, of the perceptibility, and it had, in so far as it was a new science—or rather as something that was about to be for the first time subjected to a philosophic discipline—its origin in the time of the school of Wolfe, when the works of Art began to be considered in Germany with regard to their effect upon the sensibility, as, for example, the sensations of the agreeable, of wonder, fright, pity, and so on. On account of the unsuitableness, or rather on account of the superficiality of this designation, other denominations—such, for instance, as Callistics—were suggested for this science. Yet this was seen to be unsatisfactory, for the science meant does not contemplate the beautiful in general, but purely the beautiful of Art. We will therefore retain the term Æsthetic, because as a mere name it is a matter of indifference to us; and besides, it has become so incorporated in common language, that it may be retained as an habitual designation. The appropriate expression, however, for our science is, “the Philosophy of Art,” and, more precisely, “the Philosophy of the Fine Arts.”

Through this expression we then exclude immediately from the science of Art-beauty that of Nature-beauty. Such a limitation of our subject may appear as an arbitrary determination, as if every science had the power to mark out at will the extent of its circle. In this sense, however, we must not limit æsthetics to the beautiful of Art. In common life, we are indeed accustomed to speak of a beautiful color, a beautiful heaven, a beautiful stream, and also of beautiful flowers, beautiful animals—nay, more, of beautiful human beings; still, although we will not enter into a dispute as to how far, with correctness, the quality of beauty is applicable to such objects, and thereby Nature-beauty may be ranged along side of Art-beauty, yet we must, on the contrary, undoubtedly maintain that Art-beauty stands higher than Nature; for Art-beauty is that beauty which is born and born again of the spirit; and in as far as the spirit and its productions stand higher than nature and her phenomena, by so much the more also is Art-beauty higher than the beauty of nature. Indeed, when formally considered, some casual thought even, such as passes through a man's head, stands higher than any product of nature, for in such a thought, the spiritual and free is always present. Considered according to its contents, the sun, for example, appears indeed as an *absolute necessary moment*,* while a casual thought, as accidental and fleeting, disappears; but in itself considered, such a natural existence as the sun is indifferent, being not in itself free and self-conscious, and we contemplate it in its necessary connection with other things, and do not consider it for itself alone, and therefore not as beautiful.

If we now say, moreover, that the spirit and its Art-beauty stand higher than Nature-beauty, we do not by this mode of expression, convey any precise meaning, for the term “higher” is an indeterminate expression, which raises an idea of nature and Art-beauty as though they were in juxtaposition in space, and thereby presents only a quantitative, and consequently an external distinction. The higher of the spirit and its Art-beauty as distinguished from nature is, however,

not only relative, but is the truthful of the spirit, comprehending all within itself, so that all beautiful is only the truthful beautiful, as participant of this, something called *higher*, and generated by means thereof. In this sense, nature-beauty appears only as a reflex of that beauty which belongs to the spirit, as an incomplete and imperfect mode of being—a mode which, according to its substance, is contained in the spirit itself; besides, the restriction laid upon the term fine art will very naturally occur to us, for although so much has been said about the beauties of nature—less by the ancients than by us—yet to no one has the idea suggested itself of developing a point of view for the beauty of natural objects, and establishing a science and systematic exhibition of this kind of beauty. A point of view for practical usefulness has, indeed, been brought out, and a science embracing those natural productions which are useful in various maladies—in other words, a *materia medica* has been prepared—a description of minerals, chemical products, and natural productions participating in the vegetable and animal qualities; but under the aspect of mere beauty, nature has not been correlated and judged. We feel ourselves, as it regards nature-beauty, too much in the *indeterminate*, and without a *criterion*, and on that account such a correlation would offer too little interest.

If we restrict, however, our consideration, as a preliminary, to the beautiful in Art, we shall stumble immediately at this first step upon new difficulties. This first thing, namely, which in this respect will meet our minds is the doubt whether fine Art shows itself as worthy of a scientific treatment; for the Beautiful and Art show themselves, like a friendly genius, through all the business of life, and give a brighter glow to all external and internal circumstantialities, while they soften down the stern earnestness of our relations, the entangled complicity of the real; obviate idleness in an entertaining manner, and where they cannot bring about what is good, occupy the place of evil—at least, always better than evil itself. Yet if Art also everywhere, from the rude ornament of the savage to the splendor of the temple adorned with all the riches of the beautiful, mixes in everywhere with its pleasing forms, still these very forms fall short of the true end of existence; and if these Art-structures are not actually injurious to those earnest objects of life, or even although sometimes by withholding evil apparently forward them, still Art must be considered as affiliated to the *remissiveness* or relaxation of the spirit, while the substantial interests of life require rather its energetic exertions. On this account it may seem, as if that which is not in itself of an earnest nature, could not be treated with scientific earnestness, without the appearance of pedantry and unsuitableness. Upon the whole, viewed in this manner, Art would seem a superfluity along side of more substantial requirements and interests, even although the relaxation of the mental power, which is produced by an attention devoted to the beautiful in objects, should not become injurious, as a means of enervating the sober earnestness of those interests. Considering all this, it has appeared absolutely necessary that the fine arts, which, it will be admitted, are a luxury, should be taken under protection, with respect especially in their relation to practical necessity, and more nearly to morality and piety, and since its harmlessness is not demonstrable, to at least make it credible that this laxity of the spirit affords a greater sum of advantages than disadvantages. In this respect, an earnest end has been accredited even to Art, and it has been repeatedly recommended as the mediator between reason and sensual perception, between inclination and duty, as a reconciler of

these contending and opposing elements. Yet we may maintain, that in these sober ends of Art, reason and duty have gained nothing by this attempt at mediation, because, from their very nature, being incapable of mixture, they will not favor the transaction, requiring the same purity which they have inherently. Besides, Art has hereby become unworthy of scientific investigation, because it may always serve on two sides, and thus promote idleness and frivolity as higher ends, and, indeed, in this service, instead of being an end for itself, may only appear as a means. Finally, as to what regards the form of this mean, it seems to present always a disadvantageous side, so that when Art, in fact, applies itself to earnest objects, and produces earnest operations, the means that it employs for this purpose is *delusion*. For the *beautiful* has its existence in the *apparent*. Truthful ends, however, it will be readily acknowledged, must not be effected through *delusion*, and if they obtain some furtherance thereby, this can only be the case here and there in a limited way; and even then, delusion will not be considered as the right means. For the means should respond to the truth of the end, and neither semblance nor deception, but only the truthful is able to generate the truthful. So, also, science has the substantial function of considering the true interests of the spirit, according to the true mode of reality and the true manner of their conception. With reference to this matter, it may seem as though the fine arts were unworthy of a scientific consideration, because they remain a pleasing pastime, and even when they pursue an earnest object, they contradict the nature of that object; in general, however, only in the service of that pastime, as this earnestness may then stand subservient to it, and thus as an element of its existence, and as a means of its operation, avail itself of the *delusive* and the *apparent*.

Moreover, it may seem in the second place as though, while the fine arts afford matter for philosophical reflection, they are not suitable objects for scientific consideration; for Art-beauty presents itself to the senses, the perception, the intuition, the imaginative power, and it has then a different domain from thought, and the constitution of its activity and products requires a different organ from scientific thinking. Further, it is precisely owing to the freedom of the production and forms which we enjoy in the beauty of Art, that we fly, upon their production and appearance, it would seem, from all the fetters of rules and regulations. From the stringency of that which is controlled by laws and the dark inwardness of thought, we seek for rest and exhilaration in the creations of Art, and in a lively and vigorous reality a refuge from the shadowy realm of idea. Lastly, the source of the fine works of Art is the free activity of the fantasy, which, in its imaginative power, is freer than nature itself. All the riches of nature's forms, in their multiplied variegation of appearance, stand not only at the command of Art, but the creative power of the imagination can evolve therefrom its own inexhaustible productions. At this immeasurable fulness of the fantasy and its free-born products, thought seems to lose its courage, and shrinks from bringing them fully before it, to pronounce its judgments or arrange them under its general formulae.

Science, on the contrary, it is admitted, agreeably to its form, is occupied with thought abstracted from the mass of individualities, from which, on the one hand, the imaginative power, with its fortuitous and arbitrary range, or in other words, the organ of artistic activity and artistic enjoyment, are excluded; and, on the other hand, when Art, by enlivening, animates the light-lacking, and barren dryness of the apprehension, re-

conciles its abstraction and disavowance from the reality, and completes or finishes out the apprehension from the reality; while indeed a mere contemplation in thought again removes this means of completion itself, annihilates it, and carries the apprehension back once more to the reality-less simplicity, and its phantom-like abstraction. Agreeably to its constitution, science busies itself with that which is in itself *necessary*. If aesthetics should lay aside nature-beauty, we evidently, in this aspect of things, would not only gain nothing, but would also separate ourselves still further from the necessary; for the expression, Nature, conveys to us the idea of necessity and subjection to legal regulation, and thus it is that scientific consideration indulges the hope of being able to approach her more nearly, and that nature herself will offer more opportunity for doing so. In the human spirit, however, but more especially in the imaginative power, as compared with nature, an arbitrary range of feeling and exemption from the control of legal rule appear peculiarly at home; and this, of itself, does away with all idea of a scientific foundation.

Under all these aspects, the fine arts seem as well in their origin as in their practical operation, and their range, to show that so far from being adapted to scientific laboriousness, they rather, of themselves, resist all regularity of thought, and have no adaptation to peculiarly scientific investigation. These and the like considerations opposed to a scientific occupation of our time with the subject-matter of the fine arts, are drawn from the ideas, modes of view, and considerations commonly current; as to the more diffusive elaboration of which one may read to satiety, in the older, and especially French authors, who have written upon the beautiful and the fine arts.

And in part, facts are therein contained by which it is justified, and in part also, deductions are drawn therefrom that seem extremely plausible. Thus, for example, the fact that the forms of the beautiful are as manifold as its apparition is generally diffused — whence, if denied, a general propensity to the beautiful may be inferred to exist in human nature; and the further consequence deduced, that inasmuch as our ideas of the beautiful are so endlessly multiplied, and thereby have something particular or individualized in them, no general law can be given as to taste and the beautiful. Before we revert from such considerations to our special subject, our next business must be to make a short introductory investigation of the doubts and objections that have been raised. As to what, in the first place, relates to the worthiness of Art to be scientifically considered, it is certainly the case that Art may be used as a pastime for our pleasure and entertainment, to adorn our immediate vicinity, to render the external relations of life pleasing, and by the effect of ornament, to bring other objects into relief. Under this aspect, it is not indeed independent or free, but Art in servitude. What we wish to consider is Art free, not only in its means, but in its ends. That Art, moreover, may be subservient to other ends, and thus become a mere way-side sport, is true; and this relation, moreover, it has in common with thought, which, on the one hand, allows itself to be used as a subservient science, conducive to finite ends and casual means, and as a serviceable principle of intelligence, receives its destination not from itself, but from something else. So also from this service, distinct from particular aims, it rises by its own energies, and in its own free inherent powers, to the point of truth, and is independently occupied with its own objects and ends.

In this, its freedom, is fine art for the first time true Art, and then first fulfils its highest mission, when it ranges itself in a common circle with religion and philosophy, and then becomes a mode and means to make us conscious of and to express the godlike, the deepest interest of men, the all-comprehending truths of the human soul. In the works of Art have nations given proof of their richest internal intuitions and ideas, and for the understanding of the wisdom and religion of nations, have the fine arts, oftentimes and with many people, afforded the only key. This determination has Art in common with religion and philoso-

phy, but still, in a peculiar manner, inasmuch as it represents the most refined elevation of the sensual perception, and brings nature and its mode of revealing itself nearer to the senses and the perceptibility. It is the depth of a transcendental world into which thought crowds itself, and sets it up as a coming future mode of existence in contradistinction to our immediate consciousness and present sensation; it is the freedom of the thinking comprehensibility which takes away from this state of existence the real and the finite of the senses. This breach, however, through which the spirit goes forth, it understands how to repair; it generates out of itself the work of fine art as the first reconciling mediate member between the mere external, the sensual, and the transitory, and between pure thought, between nature and finite reality, and the infinite freedom of the comprehending mind.

* The degree of the reality of a cause from a sensation. — KANT.

(To be Continued.)

The Organ.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

God has taken care that Religion, which is the mother of all things good, shall itself be served by the noblest servants. And surely, in music, without which it would seem impossible to express the deepest and divinest emotions, he has appointed the worthiest servant of all. For music is itself the language that the soul talks in—the inarticulate speech of feelings too subtle and pure for expression by coarse words. And yet God has joined to music the divine thoughts of hymns. For what music is to feeling, poetry is to thinking. And of all poetry none is so spiritual and universal as a hymn; — not alone those which are cast to the mould of some tune, but those other noble strains, hymns in spirit and not in form, irregular and untuned, scattered up and down through all fervent and deep religious poetry, and which move the heart to music, if not the tongue; — such music as Nature inspires in birds, in soft sounds of moving trees and murmuring brooks, wild and not yet tamed and broken in to the bit and harness of the schools. A hymn is taken out of the human soul as Eve was from the side of Adam. And music is the paradise where voice and hymn walk entranced.

Likewise hath it been appointed to the Church of Christ to possess the sublimest instrument of the world—the Organ! It is not so much a single instrument as a multitude of them, dwelling together — a cathedral of sounds within a cathedral of service.

It would seem as if a Divine Providence had permitted men, in the outward world, to devise and perfect musical instruments for every quality of sound, and with every degree of power, that then they might be gathered up into one many-voiced orchestra. The flute and harp for love, the trumpet for battle, the clarinet for the march, the violin and viols for festive gayeties, but all of them for religion, when gathered together and ranged by the side of other instruments without names, expressing all the sounds which Nature knows: some of birds, some of sharp and piercing winds, flying high in the air or sighing around old and desolate places; some of moving waters, of human voices, of nameless sounds, and all tempered to a harmony with vast and thunder-rolling basses, so that every living thing and every object in Nature hears the sound of devotion in its own tongue!

If that mysterious element which the human will exerts upon a single instrument or orchestra, and which makes a violin speak, like a spirit-voice, instinct with human feeling, be wanting in an organ, so too, is the caprice of irritable musicians, the wilful temper, the spiteful neglect, which have always made musicians the most inharmonious and discordant people in the world.

To the service of religion has this noblest of all instruments been preserved, without being defiled by any evil associations of secular service or perversion. And it stands in the churches, with its massive harmonies, to excite and express the noblest feelings which the human soul ever experiences!

But it is to be feared that, except in a few instances, this instrument is almost useless for religious purposes, and in a great many cases, positively injurious. Indeed, the men that play the organ, in hundreds of instances, seem utterly unconscious of its moral functions. The service of the organ in non-episcopal churches is usually an opening piece or prelude; an accompaniment to the singing of choir or congregation; interludes, and a closing voluntary.

What is the use of the opening organ piece? Is it amusement? — a musical luxury?

When men enter the house of God upon the Sabbath, they come from care, from business, from secular pleasures and duties. And the two things needed at the beginning of public worship are, first, a transition from ordinary thought and feeling into a higher and more devout frame of mind; and, secondly, a unity of feeling, a fellowship in the whole assembly. Now, it is in the power of music to arrest the attention, to change the current of feeling, to draw off the thoughts from common things, and to give to the mind, if not a religious tone, yet a state higher than before, and from which the transition to worship will be easy and natural. Nothing will bring men into a state of feeling common to all sooner than fit organ music. This, then, is the object of the opening piece. Upon entering the house of God, there is, as it were, a screen of sound rolled down between the audience and the outward world. Every susceptible nature is drawn out from sordid or sad thoughts, the careless are interested, and the attention of all is attracted to a common influence which is moulding them gently to holy thoughts and feelings. Of course this object will determine the fitness of an opening piece. It may be slow and soft; it may be grand and majestic; it may be persuasive and soothing; or it may be jubilant, as celebrating the incoming of Christ's day! But the end to be gained is in the hearts of the audience, not in the ears of connoisseurs! That is good which gains the audience to a preparation for worship, and only that is good. No man that knows the almost omnipotent power of association, will greet the audience with marches, or opera airs, which take the thoughts right back to the world. No man either, who has religious sensibility, will take such a time laboriously to perform intricate pieces, which are, perhaps, master-pieces of skill, but which are about as fit for the church as Paradise Lost would be for a hymn. This opening organ-piece admits of as great a range of usefulness as any service of music in the church. And it is a thing to be studied and remedied. If organ-playing is but organ-diversion in church, if it is only a stupendous method of gratifying the taste, the organ had better be silenced. But if the organist feels the power of the Sabbath-day; if it lifts its light upon him as the day which brought salvation to the world, and fills his soul with rejoicings and gratitude, he will be able upon so stately an instrument to pour forth strains that will win the audience to sympathy with him. — *Independent*.

Music.*

A SERMON BY REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly hosts, praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men." — Luke ii. 13, 14.

You have been just singing Christmas hymns; and my text speaks of the first Christmas hymn. Now what the words of that hymn meant, what peace on earth and good-will towards man meant, I have often told you. To-day I want you, for once, to think of this: that it was a hymn; that those angels were singing, even as human beings sing.

Music. — There is something very wonderful in music. Words are wonderful enough; but music is even more wonderful. It speaks not to our thoughts as words do — it speaks straight to our hearts and spirits, to the very core and root of our souls. Music soothes us, stirs us up; it puts noble feelings into us; it melts us to tears, we know not how: it is a language by itself, just as perfect in its way, as speech, as words; just as divine, just as blessed.

Music has been called the speech of angels; I will go further, and call it the speech of God himself: and I will, with God's help, show you a little what I mean this Christmas day.

Music, I say, without words, is wonderful and blessed; one of God's best gifts to man. But in singing you have both the wonders together, music and words. Singing speaks at once to the head and to the heart, to our understanding and to our feelings; and therefore, perhaps, the most beautiful way in which the reasonable soul of man can show itself (except, of course, doing *right*, which always is, and always will be, the most beautiful thing) is singing.

Now why do we all enjoy music? Because it sounds sweet. But *why* does it sound sweet?

That is a mystery known only to God.

Two things I may make you understand — two things which help to make music — melody and harmony. Now, as most of you know, there is melody in music when the different sounds of the same tune follow each other, so as to give us pleasure; there is harmony in music when different sounds, instead of following each other, come at the same time, so as to give us pleasure.

But why do they please us? and what is more, why

do they please angels? and more still, why do they please God? Why is there music in heaven? Consider St. John's visions in the Revelations. Why did St. John hear therein harpers with their harps, and the mystic beasts, and the elders, singing a new song to God and to the Lamb; and the voices of many angels round about them, whose number was ten thousand times ten thousand?

In this is a great mystery. I will try to explain what little of it I seem to see.

First. There is music in heaven, because in music there is no self-will. Music goes on certain laws and rules. Man did not make these laws of music, he has only found them out; and if he be self-willed and break them, there is an end of his music instantly: all he brings out is discord and ugly sounds. The greatest musician in the world is as much bound by those laws as the learner in the school; and the greatest musician is the one who, instead of fancying that, because he is clever, he may throw aside the laws of music, knows the laws of music best, and observes them most reverently. And therefore it was that the old Greeks, the wisest of all the heathens, made a point of teaching their children music; because, they said, it taught them not to be self-willed and fanciful, but to see the beauty of order, the usefulness of rule, the divineness of laws.

And therefore music is fit for heaven; therefore music is a pattern and type of heaven, and of the everlasting life of God, which perfect spirits live in heaven; a life of melody and order in themselves; a life of harmony with each other and with God. Music, I say, is a pattern of the everlasting life of heaven; because in heaven, as in music, is perfect freedom and perfect pleasure; and yet that freedom comes not from throwing away law, but from obeying God's law perfectly; and that pleasure comes not from self-will, and doing each what he likes, but from perfectly doing the will of the Father who is in heaven.

And that in itself would be sweet music, even if there were neither voice nor sound in heaven. For wherever there is order and obedience, there is sweet music for the ears of Christ. Whatsoever does its duty, according to its kind which Christ has given it, makes melody in the ears of Christ. Whatsoever is useful to the things around it, makes harmony in the ears of Christ. Therefore those wise old Greeks used to talk of the music of the spheres. They said that sun, moon, and stars, going round each in its appointed path, made, as they rolled along across the heavens, everlasting music before the throne of God. And so too, the old Psalms say. Do you not recollect that noble verse, which speaks of the stars of heaven, and says:

What though no human voice or sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
To Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing as they shine,
The heath that made us is divine.

And therefore it is, that that noble Song of the Three Children calls upon sun and moon and stars of heaven, to bless the Lord, praise him, and magnify him forever: and not only upon them, but on the smallest things on earth; on mountains and hills, green herbs and springs, cattle and feathered fowl; they too, it says, can bless the Lord, and magnify him forever. And how? By fulfilling the law which God has given them; and by living each after their kind, according to the wisdom wherewith Christ the Word of God created them, when he beheld all that he had made, and behold, it was very good.

And so can we, my friends, so can we. Some of us may not be able to make music with our voices: but we can make it with our hearts, and join in the angels' song this day, if not with our lips, yet in our lives.

If thou fulfillest the law which God has given thee, the law of love and liberty, then thou makest music before God, and thy life is a hymn of praise to God.

If thou art in love and charity with thy neighbors, thou art making sweeter harmony in the ears of the Lord Jesus Christ, than psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music.

If thou art living a righteous and a useful life, doing thy duty orderly and cheerfully where God has put thee, then thou art making sweeter melody in the ears of the Lord Jesus Christ, than if thou hadst the throat of a nightingale; for then thou in thy humble place art humbly copying the everlasting harmony and melody by which God made the world and all that therein is, and behold it was very good, in the day when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy over the new-created earth, which God had made to be a pattern of his own perfection.

For this is that mystery of which I spoke just now when I said that music was as it were the voice of God himself. Yes, I say it with all reverence: but I do say it. There is music in God. Not the music

of voice or sound; a music which no ears can hear, but only the spirit of a man when awakened by the Holy Spirit, and taught to know God, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

There is one everlasting melody in Heaven, which Christ, the Word of the God, makes forever, when he does all things perfectly and wisely, and righteously and gloriously, full of grace and truth: and from that all melody comes, and is a dim pattern thereof here; and is beautiful only because it is a dim pattern thereof.

And there is an everlasting harmony in God; which is a harmony between the Father and the Son; who, though he be coequal and coeternal with his Father, does nothing of himself, but only what he seeth his Father do; saying forever, "Not my will, but thine be done," and hears his Father answer forever, "Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee."

Therefore, all melody and all harmony upon earth, whether in the song of birds, the whisper of the wind, the concurrence of voices, or the sound of those cunning instruments which man has learnt to create, because he is made in the image of Christ, the Word of God, who creates all things; all music upon earth, I say, is beautiful in as far as it is a pattern and type of the everlasting music which is in heaven; which was before all worlds, and shall be after them; for by its rules all worlds were made, and will be made forever, even the everlasting melody of the wise and loving will of God, and the everlasting harmony of the Father toward the Son, and of the Son toward the Father, in one Holy Spirit who proceeds from them both, to give melody and harmony, order and beauty, life and light, to all which God has made.

Therefore music is a sacred, a divine, a Godlike thing, and was given to man by Christ to lift our hearts up to God, and make us feel something of the glory and beauty of God and all which God has made.

Therefore, too, music is most fit for Christmas day of all days in the year. Christmas has always been a day of songs, of carols and of hymns; and so let it be forever. If we had no music all the rest of the year in church or out of church, let us have it at least on Christmas day.

For on Christmas day most of all days (if I may talk of eternal things according to the laws of time) was manifested on earth the everlasting music which is in heaven.

On Christmas day was fulfilled in time and space the everlasting harmony of God, when the Father sent the Son into the world, that the world through him might be saved; and the Son refused not, neither shrank back, though he knew that sorrow, shame, and death awaited him, but answered, "A body hast thou prepared me. . . . I come to do thy will, O God!" and so emptied himself, and took on himself the form of a slave, and was found in fashion as a man, that he might fulfil not his own will, but the will of the Father who sent him.

On this day began that perfect melody of the Son's life on earth; one song, one poem, as it were, of wise words, good deeds, spotless purity, and untiring love, which he perfected when he died, and rose again, and ascended on high forever to make intercession for us with music sweeter than the song of angels and archangels, and all the heavenly host.

Go home then, remembering how divine and holy a thing music is, and rejoice before the Lord this day with psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs, (by which last I think the apostle means not merely church music—for that he calls psalms and hymns—but songs which have a good and wholesome spirit in them; and remembering, too, that music, like marriage, and all other beautiful things which God has given to man, is not to be taken in hand unadvisedly, lightly, or wantonly; but, even when it is most cheerful and joyful, (as marriage is,) reverently, discreetly, soberly, and in the fear of God. Amen.

* From a recently published volume, "The Good News of God," Sermons by Charles Kingsley, Rector of Eversley. Author of *Alton Locke*, *Yeast*, *Hypatia*, etc.

Mozart—Child and Man.

(Continued from Page 67.)

MOZART, SENIOR, to M. ILAGENAUER.

No. 4.

Vienna, October 30, 1762.

Felicity! Frailty! It is brittle as glass. I had a feeling, so to speak, that for the last fortnight we had been too happy. God has sent us a little cross, and we are thankful to his infinite mercy for that all has passed off without much harm. On the 21st we had again appeared in the evening before the Empress. Wofel was not in his usual frame. We found out,

though rather late, that he was suffering from a sort of scarlatina. Not only did the best houses in Vienna testify the utmost solicitude for the health of our child, but they earnestly recommended him to the physician of the Countess Sinzendorf, Bernhard, who was most attentive. His illness is nearly over. It cost us dear: we lost at least fifty ducats by it. Pray have three masses said at Lorelba, at the altar of the Infant Jesus, and three at Bergl, at the altar of St. Francis of Pauls.

No. 5.

Vienna, November 6, 1762.

There is no more danger, and, thank God, my anguish is at an end. Yesterday, we paid our excellent doctor with a serenade. Several families have sent to make inquiries after Wolfgang, and wished him a happy anniversary. But here matters stopt. They were Count Hawach, Count Palffy, the Ambassador of France, the Countess Kinsky, Baron Prohman, Baron Kurr, and the Countess of Paar. Had we not stayed at home nearly a whole fortnight, the anniversary would not have passed off without a present. Now we must endeavour to put things in a good train, as they were before.*

No. 6.

From the Same to the Same.

Munich, June 21, 1763.

We have been here since the 12th. On the 13th we took a drive to Nymphenburg. The Prince of Deux-Ponts, who had made our acquaintance at Vienna, saw us from a window of the palace walking about the park, and beckoned to us. After conversing a long time, he asked if the Elector knew we were at Munich. On our replying in the negative, he sent a nobleman in waiting upon him to the Elector, to ask if he would not hear my children. Soon after a courier arrived with orders that we should be in readiness at eight o'clock in the concert-room. Wofel acquitted himself well. The two following days we went to Duke Clement. It will be warm now before we take our leave. It is the custom in this country to keep you waiting so long, you may deem yourself fortunate if you spend no more than you earn. On the 18th the Elector dined out. We were present at the entertainment. The Elector, his sister, and the Prince of Deux-Ponts, conversed with us during the whole of dinner. I made the child convey to them that we were about to start the following day. The Elector twice expressed his regret at not having heard my daughter. The second time I rejoined that we could very well stay a few days longer. The Duke did not detain us, but he is waiting to know what the Elector may give us. M. Tomassini had no cause to be particularly pleased. After playing twice, he waited a long time, and only received, in the end, eight golden Maximilians. The Duke, however, presented him with a handsome watch. I make no complaint against the Elector; he is poor. He said to me yesterday—"We are old acquaintances, for it is nearly nineteen years since we met for the first time; but what would you have—we all of us have our private affairs."

P. S.—Behold us despatched on our road. I have received one hundred florins from the Elector, seventy-five from the Duke. Manerl played with the greatest success in the saloons of both one and the other. We have been graciously invited to return. The Prince of Deux-Ponts wishes to announce our arrival at Mannheim himself. Duke Clement has given us a letter of recommendation for the Elector Palatine.

No. 7.

The Same to the Same.

Ludwigsburg, July 11, 1763.

Augsburg detained me long, and brought me little, for everything there is enormously dear. At the concert there were scarcely any but Lutherans.

We quitted Augsburg the 6th. We had just arrived at Plochingen, from Ulm, when, as ill luck would have it, the Duke set out for his hunting residence at Grafenegg. Accordingly, instead of passing through Stuttgart, we travelled by Carlstadt, and have come straight here, to fall in with the Duke again. On the 10th I saw the great Capelmeister Jomelli, and the Grand Huntsman, Baron Poelnitz, for whom Count Wofel had given us letters. There was nothing to be done, however. M. Tomassini, who was here a little before us, failed likewise in getting himself heard. What is more, the Duke has a pleasant habit of making artists wait a long time before he rewards them, and I look upon all this as the work of Jomelli, who takes all the pains in the world to keep Germans away from this Court. He has hitherto succeeded, and will continue to do so. Besides his salary of 4,000 florins, the keep of a horse, wood, lighting, a house at Stuttgart, and another here, he possesses the Duke's favor to the highest extent.

His widow will have a pension of 2,000 florins. Lastly, he has full authority over his musicians, and for this reason the music is good. The existing partiality for his nation is such that he and his Italians have said, and repeated it to the Prince, that it was not probable an infant of German origin should possess the musical genius, fire, and intelligence which are attributed to Wofelr.

I have heard one Nardini, who has a voice of incomparable beauty, purity, and evenness, with excellent taste. As an actor, he is no great things.

No. 8.

The Same to the Same.

Brussels, October 17, 1763.

We did not meet with the Elector at Bonn. At Aix-la-Chapelle we indeed found the Princess Amelia, sister to the King of Prussia.† Unfortunately she has not a penny. We should have where-withal to make merry if all the kisses she has bestowed on my children, and on Master Wolfgang in particular, were ready money; but neither post-masters nor innkeepers will take payment in this gracious coinage. She urged us much, but without prevailing on me, to go to Berlin instead of proceeding to Paris. Prince Charles told me himself that he wished to hear my children. I think nothing will come of it. The Prince has all sorts of fine notions, but when it comes to the point it turns out that, like his sister, he is not worth a penny. Meanwhile, I can neither take my departure, nor give a public concert, without the Prince's authorization; this singularity increases our daily expenses, and costs for travelling which will stand me in full 200 florins to Paris. My children it is true have received a number of valuable gifts, but I do not wish to convert these into money. We have enough to set up a complete shop with swords, laces, mantillas, snuff-boxes, needle-cases, &c.; we left a great box at Salzburg, containing all our jewels and treasures. But as for money it is scarce, and I am positively poor. I have the hope, it is true, of gathering in a good harvest of *louis d'or* at the concert on Monday. But, as I must not run the chance of finding myself unprovided, pray send me a fresh letter of credit.

If the Salzburger admired my children before, they will be astonished to hear them on their return, if God allows us to come back. Our best friend is Count Coronini.

No. 9.

The Same to the Same.

Paris, December 8, 1763.‡

After giving a second concert at Brussels, at which Prince Charles was present; we have left that city, to the sorrow of many excellent friends.

On the 18th of November, we alighted here at the residence of Count von Eyck, the Bavarian Ambassador, who, with the Countess, received us very kindly, and gave us a small set of apartments in his house, where we are very comfortably installed. We owe this advantage to the recommendation of the Countess's family.† To-morrow we are going to see the Marquise de Villeni and the Countess de Lillebonne. The mourning for the Infanta prevents us as yet from playing before the Court.

No. 10.

The Same to Madame Hagenauer.

Paris, February 1st, 1764.

Why write only to the men, and be forgetful of the fair, the devout sex?

Are the women in Paris indeed pretty? I cannot tell you, for they are painted like Nuremberg dolls, and to such a degree disfigured by these disgusting artificeries that a woman naturally possessed of beauty becomes unrecognizable in the eyes of an honest German. As for their devotion, I can assure you there will be no difficulty, whenever it may be thought proper, to canonize them in attesting the miracles of the French female saints. The greatest miracles are performed by those who are neither virgins, wives, nor widows, and all these miracles are worked upon living bodies. Enough! It is hard to tell here which is the mistress of the house. All live in the way that pleases them, and without quite a special interference of God's mercy the same will befall the kingdom of France as formerly the empire of the Persians.

I should have written you since my last, had I not wished to wait for the result of our Versailles affair, that I might give you an account of it. But as here, more than at any other court, things go on at a snail's pace, and these sort of affairs appertain to the *menus plaisirs*, we must take patience. If the acknowledgment to ensue equal the pleasure which my children have procured to the Court, the result ought to be very satisfactory. It is not the custom in France to kiss the hands of members of the royal family, to speak to them, or present petitions *au passage*, as

they say here, for when they go from their apartments and from the galleries to church, hystanders do not bow or kneel before the King, nor before any other member of the family; you remain upright and motionless, and in this attitude you are at full liberty to gaze at them as they pass in order before you. You may easily, from this, imagine the astonishment of everybody at seeing the daughters of the King stop in the state passages, as soon as they perceive my children, draw near, caress them, and be embraced by them a thousand times. It is the same with Madame la Dauphine. What has seemed most astonishing in the eyes of Messieurs the French, is that at the *grand couvert* which was given on new year's night, not only had all places given us near the royal table, but my Lord Wolfgang was appointed to remain throughout next to the Queen, and eat by her side the dishes she deigned to have him served with. The Queen speaks German as well as we do. As the King does not understand one word, the Queen translated to him all that was said by our heroic Wolfgang. I was placed next him. On the other side of the King, where Monsieur le Dauphin and Madame Adelaide were seated, were placed my wife and my daughter. Now you must understand that the King never eats in public; but every Sunday evening the royal family sup together. Every one is not admitted. When it is a grand holiday, as at New Year, Easter, Whitsuntide, the King's anniversary, &c., then there is *grand couvert*. All persons of distinction are admitted. There is not much room, and consequently it is soon filled up. We arrived late; the Swiss guards had to clear a passage for us, and we were conducted into the room which is close to the table, and through which the royal family pass to enter the saloon. On their way each and all exchanged words with our Wolfgang, and we followed them up to the table.

Of course you do not expect me to describe Versailles to you. I will only say that we arrived there Christmas night, and that we attended the celebration of midnight mass and the three holy masses in the chapel royal. We were in the gallery when the King returned from visiting Madame la Dauphine, whom he had gone to see on the occasion of the death of her brother, the Electoral Prince of Saxony.

I heard both a good and a bad musical performance. All that was sung by one voice alone, and ought to have resembled an air, was empty, cold, and wretched, and consequently French. But the choruses are all good, and very good. Accordingly I went every day, with my little fellow, to mass at the chapel, in order to hear the choruses of the motets executed there. The King's mass is at one o'clock. When the King goes hunting, his mass is at ten, and the Queen's at half-past twelve. In a fortnight we spent at Versailles about twelve *louis d'or*. You will perhaps find this excessive, and will be at a loss to understand how this is. But at Versailles there are neither *carrosses de remise* nor hackney coaches; there are only sedan chairs. Every fare costs twelve sous, and, as we have very often required two if not three chairs, our carriage has cost us a thaler and more a day, for the weather is always bad. Add to this four new black coats, and you will no longer be astonished at our Versailles journey costing us from twenty-five to twenty-six *louis*. We shall see what compensation may be forthcoming to us from the court. Saving what is in prospect for us from that quarter, Versailles has only brought us twelve *louis* ready money.

In addition, Madame la Comtesse de Tessé has given Wolfgang a gold snuff-box and a silver watch, valuable from its diminutive size, and to Nanerl, my daughter, a golden tooth-pick case of great beauty. Wolfgang has received, besides, from another lady, a little travelling desk in silver, and Nanerl a little tortoise-shell snuff-box, inlaid with gold of extremely fine workmanship, with a cameo ring, and a multitude of small trifles, which I reckon for nothing, such as sword-knots, cuffs, cap flowers, handkerchiefs, and so forth. In a month, I hope to give you more substantial news touching these famous *louis d'or*, of which we must consume a larger amount in Paris than at Maxglau,** to get ourselves known. In other respects, and although everywhere the deplorable fruits of the last war can be seen without spectacles, the French go on without retrenching in the least in their luxuries and sumptuous habits; none are rich, therefore, but the farmers-general. The nobility are eaten up with debts. The largest fortunes are concentrated in the hands of about a hundred persons, among whom are several large bankers and farmers-general, and almost all the money is spent upon a parcel of Lucretias, who abstain from stabbing themselves.

Nevertheless, as you may naturally be prepared to hear, a number of singularly fine things are here to be seen side by side with astounding follies. This

winter the women wear not only gowns trimmed with fur, but fur boas round their necks, fur ornaments instead of flowers in their hair, and fur cuffs on their arms. The absurdest thing is to see the sword-belt edged with fur, to keep it from freezing, probably. To these follies of fashion are joined their excessive love of ease, to such a pitch, that this nation no longer heeds the voice of nature. The Parisians send their new-born children into the country to be nursed. Everyone does it, great and small. But how sad are the consequences! Everywhere the crippled, the blind, the palsied, the halt, meet the eye; beggars lying in the street and crowding the church-porch. Disgust withholds me from casting a glance at them as I pass. I jump abruptly from these horrors to ravishing objects—one, at least, which has enraptured a king. You would wish to know, it is not so, of what countenance is Madame de Pompadour? She must have been very beautiful, for she is pleasing still.†† She is tall, a fine figure, plump, rather stout, but well proportioned, fair, and in her eyes there is a resemblance to Her Majesty the Empress. She has a very good opinion of herself, and possesses an uncommon amount of taste. Her apartments at Versailles, situated alongside the gardens, are like a Paradise. At Paris she has a magnificent mansion in the *Faubourg St. Honoré*, which has been built.†† In the apartment where the piano stood, which is all gilt and ornamented with lacquer and paintings, hangs her portrait, life size, and next to it the portrait of the king. Let us pass on to another subject. There is an incessant battle here between French and Italian music. The whole mass of French music is not worth a button; but great changes are in operation. The French are beginning to turn, and in ten or fifteen years I hope French taste will have completely turned face about. The Germans are the masters, from the works which they publish. Among them may be reckoned MM. Schobertti, Eckard, Harmauer, for the piano; and MM. Hochbrucker and Mayr for the harp. They are very much liked. M. Legrand, a French pianist, has completely altered his style, and his sonatas are in the German manner. All these artists brought their compositions engraved, and presented them to my children. At the present moment M. Wolfgang Mozart has four sonatas at the engraver's. Fancy the noise they will make in the world when it comes to be seen by the title-page that they are the production of a child seven years old. If there be any who manifest incredulity, they shall be convinced and urged to require proofs, as was the case latterly. We made some one write a minuet, and forthwith, without going to the piano, my man wrote the bass, and, if required, he will write the second violin part equally well. Some day you will hear how beautiful his sonatas are. Among other things there is an *andante* of singular *goût*. I can assure you God works fresh miracles every day in the child. When we return, if it please God, he will be in a position to enter into the service of the court. He already accompanies at public concerts. He transposes, *prima vista*, the accompaniments of airs, and everywhere he is made to play French or Italian pieces at first sight. His sister also plays the most difficult pieces with extraordinary clearness, so much so that the masters cannot disguise their petty jealousy, and render themselves perfectly ridiculous.

No. 11.

The Same to M. Hagenauer.

Paris, February 22, 1764.

Pray have four masses repeated at Marien Pläüi, and one at the Infant Jesus of Loretto, as soon as possible; we have promised them for our two poor children, who have been ill. I hope they will continue repeating the other masses at Loretto, while we remain absent, as I requested of you.

In a fortnight we shall return to Versailles. The Duke d'Ayas has succeeded in presenting to Madame Victoire, second daughter of the king, Opera 1 of the engraved sonatas, which is dedicated to him; Opera 2 will be, I think, dedicated to Madame Tessé. About a month hence, we shall see mighty things, with God's permission. We have sown the seed well, and we look forward to a good harvest. We must take all things as they happen. I should be the richer by at least twelve *louis d'or*, had not my children been confined to their rooms for several days. I am thankful to God they are better. Every one wants to persuade me to have my boy inoculated; as for me, I intend to leave everything to the mercy of God. All is dependent upon it. It remains to be seen whether God, who has put into the world this miracle of nature, chooses to preserve it here or to withdraw it. As for me, I watch over Wolfgang in such a way that his being at Salzburg or travelling is the same to him. It is exactly this which renders our voyage so expensive.

M. Hébert, *trésorier des menus plaisirs du roi*, has handed over to Wolfgang, on behalf of the King, fifteen louis and a gold snuff box.

* It was during this first visit to Vienna that Mozart, being one day in the apartments of the Empress, was taken by two of the Archduchesses to walk through the palace. Mozart's foot slipped on the polished floor; one of the Archduchesses took no notice of the accident, the other, who was Marie Antoinette, the future queen of France, picked him up and soothed him with caresses. "You are kind," said he, "I'll marry you." The Archduchess related the affair to the Empress, who asked the child how such an idea came into his head. "From gratitude," said he; "she was kind to me, but her sister never troubled herself the least."

† Frederick the Great.
‡ Mozart arrived in Paris on the 18th of November, and remained twenty-one days.

§ He was daughter of Count d'Arco, Grand Chamberlain at the Court of Salzburg.

** A small village near Salzburg.

†† Madame de Pompadour was then forty-two.

‡‡ Now the palace of the Elysée.

(To be Continued.)

A NOVELTY IN MUSIC AND MECHANICS.—Every pianoforte amateur has longed for some supernatural agency which should note down and preserve a record of the sounds which he calls forth from his instrument when the divine afflatus is on him, and the spirit of melody takes possession of his brain. To adopt a more chastened style of rhetoric, every player improvises some strains which he would be glad to repeat, which, perhaps, contain some ideas worthy of further development, but which, once played, cannot be recalled, and are lost. Mr. Henry F. Bond has invented a beautifully simple apparatus, which is easily to be applied to any pianoforte, and by which every note played, whether by design or accident, is recorded in its proper place upon a slip of music paper. In a few words, the plan of this apparatus may be thus described: Upon a cylinder placed in one end of the pianoforte the ruled music paper is wound; by means of clock work this cylinder is made to revolve, at a uniform rate of speed; the paper, thus unwound, passes by another cylinder prepared with a surface of ink; each key of the instrument, acting upon a lever, raises a metal point against the paper, presses it upon the inky surface, and causes a mark to be made, the length of the mark showing accurately the duration of the note. A pedal, by a similar action, marks the bars. With five minutes of practice, any person who understands music can rapidly translate these marks into the usual system of notes. The whole arrangement is so simple that the first feeling is astonishment that the invention has never been born before.—*Boston Courier*.

Rossini on the War Question.

The Paris correspondent of the *National Intelligencer* relates the following anecdote about Rossini:

Apropos of popular sentiment in the Romagna, you may not quarrel, perhaps, with an anecdote of Rossini, a native of this part of the Papal territory. The veteran maestro declares that his fellow-countrymen are unchanged at heart since the gay days of his youth, when he was happy to play a good trick upon an Austrian general. The adventure, related by himself a few evenings ago at his house in Paris, is given to you second-hand, but you may rest quite assured of there being no betrayal of confidence. The conversation had turned upon the war, as usual, many an old battle was fought over again. Rossini's achievement was bloodless, but none the less victorious. The Austrians, soon after the fatal attempt of Murat, in 1815, occupied Bologna. Rossini had emigrated thither from his native village of Pesaro, in the adjoining legation, and had been at work in his new abode upon the "Barber of Seville." Some time before the arrival of the Austrians he had won the people's hearts by a superb national song, which, until a few weeks ago, perhaps, may have been styled a revolutionary song. The author was wise enough in his generation to know that, agreeable as he was to his fellow-countrymen in consequence of this performance, it was the circumstance of all others to render him obnoxious to their "protectors" from the other side of the Po. He was convinced, therefore, of the necessity to leave the country. But to do this was now impossible without an Austrian passport, which at the moment, in Rossini's predicament, could only be hoped for through some lucky stratagem. The author of *Largo al factotum* can have felt no great want of self-reliance in such proceedings. He presented himself, therefore, at the headquarters of the Austrian commander and made his request. The officer looked at him askant. "Your name and calling?" he asked. "My name," replied Rossini, "is Joacchino, and I am a composer of music; not, however," he added, "like that mad fellow Rossini, who writes revolu-

tionary songs. My forte is military music; and, by the way, your excellency, I have taken the liberty to compose a march in honor of the new garrison, which I humbly solicit may be honored by your excellency's band." So saying he took a manuscript from his pocket, and opening it at a piano which stood by, played an inspiring martial air, not, however, from the manuscript. The commander was enchanted. He summoned the band-master, and handing him the music, ordered the march for next day's review. The composer had been dismissed meanwhile with passport and remuneration. The supposed new march was to be performed the following evening upon the public square. Certain well-known and spirit-stirring notes appeared to electrify the people. A mighty chorus resounded, as with one accord, throughout the city, and, to the inexpressible confusion of the commandant, his own garrison band was upholding a thousand revolutionary voices in the *Bolognese* of Rossini. "Luckily for my shoulders," added the veteran composer, with a sly grimace, "I was by that time half way to Genoa."

Music Abroad.

Germany.

LEIPZIG.—From a German paper we translate the following: "The Concert of the Gewandhaus for the benefit of the poor, March 24, was made interesting by the first performance of Robert Schumann's music to Byron's 'Manfred,' which occupied the first part, lasting an hour and a half. The impression on the whole was favorable. Joachim's new overture to the second part of Shakspeare's 'Henry IV.' entirely failed to please. Following in the footsteps of the newest school of music, Joachim has gone sadly off the right track.—Beethoven's Fantasia for piano-forte, chorus and orchestra, played by Fraulein Jenny Hering, pleased exceedingly.—The programme for the Congress of Musical Artists, to be held at Leipzig, June 1—4, is as follows: Wednesday, June 1, at 5 P. M., a grand Concert in the Stadt-theatre, composed of works by Schumann, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Berlioz, Wagner, and Liszt (the object being to represent the masters who have lived since Beethoven). After the concert a meeting in the Schützenhaus. Thursday, at 11 A. M., scientific lectures in the hall; at 4 P. M. a performance of the Festival Mass, composed by Liszt for the consecration of the Cathedral at Gran, conducted by the composer; at 7½ in the evening a supper in the hall of the Schützenhaus. Friday, at 8½ in the morning, lectures and conferences upon given subjects. At 6½ in the evening, the high Mass in B minor by Sebastian Bach, sung by the Riedelschen-Verein. Sunday, the 4th, at 10½ A. M., a matinée for chamber music in the hall of the Gewandhaus, which will conclude the Congress."

There is to be a congress of musical composers and artists in Leipzig, from the 1st to the 4th of June, which will comprehend four musical performances. At the second of these Dr. Liszt's 'Gran Mass' will be produced; at the third, the Mass of Sebastian Bach.

The hour seems to have struck for the dispersion of all musical libraries, since, within the last few years, some of the most interesting collections in Europe have been dispersed. We are now told that the library of Herr Kapellmeister Mosewius (of Prague?) is about to be sold. This is said to be rich in works on music; also in old church-music, and among other items mentioned is one which the Handelians might well look after—the complete works of Mattheson, who was Handel's comrade in the days of the young Saxon's connexion with the Hamburg Opera.

M. Rubinstein's oratorio, 'Paradise Lost,' has been performed at Vienna, with (say French journals), "enthusiastic success." A new opera, 'The Forest of Hermanstadt,' by Herr Westmeyer, has been produced at Leipzig.—*Athenæum*.

It is said now that the Schiller Festival will not be held at Weimar this year as was announced. A Musical Festival (the seventh of its series) will be held at Arnheim, on the 18th, 19th, and 20th of August. The principal compositions selected are announced to be Handel's "Samson," fragments from Gluck's "Alceste," and compositions by Mynheer ver Hulst and Mynheer van Eyken, both of whom belong to Holland by birth.

London.

COVENT GARDEN.—By her rapid appearance in four operas Mdle. Lotti has given a proof of serviceable readiness, which is rare, as times go, in theatres. What is more, in each she has made a more favorable impression than in its predecessor. Each night she seems to sing with more caution—shall we say, too, more timidity?—thereby showing as much respect for herself as for a public with whom raw execution will not pass. With much yet to learn, Mdle. Lotti has little to unlearn; and her voice is that rare, real treasure, a high and rich Italian *soprano*—such as we have not met for many a day. The tendency to undue vibration which it possesses sometimes is not yet fixed; and we fancy that good London practice may remove it. In nowise perfect, she is in everywise promising. Her *Gilda*—to come to "Rigoletto," that distasteful opera—is good in point of singing. Even the silly yet difficult air with which Signor Verdi sends his heroine to repose on the night which decides a misfortune—*quasi* music, neither a yawn nor a hiccup, and though on the scale, off the scale, by way of making a puerile surprise.—was given by her with a certain finish and importance well worth being laid to the credit of any singer. Mdle. Lotti looks better in this than in any of her three former parts; and though she acts little, she is neither cold nor unfeeling. To sum up, we conceive her to be a real acquisition. Signor Mario appeared for the first time this year as *Il Duca*, with some of his voice and all his grace. Signor Ronconi, having next to no voice left, still does marvels. The scene in which the buffoon searches among the courtiers for tidings of his undone daughter is a masterpiece of changeable humor. But when all is said and sung, how intolerable is the opera! an abominable play, to which M. Victor Hugo's force of genius in concentrated dialogue could not reconcile us—stripped (to the bones) of its genius, and clad in the most washy and grim of music. The quartet is the only redeeming movement in the entire work; which no acquiescence in "brown snow," seeing that (for the moment) all the "white snow" has fallen, will ever make us accept thankfully. Meagreness and death are in it.—*Athenæum*, May 7.

DRURY LANE ITALIAN OPERA.—Madlle. Titens made her first appearance on Tuesday in *Lucrezia Borgia*, and had for associates Madlle. Guarducci as Maffeo Orsini, Signor Giuglini as Gennaro, and Signor Badiali as Duke Alfonso. Madlle. Guarducci (although indisposed), gave the romanza, "Nella fatal di Rimini," with infinite taste, and sang the popular *brindisi*, "Il segreto," with so much point and animation as to elicit a unanimous encore. Her acting, on the other hand, left nothing to desire. Mdle. Guarducci has thus already, in a short time, essayed two of the most popular characters from the *répertoires* of Grisi and Alboni, and comes forth triumphant from the ordeal.

Madlle. Titens is evidently regarded by the public as the "star" of Mr. E. T. Smith's company, as she was, last year, the "star" of Mr. Lumley's. The theatre was so crowded on Tuesday evening, that it seemed as if the subscribers and the public had, to a certain extent, reserved their attendance for Madlle. Titens' first night. Her entry was hailed with cheers, and, as she stepped from the gondola, and advanced to the footlights, her reception was flattering in the highest degree. It was soon apparent that Madlle. Titens' voice was as powerful and splendid as ever. "Com'è bello" proved even more, viz: that its owner had not been indolent, but had been assiduously studying. It should be borne in mind that she is a German, not an Italian, and that the greatest singers in the school to which she belongs have been more eminent for grandeur and breadth of style than correctness and finish. Take her all in all, nevertheless, Madlle. Titens is one of the most accomplished living artists. That she is destined to exercise a powerful influence on the fortunes of the Drury Lane Opera, cannot be doubted. The effect Madlle. Titens produced on the audience, with her clear and liquid upper tones, was extraordinary. The public is always caught by something very high or very low, and the vocalist who makes her way without one or the other must possess recommendations of another kind. Madlle. Titens can sing high and low, but her effects are not confined to exceptional displays in either register.

Signor Giuglini never sang so well before. From the opening duet with Lucrezia, in which the *morceau* "Il pescator ignobile" occurs, to the dying scene, Signor Giuglini's singing was not to be surpassed for purity, grace, and expression.

Signor Badiali, the Duke, sang the "Vendetta" with great energy, and added to the effect of the trio which was encored.

On Wednesday *Lucia di Lammermoor* was given with Mdle. Victoire Balfe as Lucy, and Signor

Mongini as Edgardo. Signor Fagotti was announced for Enrico, but, being indisposed, the part was taken at short notice by Signor Lanzoni. Mlle. Balfe, we are inclined to think, appears even to greater advantage in Lucy than in Amina. This may be easily understood when it is remembered that the music of one character was composed for Pasta, and of the other for Madame Persiani, to whose school Mlle. Balfe belongs. Throughout the entire performance the young English *prima donna* sang with great brilliancy and fluency, and acted with infinite grace and refinement. The opening air, "Regnava nel silenzio," was remarkable for new embellishments, as was also the long *cavatina* in the mad scene, in both of which the audience cheered her repeatedly. Mlle. Balfe's success in her second part was no less decided than in her first.

Signor Mongini, quite recovered from his indisposition, sang the music of Edgardo, if not to perfection, with extraordinary power and vigor. Occasionally, indeed, he created a *furor* by the splendor of his upper notes, and his immense energy. In the *sestet* with chorus in the malediction scene, in the *fortissimo* passages, his voice sounded above principals, band, and chorus, as Lablache's in the olden time, but with the difference of effect which the tenor voice produces over the bass. There were some grand points in the "Fra Poco," but the death scene wanted more finish and artistic refinement.

Lucrezia Borgia was repeated on Thursday, and again attracted a crowded audience. It will be given again this evening. *Lucia di Lammermoor* was performed for the second time last night.

On Tuesday Mlle. Sarolta appears in the *Traviata* with Signor Ludovico Graziani, brother to the baritone, as Alfredo.—*Musical World*, May 7.

CONCERTS.—Though our Italian Operas have had "the call" (the success or failure of new singers being the musical question of the hour), we must not forget how England, too, has been asserting itself. On Monday, to begin,—at the *St. James's Hall*, the *Popular Concert*, conducted by Mr. Lindsay Sloper, was made up as under:—

Pianoforte Quintet, in G minor; Song, 'Ah! non lasciarmi, no'; and Duet, G. A. Macfarren. Duet and Bacchanalian Song, Henry Smart. Sonata, Pinto. Song, J. W. Davison. Glees, Bishop. Stringed Quartet, E. J. Loder. Songs, H. Glover and J. Barnett. Pianoforte Trio, W. S. Bennett. Duet, M. W. Balfe.

Last Monday, the name of Mozart proved, for the third time, a potent spell to attract an enthusiastic audience to these weekly gatherings, which have now assumed a high importance, and mark an epoch in the advancing musical taste of the age.

On Wednesday, there was a meeting of the *Polyhymnion Choir*. On Thursday, Mr. H. Leslie's *Eighth Concert*, in the programme of which an Anthem by Dr. Elvey, of Windsor, was the most important novelty.

Of the *Shakespeare Concert*, held this day week at the Crystal Palace, it is impossible for those who arrived late to give any save a very distant account; so dense was the crowd round the concert-room. Among other "settings," however, the programme included Mendelssohn's music to the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' Bishop's 'As it fell upon a day' (his 'Orpheus' is a more charming Shakespeare duet in the same style), Dr. Spohr's Overture to 'Macbeth' and Mr. Macfarren's to 'Hamlet.'

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 4, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—A beautiful *Salve Regina*, by HAUPTMANN, for choir of mixed voices, with organ or pianoforte accompaniment, as adapted to English words from the sixty-eighth Psalm: "We have thought of thy kindness, O God," for Mr. G. J. WEBB's "Cantica Ecclesiastica." It is a fine model of chaste and beautiful church composition, and is worth the attention and the study of choirs which sing occasionally pieces of the anthem length.

Italian Opera.

Resuming our chronicle of lyrical matters at the Boston Theatre at the point where we were forced to break off last week, we have to set down first a highly effective performance (in Italian), on Friday evening, of Meyerbeer's

ROBERT LE DIABLE. This opera, although given with even less completeness of stage

effect than it was in Mr. Ullman's last season, really created this time the impression which it wholly failed to produce then. In both instances the work was greatly shorn of its proportions; large portions were dropped out; parts of two acts were run together, to make out one considerable scena for the roulade-singing Princess (LABORDE), and balance her rôle somewhat evenly against the more interesting and dramatic one of Alice (GAZZANIGA); and this time the mysticovoluptuous scene of the resurrection of the nuns, which was meagre enough then, when we had Soto for the abbess, was but a ludicrously meagre hint of the whole business—honestly, though, as there had been no grand preliminary newspaper flourish about "the Ballet" and the *Pas de fascination*. What stood the audience in stead for all this poverty of accessories was the capital singing and acting of the principal characters, GAZZANIGA, LABORDE, FORMES, STEFANI, and QUINTO. Laborde and Formes were as before, but the three others put new life and meaning into all-important parts which, with the partial exception of Poinot's Alice, were most inadequately filled before.

Such a Bertram with such an Alice as we had on Friday were enough in themselves to make the success of an evening. These were positively inspiring; you felt the touch of genius. The fiend father, disguised as the friend of his dare-devil splendid knight son, was in look, costume, action, the very impersonation of the evil genius of the dark old legend. It seemed the most natural thing in the world, a thing inevitable, that the pure, simple, pious Alice, Robert's foster sister, should shrink in terror from his very look, and grasp instinctively the crucifix to keep off Satan's spell. The good and evil principles are here contending for the soul of a young scourge of humanity, but at the same time a lover, full of splendid faculties for good or evil as the issue may be. A lyrical drama could not have a theme of more intrinsic interest; and so far as this interest is concentrated in the parts of Bertram and of Alice, it is directly and artistically treated by this modern master of "effect." Robert himself, although the hero of the piece, is not one of the high contending powers: and so it matters little that his part is musically not one of a very decided interest; if it be only decently well filled, by one manly in voice and action, as Signor STEFANI proved himself, one is content, so long as he gets the heart and mainspring of the whole matter in a thoroughly artistic, genial rendering of the two parts of Alice and Bertram. And this we had, most satisfactorily, that night.

Mme. GAZZANIGA has certainly a spark of something like genius. Far from being one of the most finished vocalists; with a voice somewhat worn, perhaps from want of perfect method, and from dangerous intimacy with "edged tools" from the Verdi fabric, she has what is more than voice or art, the true dramatic fire, and of a high and refined temper. And this is seconded by a voice, whose tones, both high and low, are of a singularly dramatic, soulful quality. You forget the wear and tear, the little vocal inequalities, the clumsy gait, and so forth, in the pure *abandon* of her finer moments, in the thrilling soul-utterance, for which she seems at the right times to be inspired with voice enough. Her Alice was a beautiful impersonation. Any thing truer or finer than her rendering of her first air and reci-

tative with Robert, in which she delivers the message of his dying mother, must be exceedingly rare on any stage. And in the encounter with the evil one at the mouth of the infernal cavern, in the trio, and in the decisive last scene, she was equally up to the height of the part.

Bertram is, perhaps, on the whole, the greatest rôle of FORMES. His singing—subject only to the deduction of that frequent dragging down of a great voice as it were by its own weight—was as admirable as his acting. In dialogue there are great flashes of meaning in the color of each separate tone. He is a great master of recitative. In the very difficult unaccompanied Trio his intonation was not faultless, yet his large bass sustained it, and they all sang it finely and impressively. What could be better than the mocking, serio-comic tones in which he tempts the simple-minded peasant Rimbault!

STEFANI had at least the strength and manliness for Robert. His tenor is not so smooth as we could wish; he forces the high and intense tones painfully, so that they have a sharp and splitting quality; but in his hands the part of Robert was respectably filled out and greatly helped the whole. So also did the Rimbault of Herr QUINT (Signor QUINTO), that always conscientious and clever artist, who knows how to make the most (with due subordination to the whole) of secondary tenor parts. He sang his opening romanza, the legend of Robert's parentage, which well nigh costs him his life, with great spirit and expression, and with good command of voice; and these qualities developed still more satisfactorily in the duet and dialogue with Bertram, who tempts him.

Mme. LABORDE, of course, did all the justice of which her undramatic voice is capable to the air, *Robert, toi que j'aime*, and accomplished all the exquisite roulade business, as she always does, to such perfection, that one ceases to wonder at it, as a most familiar thing. Dramatically, indeed, there was no part for her; her one scene might be taken as an interlude of splendid vocalization.

"GRAND GALA MATINEE" was the title of Saturday afternoon's performance. It consisted of another performance of *Lucrezia Borgia*, with another triumph of ADELAIDE PHILLIPS, and decidedly improved, of course, by the substitution of FORMES for Florenza in the part of the Duke; and of interpolations between the acts (rather a bad way of jumbling together heterogeneous things) of the first act of *Norma* and the last act of *Sonnambula*, by which the audience got, besides an opera entire, two of the most marvellous vocal exhibitions of LABORDE. The crowd was immense.

LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR. This well-worn piece was selected on Monday night for Mme. LABORDE's benefit, which was an occasion of much enthusiasm. Need we say that the lady looked and acted the maiden's part gracefully and touchingly,—for she does all things gracefully and lady-like, and never any thing offensively—and that she trilled and warbled and refined upon all the florid runs and passages and liquid divisions with a bird-like freedom and precision, sustaining, swelling, or diminishing the silvery tones with perfect continuity and grace? In the "mad scene," especially, where she has the most of this work to do, we found it refresh-

ing to miss the usual stereotyped intensity of acted craziness (to our taste almost always maudlin) and receive instead these copious glistening showers of Laborde's inimitable vocalization. STEFANI was the Edgardo, and with manly voice and presence put the right fire into the scene of the interrupted betrothal, and into the famous Sestet, which told as inspiringly as ever, and is in fact just the greatest moment in all that emanated from the brain of Donizetti. Edgardo's dying scene, too, was considerably lifted up from the staled sentimentality of a hundred and one performances. FLORENZA appeared to better advantage than usual in the part of Ashton; QUINTO fell nothing short in the short part of the husband; and M. DUBREUIL was feeble as the chaplain Raimondo. Chorus and orchestra for the most part good, but sometimes the latter coarse and over-loud.

Before the play the audience were startled into a lively apprehensive mood by the splendid passion and *abandon* of GAZZANIGA's voice and action in the last scene of *La Favorita*. It was electrical; the quality thereof beautiful and high, as its degree intense. STEFANI, also, shone in the tenor solo: *Spirto gentil*, which he sang with fervor and with delicacy. The only drawback to the whole was in the abrupt introduction of this climax of a tragedy, before the hearer's sympathies had been wrought up to it by the foregoing acts.

IL TROVATORE drew, of course, a crowded house on Tuesday night. We were not present; but the performance, whatever the value of the music, seems to have been of extraordinary excellence. The *Atlas and Bee* says of it:

The audience surely experienced, as we did, a new sensation from this performance of it, due to the wonderful impersonation of the character of Azucena by Miss PHILLIPS, who, as in all the characters she has assumed, thoroughly identified herself with the character of the gipsy mother, and placed herself at the head of all who have sung it here. Miss Phillips, indeed, in every thing she has done during this engagement, has shown her study, her growth, and a steady advance towards the success and furor which we doubt not awaits her in the future. She is really an artist of a high stamp, and were it not for her long experience upon the stage, we should say she had dramatic *genius*. It may not be that, but her talent surely falls but very little short of it. Her singing throughout the opera commanded the most spontaneous and rapturous applause.

The general cast of the opera was of unusual evenness, and made the performance singularly effective so far as the principles are concerned. GAZZANIGA appeared to great advantage as Leonora, and compares favorably with any who have sung the part here. The *Miserere* scene was loudly encored, in spite of the evident unwillingness of STEFANI to repeat it. It seems a little strange to hear any other than Brignoli as Manrico, but his most ardent admirers must confess that the dramatic energy of his successor gave a new power to the character, while it was throughout admirably sung, and is perhaps the most satisfactory part that he has sung here.

FLORENZA, as the Count di Luna, made a favorable impression, although he has to stand the comparison with a baritone of the fine quality of Anodio, with whom we are made familiar in this part. The "Anvil Chorus," for once, fell utterly flat upon the ears of the audience, and not a hand was raised in applause. The orchestra, too, was somewhat at loose ends, which may not be so much wondered at, as rehearsals cannot be very efficient, nor frequent, when a fresh opera is given every night.

So far for the present. Performances of *I Puritani*, and again of *Robert le Diable*, have followed; and this afternoon will be another of those glorious inventions, a "Grand Gala Matinée," with another opportunity (never to be missed) of hearing *Don Giovanni*, and FORMES in his inimitable Leparello. And, as if this were not enough, the entertainment will include the last

act of the *Traviata*, in which GAZZANIGA is great, and a Spanish Song in costume by the same. On Tuesday the troupe will vary the scene by playing for a night in Worcester.

LOW PRICED EDITION OF ORATORIOS. — We would direct special attention to the new and elegant edition of SACRED ORATORIOS now being issued by MESSRS. DITSON & Co., at a marvelously low price. Great care has been bestowed upon the work in order to present to the musical public as *correct* copies of these master-pieces as can possibly be obtained—and we have no hesitancy in assuring our readers that they will find this American edition, in every point equal, if not superior, to all others.

Musical Chit-Chat.

The approaching HANDEL FESTIVAL in London is certainly an event of enough importance to give interest to the programme of the managers, which will be found entire in our last two papers. Even the small details respecting seats and tickets will, with the rest, be interesting as matter of record, while they may yet be in season to serve any of our readers who may feel prompted to take one of the next steamers to England, in order to be present at the grand occasion. It is just the season, too, to hear all the best operas and concerts in London. The harvest there is unusually rich, witness our gleanings under the head of "Music Abroad."

Dr. HODGES, the veteran organist of Trinity Church, sailed for Europe last week in the *Persia*. For some time a partial paralysis has prevented him from attending to his official duties, but he played at Trinity the Sunday before leaving this country. For twenty years Dr. Hodges has been organist of the parish, and has now a year's leave of absence, with a donation from the vestry of \$500. Mr. CUTLER, formerly of Boston, will occupy his seat at Trinity organ during his absence.

The STRAKOCH troupe in New York have been giving *Don Giovanni*, *Don Pasquale*, &c., and, for a novelty, Donizetti's *I Martyri*, with PICCOLOMINI as the heroine. The opera, entire, was never given in this country, except as Anglicised into an Oratorio (!) by our Boston Handel and Haydn Society, when when jolly English Hatton was conductor. . . . Mrs. J. M. MOZART, with Miss HAWLEY, and others, is giving popular ballad entertainments in New York. . . . Señor de CASSERES, the young pianist from Jamaica, has been giving several concerts in Worcester, and exciting much interest. . . . Mme. BISACCANTI is still concertizing in New England, and created much enthusiasm last week in Salem. Why cannot Mr. Ullman secure her for the short time before her tour in South America, and let us have the satisfaction of hearing one of the most finished singers of the day in opera. Surely in her and in Miss PHILLIPS, the two first whom this country sent abroad to become prima donnas, Boston has something to be proud of.

The new opera season in New York was opened last evening with CORTESI in *Saffo*. The *Post* says: "This *prima donna* is highly praised, though her reputation is almost exclusively Italian, as she has never sung in London or Paris. Adelaide Cortesi was born in Milan on the 12th of October, 1830, and is now twenty-nine years old. She studied under Romani and Ceccherini, and in 1847, when in her seventeenth year, appeared on the stage of the *Pergola*, at Florence, in the *Gemma di Vergy* of Donizetti. She was successful, and was soon engaged for three years at La Scala, Milan, where she sang in Norma, Lucrezia, Saffo, Macbeth, and Lombardi. An opera called the *Domino Nero* was written for her by Rossi. In 1850 she sang at La Fenice in Venice, where her performance in the *Mesnadieri* of

Verdi, (with the tenor Mirate, who will be remembered by New York opera-goers,) and in the *Saffo* and *Medea* of Pacini, was highly successful. Cortesi subsequently visited Naples, Vienna and St. Petersburg, and returned to Venice. She also sang again in Florence, and in several cities of the Romagna, and in 1856 she was at Palermo. After this engagement her services were secured by a Mexican manager, who was then in Europe, and her Mexican successes induced Maretzek to offer her an engagement."

Last Saturday evening the Meionaon (or lesser Tremont Temple) was filled with an invited audience, who listened with delight to another of those rare and charming little private soirées of the Club of amateur singers trained and led by OTTO DNESEL. The programme is worth recording:

PART I.

1. Chorus from Jephthah.....Handel.
(When his loud voice in thunder spoke, with conscious fear the billows broke;
In vain they roll their foaming tide, and lash with idle rage the foaming strand.)
2. "See the conquering hero comes," from Judas Maccabæus.....Handel.
3. "Dies Irae," from the Requiem.....Cherubini.
4. Air for Soprano.....J. S. Bach.
5. Chorus from Judas Maccabæus.....Handel.
(For Sion lamentation make, with words that weep and tears that speak.)
6. Selections from Orpheus.....Gluck.
Dance of Furies.
Chorus.—"What mortal dares enter these shades, guarded by Cerberus."
Solo.—Orpheus, answered by Chorus of Furies.
Chorus.—"Unhappy mortal, what brings thee hither?"
Solo.—Orpheus. "Endless woes, unhappy shadows," &c.
Chorus.—"Let him enter the infernal gates."
Solo.—Orpheus. "Infernal gods! Pity my despair."
Chorus.—"Enter the abode of the blest, noble hero, faithful lover."

PART II.

7. Solo.—Heine's Ballad: Die heiden Grenadiere, (The return of the Grenadiers from Russia after the defeat of Napoleon.).....Reissiger.
8. Two Part-Songs:—
The Harvest Field. "The crickets chirp at break of day, inviting all good company,".....Mendelssohn.
The Little Mouse (Children's Song),.....Otto Dresel.
9. "Baby with the hat and plume," words by Mrs. J. W. Howe,.....Otto Dresel.
"As on her white palfrey so proud and so gay, a Princess was riding one bright summer day,".....Otto Dresel.
"Bauerlein, Bauerlein, tik, tik, tak," (What the little finch said to the peasant boy threshing corn; Children's Song),.....Taubert.
10. Chorus of Elves from Oberon,.....Weber.
11. May Song, for four voices,.....Robert Franz.

The *Atlas and Bee* says (and we say ditto): "We used the libretto published by OLIVER DITSON & Co., "*Il Trovatore*" being the first part of a series about to be published by them. The size is convenient, the type and paper good, the words correct, and the text profusely illustrated by the music of the principal airs of the opera, many more in number than can be found in any other libretto. We commend it to the opera goers of Boston. The English translation is by Mr. THEODORE T. BARKER, so that we have assurance of accuracy and good taste in the English version." . . . The *Daily Advertiser*, in noticing the performance of the *Trovatore*, says: "The anvil chorus was so well given that it was encored. (Think of that, Mr. Dwight!)" Now read, *per contra*, the statement copied from another paper in our review of "Italian Opera." Which is right? Which lesson have we to "think of"? Verily it is pleasant sometimes, when one gets tired of a hacknied opera, to stay at home and compare the next day's reports! . . . They have "Trovatopera" in San Francisco; namely at Magnire's Opera House, where on the 5th of May was performed *Il Trovatore* by a "great combination of talent," including Signora GIOVANINA BIANCHI as Leonora, Mme. JENNY FERET as Azucena, Sig. BIANCHI as Manrico, and Mr. STEPHEN W. LEACH as Count di Luna; orchestra leader, Mons. FERET.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MAY, 31.—The production of Donizetti's *Martiri* has proved a successful card for Mr. Strakosch. The opera had a reputation here. And the music contains a number of pleasing melodies, but is not on the whole as fine as might have been expected. The critics all agree that it does not equal either *Lucia*, *Lucrezia*, or *Favorita*, on which Donizetti's fame chiefly rests. Yet there are some highly effective situations, and the libretto is good; so the opera takes well with the public. From a criticism in the *Evening Post*, I extract the following brief analysis of the music:

The overture is of a subdued cast, introducing the chief air of the opera, that further on serves as a duet for tenor and soprano. A religious chorus behind the yet unraised curtain has a peculiarly pleasing effect.

The first scene represents the interior of the catacombs, and a chorus of Christians is followed by a delicate melody (*D'un alma troppo*) for tenor. A clarinet solo, somewhat suggestive of that in *Lucia*, precedes a parenthetical chorus of Christians, who are faintly heard singing in the distant part of the catacombs, and introduces the opening romanza and cabaletta for the soprano. For the latter movement Piccolomini substituted a brilliant polacca, composed by Mr. Muzio, the conductor, that does not however surpass the original bravura air composed for this situation by Donizetti.

The scene then changing, presents a triumphal arch at Mitylene, an ancient city on one of the islands of the Grecian Archipelago, and the advent of Severus, the Roman Pro-Consul, is heralded by a military procession, with trumpets and drums; a triumphal march, performed alternately by the band on the stage and the orchestra, with an accompanying chorus, though rather blatant and commonplace, forms one of the most popularly effective scenes in the work. An *andante*, and the necessary *allegro* for haritone, written in the regular Donizetti style, concludes the first act.

The second act opens in the house of Paolina, and commences with a duet for haritone and soprano that is suggestive of but not equal to the first duet in the second act of *Lucia*. A delicious air for tenor (*Sfoltoro divino raggio*) follows; it is one of the gems of the opera, and was enthusiastically encored. The scene changing to the Temple of Jupiter, we have a brassy but effective chorus of priests and priestesses, in some parts of which the orchestral contrasts deserve notice. The act concludes with a concerted piece that may be ranked among Donizetti's happiest inspirations. The melody is distinct, the harmonies skilful and scientific, and the climactic *crescendo* that Donizetti so admirably employs finely attained. The artists were twice called before the curtain after this performance.

In act III, after an insignificant bass solo and chorus, we have a superb duo for soprano and tenor, in which *Paolina*, struck by the fortitude of her Christian spouse, is suddenly converted to his faith. This is the scene in which Rachel in *Cornelle's* tragedy of *Polyeucte* was so effective. Donizetti's music is excellent, and if confided to a more powerful *prima donna* than Piccolomini, would rise to the sublime. The dramatic element—the doubt—the conviction—the *Credo*, and the final burst of enthusiasm, during which the lover-martyrs hear the sound of angelic harps, is altogether a triumph for the Bergamese composer. The voices of the angry populace are now heard, demanding that the victim be brought to the arena, and the scene changing, we behold the Christian martyrs singing the hymns of triumphant faith, with which in the mighty amphitheatre they welcome their glorious martyrdom.

PICCOLOMINI is not equal to the character of Paolina. She does not look well in the classic flowing drapery of the Roman Era, and her voice is not adapted for the *cantabile* movements that occur for the soprano. I can readily imagine that with a great tragic singer the role of Paolina could be made one of the most effective in the whole range of lyric drama.

BRIGNOLI sang beautifully; but the character of Poliuto is one demanding a robust tenor, with some spirit and energy—not a lazy, lavender dandy like the sweet-voiced Brignoli. AMODIO has a tolerable part, and one noisy, commonplace air. He looks very funny in the Roman chariot, on which he makes his triumphal entry on the scene, and his descent from this classic vehicle never fails to awaken the deepest sympathy of his audience.

Piccolomini leaves us this week, but whether for Europe or not, no one can tell. CORTESI, Maretzek's new *prima donna*, will sing Wednesday evening in *Saffo*, and subsequently in *I Martiri*.

There is very little doing here in music excepting in the operatic line. The city is crowded with musicians, but even the most popular are a little afraid of concert giving. ARTHUR NAPOLEON arrived in the city from a Western tour, a couple of weeks since, but has not appeared in public. He is just now devoting most of his time to chess-playing, preparing for a match with Paul Morphy. Mr. Ullmann was at our Academy of Music Friday last, and heard *Martiri*. He says he will give no opera in New York till Fall, and will, after the Boston season, go to Europe for artists. He has made proposals to GRISI and MARIO, but those singers have not acceded to them.

Mrs. JAMES, a lady who has sung in Italy with success, is staying in the city. She is an American from Maine, but has passed some eleven years abroad. Her voice, which I have heard at a private musical entertainment, is a high soprano, flexible and well cultivated, and especially effective in bravura music. She sang on the occasion I refer to, with Mr. MILLARD, the Boston tenor, the operatic part of *Traviata*. She would make a highly favorable impression should she appear on the stage in a role adapted to her style, and I trust yet to record for her a successful operatic *debut* in this country.

Miss ADA PHILLIPS is expected here this week. She will probably sing with Strakosch's company. CORA DE WILHORST, SQUIRES, BARILI and MAGGIOROTTI, have gone on a concert tour in Connecticut. They say—green-room gossips gabble it—that Mrs. Willhorst refused to sing the night she appeared at the Academy in *I Puritani*, before she was paid in full, although her month's salary was not due for several days. She made this announcement just a few minutes before the time for commencing the overture. Strakosch didn't have the money in his pocket and tried to reason with the lady. The Lady obdurate. Lady wanted cash or would not sing a note. Brignoli to the rescue. The lazy tenor rushed off to his hotel and going to his trunk hauled out some gold eagles, rushed back to the Academy and poured it at Willhorst's feet. Mercenary Lady pacified, went on the stage and sang like a nightingale.

A very nice piece of gossip this—and about as true I suppose as most bits of tittle-tattle.

P. S. Piccolomini sang last evening for the last time in *Poliuto*. She seemed perfectly inspired and sang with greater power and effect than I have before known her to exhibit. Brignoli was actually enthusiastic, and Amodio was hugely effective in his part of the Roman Proconsul. After the opera, Piccolomini was called out to receive a shower of bouquets and made the following speech;—

MY DEAR FRIENDS: In this beautiful temple, eight months since, you bade me cordial welcome; during that time—oh how short! how happy to me!—you have always been most kind, most indulgent. I return you thanks from the depth of my heart, and shall ever hold you in sweet memory. This immense country, through which I have journeyed, I leave with tears of sincere regret, and pray my good angel will once more guide me to its hospitable shores. Encouraged by this hope, I have less pain to say adieu—and bid you all farewell.

To be sure she called "most" *moas* and "indulgent" *indolgent*, and made any amount of similar blunders. But, withal, it was a very charming little speech, and, what with the shrugs, and the smiles, and the lifting of eyebrows and the kissing of hands to the audience, had a very pretty effect, and was excellently received.

The opera is closed till Friday evening, June 3d., when Cortesi will sing in *Saffo*. Mr. Strakosch has already published one of those long confidential cards to the public, that were inaugurated by Ullmann, and are such novelties in the advertising line, and represent opera managers in such a disinterested light. Max Maretzek, by the way, will wield the conductor's baton during the engagement of Cortesi.

TROVATOR.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by O. Ditson & Co.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- The Evergreen Flower. Song. F. Wallerstein. 25
Springtime and youth long ago. T. Ascherfeld. 25
Song makes fresh the weary. Minnie May. 25
How it fell calm one summer night. P. Henle. 25

Pleasing Parlor Ballads, each one having some particular points of excellence which will secure friends for them.

- Trusting in thee. W. T. Wrighton. 25

The Songs of this author, whose ballad of "The dearest spot on earth to me is home," has first introduced his name to the whole singing world, have a charming simplicity, which would secure for them a large share of sympathy from the young folks, if they but knew them.

- The old Bell. J. W. Cherry. 25

A touching Ballad.

Instrumental Music.

- Warblings at Eve. Romanza. Brinley Richards. 30

An exquisite little nocturne of moderate difficulty.

- Martha. Fantaisie di Salon. Charles Voss. 60

This Fantasia contains the most effective and telling arrangements of some of the best melodies in the opera. It is written for good players. Those that can master it will pronounce it one of the most brilliant operatic arrangements which they know.

- La Traviata. Beauties in 2 Books. 2d Book. A. W. Berg. 60

The second and last number of these excellent arrangements, containing the duet, "Parigi, O cara," the Gipsy chorus, and four more of the favorite airs. The first number has been received by the public with great favor, and it is confidently believed that these Potpourris by Mr. Berg will eventually become the piano-player's operatic handbook.

- Be kind to the loved ones at home. Variations. Charles Grobe. 50

A set of variations on an old and favorite air, cleverly done, as is Grobe's wont.

- La Cascade des Roses. Morcean de genre. J. Ascher. 40

Ascher's latest work, which is so eminently pleasing that within a few days after the arrival of the first lot from transatlantic shores, there was already a general demand for it, to which the supply has of course been inadequate, and rendered an American edition necessary.

For the Organ.

- Pastorale by Theodore Kullak. Arranged by W. Best. 30

A charming piece, one of Kullak's "Fleurs du Sud," which Mr. Best has adapted for the organ in an admirable manner. There is a great want of "show-pieces" for organists. It is thought this will gratify not a few.

Books.

- LIBRETTO OF IL TROVATORE. (The Troubadour). Composed by Verdi. Containing the Italian text, with an English Translation, by Theodore T. Barker, and the Music of the Principal Airs. 25

This is the first of "Ditson & Co.'s Standard Opera Libretto,"—a new series, which will include between forty and fifty operas, and prove very desirable Handbooks for opera goers, with correct versions, both in Italian and English, of the text. They are issued in a neat and attractive style and must command a very large sale.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 375.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1859.

VOL. XV. No. 11.

Translated for this Journal.

Henry Heine about Music and Musicians.

VIII.* — MUSICAL CRITICISM. — ROSSINI AND MEYERBEER.

Paris, May, 1837.

But what is Music? This question occupied me an hour last night before I went to sleep. There is a marvellous fact connected with music; I might say, it is a marvel. It stands between thought and manifestation; as a mediating twilight between spirit and matter; to both it is related and yet different from both; it is spirit, but yet spirit which requires a time-measure; it is matter, but yet matter which can dispense with space.

We do not know what Music is. But what good music is, we know; and still better do we know what bad music is; for of the latter a much greater quantity has reached our ears. Musical criticism can rest only on experience, and not upon a synthesis; it has to classify musical works according to their resemblances, and take the impression they produce upon the generality of hearers as the standard.

Nothing is more unsatisfactory than theorizing in music. To be sure, we have laws here, mathematically determined laws; but these laws are not music, they are only its conditions; as the art of drawing and the theory of colors, or the pallet and pencil, in short, are not Painting, but only its necessary means. Music in its essence is a revelation; we can give no account of it, and the true musical criticism is an empirical science.

I know nothing more unquickenng, than a *critique* of Monsieur Fétis, or of his son, Monsieur Fœtus, in which the worth of a musical work is reasoned out of it or into it, from fundamental axioms, a *priori*. Such criticisms, done up in a certain lingo and spiced with technical expressions, which are not known to the cultivated world in general, but only to executive artists, give that empty twaddle a certain sort of respect with the great multitude. My friend Detmold, in regard to Painting, has written a handbook, by which one may attain to connoisseurship in two hours; some one should write a similar little book in regard to Music, and by an ironical vocabulary of musical critic phrases, and orchestra jargon, put an end to the hollow hand-work of a Fétis and a Fœtus. The best musical criticism, perhaps the only one which proves anything, is one which I heard last year in Marseilles at the *table d'hôte*, where two travelling agents were disputing about the question of the day, whether ROSSINI or MEYERBEER were the greater master. No sooner had one ascribed the highest excellence to the Italian, than the other made reply, but not with dry words; he merely trilled some particularly beautiful melodies out of *Robert le Diable*. To this the former knew of no more striking repartee, than zealously to hum in return some snatches out of the *Barbiere de Seviglia*, and

so they both kept it up through the whole dinner time; instead of a vociferous exchange of forms of speech which really say nothing, they gave us the most precious table music, and in the end I was forced to confess, that one had better not dispute at all about music, or do it only in this realistic way.

You see, my dear friend, I shall bore you with no traditional phrases in regard to the opera. But in speaking of the French stage I cannot leave this last unmentioned. Nor need you fear from me any comparative discussion, in the usual fashion, of Rossini and Meyerbeer. I confine myself to liking both, and neither of the two do I like at the expense of the other. It I perhaps sympathize with the former even more than with the latter, it is only a private feeling, by no means the recognition of a greater worth. Perhaps it is only vices, which chime together by affinity with many corresponding vices in myself. By nature I incline to a certain *Dolce far niente*, and I love to lie down upon flowery banks, and watch the tranquil movements of the clouds and rejoice to see them brighten in the sun; but chance would have it, that I was often awakened out of this quiet reverie by hard punches in the ribs from fate; I was compelled to take part in the pains and struggles of the time; and then my sympathy was manly, and bade defiance to the bravest.

But I know not how I should express myself, my feelings still kept always a certain remoteness from the feelings of others; I knew how they felt, but I felt very differently from them; and if I spurred on my battle horse ever so fiercely and thrust my sword ever so mercilessly into my foes, still neither the fever nor the zest, nor the anxiety of the fight possessed me; if often I felt strangely ill at home in the quiet of my own consciousness, I remarked that my thoughts lingered elsewhere, while I was striking round me in the thickest press of party warfare, and I seemed to myself many a time like Ogier, the Dane, who fought against the Saracens while wandering in a dream. Such a man must find more that is to his humor in Rossini than in Meyerbeer, and yet at certain times he will be, if not completely given over to the music of the latter, yet certainly enthusiastic in his admiration of it. For on the waves of the Rossini music rock, in the most comfortable manner, the individual joys and griefs of man; love and hatred, tenderness and longing, jealousy and spleen, all is here the isolated feeling of an individual. Hence a characteristic quality of Rossini's music is the predominance of melody, which is always the immediate expression of an isolated emotion.

With Meyerbeer, on the contrary, we find the predominance of harmony; in the stream of the harmonic masses the melodies are lost, are even drowned, just as the peculiar feelings of the private person are merged in the collective feeling of a whole people; and into these harmonic streams our soul loves to plunge, when it is possessed with the sufferings and joys of the whole

human race and takes sides in the great problems of society. Meyerbeer's music is more social than individual; the grateful present, which finds its own inward and outward conflicts, its mind's distraction and its battle of the will, its trial and its hope reflected in his music, celebrated its own passion and its own inspiration, while it applauds the great maestro.

Rossini's music was more suited for the time of the restoration, when, after great struggles and disillusion, men became *blasés* and their sense of their great collective interests necessarily shrunk into the background, while the feeling of the *me* could again enter upon its lawful rights. Rossini never would have gained his great popularity during the Revolution and the Empire. Robespierre would have accused him perhaps of anti-patriotic, moderatist melodies, and Napoleon certainly would not have made him *maitre-de-chapelle* to the grand army, where he wanted a collective enthusiasm. . . . Poor Swan of Pesaro! the Gallic cock and the imperial eagle would perhaps have torn thee asunder; fitter for thee than the battle fields of civic virtue and of glory was a quiet lake, on whose shores the tame lilies nodded to thee peacefully, and where thou could'st row gently up and down, beauty and loveliness in every motion! The restoration was Rossini's time of triumph, and verily the stars of heaven, that then held holiday and troubled themselves no more about the fate of peoples, listened with rapture to his strains. Meanwhile the July revolution has raised a grand commotion in heaven and on earth; stars and men, angels and kings, nay the good God himself, have been torn from their state of peace, have again much business on hand, have got a new era to organize, have neither leisure nor tranquility of soul to find pleasure in the melodies of private feeling: and only when the great choruses of *Robert le Diable*, or of the *Huguenots* murmur harmoniously, shout harmoniously, sob harmoniously, do their hearts listen, and sob, and shout, and murmur in inspired unison.

This is perhaps the real ground of that unheard of and colossal success, which the two great operas of Meyerbeer enjoy throughout the world. He is the man of his age; and the age, which always knows how to choose its men, has lifted him tumultuously upon its shield, and proclaims his dominion and holds triumphal entrée and procession with him. It is indeed no comfortable position, to be borne in triumph in this way: by any mishap, or the awkwardness of a single shield-bearer, one may get pretty well rocked and shaken, if not seriously hurt; the flowery crowns, which fly at one's head, may sometimes annoy him more than they refresh him, if indeed they do not soil him when they come from dirty hands; and the exceeding weight of laurels may surely squeeze much sweat and groaning out of him. . . . Rossini, when he meets such a procession, smiles at it all ironically with his fine Italian lips, and then complains of his bad stomach, which grows daily worse, till he can actually eat nothing more.

* For the preceding numbers see Vol. XIII., Nos. 14 to 21 inclusive.

That is hard, for Rossini was always one of the greatest gourmands. Meyerbeer is just the opposite; as in his outward appearance, so in his enjoyments he is moderation itself. Only when he has invited friends, does one find him having a good table. One day when I wanted to take potluck with him, I found him over a pitiful dish of stock-fish, which made out his whole dinner; naturally enough, I declared I had already dined.

Many have maintained that he is niggardly. This is not the case. He is only niggardly in outlays which concern his person. For others he is bountifulness itself, and unfortunate countrymen of his especially have enjoyed it even to abuse. Beneficence is a family virtue of the Meyerbeers, particularly of the mother, upon whom I inflict all who need aid, and never in vain. But this lady also is the happiest mother in the world. Everywhere the splendor of her son is ringing round her; wherever she goes or stays, some snatches of his music flutter about her ears; on every side his glory flashes on her; and in the opera, where a whole public expresses its enthusiasm for Giacomo in the most uproarious applause, her maternal heart thrills with raptures of which we can have no conception. I know of but one mother in all history, to be compared to her, and that is the mother of Saint Boromæus, who in her own lifetime saw her son canonized, and in the church, amid thousands of believers, could kneel before him and pray to him.

(To be continued.)

On the Recognition of Music among the Arts.

A Paper read at a meeting of the Society of Arts, London, May 13, 1859.

BY HENRY F. CHORLEY.

If this evening ground be entered on which is new to the Society of Arts at its meetings, the explanation of such venture lies in the insertion of Music among subjects of examination taken charge of by the Society, and in the conviction that, within the last five-and-twenty years, the development and cultivation of Music in England have assumed proportions which render further neglect of the art impossible, without an indifference amounting apparently to injustice.

Were this exclusively a musical audience, it would be lost time to bestow an instant on such obvious facts,—as the connexion and sympathy of Music with the arts and sciences—accompanied as they are, with certain phenomena, which are more easy to be noted than explained. Connexion and sympathy have not implied that contemporaneous perfection in Music, Poetry, and Painting, which the writings of the poets may have led us to expect. When the tragedy, the sculpture, the architecture of the Greeks was in the prime of their glorious refinement and completeness,—that which the Greeks enjoyed as music, seems, so far as we can apprehend it, to have been little short of barbarous in its rudeness and cacophony. Now with regard to what is true and great in art, tastes do not change, though forms of society and opinion do. Pindar, and Euripides, and Phidias, have not been cast down from their thrones by any rumor of fashion, still less by any successors who have out-done them. If there were any musicians who rose to the same height as these great men, the world does not, and now never will know it. To illustrate again. While Horace's odes are immortal (so long at least as tuneful language and lyrical flow shall last), no one has even an idea of the tune of Nero's fiddle: yet the refined poetical days of Rome were thought also to be days of musical refinement. Were we further to examine how in the grand period of Italian painting Music was still young,—immature in some of her features of the greatest and most distinctive beauty—our list of illustrative facts would never

come to an end. But one incidental conclusion is to be drawn from matters well known to many of those present, and regarding which the less technically-instructed must accept assurance in place of detail,—which is, that within itself Music, as an art, has conditions, caprices, and incompletenesses, which claim in some measure a separate and peculiar legislation for it. Milton, to resume our illustrations, was a practical musician. Though a Nonconformist, he immortalized in his "Penseroso" the pealing organ on which he loved to play. Yet, in Milton's day, the instrument was a rude, limited, machine; and organ music, as we understand the word now, had no existence. On the other hand, the unaccompanied vocal music of the Romish church service, and the secular madrigal which spread itself from Italy over Flanders, France, and England, had in Milton's day, passed its meridian of perfection. Palestrina was dead, almost before the author of "Comus" was born.

The list of such peculiarities, which make the history of Music complex and interesting, could be lengthened *ad libitum*, but even those which concern our subject—the ebb and flow of the art's popularity—are intractable by reason of their number. One, however, must not be overlooked: the influences which, with changes of opinion and manners, bear on Music,—an art and science yet still incomplete without personal exhibition,—have never been sufficiently weighed. The history of the estimation enjoyed by music in this country, and its real amount of gain and progress during the last century, is eminently instructive. The Puritans had brought part-singing, sacred and profane, into disrepute. They had broken the organs in churches as so many engines of priestly insinuation. Again, the persons who ruled the world of fashion, made the beginnings of Italian Opera in this country ridiculous by their exaggerated enthusiasm. There was as yet comparatively little chamber instrumental music in existence anywhere for the home pleasure of thoughtful persons;—and what existed was almost beyond the reach of those who were not opulent, being, for the most part, in manuscript. Politics too had to do with the matter. Our reigning royal family was not so firmly seated on the throne, but that to quarrel with all their pleasures was a charming game of skirmish and annoyance. The regnant German princes brought with them a German musician, and what Englishman would then allow Handel to rule England's destinies? Thus, betwixt religious scruple,—the sarcasm of the wit, who preferred the sound of his own talk to the singing of St. Cecilia, and political rancor—the art of Music which, moreover, was just then passing through important transitions of its own, fell into popular contempt and disuse. It was too much rated as a pretty toy, good only for the use of the foolish and the effeminate. Englishmen of the middle classes were forbidden to have anything to do with the syren. They might drink as they pleased while the twelve hours of the clock went round, without losing credit for manliness and good citizenship: but woe betide their reputation if they sang aught save table songs, still more if they studied any instrument! Yet, it is no dumb proof of the vitality and charm which belong to this beautiful art, that while it was virtually forbidden to the many, it was creating among the few those imperishable works which do not always abound in times of universal appreciation. It was during this very last century that Purcell, by composing to Dryden's dramas, brought England nearer to having an opera of her own, than she has ever since been. It was then, too, that Handel deliberately sat himself down in this land, and associated his genius with such men of letters and renown as Gay and Congreve, besides illustrating our mighty elder poets; besides perfecting sacred music to a point since totally unapproached. It was at the period when Swift was sneering his worst against the fiddlers and all their fine stuff, that Addison was arranging the legend of "Fair Rosamond" for music. It was at the very time when ladies of quality were deservedly lampooned by Hogarth's pencil for adoring Farinelli, or "fainting at the departure of Senesino," that

such enlightened men as Gray and Mason helped the singer by giving him poetry to sing. Nay, later in the century, after Handel, Gay, and Congreve were gone, and when that sort of dead respectability seemed to settle on the amusements of England, which is the least favorable to poetical creation, we shall find among the figures of intellectual London society, one Dr. Burney, inferior as an organist, and not very profound as a writer—from Lynn, in Norfolk,—listened to and accepted as an equal by Johnson; and another, Sir John Hawkins, his rival historian, who had time to produce an elaborate treatise on the art, after having sat on a magistrate's bench all day.

These familiar instances are recalled merely in proof that Music, in being lately so largely cultivated, has not been so much discovered as reinstated in her old place among men of English science and art—a place never wholly lost. But indeed the links which bind her to both worlds are indissoluble. To tell of the love which musicians have always had for painting, and painters for music; to remind you of Gainsborough bartering one of his best landscapes for Abel's *Viol-di-gamba*; of Handel haunting picture auctions as his pastime, and myriad instances of the kind, would be so much leisure wasted in mere anecdote. But it may be submitted that some of the claims of Music on the good construction of men of science are too much forgotten. All its deep and mysterious connection with the science of acoustics is not here to be touched, because this would lead us to the question of materials, not of results. Optics and chemistry have both to do with painting; inasmuch as harmonies of light and shade, and qualities of pigments are involved in every line drawn, in every tint tried; but one who spoke on pictures in a mixed assembly, might be forgiven for not touching on subjects so delicate and inexhaustible. But the amount of calculation involved in every musical result has been undervalued. Creation in music is not to be accomplished without study of periodicity, number, and accumulation by rule, such as must be carried out in higher forms by calculators and mathematicians. The frequency of a taste for calculation requiring close intellectual exercise among great musicians is worth noticing. Even Mozart, that lively South German, spoiled by a childhood of prodigious exhibition,—dissipated, facile, for ever floundering through a sea of money troubles,—found frequent amusement in working out difficult sums in arithmetic. Herschel's astronomical discoveries did not begin till after he had made a reputation as an organ player. The champion of chess, in the last century, whose book was a text-book of that tremendous game, and who, after he became blind, could play three games at once—was Philidor, one of the most popular composers for the comic opera at Paris. Not a few of the most accomplished musicians now living could be named who are formidable chess-players.

Then there can be no musician competent to exercise the graver employments of the art, in whom the powers of perception have not been scientifically cultivated to a very high pitch. Consider a page of score, which a pianoforte player may be called on to represent by his fingers on the pianoforte at sight. This page of score contains a phrase of music not so long as an Alexandrine line of verse; but to make up this one line of music there are twenty incomplete lines written one underneath the other, and these written with half-a-dozen variations of alphabet, with half-a-dozen divers readings of A's and B's. A skilled musician should be able to decipher and combine these at a glance; to select the points of importance, to compromise with the fillings-up, and to give his listeners an instant sketch of what is on the page. The conductor of an orchestra has to reproduce this feat with modifications every night that he conducts. He has not merely to indicate his intentions to the players on the twenty instruments that fill the page, but also to do this in subservience (supposing the case an opera) to many principal characters on the stage, who must be watched and waited on,—often with the addition of a chorus moving hither and thither, grouped or scattered. To bring

such an attempt to a good issue, under circumstances where failure and interruption may occur at any moment, requires certain faculties and certain talents, such as entirely remove those who can master the feat from beyond the pale of neglect, as so many frivolous toy-makers.

Now, if such be the place that Music has always held in England,—if it be essentially linked to other arts and sciences, yet, singularly liable to conditions of its own from social changes;—if such be its requirements, is it fair that the recognition of Music in England should be merely one of barren suffering, or else of individual enthusiasm? Let us see how the practice of it has returned, grown, rooted itself amongst, and held fast the English people, since this century came in. Yet to indicate this within the compass of a quarter of an hour, is something like the attempt at producing a panorama in a pill-box.

The discouragement given to every imaginative and graceful art in England by Puritanism, has been mentioned. But Puritanism, or Protest, or Dissent, or Asceticism, have, and always will have, among themselves, shades and differences. So soon as ever the Dissenters began to get rich, they began to want outlet for imagination, luxury, amusement—to differ among themselves in defence of their own eyes, ears, and preferences in taste. Shortly after this century began, began also the movement among the Wesleyan Methodists, which led to something like a schism among them on the question, whether organs should not, or should be in their chapels. Earlier, among the manufacturing families of our provincial towns, totally beyond the sphere of fashionable influence, might also have been discerned steps taken in the direction of artistic enjoyment; showing that England would not be thwarted in its love for what is beautiful. One of the first persons in Europe, out of Austria, to admire and watch eagerly for the originalities of Beethoven, the great German composer, was a Leicester stocking-weaver, Mr. Gardiner. His efforts in the cause of music were anything rather than unimpeachable in point of taste, but their existence is valuable both as an evidence and a prophecy.

Here it is essential to remind you that every nation has its own strongly marked predilections and superiorities in the art. In England, these direct themselves towards vocal music. Why we should be less adroit as instrumentalists than as singers, might be explained in the small amount of our leisure disposable for the purposes of recreation and in our reluctance to accept that severe and patient discipline without which there is no training of the fingers. Our nationality, however, found a singular amount of nourishment and response in the residence among us of a man like Handel, who accepted England as his home; who enjoyed the humor of its people; who had entered more or less into the genius of its great authors; and who had been sustained in his fight with fortune by that direct royal patronage which, in art as in authorship, was, in Handel's day, the condition on which art and authorship worked everywhere. But Handel's greatness was in nothing greater than in the fact that, after he fell somewhat out of fashion among the court public, he got hold of the great English people. Long ago, among the wolds of Yorkshire and the small unsightly towns of Lancashire, Handel had a public and executors. While he was next to unknown in Germany, totally so in Italy, and in France a myth, there was hardly a country chapel with its small organ in the districts alluded to that did not give its "Messiah," its "Samson," its "Saul," its "Judas," its "Acis and Galatea." Owing to this perpetual repetition and tradition kept alive among people happily endowed by nature, the Lancashire Chorus Singers became of consequence in London, and were called up to sing at London's most aristocratic concerts, even when London was, by coach, some thirty hours distant from Lancashire.

Contemporaneously with their singing, many foreign instrumentalists settled in England during the insecurities of a troubled time. Out of this cluster of foreign artists, joined by some of our own, in a soil as ready to receive them as it had been to receive Handel, Haydn, Mozart,

grew the Philharmonic Society of London, a corporation in advance of its time; the body (you may be reminded) to whom Beethoven, when he conceived himself dying in Austria of penury, appealed for English friendly support, which was instinctively granted him.

By this union of an instrumental society in London with this honest provincial amateurship, was mainly kept alive the provincial Music Meeting in England (in mentioning which no historian can pass over the commanding position taken by the Birmingham Festival), and the local concert, at which the new player or new singer, the Paganini or Catalani of the minute appeared. This state of things lasted till the year 1830, or thereabouts; till the time when railroads began to make their influence felt in this country, and when our increasing intercourse with the continent had somewhat slackened the rigor with which the Englishman who adopted music as a pursuit was regarded. In the year 1834, the spell to which we have never ceased to respond, was tried again. In that year was held the Handel Festival in Westminster Abbey; but even then, such a gathering could not be accomplished, without every corner of England yielding its quota of professional singers. A London amateur or two, however, aggrieved that their services were declined in the chorus, started the idea of doing something musical in opposition, and got up their own festival in Exeter Hall later in the same year. There a small body of singers, mainly consisting of the tradesmen in the neighborhood, had already assembled for practice, and out of these festivals and the movement, the Sacred Harmonic Society took its form; which form has of late years perfected itself, till the Society has become the leading body of its kind in Europe. During six months of the year the variety and scale of its grand performances of works of serious music, the number and quality of its audiences, form a feature in the story of musical execution without parallel in any other capital. And it may be predicated that the coming Handel Commemoration at Sydenham organized by it, and the nucleus of which consists of some fifteen hundred trained and selected resident amateurs of London, will surpass in majesty any former celebration of the kind.

The next start in date of time and of importance was that made some twenty years ago, by the adaptation of a foreign method of training singers in large masses, giving them, at the same time, a rudimental musical education. The instantaneous passion with which this was adopted by persons of all classes, ages, and professions, though it touched the whimsical, and was certain to be followed by a reaction, was a sign how eager was the welcome for such an enlargement of our social pleasures—and with this object, the teaching of vocal part music in classes was adroitly seized hold of by Government, then anxious to popularize a scheme of National Education. It is not our purpose to examine whether all that was done was wisely done; to recall attacks, controversies, rivalries, to detail how immoderate expectation was followed by a temporary collapse of interest as little warrantable. Neither must it be forgotten that other amiable and indefatigable persons had opened the question of class teaching in vocal music before Mr. Hullah brought his method forward. But these attempts had excited only local notice, and it is impossible to overlook the fact, that the recognition of music, as entering into the scheme of every Englishman's education,—that its readmission into our high schools and colleges, and its immense growth among our working classes, whether they are clustered at some new railway town, as at Crewe, or Wolverton, or Swindon, or are congregated in the employ of the aristocrats of manufacture, that the invention of cheap publication for Music, even now in its infancy,—date from the proceedings of Mr. Hullah, and the sudden patronage which at the outset attended them.

To number, now, the societies, great and small, the myriads who read at sight what their predecessors only painfully acquired by heart,—the musical resources of London, which, in 1830, depended on "the Lancashire Chorus Singers,"—

would not be easy. The singers who could be convened in London, and combined from every class of society, are to be counted by thousands; and, considering our great distances, our discrepancy of hours, the engrossing nature of our occupations, the amount of good work, good will, and good result to be got from them, to use a worn phrase, amounts to a great fact.

Nor is it in London only that this animation has made itself felt. It is superfluous to designate such buildings as the Halls of Birmingham, Liverpool, Bradford, Leeds, Manchester, in each of which has been built its organ of a scale formerly totally unknown in England; in each of which is assembled a powerful chorus; each of which can be, and is, filled to overflowing when good music is performed. Even from a remote town, comparatively so little opulent as Aberdeen, come tidings of a new hall, a new organ, and five hundred chorus singers, to be tried and sifted, and selected from, with a view to its inauguration in the autumn of this year.

(Conclusion next week.)

First Appearance of Adelaide Kemble in England.

From Mrs. Jameson's "Studies and Stories."

Her first appearance on a London stage was attended by circumstances which lent it an extraordinary interest in the eyes of the public, and gave it some peculiar advantages and disadvantages as regarded herself. As the youngest daughter of that 'Olympian dynasty' which had held and transmitted, through several generations, the sceptre of supremacy in her art, and which the whole English nation regarded with a just pride and reverence, she seemed to have a prescriptive right, not only to the indulgence, but to the homage and affections of her audience. On the other hand, it the high name she bore was a diadem round her brow, it was also a pledge of powers and talents not easily redeemed. It raised expectations not easily satisfied. Where there was genius, it was a grace the more;—"where virtue was, it was more virtuous"; it could impart an added splendor to the triumph of excellence; but on mediocrity and defeat it had stuck a fatal and lasting stigma. To any other in the same position, failure would have been a misfortune; to her it must have been disgrace. Those were the advantages and disadvantages, which in the very outset, pressed upon her mind. How strongly, how acutely they were felt—with what a mingled throb of pride and apprehension she prepared to meet the ordeal—those can tell who were near her in that hour of trial, and of triumph.

Then the Opera selected for her first appearance, the "Norma" of Bellini, in some respects an excellent choice—had also its difficulties and disadvantages. She had sung it at Venice; it was associated with her first success; it was well calculated for her person and features, which had the historical and poetical cast of the Kemble family; modified however by strong likeness to her mother. The music suited the natural and acquired qualities of her voice, and the character and situations were calculated to exhibit to advantage her style of acting—majestic, earnest, passionate. On the other hand, both the music and the character were so familiar, that the effect of novelty in either was wanting.

Pasta, the original Norma, had left behind her undying recollections; and Grisi, the successor of Pasta on the stage of the Italian opera, was then triumphant in her beauty, and at the height of her matured powers as singer and actress. The translation, though well executed on the whole, offered great difficulties to one who had been accustomed to sing the music to the words for which it was composed, and who was now obliged to adapt the organs of her voice to a different enunciation of syllables and sounds. The cultivated taste, the exquisitely nice ear, revolted against the blending of awkwardly inverted words with notes for which they had no affinity. Milton speaks of "Music married to immortal verse;" this, to continue the metaphor, was a forced and unequal marriage, and threatened discord. The difficulty was, however, met and overcome, as it had been vanquished before by Malibran and others, but never so completely, so successfully, as by Adelaide Kemble. There were passages in the recitative in which her distinct and perfect articulation was felt through the music, and told most beautifully.

But to return to her first appearance, and the first impression it produced. Her entrance on the stage was a moment of intense interest. The audience gave her that enthusiastic welcome which, under the

circumstances, was not merely a thing of course, but expressive of the cordial good will and respect due to a Kemble. Then for a time all expression of feeling was hushed by expectation, perhaps by anxious doubt; the first effect was produced by the sustained note at the conclusion of the first recitative, on the word *sever* (in Italian, "*il sacro vischio mieto*"); the wondering, delighted, breathless suspense in which it held her auditors, was succeeded by a short pause of absolute astonishment, and then by a general and deafening shout of applause. Still the more refined and enlightened portion of her audience withheld their judgment; they felt that this wonderful passage was, after all, a mere *tour de force*. They waited for higher proofs of higher powers. The execution of her first cavatina, the "*Costa Dica*," particularly of the *cabaletta* "*O bello a me ritorno!*" showed to advantage the capabilities of her voice. As the opera proceeded more delicate touches of passion and feeling, especially in the first duet with Adalgisa, the fine opening of the trio, "*O di qual sei tu vittima*," and the last scene of the first act, "*Vanne, sil mi lascio, indegno!*" displayed her power of tragic declamation, combined with musical science. Her impassioned and pathetic acting all through the last scenes showed how completely she had entered into her part as a whole; and the curtain fell amid the most enthusiastic demonstrations of applause and delight.

NATIVE ORATORIOS.—The following description of a performance which recently took place in New Orleans, aptly characterizes a class of boasted American compositions, which enjoy the sunshine of popular favor very largely, both in town and country, and whose authors make a vast amount of hay while the sun shines. We copy from the *Picayune* of May 28.

On Friday evening, for the benefit of the Ladies' Bible Society of this city, one of our church choirs, assisted by a number of volunteer amateurs, of both sexes, performed Mr. Bradbury's "Oratorio," called "Esther, the Beautiful Queen," at Odd Fellows' Hall. There were about fifty vocal performers, and the accompaniments, (such as they were,) were given by a melodeon, a piano forte and a stringed quartet. The performance was a highly creditable one, the chorus singing in accurate time and with nice regard to light and shade; while the gentlemen and ladies to whom the solos and concerted morceaux were entrusted, with but a single exception, rendered their parts in a highly artistic manner. The parts of "Esther, Vashti, Haman, Mordecai, and the Maid of Honor, with the remarkable contralto voice, were most creditably sustained.

As to the work itself, it did not strike us as an "oratorio" at all—to begin with. The great characterizing feature of that class of composition, recitative, was entirely wanting; and the choruses were mostly of a light, operative style of work, possessing but little of the sacred character of oratorio. There is some ingenuity in the manner in which the composer has worked up the familiar air, "Old Hundred," as a chorale, accompanied by chorus, but this was only a "hit," and before the idea could be fairly impressed it was over. This, we may remark, is the besetting fault of the work. Nothing is elaborated; nothing worked out. We have intimations, but no results. The whole piece is an olla podrida of light music, in which the jig is the most conspicuous. Familiar snatches of popular ballads (Ethiopian especially) strike the ear as the performance proceeds, and remind one of the man whom Shakespeare describes as having "been at a feast of languages, and stolen all the scraps."

But, as we have intimated already, the performance was worthy of a better subject, and suggested to us, as we listened, the question why cannot this body of performers be made, here and now, the nucleus of a good sacred-music society, for the performance of the standard works of Handel, Haydn and Mendelssohn? Suppose they undertake at once, for example, the "Seasons," of Haydn—an admirable initial work, and one to which, with practice, this very association could in a short time do ample justice.

We mean to return to this topic again. We have a good Opera, a good Classic Music Society, and why should we not have good Oratorio?

Organ Miseries.

(From the Independent.)

Since we have written the articles on the organ we have received not a few communications on the subject, and have heard of several amusing incidents arising from their effect. Perhaps, by-and-by, we shall give extracts from them; but we subjoin one

to-day, which indicates such an extreme distress that we feel called upon to give it ventilation.

BUFFALO, MAY, 1859.

DEAR SIR: I am afflicted with a kind of organist that I wish you could kill or cure. I gave him all my pile of genuine organ-music a while ago, in the hope that I should occasionally hear some of it. But no! Perhaps one end or the other of a piece may come, six bars out of something that sounds organ-like; but the next measure it is Ned Peters, and nothing but Ned Peters to the end. Now Ned is very clever, and really knows something about music—and, considering all things, does virtuously. Is no wise to be confounded with or taken for *Old Ned*! He is young and honest. For all that he will play Ned with our organ, and Ned Peters too.

Why, to hear some of his interludes, you would think the whole chromatic scale was lit on by a flock of apoggiaturas, all fluttering their wings and just ready to fly off again. All sorts of similitudes occur to me just while he is playing, but are rather evanescent. One thing is particularly disagreeable: it is the way he has of jumping up to sit down on the tonic. I never knew him in my life walk right up to the tonic, as to a chair, and sit down; but he runs up, his toes being of india rubber, and kind of dancing two or three times on every step, gets to the landing-place, turns round, pulls up his coat-tails, gets his bottom ready, and, instead of gracefully coming subsidingly on the cushion, jumps up a foot at least, and comes down c'swallow! And it's pretty much so when he goes down stairs.

My gracious, what trillings! What runs! What flashes of chain-lightning! What chromatic runs! He isn't at all like Lake, who had studied out the shortest road through the greatest number of burglarious entrances into neighboring keys back to the key of the tune, and whose interludes reminded me of a cavalry review, where the horses all ran away, reared, kicked, snorted, got whipped, spurred, and suddenly wheeled around and stood still, trembling, and just ready to do so again as soon as the next verse was past.

If a hundred horses had suddenly neighed, kicked up their heels, wheeled around, and come to a dead stand-still between every two verses, it would have affected me very much as some of Lake's interludes did. I wonder if they couldn't get up a dragon stop and try it!

This fellow isn't at all of that order. He doesn't know much about harmony—I don't mean that Lake did either; though all he did know he trundled out in full uniform every time.) No! he is a regular swell see-saw, who gives you tonic, dominant, and subdominant in all imaginable monotonous successions, and tries to make it seem varied by making the flocks of bench-bird chattering apoggiaturas, shakes, trills, and what not, larger or smaller, making them fly higher or lower in masses or single file 'way up above the tree, or in the tree, or in the tall grass—or even keeps a brood of black Shanghai apoggiaturas and other slow-paced fowl to sprawl and trill down cellar.

Now I say Ned Peters is a clever fellow; and but for this pernicious habit of playing Ned—and nothing else—might *Edify* us. (Don't, for gracious sake, put either of these names into your Star Papers, for it's his real name, and he reads you, and would feel hurt.)

I only thought perhaps it might help you to an illustration or two. You know we anciently held communings touching certain forms of musical development, and their possible embodiment in description.

Well, Ned is always on the wing. To hear him the first time you'd say—why, really now, that was pretty neat. For a self-taught artist that was really well done. But out come more blackbirds every time. By-and-by you hear some of the fowl down cellar—buzzards, Spanish hens, chittagongs, dorkings, and what not. At last you become convinced that that fellow's fingers are all there is of him. Now only persuade him to play some true, deep, solemn organ-music, *written for the organ*, and play it conscientiously, just as it is written—and accept my deepest thanks.

I am yours in the faith of

ORGANIC SIN.

In reply to this we have nothing to say. Let every guilty man that reads this letter imagine that it comes from *his* parish, and that it describes *him*. In this way how many hundred men may be hit with one arrow drawn at a venture!

A Musical Critique.

The following capital burlesque criticism is from the *Knickerbocker Magazine*. It purports to be an extract from a "Far West" newspaper, discoursing of a hand organ player who with his wife and child was tramping in the wilds of Arkansas:

Our patrons in the interior will envy the inhabitants of Spoughville, when they learn that we are being favored with a visit from that highly talented foreigner, Professor Grindini, and his beautiful and accomplished wife and daughter. These eminent persons, who have been reduced by the political troubles in their unfortunate country to earn a livelihood by the exercise of an art which, in their prosperity, they acquired simply as an accomplishment befitting their station, arrived here on Wednesday, with their instruments, and put up at Bubbidge's Hotel, where, it is needless to say, they were at once made comfortable by that enterprising citizen and good man.

The Grindini family made their first appearance before the Spoughville public on Thursday evening, and we must say that, although we went to the temporary theatre (which had been hastily fitted up in the dining room of the hotel,) prepared to criticize the performance with severity, we found no point open to censure, either in the mechanical efforts of Signor Grindini, or in the singing (if we may call the warbling of that gifted woman by so commonplace a name,) of Signora Grindini. The Signor is said to be unequalled in the world in delicacy of touch on the handle: and as for the tamborine playing of the child it was perfection.

The performance opened with the air of "Annie Laurie" on the organ by Professor Grindini—an air which lost none of its freshness from having been begun on this occasion in the middle of the *thema*: at the point, in fact, where the professor had left off at his last grinding. The upper notes were exquisite, and in the *fugue* passages, where the air melts slowly and in softened cadences into nothing at all, the professor was inimitable.

"Annie Laurie" was followed by an air from *Norma*, sung by Signora Grindini to the accompaniment of her husband on the organ. This beautiful *cantata*, which was loudly applauded, would have been more highly appreciated, had the audience only been acquainted with the soft and beautiful language of the song. Possessing as we do this enviable knowledge, we revelled in blissful delight while the artists were performing this magnificent inspiration of the great Beethoven. But why dwell on the delight afforded by that great piece of music? Why tell of the inexpressible thrill which seized the hearts, when the bell-like baritone voice of the Signora warbled the poetic Italian words, "*Civis Romanus sum!*" meaning, "I love thee more than tongue can tell;" or when, in a soul-inspiring *adagio*, her voice flew over a hundred notes a second, as she sung "*O tempora! O mores!*"—which may be translated to express, "Must I die so young and unavenged?"

This gem was followed by a German polka, written by the celebrated Herr Kartoffel, and performed on the organ by Signor Grindini; and a most magnificent performance it was.

After this, the child, Signorita Annita Paulita, performed a solo on the tamborine, which we do not hesitate to pronounce the greatest thing we ever heard; and, as our friends know, we have travelled some. Certainly we never could have believed that so young a child (she is only eight years of age) could so brilliantly have produced those short, thumping, or, as they are technically termed, *sostenuto* passages, in so delicate a style as that which greeted us on Thursday night from that little child's tamborine.

Following this, we had O'Conner's adaptation of "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning," arranged as a duet, and performed by the professor on the organ and the young Signorita on the tamborine. This piece being encored, the artists were good enough to repeat it as a trio—the Signora obligingly taking a part with the bones. It was a privilege to listen.

The Signora then sang, to the *obligato* of the professor, a Saxon translation of a familiar English ballad. The Saxon, as it is well known, closely resembles our English tongue, which, indeed, is derived from the former, so that the audience had no difficulty in understanding the words. In Saxon the song commences:—

"Nelly Ply shoot his ishe
Ye'u he go to ship."

The soft passages of this plaintive ditty were given with a degree of what the Italians call *animato conbrio* which we have never known surpassed.

We then had a solo on the organ, "Uncle Ned," arranged in funeral style, in which, indeed, seeing the solemn character of the words, the song should always be presented.

And following this, came a grand trio from Mozart's admired opera of the *Puritani alla prima Crociata*. It would be impossible, if even we had space and type, (which, indeed, we have not, for already we are obliged to leave out friend Black's horse advertisement to-day,) to give an adequate account of this magnificent piece, at the conclusion of which, Mrs. Judge Flop presented the Signora with a bouquet, an act of considerate kindness characteristic of the sex, and which was loudly applauded.

This gifted family, who are now on their way to the North, have been prevailed on to give another performance on Saturday evening next, when by *particular request*,

☞ The same programme will be repeated.

Admission, One Dime. There will be no reserved seats, except for ladies.

Music Abroad.

London.

OPERA.—The *Times*, May 18, gives the following account of the debut of Bosio's successor at Covent Garden, Mme. PENCO.

Last night Signor Verdi's "Traviata," presented for the first time this season, introduced Madame Penco to the English public. The loss of Madame Bosio left Mr. Gye no alternative but to engage another prima donna to fill some of those parts which are not in the repertory of Madame Grisi. The new singer, Madame Lotti della Santa, has afforded general satisfaction, but she cannot play everything; nor

has she yet acquired sufficient experience to enable her to occupy a foremost position in the modern operatic drama, alone and unaided, any more than to assume the "Normas," "Lucrezias," and "Semiramides" which constitute the domain of high lyric tragedy. Madame Penco, who, though hitherto unknown to London, has for some years been celebrated abroad, and who in all respects, vocal and histrionic, is an artist of distinguished attainments, is therefore likely to prove a very valuable acquisition. She will stand, as it were, midway between the tragedy queen and the melodramatic heroine, domestic or romantic—thus closing up a gap which might otherwise have been found inconvenient.

Madame Penco's success last night was incontestable; but as almost every singer who attempts the part of Violetta is sure to succeed in a greater or less measure, she must not be definitively judged by this one performance. Her qualifications are not not those of a beginner, as all familiar with her antecedents are aware. She is not an artist of to-day or of yesterday, but one practised in all the requirements of the stage, and as thoroughly at ease as though the "mimic scene" was her exclusive element. At the same time, it is not merely habit that has accustomed Madame Penco to the boards; she possesses the dramatic instinct in a remarkable degree and was evidently born to be an actress.

Thus it is not astonishing that she should present a vigorous and faithful embodiment of such a creation as the "Traviata," the more salient characteristics of which are within the reach of the youngest aspirant. On the whole, indeed, we have never seen the character impersonated with greater force and fidelity. We need not go over the old ground, for the twentieth time, and describe scene by scene; it is enough to say that every point of importance was seized and made the best of, and that the general impression left was one of invariable truth to nature. Of the abstract poetry and delicate sentiment with which the lamented Mad. Bosio invested the part, there were few indications. The physical conformation of Madame Penco is, indeed, too robust for that. Nor was there a vestige of the buoyant girliness that lent its principal charm to the Violetta of Mlle. Piccolomini. On the other hand, genuine passion, intense earnestness, and keen intelligence marked the entire assumption. There was good solid suffering, and it was plain to every one that an energetic nature, capable of more than ordinary endurance was afflicted—not a fragile flower that any breeze could bend. Perhaps nowhere did Madame Penco display the art of an accomplished actress more consummately than in the scene (act 1), where Violetta listens with manifest interest, and no less manifest distrust, to Alfredo's declaration of love. Her by-play here was admirable; her inward delight at hearing the confession, and at the same time the difficulty of believing that such happiness could possibly be intended for one in her condition, being revealed to equal perfection.

As a singer Madame Penco shines much in the same way. For delicate traits of vocalization she is not conspicuous, but in vigorous outbursts she excels—and these, be it understood, wholly unaccompanied by exaggeration. Many passages of the cavatina—both in "Ah fors' e lui che l'anima," and the cabaretta, "Sempre libera deggio"—were splendidly given; and a special effect was created by a brilliant cadenza, terminating with a long and well sustained shake of the conclusion of the first movement. The introductory act, our musical readers need hardly be informed, ends with this display—where Violetta gives vent to her exultation at the new sense of being loved for herself, and here, too, the success of Madame Penco was established. The duet with the elder Germont, in the second act, and that with Alfredo in the last, confirmed the good impression she had produced, exhibiting all her best qualities in the most favorable light. She was recalled after each act and applauded with enthusiasm. Certain faults traceable to her peculiar style of delivery, and to a somewhat defective management of the breath, which, at times, forces her either to hesitate in the middle of a phrase, or to break off unexpectedly before it is satisfactorily accomplished, may be alluded to on another occasion, as also the condition of her voice—which, while naturally rich and powerful, has not escaped the influence of the prevalent epidemic.

The other characters were for the most part well sustained. Signor de Bassino, who represented Germont "pere" was to be commended unreservedly, wherever he had no florid passages to execute; and Signor Gardoni, with the one exception of Signor Mario, the best Alfredo the London stage has known, sang the music of his part to perfection. The orchestra, chorus and "mise en scène" were beyond reproach.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The third

concert, on Monday night, was in some respects better than either of its predecessors. The rarely heard overture to Cherubini's opera, *Less Abencerrages*, and Mendelssohn's splendid symphony in A minor—the orchestral pieces—were both given with immense spirit under the direction of Dr. Wyld: and the last would have been still more satisfactory, had the *scherzo* and *finale* been taken a little slower, the full speed contemplated by the author being inadvisable in an arena of such large dimensions and peculiar construction as St. James's hall. The Gypsies' Chorus from *Preciosa*, and the chorus of Fishermen from *Masaniello*, exhibited the choir to great advantage, and a general encore was awarded to the sprightly inspiration of Weber. Madame Catherine Hayes sang an air from Mozart's *Idomeneo*, and "Sombres forêts" from *Guillaume Tell*—the last with more than ordinary power and feeling. There was also a piano-forte concerto—Beethoven's in C major—by Signor Andreoli, who, to judge by the frigid and generally inexpressive character of his performance, seems to have small sympathy for this kind of music. He was, nevertheless, liberally applauded.

The chief interest of the programme, however, was concentrated in Herr Joachim, who played Beethoven's violin concerto, with orchestra, and one of the fugues of Bach, without accompaniment. In both instances the execution of this justly celebrated artist as nearly approached perfection as any thing we can remember. His reading of Beethoven's magnificent work was as pure and grand as his mechanism was faultless, and his "cadenzas" were worthy the concerto in which they were interpolated.

On the other hand, in the older, quaint, but, in its way, not less admirable piece of John Sebastian Bach (whose music for the fiddle *solus* is, in most instances, as elaborate and difficult as it is ingenious) the point, accuracy, and marked accentuation indispensable to clearness in fugue-playing (and without which, indeed, it must end in confusion) were joined to a conception so imaginative and poetical, as to make the effusion of the Leipzig patriarch seem as gay, bright, and seductive as the most brilliant composition of Paganini, Ernst, or any of the modern "virtuosi."—*Musical World*, May 14.

Paris.

The success of the *Pardon de Plœrmel* exhibits no signs of abatement. The crowds do not fall off, and the applause is as loud and frequent as on the night of the first performance. I am inclined to think that the new work is destined to a greater and more lasting popularity than even the *Etoile du Nord*. The effect the *Pardon de Plœrmel* has created out of the metropolis, may be judged by the number of managers from the provinces who have visited Paris for the purpose of witnessing the performance. The municipality of Nantes has been the first to dispatch a person connected with their theatre to study the mechanical effects and the decorations at the Opéra-Comique, with a view to an early production of the opera. Meyerbeer's new work, by the way, is not restricted to the stage. The Philharmonic Society of Lille has given a selection at one of its concerts; and the director of the Conservatoire of Angers has announced a concert, in which some of the most popular *morceaux* are to constitute the special feature. The Théâtre Italien gave its last performance on Thursday week for the benefit of the orchestra. The opera was *Polinto*, supported by Mme. Penco and Signor Tamberlik. The grand duet from *Otello* was sung by Signors Tamberlik and Corsi. There was a large attendance. On Monday night a special performance took place. Tamberlik had proposed that all the Italian artists in Paris should give their services for the performance of *Il Trovatore*, and that the receipts should be handed over to the Italian fund now collecting in Paris, to assist volunteers in proceeding to Piedmont. Accordingly, Madame Frezzolini, Mme. Borgbi-Mamo, Tamberlik, Corsi, and the usual artists necessary for the representation of the above favorite opera, most willingly came forward, whilst M. Calzado, the manager, was not less delighted to accord the opera house. The theatre was crowded, although the prices were doubled, thus producing something like 12,000f. The audience were unusually animated and enthusiastic in their applause.

At the Grand-Opéra, Madame Csillag has appeared as Leonora in *La Favorita*, but failed to confirm the impression she created in *Fides*. A new *danseuse*, Madlle. Pitteri, has made a successful first appearance.

The success of the operas of Mozart and Weber at the Théâtre-Lyrique is something surprising. While the Salle Ventadour is compelled to sick by the old Italian *répertoire*, strongly backed by Verdi, and the Opéra-Comique depends, in a great measure, upon novelties, the Théâtre-Lyrique—the lyric theatre of least account, or of least *prestige*, in Paris—devotes

its energies to the standard and almost forgotten works of defunct composers, which—wonderful to relate—make the fortune of the manager. Only think, you inconstant admirers of the opera in London, you adorers of Verdi, but greater worshippers of novelty—think of Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*—which you erewhile would scarcely condescend to patronize for one performance—being given one hundred and seventy times within one season! Does not this prove beyond all disputation that there is a real musical public in Paris as there is in London, and that its existence is to be traced to the middle, and not to the upper classes? The latest revivals at the fourth lyric theatre of the metropolis have been Mozart's *Enlèvement au Sérail*, and Weber's *opéra-bouffe*, *Abon Hassan*, both gems and masterpieces, as I need not apprise you or your readers. M. Bataille, whose engagement is of great importance, made his first appearance as Osmin, in Mozart's opera, and Mme. Ugalde sustained the part of Blondine.

MARSEILLES.—Alboni has been giving a series of representations at the Opera with eminent success.—*Musical World*, May 14.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 11, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—A Psalm, by MENDELSSOHN: "O be joyful in the Lord," from Webb's "Cantica Ecclesiastica." To be concluded in the next number.

What the Leipzig Journal thinks of Music in America.

A recent number of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, which is the principal organ of musical "young Germany," having been originally started and for some years edited by Robert Schumann, contains the following article concerning music in this country. Those who have read our Journal from the start will recognize in it an old friend, the author of that famous "Greeting" from Germany, in which our summary of a winter's concerts in Boston was hailed with joy as a great sign of promise. This time the writer draws his conclusions, somewhat hastily on some points, from New York. We translate literally, rather than with much regard to style.

MUSICAL PROGRESS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE OCEAN.

Six years have flown since I, in the form of an open letter to Mr. Dwight, editor of the Boston Journal of Music, made our readers aware of the existence of a sound musical germ in the United States of North America, in spite of all the humbug practiced there by virtuosos,—a germ which cannot be choked, which, with an honest striving after Art, a warm enthusiasm for the Beautiful, knows also how to keep pace with the progress of the age and with its living and moving ideas. At that time there lay before us Boston journals and musical programmes, which (of course apart from the degree of perfection in execution, or of appreciative reception on the part of the public, of which we could not speak from our own observation) proved to us that North America, in spite of all the faults which may be found there more concentrated than elsewhere, stands in its musical sympathies much nearer to "young Germany," than England with its ludicrous exclusivism and arrogant one-sidedness, or than even France, with its extravagant partiality for native, that is to say Parisian art—to say nothing at all of Italy.

The obvious cause of this may be, that in North America the German element is more strongly represented than in any other foreign country, so that German taste and German culture could take root there more quickly. But this is not enough to explain why it is that not the German musical *Philisterei* (old-fogeyism), but the *progressive spirit* seems to be there in the majority, at least so far as one can judge from the programmes in the principal musical

cities. There no systematic opposition to the reigning musical taste of the day, no mere experimental demonstration could maintain itself, since the American will not submit to the imposition of charters. Therefore the more recent and the newest German music must have really found a general foothold there, an actual sympathy in the public at large, to which this favorable circumstance has contributed, that it is not the old, decaying, perishing Philisterism, but the young, active, striving Germany that is wont to emigrate across the ocean. The effect of its example has been to excite Young America to make pilgrimages to Germany, for the furtherance of its musical culture and the widening of its æsthetic horizon; and thus there has sprung up between the two countries a livelier interchange of ideas and tastes, which of itself has shaped itself into a natural propaganda for the 'Music of the Future.' I recall the names of Mason, Wollenhaupt, Bergmann, Eisfeld, Dresel, Goldbeck, Pauer, Ritter, Wolfsohn, Hohnstock, Sentz, Gärtner, Hagen, and others, who have been and are active in the United States, through concerts and through lessons, and successfully, in making Schumann, Franz, Wagner, Berlioz and Liszt better understood.

Schumann, naturally, is first and best known there through his songs and vocal quartets, and next by his chamber music; but more recently he has been introduced also through his orchestral and choral works; and so too Robert Franz. But this fact is now less surprising, since Schumann belongs already to the great dead, and therefore has the next claim to promotion into the category of the 'classics.' But Richard Wagner has acquired a popularity not less significant; you will scarcely find one of the larger cities in the United States, where the overture and march from *Tannhäuser*, pieces from *Lohengrin*, &c., are not standing pieces in the repertoire. In New York, as early as in 1856, the German Opera, under the able direction of Bergmann, projected the performance of the *Tannhäuser*. When Richard Wagner directed the Philharmonic Concerts in London, they flattered themselves in America, that he would proceed thither from London — but in vain.

Berlioz, too, excites an ever growing interest on that side of the ocean. His overtures and symphonies are no longer among the strange things there; and how strong the inclination is to seek to know him better is best proved by the fact, that the well-known concert-manager, Ullman, in the winter of 1857, made a journey to Paris, for the purpose of engaging Berlioz personally for a whole series of concerts in the United States — a risk which Herr Ullman certainly would not have undertaken, if he had not been sure of success. Berlioz, partly from regard to his health, and partly on account of the completion of his new opera, did not accede to the proposal, but it was understood that the invitation would be repeated at a later time.

Finally, as regards Liszt, he enjoys an extraordinary respect in America, although, as it is well known, he has never been there. Scarcely a year passes in which the rumor is not spread and hailed with jubilation, that Liszt is coming. The German papers, too, collectively, have several times discussed this question in all seriousness. Numerous inquiries have come from North America to Liszt, as to whether he would receive and educate pupils — very rarely indeed has he consented, and yet fresh applicants are not discouraged. But it is not the emperor of the piano-forte alone who is held in honor there; Liszt, the composer, too, is known and honored. Last year, when the music publisher, Schuberth, from New York, was in Weimar, he informed us that Liszt's '*Symphonische Dichtungen*' (as arranged for two pianos) had a large sale in New York, and that his piano works had there a considerable public — Mason and Goldbeck especially were spreading the knowledge of them in their numerous concerts.

We have attentively followed the American concert programmes, so far as we have had access to them, and we have found the above general observations confirmed by very cheering particulars.

Let us examine further the programme of the Soirées of Chamber Music, given by Messrs. Mason and Thomas in New York. The repertoire of all the soirées was published beforehand, a practice extremely rare with us, and one which we cannot sufficiently commend. We find in it: Of Schumann, the Quartet in A minor, the Violin Sonata in A minor, and Trio in D minor; of Schubert, the Octet, B flat Trio, and B minor Rondo for piano and violin; — of Berlioz, the Romanza for violin (who besides Joachim has yet played this publicly in Germany?); — and especially Quartets, Quintets, and Sonatas of Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Beethoven; — of the latter, the Quartets No. 9 and 14 (C major, op. 59, and B flat major, op. 130). Of works entirely new there was performed, among others, in the second soirée the Trio in F major by Bargiel (op. 6). Still more may be expected. — At the same time R. Goldbeck had commenced soirées of classical music in New York.

The New York "Philharmonic Concerts" keep themselves fully up to the level of the best German subscription concerts. The first concert brought: Spohr's Symphony 'The Seasons,' and the overtures to 'Egmont,' and the 'Vestale'; the second concert: the 'Pastoral Symphony,' and the piano-forte Concerto of Henselt (played by Mason); the third concert: Beethoven's A major Symphony, the overtures to 'Fierabras,' by Schubert, and to the 'Ruler of the Spirits,' by C. M. von Weber. In this third concert no solo singers took part; the director was Carl Bergmann. This indefatigable artist, who enjoys the highest esteem in New York, gives also orchestral concerts of his own. In these concerts, at which only orchestra and choral works are produced, without the aid of solo singers, the undertaker does not go back beyond Beethoven. Of these model concerts in our direction three so far have taken place. But this did not content Carl Bergmann, who has since then in two consecutive concerts brought out *Symphonische Dichtungen* by Liszt.

The programmes of Bergmann's concerts represent, in the field of instrumental music, the highest artistic aspirations of the present. That is as it should be. For though it may be very pleasant to maintain that one can never hear the master symphonies of Beethoven too often, still we ask: To what end have the new works of the modern composers appeared, if we are always to be treated only with what we have long known? Besides, in our days musicians and friends of music can make as little claim to real culture, as literateurs and critics, so long as they have not made themselves familiar with the best works of the living. Therefore the New York musicians must be very grateful to Herr Bergmann, for giving them the opportunity to form their own judgment upon those new works, which are at present so extolled in Germany.

And the seed so scattered falls on no unfruitful soil; the American knows how to recognize and value *geniality*; and as strongly as his brother, the Englishman, is set against all innovations, is he predisposed for all that is new and for all rational reform. We cherish the conviction, that German music has a great future in the United States, and that the most genuine and sterling artists here in Germany should take its interests to heart. The motto will hold good for America:

"Westward moves the history of Art!"

The above is cordial and generous in its spirit, correct for the most part in its facts, but hasty and sweeping in its inferences, interpreting the facts with a too sanguine readiness to seize upon all omens that appear to favor its own side, that

of the "Zukunft's Musik," or Music of the Future.

In the first place it by no means follows, because certain works of Liszt and Berlioz and Wagner have occasionally been introduced into New York and Boston concerts, whether by zealous partisans or by cool experimenters, that these composers have become favorites with our music-loving public, or are listened to with any interest, beyond that of a passing curiosity, by any considerable number of our best amateurs and artists. On the contrary the interest of any instrumental programme with our audiences is still almost always dependent upon how much and what it offers of the music of Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Schubert, &c. The newer men do for occasional variety or novelty, but they never make up the feast, or if they do, the guests complain of bad digestion. Of course among so many young German musicians, who come to us hot from Weimar or its influence, with their young American admirers, more fond of novelty than of depth, and rather smart than wise, there must be some who toss up their caps for Liszt and Wagner, and talk with a *blasé* air of Beethoven and Mozart as "well enough for their day;" but we have yet to learn, that this feeling, this germ of a new music, has really taken any root here.

In the next place, the writer seems to fall into that careless way of confounding together very different styles and authors, which we had thought to be the peculiar privilege of his antipodes, the English critics. It is true that in our most cultivated music circles, the same which hold Bach and Beethoven in greatest reverence, there is a real and decided admiration for the works of Schubert, Schumann and Robert Franz. But this love by no manner of means extends to Berlioz and Liszt. On the contrary, whenever the overtures of the former (by which alone we know him) have been performed at concerts, they have proved tedious, heavy and obscure, surprising specimens of instrumentation, of external "effect," but most unedifying to the soul. And when, now and then, one of Liszt's ambitious "Symphonic Poems" has been played by two pianists, we have not met the first person who confessed to any real satisfaction in the hearing. It is one thing for a work to figure in the programme of an enterprising set of concerts, but quite another thing for that work to take possession of a public. Wagner's overture to "Tannhäuser" has, it is true, become a very great favorite in our orchestral repertoire. A few other extracts from "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin," (orchestral arrangements), have enjoyed some measure of favor. But this is actually all that our public know of Wagner, save from his critical and theoretic writings. There is a general impression here that he is a man of decided force of intellect, a great musician in his way, and not without originality. But that Wagner, as the leader of a new school or tendency in music, is accepted here in America, or has planted any germ of a peculiar "future" here, or has ever begun to be an influence to be named with such "rulers of the spirits" as Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, &c., is purely an assumption, an oversanguine, hasty generalizing from a few facts. It must amuse such artists as Dresel, Eisfeld, Scharfenberg, and others, greatly, to find themselves, inasmuch as they may have strong affini-

ties with Franz or Schumann, set down in the list as pioneers here in the cause of Liszt and Berlioz!

With these qualifications the Leipzig article does no more than justice to the tendencies of Musical Art, or rather love of Art, in this country. We do indeed love *genialty*, in the German sense of the word: we love *genius*, we love live, genuine inspiration, whether it come in new forms or in old. We love Beethoven and Mozart, we love Handel, and are beginning to love even Bach, *not* from blind hearsay reverence, not because we are taught to esteem them "classics," but because our souls thrill to the perennial life of genius in their strains, because they refresh our souls and lift us up, excite our imagination, and kindle our ideal aspirations. There comes a symphony by Schubert, or by Schumann, or a quartet or trio, or a set of songs by Franz, or a "Tannhäuser" overture by Wagner, and we admire these for the same reason, although with a difference. At the same time we give a hospitable hearing to Berlioz and all new claimants; we are even eagerly possessed with love of novelty; innovation, enterprise, bold daring, new ideas, the future, are the American birthright; we have it all in the blood. Hence we may indeed hope that musical taste and musical art in this country, as it passes out of the chaotic embryo state, and begins to take form and grow, will not be one-sided, but quite universal. Meanwhile we are but children in the life of Art. We have much to learn. Anything that can be called musical culture has but begun for our people. And if we are to be the receivers and the developers of the new germ of the Art of the Future, as this writer fancies, it is at least but fair that we should first lay for ourselves those same foundations of culture which the musical world in Germany, and in Europe, has to build upon in laying out this "Future"; that we too should first take up and incorporate into our system the inspired music of the past, from Bach to Beethoven and Mendelssohn; for then, and only then, shall we be competent to judge of the new germs, and to separate the wheat from the tares.

The Opera.

Mr. Ullman's company will complete their very successful season at the Boston Theatre this afternoon. Since our last report no new event of any consequence has occurred; the pieces have all been repetitions of well known works; of all of which we have had occasion to speak during these last weeks, with the exception of *I Puritani*, which is fresh to our public in comparison with most of the current operas, and which was given on Wednesday evening of last week. Next to the *Sonnambula* we count it as Bellini's most genial work; it contains some of his finest inspirations, some of the happiest and most original instances of his decided vein of melody. Such strains as *Son virgine vezzosa*, and *Qui la voce*, such concerted pieces as that exquisite quartet: *A te, o cara*, are sure and choice signs of the royal gift of melody.

It was chiefly the beauty of the music, simple as it is in the working up, together with the interest of the story, that made the large audience delighted that evening. The performance was unequal, and indifferent as a whole. But then there was the never-failing charm of Mme. LABORDE's perfectly finished singing, in all the simple and the florid music of Elvira; and there was FORMES' admirable impersonation of Sir George. To be sure, he sung out of tune even more than usual; but he put life and richness

into it for all that. The "Liberty duet" (*Suoni la tromba*) between him and FLORENZA, was of course well roared, and brought the house down, as it always does. Signor SBRIGLIA was but a feeble reminder of Mario in the fine passages for the tenor voice.

On Friday evening, *Robert le Diable* was repeated to a diminished audience. But again the parts of Alice and of Bertram were all that one could ask for in the singing and the acting of Mme. GAZZANIGA and of FORMES. For the rest the play went as before. LABORDE sang *Robert, toi qu'j'aime* with admirable feeling, as well as artistic beauty of execution.

On Saturday afternoon, a repetition of *Don Giovanni*; besides which, the last act of *Traviata*, in which Gazzaniga renewed the thrilling impression of her high lyric art and feeling in the dying scene of Violetta.

Martha was sung for the third time, this season, on Monday evening. The house was crowded, and the opera went off with unusual spirit. The singing and the acting of ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS made a most satisfactory artistic whole, consistent and effective, full of life and humor, graceful and in good taste throughout. FORMES was all himself in former Plunkett, and the play-together of these two was one of the felicities of these last opera experiences, a thing to remember with pleasure. LABORDE's singing of "The last Rose," that evening, was as perfect in every respect as anything we can remember in that kind. The tenor, SBRIGLIA, was highly successful in some of the best points of his music. The great charm of the whole was, the easy, natural, conversational way in which the whole piece, music and action, flowed on,—especially the first two acts. The sentimental, solo business is what falls first on the sense. We do not object to FORMES singing his part in German; it is too light an opera, too full of absurd frolic fancies, to make that little inconsistency a serious one; and the part was written for him in German, and loses its real flavor, its smack of individuality, when words and music are divorced.

On Tuesday the company gave an opera at Worcester, and on Wednesday evening Mr. Ullmann commenced here the new experiment of

FOUR CHEAP OPERAS. Price fifty cents to all parts of the house. *Don Giovanni* led off, drawing, for the third time, a good house. Leporello was as admirable as ever. Mlle. POISSOT, by her earnestness and her true dramatic quality of voice, made the part of Donna Anna highly satisfactory; Madame GHIONI sang Elvira well; and LABORDE, of course, sang Zerlina's songs far better than she acted, though her acting was agreeable and pretty. SBRIGLIA made sorry work of *Il mio tesoro*, and FLORENZA did not mar his telling vocal efforts by quite so grotesque acting as before.

The pieces to follow on Thursday and Friday nights were *Lucrezia* and *Martha*, and this afternoon, the opera season will conclude with *Norma*.

HARVARD COLLEGE.—The "Pierian Sodality," and "Harvard Glee Club," gave a delightful concert at Cambridge on Wednesday evening, to an enthusiastic audience which it was inspiring to be among. The performance fully deserved the applause that was given without stint. The instrumental portion was most creditable, and superior to any previous efforts of the now venerable "Sodality." The stringed instruments were admirably played for young amateurs, so indeed were all; but the novelty of hearing really good violins in the Pierian ranks was so wonderful to our ears, for long years accustomed to the impetuous blast of many flutes, supported by a solitary trombone or cello, which for a time to which the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, has made up the College orchestra, that we deem it worthy of special note.

The Glee Club, of some sixteen fresh, young, manly voices sang some of the choicest of four-part songs, mostly German, as the programme shows. These were almost all vociferously applauded, and many others given in answer to the emphatic encores, which are not upon the bill. The Clubs, doubtless, made a handsome sum, which will be devoted to the purchase of music and instruments for their club-room. The whole performance showed careful rehearsal and diligent practice.

Musical Chit-Chat.

We have received a glowing report of the fraternal festivities and doings of the music-dealers, at the annual meeting of their Board of Trade, last week, in Baltimore. It is too long for the space now left us, and shall appear next week.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL CORPORATION.—The annual meeting of the Stockholders of this Corporation was held Wednesday afternoon at the Music Hall. A quorum being present, Dr. J. Baxter Upham, President, called the meeting to order. Mr. John Rogers made a report showing the financial condition of the corporation to be as follows:—

Whole amount of income during the year \$11,537.03; expenses \$8020.25; nett earnings for the year \$3516.78. The receipts of this year as compared with the year before, show an increase of \$3494.30.

They then proceeded to choose a Board of Directors for the ensuing year; the following gentlemen were chosen: Messrs. J. Baxter Upham, J. M. Fessenden, H. W. Pickering, J. P. Putnam, George Derby, E. D. Brigham, and Eben. Dale.

At a meeting of the Directors held afterwards, the following gentlemen were elected officers: President, Dr. J. Baxter Upham; Treasurer, Mr. John Rogers; Clerk, Mr. Samuel Batchelder, Junr.

It was stated that the organ, which is building in Germany, will be finished next Fall, but will not be brought here until Spring, as it is not well to risk a winter voyage.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, JUNE 6.—Signora CORTESI made her debut at the Academy of Music last Friday evening, in Pacini's *Saffo*, a work, which though vastly superior to Donizetti's *Poliuto*, and many of Verdi's successful operas, has been very coldly received by the critics. Cortesi met with a success. She has a large, boisterous style, with little elegance or finish. Her voice is prodigiously powerful, and she is very lavish in its use. She is an actress of the intense school, and has certain tones that absolutely thrill the hearer. While, like Stefani, she is a sensation singer, she is not a really great artist and will not prove as permanently popular as some less surprising *prime donne*. This is what may be judged from a single hearing. She was advertised to appear in *Traviata* to-night, but there is some trouble at the Academy of Music, and Strakosch announces that the house will be closed till Wednesday.

Mme. COLSON is advertised to sing on Thursday, in *Robert le Diable*. She has been engaged for the next winter season by Strakosch, and has taken for the summer a rural cottage in the vicinity of New York. The opera season here will close in a week or two.

PICCOLOMINI, during her late stay in this city, stopped at the Everett House, where the board for herself, father, mother, sister, brother, and servants—seven persons in all—was twelve hundred dollars for four weeks. She sailed for Europe on Saturday in the Vanderbilt, leaving this bill unpaid. Her agent, Mr. Fish—or rather Mr. Lumley's agent—has been arrested and incarcerated. He will probably get bail somewhere. He is a good manager, but wholly unaccustomed to American ways, and during his Southern tour with Piccolomini, was constantly getting into hot water. Strakosch has bailed him out several times.

ADELINA PATTI is preparing for the stage, and will appear next fall under the supervision of Strakosch, who is her brother-in-law. She is now a beautiful, accomplished girl, about seventeen years of age. She speaks four or five languages, and is of course a talented musician, having commenced to sing in public when but seven years old. For the past two years she has been pursuing her studies in private, and now with a voice of great power, for one so young, and with an excellent execution, is anxiously awaiting her first appearance on the operatic stage, next September. The opera for the occasion is not yet decided upon, but it will most probably be the *Sonnambula*. Her friends confidently expect that she will become a really great operatic artist, and she comes of such a musical family, has had so many advantages, and possesses so much innate musical talent, that there is no reason to suppose that these anticipations will be disappointed. TROVATOR.

HARTFORD, CONN., JUNE 5. — The curly-headed pianist, STRAKOSCH, has been this way again, — not playing upon a "grand," but making a grand play upon the credulity of the people of this vicinity — advertising hugely, but coming to a most unprecedented *diminuendo* from the exalted *fortissimo* notice of what might have been expected at one of his concerts. It is the "nature of the animal," and therefore it could not be hardly Strakoschish, if there was not a sprinkling of humbuggery somewhere connected with one of his entertainments. Artists' names were presented to the public and then withdrawn; — "What's in a name?" — a programme with any other names will "take" as well! Why not have a variety? Every day brought forth something new, until it seemed as if he was trying to solve the mathematical problems of finding how many changes he could sing with the five names he had proposed, and, at the same time, how much change he could wring from the pockets of his dupes.

Mme. CORA DE WILHORST appeared at the concert on Tuesday evening, as advertised, and so did HENRY SQUIRES, and also WILLIAM SAAR, the pianist, with Signor PERUZZI, — a substitute for JUNCA, BARILI and MAGGIOROTTI. Wilhorst sang well, but fell far short of the delightful singing we had from BISCACCANTI a week or two before. As regards comparison of the two, — Biscaccianti is lady-like and graceful, — Wilhorst is impudent and stiff. Biscaccianti pets and humors her audience, — Wilhorst insists upon being humored and petted. Biscaccianti is a true woman, — Wilhorst a flirting school girl. Biscaccianti delights her audience to enthusiasm; Wilhorst merely pleases. Biscaccianti will fill the hall every time she comes here; Wilhorst will not. Cora must not be carried away with the idea, that she is the "Queen of Song" just yet; but approach her listeners with a little more humility and graciousness; relinquish some of her trills and avoid certain passages in the lower register of her voice, and she will please immensely. As it was, however, she was generally liked.

SQUIRES has improved much since he sang here with the "Estcott Troupe," a fact which I am very happy to chronicle. PERUZZI is a good, pleasing, substantial baritone, but nothing very remarkable. In WILLIAM SAAR, I was glad to meet an old Leipzig acquaintance, a contemporary pupil at the "Conservatorium," with your Boston pianist, Hugo Leonhard. He played a difficult "Polonase Concertant," by Chopin, a "Meditation," composed by himself, and an "Illustration from Don Juan," by Liszt; all of which were performed with true vigor and appreciation. His "Meditation" is a beautiful and original composition; parts of it having "run in my head" ever since the concert. The "Illustration," by Liszt, was the most difficult composition for piano-forte ever played in Truro Hall; in fact the first piece by that king of players that has been presented to a Hartford audience for years, if ever, and it was performed splendidly and received with great enthusiasm. However, had Mr. Saar played Gottschalk's "Banjo," or Thalberg's "Home, Sweet Home," he might have been called a more popular and "finished" performer, — because the ears of the mass would have been much more delicately tickled; but I trust that his determination not to "Stoop to conquer" an audience by any tricks of clap-trap will be fully kept up without any of the Satter-like retrogradation.

From Hartford the troupe proceeded in the direction of Springfield, where they were advertised to give a grand concert; but the "Republican" came out the next day with a notice, headed, "TRICKED AGAIN BY STRAKOSCH," and intimated to the composer of the "Musical Rockets," that although Springfield may be a hard place to obtain an audience at one of his concerts, he would find it a much *harder* one if he ever attempted another! It seems that the troupe did not make their appearance as advertised, not even

giving notice of their intention, and where they went to we have not been able to learn. One cent reward is offered for the whereabouts of the "Strakosch Concert Troupe!" H.

ST. LOUIS, JUNE 1. — I have been promising myself the pleasure of informing you for some little time of the various musical doings in our city, but nothing of any importance having transpired, concluded that it was useless to bore you with a recital of events characterized by no particular interest. We have been overrun, during the past winter, with amusements, calling for a disbursement of \$1 50 for reserved seats. STRAKOSCH, with a fine troupe, maintained his ground and dignity for about four weeks, to crowded houses, and then descended in one grand leap from the sublime to the ridiculous, by producing *Don Giovanni*, in a style so abominable, that, as the papers expressed it, the devils themselves were ashamed to appear, — one blue light and a Roman candle constituting a Pandemonium which would have frightened Beelzebub himself. No more success for Mr. Strakosch after that, and he incontinently "vamosed." Perhaps he may do better when people get back the breath — taken away by so brilliant an effort of his genius, — as well as by the extra tariff imposed on them, for seeing Mozart's immortal *Don Giovanni*.

After this we had the FORMES troupe, — then the PICCOLOMINI humbug — and then our musical star seemed to wane. — A new luminary arises, however, in the distance, who creates an unusual excitement in our musical circles. Madame ISADORA CLARK was to appear — Madame Clark was the finest singer in the world — Colson, La Grange, and the like, were very pretty singers in their way, but of no account when compared with the unheard of excellence of Madame Clark. She combines all their excellences without their defects, at least this was what her agent, Monsieur Clark, himself announced, and "he ought to know, so long had he been with her." This intelligence being bruited around, the excitement was at fever height. "*Monstere Clark*," already fingered the dollars of our liberal citizens; of course no one could resist his entertaining, patriotic appeals — and crowded the house must be. He was slightly dismayed to find about one hundred persons in the hall when eight o'clock came. Go on he must, however, and go on he did. We are sorry to be obliged to differ with him as to the merits of Mme. Clark. Her voice is thin, with very little cultivation; none of the characteristics of the thorough artists. A trill, or even a distinct roulade, was — or seemed to be — a moral impossibility with her. Her compass is not large, ascending no higher than C; and we could see no evidence of her fulfilling any of the promises made by her ubiquitous manager. He must learn to stop his "blowing," for among intelligent musicians — of which class he evidently did not seem to think that St. Louis possessed any — he is immediately pronounced a humbug.

I attended a very pleasant private soirée a few evenings since at Mr. E.'s — at which was performed music of a class worthy of notice. Mrs. BRAINERD, — recently from Chicago, (formerly Miss Kate Jones) — who by the way sings very finely — gave us several selections from various operas in fine style. Mr. AIKEN, formerly a townsman of yours, sang "The Wanderer" of Schubert, with "The Last Man," in fine style. Mr. BROWN, another new resident, gave us an "Etude de Concert," by Mason, an *Andante* of Thalberg's and Chopin's celebrated *Impromptu* in A flat, in his usual style. These, with a chorus for Misses' voices, from *Martha*, and a duet from the last resort, *Il Trovatore*, (finely given, however,) constituted a very respectable entertainment. Private social concerts are becoming quite the rage, and in due time I will try to tell you more. PRESTO.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by O. Ditson & Co.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Glad summer comes. (L'ara o l'avello.) From Verdi's "Luisa Miller." 25

Another gem added to those already published from this opera, adapted for the parlor, and laid within the range of ordinary voices.

That sweet dream of olden time. R. F. Lowell. 25

The Woodland Home. Song. C. M. Tracy. 25

Who would not love their mother. W. N. Field. 25

Three very pleasing songs.

The Captain with his whiskers. W. J. Florence. 30

A new song by that queer genius, Florence. Nobody need be told that it is extremely and irresistibly funny, and as Mrs. Florence is singing it now and will sing it all over the States, the demand for it will be extraordinary. The title-page is handsomely adorned with a medallion portrait of both the Florences.

This land my childhood recalls to me. (Di tua beltade immagine. From Donizetti's

"I Martiri." 25

This is a beautiful ballad from the "Martyrs," which opera has been but little known here, till of late. It will please all admirers of the fertile genius of Donizetti.

Judy Maley or Paddy's license. J. Blewitt. 25

Thoroughly comic.

Instrumental Music.

Beauties of Meyerbeer's opera "Les Huguenots." Charles Grobe. 50

Comprising all the best airs in an arrangement of medium difficulty.

The source of joy. A new medley. Charles Grobe. 50

A very amusing potpourri, composed of familiar airs, which appear and disappear abruptly as pictures in a magic lantern. It will be much relished by young piano players.

Messenger of Joy Galop. Ed. Neumann. 25

Extremely spirited and lively. Excellent dance-music. Galops are now all the go, and other dances become extinct. The above Galop is reported to have been the rage all over Germany during the last season.

La Fleurette Polka. G. W. Stratton. 25

Phonographic Waltz. C. H. Rondau. 25

Buccaneer's March. G. W. Stratton. 25

Light and easy.

Brinley's Quickstep. D. C. Hall. 25

This Quickstep, composed by the leader of the popular City Band, and dedicated to the Hon. Francis Brinley, was performed for the first time at the 221st anniversary of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery on the Common this week, on which occasion much was said in praise of it.

Books.

LIBRETTO OF THE OPERA *LUCREZIA BORGIA*. Composed by Donizetti. Italian and English words. With the music of the principal Airs. 25

This is the second of "Ditson & Co's Standard Opera Librettos," and is published uniform in style with the previous one, "*Il Trovatore*." The entire series will prove to be a collection of very desirable Hand books for the admirers of Operatic performances.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 376.

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Henry Heine about Music and Musicians.

IX. — MEYERBEER — (CONTINUED.)

Meyerbeer is now (1837) writing a new opera, to which I look forward with great curiosity. The development of this genius is for me an extremely noteworthy spectacle. I follow with interest the phases of his musical, as of his personal life, and I observe the mutual influences that operate between him and his European public. It is now ten years since I first met him in Berlin, between the university buildings and the watch-house, between science and the drum, and he seemed to me to feel himself very much cramped in that position. I recollect I met him in the company of Dr. Marx, who at that time belonged to a certain musical regency, which, during the minority of a certain young genius, then regarded as the legitimate successor to the throne of Mozart, paid steadfast homage to Sebastian Bach. The enthusiasm for Sebastian Bach however, was not merely intended to fill up that interregnum, but also to annihilate the reputation of Rossini, whom the regency most feared and consequently most hated. Meyerbeer then passed for an imitator of Rossini, and Doctor Marx treated him with a certain condescension, with a gracious, patronizing air of superiority, which I must heartily laugh to think of now. Rossini-ism was at that time the great sin of Meyerbeer; he was still far from the honor of being warred against upon his own account. He prudently refrained from all pretensions, and when I told him with what enthusiasm I had lately seen his *Crociato* produced in Italy, he smiled with moody melancholy and said: "You compromise yourself, if you praise me, poor Italian here, in Berlin, in the chief city of Sebastian Bach!"

Meyerbeer had then, in fact, become entirely an imitator of the Italians. Discontent with the moist-cold, acutely intellectual, colorless Berlinianism had early caused a natural reaction in him; he sprang away to Italy, enjoyed his life cheerfully, gave himself up there wholly to his private feelings, and composed there those precious operas, in which Rossini-ism is carried to the sweetest excess; it was gilding refined gold, and adding a stronger perfume to the rose. That was the happiest time of Meyerbeer; he wrote in the full contentment of Italian intoxication of the senses, and in life as in Art he plucked the lightest flowers.

But such a life could not long satisfy a German nature. A certain homesick longing for the earnestness of the Fatherland awoke in him; while he reclined beneath Italian myrtles, there crept over him a reminiscence of the mysterious shudder of the German oak woods; while zephyrs of the South caressed him, he thought of the sombre chorales of the north wind. It was with him perhaps as with Madame de Sevigné, who, when she lived near an orangery and was continually

breathed upon by the odor of mere orange blossoms, began at last to long for the bad smell of a good wholesome dung-cart. In short a new reaction took place; Signor Giacomo became suddenly again a German and again attached himself to Germany, not to the old, rotten, outlived Germany of short-winded town respectability, but to the young, great-hearted Germany of a new generation, which has made all the problems of humanity its own, and which bears the great questions of humanity inscribed, if not always on its banner, yet all the more inextinguishably in its heart.

Soon after the July revolution Meyerbeer came before the public with a work, which sprang from his soul during the agitation of that revolution; with *Robert le Diable*, the hero, who does not know exactly what he wants, who is in continual conflict with himself, a true type of the moral wavering of that period, which fluctuated with most torturing unrest between vice and virtue, chafing itself with strivings and hindrances, and never having strength enough to withstand the attacks of Satan! I am by no means an admirer of this opera, this master-work of timidity—I say of timidity, not merely as regards the matter, but also in the execution, since the composer does not yet trust his genius, does not yet dare to surrender himself to its complete will, and tremblingly serves the crowd, instead of fearlessly commanding it. At that time Meyerbeer was justly called an anxious genius; he lacked victorious faith in himself, he showed a fear of public opinion; the slightest fault found, frightened him; he flattered all the humors of the public, and shook hands in the most zealous manner, left and right, as if he recognized the popular sovereignty even in music and based his reign on the majority of votes, in opposition to Rossini, who as king by the grace of God reigned absolute in the domain of Music. This anxious habit never in his life has left him; he is still always concerned about the opinion of the public; but the success of *Robert le Diable* has had the happy effect that he is not weighed down by that care while he works, that he composes with far more certainty, that he lets the great will of his soul come forth in its creations. And with this enlarged freedom of the mind he wrote the "Huguenots," in which all doubts have vanished, the internal self-conflict has ceased, and the outward conflict between two has begun, astounding us with its colossal shape. By this work Meyerbeer first won his immortal right of citizenship in the eternal city of the soul, in the heavenly Jerusalem of Art. In the "Huguenots" Meyerbeer at last reveals himself without timidity; here with unterrified lines he sketches his whole thought; and all that stirred his breast, he has dared to express in unbridled tones.

What most peculiarly distinguishes this work, is the equilibrium attained between enthusiasm and artistic completeness, or, to express it better, the equal height which Art and passion reach in it;

the man and the artist have here competed with each other, and if the former rings the alarm bell of the wildest passions, the latter knows how to transfigure the rude tones of nature to tremulously sweetest euphony. While the great multitude are seized upon by the inward force, the passion of the "Huguenots," the connoisseur in Art admires the mastership shown in its forms. This work is a Gothic cathedral, whose heaven-climbing pillars and colossal cupola seem to have been reared by the bold hand of a giant, while the innumerable, finely ornamented festoons, rosettes and arabesques, that are spread over it like point-lace of stone, give evidence of a dwarf's indefatigable patience. A giant in the conception and shaping of the whole, a dwarf in the elaborate execution of the details, the architect of the "Huguenots" is as incomprehensible to us as the composers of the old cathedrals. As I stood a short time since with a friend before the cathedral at Amiens, and my friend surveyed that monument of rock-towering giant strength as well as of minutely carving, dwarf-like patience, with awe and sympathy, and finally asked me: "Why is it that we to-day are no longer able to produce such buildings?" I replied to him: "Dear Alphonso, men in those old times had convictions; we moderns have only opinions, and it requires something more than a mere opinion, to erect such a Gothic cathedral."

That is it. Meyerbeer is a man of conviction. This does not relate peculiarly, however, to the social questions of the day, although the sentiments of Meyerbeer in this regard are more firmly grounded than with other artists. Meyerbeer, whom the princes of this earth load with all possible marks of honor, and who also is so sensible to these distinctions, carries yet a heart in his breast, which glows for the loftiest interests of humanity, and he unreservedly acknowledges his worship for the heroes of the revolution. It is fortunate for him that many of the Northern "powers that be" understand no music, else they would see in the "Huguenots" more than a mere party conflict between Protestants and Catholics. Yet his convictions are not particularly of the political and still less of the religious sort. The peculiar religion of Meyerbeer is the religion of Mozart, Gluck, Beethoven, it is Music: only in this does he believe, only in this faith does he find his happiness, does he live with a conviction which, in depth, in passion, in enduringness, resembles the convictions of the earlier centuries. Nay, I might say, he is the apostle of this religion. With something like an apostolic zeal and earnestness he treats all that concerns his music. While other artists are satisfied when they have produced something beautiful, and not seldom lose all interest for their work, as soon as it is finished: with Meyerbeer, on the contrary the severest throes begin first after delivery; he is not satisfied until the creation of his mind is shiningly revealed to the rest of the people, until the whole public is edified by his music, until his

opera has poured into all hearts the feelings he would preach to the whole world, until he has communed with all humanity. As the apostle thinks neither of labors nor of sufferings, if he may save a single lost soul, so Meyerbeer, when he has learned that any one denies his music, will indefatigably ply him, until he has converted him to himself; and then the one lamb that is saved, though it be but the most insignificant soul of a feuilletonist, is dearer to him than the whole flock of the faithful, that have always worshipped him with orthodox fidelity.

(To be Continued.)

On the Recognition of Music among the Arts.

A Paper read at a meeting of the Society of Arts, London, May 13, 1859.

BY HENRY F. CHORLEY.

(Concluded from page 83.)

It has been already pointed out, that England's taste for music shows its strong bearings and preferences. To appreciate that which is instrumental in music, wordless, and prolonged, implies a smaller and more choice public than such crowds as frequent oratorio or opera. But in this branch of the art, too, enormous has been the increase of intelligence in England. Thirty years ago a Quartet or a Sonata was charily produced, as a bit of "*caviare* to the million," at the one instrumental concert which London then possessed;—that of the Philharmonic Society. Now the opportunities for hearing such music and for enjoying it are increased thirtyfold. The weekly Monday music in the St. James's Hall—and the catalogue of the works performed in the Free Trade Hall at Manchester, during two consecutive winter seasons, may be appealed to in proof of the progress of English appreciation in this department of the art also.

The minor and collateral facts which could be grouped from every corner of England, from every world of society, are not so perplexing to the speaker by their number as they would be tedious to the hearer. There is now an organ in Rugby School. The Liverpool Lending Library, purposely organized for the recreation of the hard-worked clerks and shopmen of that town, reports it expedient to purvey musical publications as part of the library of books to be lent. At the last great Birmingham Festival, the Town Hall was girdled round with a crowd of people, on the causeways and in the kennels—poorly-clad working people, thousands in number, who stood patiently for three hours to catch from without the sounds from within, and some of whom followed music from cheap printed music books. There was a gratuitous performance of the "*Messiah*" given shortly after this year came in by the Manchester gentlemen to their workmen. The testimony of some twenty of the performers of all classes engaged there assures us that the delight, decorum, and discrimination of the public, made the performance a delight for those to whom it has been entrusted.

This remarkable development of Music has followed a law of society with us. We can understand why bodies of persons congregated by every manufacture should take to part-singing readily, theirs being a life of daily discipline. But, on the other hand, our soldiers, also congregated under daily discipline, do not sing;—a thing strange to any one familiar with the sounds which issue from every German barrack. Observe moreover, that in England no vocal music of masses for men alone, without female admixture, has ever prospered. The Liedertafeln Societies of Germany are club pleasures arranged for the men, when they have escaped from the housekeeping companionship of their domestic life. Our club-frequenter goes to read the papers rather than to sing; neither do the best of them conceive female society a restraint in their pleasures—it may be because of the higher intellectual training of the English woman of the middle

classes. In all cases where amateur women participate in German public musical recreation there is something of state and festival. Here it comes as a matter of course.

Music again has a claim on recognition in the calls which are perpetually made on those practising it by Beneficence, Science, and Art, so often as any of their institutions stand in need of recommendations to attract the public. But if more generous arguments than those belonging to debtor and creditor cannot be introduced and weighed here, it would be fruitless and unbecoming to urge that plea.

Let us now meet the inquiry. What sort of recognition—what form of assistance do you desire? Let us consider the natural objection. What need to recognize that which testimony and memorial profess to be in such a flourishing estate as the state of music in England? Now, without pretending to lay down any law in the desire to excite discussion, certain considerations may be submitted in regard to an art which (to recapitulate) has caprices, conditions, and nationalities of its own—which bears intrinsic relationship to science—and an historical affinity and affection to other arts.

Let us see in England what some of the leading wants are:—

There are, first, not sufficient professional musicians in England to supply the present public demand; and this gives occasion to the pretensions of mediocrities, who, knowing themselves certain of employment, work little, demand a consideration disproportioned to their value, and tend to make of Music a pleasure more expensive than accessible. No reference can be hereby made to persons of genius. For their remuneration no standard can be provided. There can be no tariff by which the novels of a Scott or Dickens can be valued; nor the representative powers of a Rachel, a Lind, or a Paganini, rewarded. But there is great overpayment in one branch of the art among the mediocrities—and this grinds heavily on persons no less worthy in other branches. Because of the paucity of solo singers, they are rewarded out of proportion to their merits—because of such disproportion the instrumental musician is insufficiently requited. Now, to be a good orchestral player, demands as entire a life's devotion as to be a good vocalist. The fingers are as hard to train; the breath in the clarinet or bassoon is as difficult to regulate, as the most rebellious voice. There must be for both intelligence and science. But the emolument of a first-rate viola, oboe, or bassoon, as compared with that of a second-rate singer, is as one to ten—if not as one to twenty—hardly sufficing, after a much longer career of toil, to ensure the laborer a pittance for his old age. This inequality must be righted, in some small degree, were the standard of professional merit raised higher; and by the very measures adopted to raise this standard, something might fittingly be done, in recognition of the talent of a valuable yet ill-paid class of public servants.

In their case, public intervention might usefully replace that old direct patronage provided, and which to this day, abroad, provides decoration, pension, and maintenance, for those concerned in the representative arts. Recollect, however, that for the musician no such claim can be put forward as for the man of letters. Though the studies of player or of singer may have engrossed a whole life, they are measured, with a different standard, by public opinion. For him there can be no such indirect requital, as for his brother artist in poetry, or in fiction. Farinelli, the singer, it is true, was made a Prime Minister in Spain, and the late Emperor of Russia gave Rubini a regiment; but we should not dream of offering Mr. Sims Reeves a portfolio, or a treasury clerkship—or of representing that Miss Dolby should fill a place near Her Majesty's person, as did the authoress of "*Evelina*" in the reign of a former Queen of England.

Yet seeing that music is a science as well as an art, some compensating recognition and aid might be afforded in the matter of education—such as hardly can be given to drama, poetry, or romance. Out of no college exercises could come

a "*Manfred*," a "*Bride of Lammermoor*," or a "*Mistress Camp*. In no female academy could a Miss Edgeworth, or a Miss Austen, be trained how to weave their admirable tissues of art from the materials of every-day life. The musician even depends more on teaching and training than the painter, because his is a more exact science. Rules and processes are essential to his excellence, whether he be a composer or an executant, which no mother instinct, no imitative quickness can supersede.

This education question is beset with difficulties on every side; in no case more thickly beset than in that of music. Some years ago, when the Council of Education availed itself of the assistance of music to popularize its plans, an attempt was made to gain a subsidy for the methods which had excited so much attention and bore such immediate fruit. The Council, however willing to call in the art as an aid, declined protecting it in any way; and considering the difficulties of the question at that time, any vote which might have been then gained, might have caused so much cavil, might have been so wrested from its true purpose, as to have failed in its object. It may not prove practicable to help on music, when it is employed in its diluted form, as an accomplishment thrown in to lighten more severe and scholastic studies; but a central college, affording the best and cheapest education to professors and artists of the highest class, might prove an object of care, more manageable, perhaps, or more beneficial. We cherish a tree at its roots more efficiently, than by watering its single leaves or by training its smaller branches.

It is true that we have what is called a Royal Academy of Music in London: an institution which it would be pleasanter to pass by than to enter. By entering it some pain must be given to worthy persons, but attention must be called to the capricious basis on which that structure stands, and to the peculiarities of its organization. These are of such a nature, that during the last twenty years not one single artist, capable of doing England, or the Academy, or music, credit before the public, has issued thence—not a single singer capable of saying and singing the songs of Handel, or able to cope with foreigners in foreign singing—not a single instrumental player of any renown—not a solitary composition which has lived beyond the hour when it was transcribed from the exercise book. During twenty years past London has contained materials for such a central college as can exist in no other European capital; the illogical consequence has been, that our students of both sexes have been driven abroad, partly because of the superior cheapness of instruction—partly because of its superior quality.

It has been asserted that London is richer in material than any other capital. The difficulties of getting a complete foreign musical education are manifold for an English student, who must needs acquaint himself with all styles and countries of music. The conservatories of Italy, Germany, and France, had and have each their special excellences. Italy, pre-eminent for the use and training of the voice; Germany, for instrumental proficiency and general theory; France, for readiness and brilliancy, especially as connected with stage declamation. Each of these schools has its preferences as well as its prejudices. The Italians, as a class, regard German music with a mysterious and impatient antipathy. The Germans have a distaste for every thing in music that is Italian, as something slight and sensual, and when they try to enter its domain they do so heavily and awkwardly. The French stamp a French seal on both German and Italian music, ere they will allow either to pass the barriers of Paris. One language, one style may be acquired in each country; but did the English student successively study in all the three schools, he would have to add, to complete—and to prepare himself for English tastes, habits, and occupations on his return.

In pursuance of this assertion a step further, your attention must be drawn to the influences of foreign education on the character and manners of the musician. Perhaps there is no class of ex-

hibiting artists who, in these respects, stand in such need of wise and thoughtful training as they —exposed, as they are, perpetually, on the one side, to public flattery, on the other, to private association with persons less educated if not less scrupulous in morals than themselves. The good side of life and of manners in foreign countries is less likely to strike young and inexperienced visitors endowed with the artist's temperament than the slackened sense of duty and obligation—than the facility of certain pleasures and indulgences, which neither magic nor money can produce for them on their return home. Very few have returned without having something to regret, and much still to learn, yet more to unlearn. And since women play a much more indispensable part in Music than in other arts, it need not be suggested how, in this particular branch of education, the separation of families, the breaking of home-ties, the adoption of foreign manners and habits, useless at home, are so many things to be deprecated by all who do not separate art from manners and morals—from all that is comprehended in the word civilization.

A more practical fact remains to be advanced. While our English respect for music, and while, in consequence, our cultivation of music has increased, the great foreign schools have been dwindling in authority, because the greatest professors have been gradually diminishing. The fact is, that some of the best have been led to root themselves in England. That many of these have no place in our Royal Academy is to be accounted for by the dearth of life here, and the high fees to be obtained by private tuition. Such professors, as matters stand, cannot be expected to devote themselves to professional pupils on fees so disproportioned to those which they receive from fortuitous sources. Hence, it must be told, has arisen, in our unbenevolent Royal Academy, that system of deputies and subordinates in which the raw and crude student has been too often allowed to take charge of the education of the pupil only a stage more raw and crude than himself, who has entered the school in good faith and hope of a first-class education, yet whose education costs him more than it would have done at Leipzig, or Paris, or Milan, or Brussels. Is it Utopian to fancy that, by a certain sum devoted to endowments, a superior and less variable quality of instruction might be obtained? thereby recognizing the merit of the best professors whom we may possess by birth, or may entertain by position; thereby making it possible for English parents to educate English children at home, on accessible terms, in all the great schools of music, in all the great branches of art, with an eye expressly to English wants and capacities—and without that utter disruption of family ties and sympathies, which, in England, can never take place without some chance of failure and unhappiness among those who, however glad to go, are yet compelled to return. Is it Utopian to fancy that with some such scheme, there might be combined some such plan of travelling scholarships, as forms part of the statutes of the Conservatory of Paris? In reward, maintenance for a while of such pupils as had most notably distinguished themselves. Such might, by foreign experience and enlargement of sympathy, be led to enrich, not denationalize themselves, so as to do honor to Music's country, which is, after all, the whole civilized world.

It seems not wholly extravagant to conceive that London, Birmingham, some central town in Yorkshire, and Manchester and Liverpool conjointly, might enjoy this advantage in recognition of the remarkable advance shown in the cultivation of music, and of the services which these districts render to the great cause of art. It seems not grasping at a vision to submit that such a scheme might be cautiously tried, and gradually extended; and what is more, though not self-supporting, be turned to account in raising the standard of execution, and enlarging the resources brought to bear upon public representations.

The pupils of the Music School at Paris can, to a certain degree, be claimed by the government theatres of that city; and hence it arises, that though every year does not bring its comple-

ment of artists of genius, the average service of such theatres in Paris is better, and attainable on easier terms, than in many far cheaper capitals. That some theatres, relieved of some among the heavy incumbrances which weigh on such undertakings, and on no overgrown scale of pretension or cost, might be connected with such a central college as has been adverted to, is perhaps not impossible. Then, supposing some such provision for education tried, is it Utopian, further, to fancy that Government might recognize Music by calling it in, as it does painting, to take its commemorative part in the celebration of national events? Why should not such court patronage, as in the last century called from Handel the famous Dettingen Te Deum on the occasion of a victory, be replaced by a National Commission for Music to put forth its powers when a great victory is won, or when the nation buries its great hero, or when a great peace is concluded? If our painters and sculptors are summoned to decorate our palace of legislature, to raise trophies and effigies in record of achievement, is it in justice that a sister art should be shut out, or admitted by hap-hazard, as it were, so as to leave no chance for the hymn of the hour becoming a poem for all time? Considering what we have seen of its acceptance among all classes, of its recent growth in this country with a rapidity almost unrivalled, the question is worth being considered by all generous persons. To give the world any thing analogous to "See the Conquering hero comes," or "Rule Britannia," or a setting which should set out such a lyric as "Ye Mariners of England," is an attempt to be no more neglected than that which tries to write England's great deeds on the walls of her council chamber, or to raise a fitting tomb to England's great warrior, when at last he is taken home.

There is yet another form of recognizing Music which may be suggested. What, if some assistance were given to the collection of a musical library? Why might not there be the judicious purchase of manuscripts and scarce works, not irrespective of the curiosity attaching itself to relics? Every month makes such a task more difficult. During the last ten years, some of the most valuable and interesting collections of manuscripts and relics in being have been waiting for purchasers. Among the former, may be named, those gathered by the Abbé Baini, in Rome, which are said to have amounted to the most ample library of antique Italian Church music in being. Among the latter, the original manuscripts of Mozart's imperishable works, and (for England) even more desirable, two series of manuscript copies of Handel's masterpieces, both made under his superintendence, differing one from the other, and both differing from the collection in her Majesty's library. To all concerning themselves in Handel's music, these different editions in manuscript are as valuable (in their art) as the different folio editions of Shakespeare, — with this superior recommendation, that each was unique. Each collection might have been secured for a moderately trifling sum. Should not some of these things find their way into the National Library, from time to time, in fairness and consideration for the world in which we are living?

Last of all, if any or all of the above suggestions be put aside as premature or prejudiced, this much at least might perhaps be accorded: — such a hearing of evidence and testimony as some years since was granted by Parliament to managers, actors, and dramatists, when the question of playhouse monopoly was stirred. Just now, when so many grave questions are before the public, it may seem more than ordinarily frivolous to hint at such a possibility; but this discussion, you will recollect, was appointed ere the present momentous state of public affairs had commenced — and the hint becomes inevitable by way of close to the foregoing speculations. Should such a question be brought to public hearing — in the midst of much that was tiresome, irrelevant, self-interested — information would assuredly be brought together, filling out the meagre outline just offered to you, showing the vast spread of music in this country — its beneficial influences on every class of society — its present wants and

disadvantages, as compared with science and art — and possibly confirming, not merely the graciousness, but the justice, too, of some ascertained official assistance to remedy the wants and disadvantages aforesaid.

In any event, by your consenting to receive this paper, a step has been made. While the producer of it feels that he has done imperfect justice to his subject, he may perhaps be allowed to fancy that he has done a laborer's part in preparing the surface, into which some more eloquent and experienced advocate may succeed in introducing the small end of the wedge. The official recognition of music among other fine arts can only be a question of time in England, — because it is one of justice.

How to Sell a Piano.

Of all the false household gods, that are not gods, but demons — of all the hideous skeletons that mope and mew in corners of peaceful dwellings, there is nothing more detestable than a thoroughly bad and new piano. An instrument whose keys are heavy and clogged, and refuse to move under any but the most muscular grasp; whose wires are dumb for any harmonious utterances, and find speech only for a loose, short, tinkling sound, that is thoughtful enough to die away as soon as produced; but whose outer shell, if not in accordance with the severest decorative taste, is highly polished and showy to the eye, is nothing but a musical, melancholy, delusive apple of the Dead Sea. The mechanism of such an instrument is worn and faded with age, while its case is so new that the damp of nature has hardly left the wood. Many thousands of such pianos are annually made in this country, and disposed of through an elaborate organization with tolerable success. They are always well advertised as bargains sold under peculiar circumstances, and purchasers are always ready to be caught by such a taking advice. I have not always been so worldly-wise myself. It was only the other day that I bought an instrument in this way, which has since, I am happy to state, been turned into profitable use as a mustard-and-cress bed. The record of my experience may be a warning to those who have the same money and the same desire to buy a piano, and who are, at present, as innocent as I once was, but never hope to be again.

The first piano that I visited was described in the advertising columns of the leading daily journals, as "a sweet and elegant instrument, chaste in design, pliable in touch, with all the latest improvements; the property of a lady who was going to Sierra Leone." The address was a lodging house in a genteel decayed neighborhood; and I was struck by the contrast between the brilliant face of the instrument, and the faded appearance of the well-worn furniture in the room.

"You haven't had it long, ma'am?" I said, addressing the lady who was about to proceed to Sierra Leone.

"No, sir," she replied, "and there's the annoyance. If I'd known my medical man was going to order me Sirry Leony for the benefit of my health, I shouldn't have bought it, as I did, only two months ago."

"That's rather a curious place to be ordered to for your health, ma'am," I said; "the most fatal spot for Europeans on the globe."

"I leave it to my doctor," she replied, promptly, "who knows my constitution best. Shall I have the pleasure of sending the piano home at fifty pounds?"

"Thank you," I replied, "I have got my daughter to consult, but I will lose no time in letting you know."

"There are two other persons after it," she returned, as she showed me to the door; "and if you could oblige me during the day?"

"Oh, certainly," I said, "you may consider it done."

I did not decide to purchase this "chaste and pliable instrument;" and I believe its nominal owner did not go to Sierra Leone, as I saw the same advertisement repeated, at intervals, for several months after this interview.

The next piano that I visited was one described in very similar terms, except that it was the property of a bereaved parent. Children will die, and pianos must be sold, and as public inspection was invited, I got over any natural delicacy that I might have felt in trespassing, as a stranger, upon the sacred domains of private grief.

The address was again a lodging house in the same neighborhood, with very similar furniture, and a very similar instrument — so similar, in fact, that it might have been the identical one I had gazed upon a few

weeks before. A female servant attended me during the inspection.

"Missus," said the girl, handing me a written paper, "as put down the lowest she'll take, an' if you don't like that amonnt, p'raps, she ses, you'll make a offer."

"Isn't your mistress at home, then?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," replied the girl; "but she never comes into this room, and never will until that pianny's moved out of it."

"Indeed!" I observed.

"No, sir," continued the girl, "becos you see it belonged to Miss Mariar, who was the fav'rite child."

"It looks very new," I answered, "as if the child hadn't used it much."

"Lor' bless you, sir!" returned the girl, "Miss Mariar thought nothink of 'aving a new pianny ev'ry week, and the men was always a-muekin' the stairs in bringin' 'em in, or takin' 'em out."

"Is Miss Maria, as you call her, the child that's dead?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," she answered, "I think she is."

I at once took my leave, without any further remarks, and, as the door closed behind me, I fancied I heard a somewhat angry conversation between the girl and some other female voice (perhaps the invisible mistress's) in the passage.

Unfavorable as were my impressions of the two last visits, I resolved to persevere in my search; and the next advertisement that attracted me, was one in which an aged man, whose sands of life had nearly run out, announced his wish to provide a new home for his piano before his death.

"You've kept it in excellent condition," I remarked to the venerable-looking owner, for it seemed to me as new and as showy as the other two I had taken the trouble to examine.

"I have," he replied, "and I shouldn't like to part with it to any man who wouldn't treat it as well. It's been a companion to me for many years, and I respect it."

"A very proper feeling," I remarked, "and I hesitate in offering to deprive you of such a companion."

"Not at all, sir," he answered quickly; "not at all. With one foot in the grave, it's not proper that I should stand with the other foot in a piano. I've no friends or relations—none whatever—the instrument's yours for fifty pounds."

"I think," I said, "I must take time to consider before I decide."

"Why?" he asked, sharply. "You're a man of business: so am I."

"True," I answered; "but this is a transaction like marriage, which a man seldom enters into more than once during a life."

"Pay me five-and-forty pounds," he said, "and the loss of the difference will fall upon the charity to which I shall give the money."

"I think I must decline the purchase altogether," I replied.

"You've either been playing upon my feelings, sir," he said, with much energy, "or wasting my time."

"Neither," I replied.

"Perhaps you are looking for a hurdy-gurdy?" he asked, sarcastically.

"Wrong again," I returned; "the fact is, I have seen this instrument before, at the house of a lady who ought, by this time, to be at Sierra Leone."

A minute but peculiar mark on one of the keys had enabled me to satisfy myself about this discovery, which turned out to be right. As I took my leave of the piano-forte proprietor, whose sands of life—according to the advertisement—had nearly run out, I noticed a slight change in the position of his wig, to say nothing of his altered tone and manner, which made him more youthful by thirty years.

My experience by this time ought to have satisfied me that little pecuniary benefit was to be derived from hunting for bargains out of the regular order of trade. Curiosity, however, led me on; and the little knowledge I had already gained produced a feeling of confidence—perhaps over-confidence—in my wisdom and keenness that gave an additional zest to the pursuit.

The next piano that I visited was the property of a widow lady in reduced circumstances, who was compelled to part with some of the luxuries that had adorned her once happy home. The address was still the same kind of front parlor in a house let out for lodgings, and the piano was still the same kind of gay, showy, got-up-looking instrument, refusing in its shiny coat of sticky, treacly varnish, to harmonize with the other threadbare and dusty trappings of the room. After a few minutes' delay, the lady made her appearance, dressed in an ordinary vulgar dress, and with nothing of the widow about her except a particularly large and frightful cap, which she had

evidently put on in a hurry, to attend me in what she considered becoming costume.

"You'll excuse me, sir," she said, with emotion, "if I seem to hurry you, but you know how painful it must be to me to sell anything that belonged to him, when he's only been dead a month—a month come next Wednesday."

"Indeed!" I said, with a voice of sympathy; "is it a six three-quarter octave?"

"No, sir," she returned, with a deep sigh, "he couldn't a-bear anything larger than a six-and-a-half. He never had strength enough to play upon it, though he gave eighty-five guineas for it a month before he died; and I suppose I musn't ask any more than sixty."

"I thought it seemed very new," I replied; "unseasoned, if I may use the term."

"No, sir," she said, "not unseasoned. New, if you like, but not unseasoned; he was too good a judge for that; and his last words almost were, 'Mary Anne, if you let that instrument go for less than I gave for it, you'll do yourself an injury.'"

I went direct from the widow's house, of course without having made a purchase, to look at the piano of a widower in reduced circumstances, which, my advertisement list told me, was for sale in the next street. The instrument might have been the twin-brother of the widow's piano, and the widower might have been the husband of the widow. The house was again a lodging-house; the apartment was again a faded front parlor; and the bereaved owner of the property was a middle-aged man, who had huddled on a shabby black coat over a blue shirt and highly-fanciful waistcoat, which gave him the appearance of a professional cricketer, made hurriedly decent to attend a funeral.

"You'll pardon me, sir," he said, in tones of deep feeling, "if I appear to hasten your departure, but you know how trying it is to dispose of anything that belonged to her, when she's only been dead a fortnight—a fortnight next Saturday."

"Indeed!" I replied, in the same tone I had used to the widow, for the speech was, in substance, the same; "is it a full seven octave?"

"No, sir," he replied, with a heavy sigh, "her fancy always ran upon six and three-quarters. It seems only yesterday that I gave eighty guineas for it, before she was taken from us, and now I suppose I musn't expect to get more than sixty pounds in cash."

"I'm afraid," I answered, "that it's too new—too unseasoned for me to venture on its purchase."

"Too new, sir! too unseasoned!" he exclaimed, in astonishment; "don't say that, because I know she was too good a judge to be imposed on. It was only a few days before she was taken from us that she said to me, 'Robert, it was very kind of you to spend your poor mother's legacy in buying me a piano; but it'll be no loss to you. You'll get back all you gave for it, if you put it up to auction.'"

Having had enough of this mixture of the grave and the huckster's shop, I passed still pianoless, to a more cheerful atmosphere. A young man, in chambers, had advertised an instrument for sale, which he had unexpectedly won at a raffle; and though his direction was not very promising, resolved to pay him a visit. The instrument, as I expected, presented the same old familiar face that I had gazed upon so often for the few weeks, and I seemed to welcome it as a tried and valued friend.

The young man, who looked like one of those commercial travellers who leave Josephus in penny numbers at street-doors upon commission, affected an extremely off-hand, living-in-chambers manner in displaying his property.

"There you are," he said, throwing up the lid; "a piano's all very well, but it don't suit my book."

"You don't play, then?" I asked.

"No time," he replied, "for all that sort o' thing when you're going in for the law."

"No," I said, "I suppose not. The instrument seems remarkably new."

"Does it?" he returned. "I'm no judge. They tell me it's worth eighty sovs., and I want fifty for it. That won't break anybody's back."

"No," I said; "but I don't think it's quite the thing to suit me."

"Say five-and-forty, then. It cost me nothing, and I want to buy a dog-cart."

"I think I must decline," I replied.

"You don't seem to know your own mind," he said.

"I know the piano, though," I returned. "It belongs to one whose sands of life ought by this time to be thoroughly run out."

The young man in chambers said no more, for he saw that I was an exceedingly well informed man. The instrument was the same one, with the small

mark on one of the keys, that I had examined at the house of the venerable-looking secret agent.

I did not give up the investigation even at this point, but passing from these channels of private enterprise to a more public field, I visited a piano that was on view at a hat shop in a leading thoroughfare. It was still one of the same large family of instruments that was presented to my view, though the man who exhibited it was not made to perform any particular character, except that of an affable tradesman.

"Musie's a nice accomplishment, sir?" he said, as I tried the keys with a very lame performance of the "Merry Swiss Boy," and variations.

"Ye—s," I said, endeavoring to speak without interrupting the flow of harmony.

"Wish I had your touch, sir," he continued. "You must have learnt very young."

"No," I said, affecting not to hear his last remarks, "this instrument's not the one for my money."

"Of course not, sir; certainly not, sir," he returned quickly; "I thought so the moment I heard you run your fingers over the keys. There's no deceiving you, you're too good a judge of the article."

"Good morning," I said, preparing to go, though pleased by his observations.

"If you'll step up-stairs, sir," he replied confidentially, "I think I can snit you to a hair, though we don't want it generally known that we sell pianos at a hat shop."

I went up stairs, under the guidance of a boy, who took me to the second landing, where I was introduced to a long room crammed full of every variety of instruments. The master followed in a few minutes, and seemed astonished that I was standing in the middle of his secret stock, instead of in another department, where he meant me to be ushered to inspect another solitary specimen.

"Well, sir," he said, with some little embarrassment, "since you've been shown in here by that stupid boy, I can say no more. You're a man of the world, and must know that a hat warehouse is not half full of pianos without a reason. They may be smuggled, or they may be—However, we'll say no more about it, here they are. I hope, sir, you'll take no notice of the singular circumstance."

"Oh, certainly," I replied, "it's nothing to me."

"Thank you, sir," he returned, quickly, "much obliged, I'm sure; and since you are here, if there's any instrument you'd like to select, you may place your hand on any one of them for fifty pounds."

I own that I was weak enough to be deceived by the elaborate train of deception, and that I suffered accordingly. I selected an instrument for a fifty pound note, which faded away in harmony and appearance before it had been in my possession six months, notwithstanding that it was treated in the most kind and considerate manner. I called in the services of a professional man to effect an encre, and he candidly told me that the operation was impossible. The piano had only one fault, but that was of the most unreformable kind—it was a bargain bought, in a moment of weakness, at a hat shop.

War Songs and War Music.

In our harmless military parade, where no more tiresome service than a tramp up Broadway is required, the music of the Dodworths and Sheltons is often the best, and to the majority of the spectators the most pleasing feature of the display, while to those in the line it is quite indispensable in the march. From the earliest days—from the times of Moses down to the present moment—no band of soldiers of any extent has undertaken a march without the enlivening influence of music. The inevitable passion formerly displayed itself in the shawm and sackbut, and is now as fully manifested in the drum, trumpet, cornet and other instruments that accompany the march of modern armies.

During the last few years military music has made considerable advance. The hands of Austria are almost without rivals, and in Italy the only benefit that the "Tedeschi" have brought to the Italians over whom they were stationed, is the music. At Florence the Austrian bands, aided by native Italian musicians, were accustomed to play daily before the palace of the Grand Duke and in the fashionable resort of the Cascine. At Bologna and Ancona, and the various Lombard towns, where the Austrians are stationed in great numbers, the military music is also excellent, and at Rome the French troops indulge the people with a similar luxury, playing almost daily on the Pincian Hill.

In Prussia the military music is considered admirable, and in Turkey, also, it has, under the supervision of Giuseppe Donizetti, the brother of the great composer, attained a high degree of excellence.

But instrumental music is not always enough for

the soldier. He desires something beside the ear-piercing fife and the shrill trumpet. He feels the need of some vocal demonstration, in which he can himself take part. This feeling is universal, and manifests itself in the war whoop of the American savage, as well as in the more finished war songs of the moderns. France, indeed, seems to have the pre-eminence for military songs. First of all is that most thrilling strain of *Rouget de l'Isle*, the world-renowned *Marsellaise*, than which there is not a nobler war-song in existence. Then follow the *Mourir pour la Patrie*, Queen Hortense's pleasing composition, *Partant pour le Syrie*, and a number of other local and ephemeral pieces, like the almost childish "*Monsieur Malbro, il est mort*," that serve a good purpose for a time, at least. The English, on the contrary, are almost destitute of such songs. Their great national anthem, "God Save the Queen," is, with its majestic choral harmonies, utterly unsuited for a war song. During the Crimean struggle the favorite ballad *Annie Laurie*, and a new song, "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," were very popular with the soldiers, and were often sung in unison by whole regiments. The Italians, for such a musical people, have few if any real war songs. The famous *Suoni la tromba* of Bellini has often served to inspire patriotism and arouse courage, but it can hardly be considered a national war song.

The *Courier des Etats Unis* contains some interesting remarks about the songs for the present European war. We translate the following:

"From the first day of their entry in that country the future heroes of the Italian war have sought to express, by the choice of the songs with which they enlivened their marches, the unanimous sentiments with which their brave hearts are filled. So far they appear to have a preference for the patriotic refrain, *Mourir pour la Patrie*.

"These complets, familiarized by the celebrated drama of *Chevalier de Maison Rouge*, and which popular tradition has baptized by the name of the 'Girondist's Song,' are now the cries of the spontaneous enthusiasm awakened in the hearts of our soldiers at the approach of the conflict.

"The words of this war song have really never had the slightest relation to the Girondists, notwithstanding Alexander Dumas; they were written by Marshal Brune while he was yet general of the brigade. It is only a few years since M. Lavardet, the autograph collector, had in his possession the detached pages of a memorandum book on which were yet legible these complets, written with a pencil by Brune himself, with all the erasures and corrections.

"The *Piemontaise*—words by Auguste Barbier, and music by Madame Dentu—is also frequently sung along the boulevards and in the suburbs. It reads as follows:

"Peuple de France, en guerre, en guerre!
Enfants des champs, enfants de la cité,
Lévous-nous tous, aux armes! notre mere
A dans les cieux agité sa bannière,
En guerre pour la liberté! (Bis.)

"Ah! cette fois c'est la dernière,
C'est le dernier des grands combats;
Encor quelques jours de misère,
Encor la foudre et ses éclats.
Et puis dans une paix profonde,
Pour toujours, les peuples du monde
Reposeront leur membres las. (Bis.)

"Loin de nous de prendre l'épée
Pour avilir les nations.
Peser sur leur terre usurpée
Et souffler leurs vieux blasons:
Nous voulons, guerriers magnanimes,
Délivrer de nobles victimes
De l'échafaud et des prisons! (Bis.)

"Oui, nos bras s'arment pour défaire
L'œuvre injuste des anciens rois,
Pour relever de la poussière
Le front d'un grand peuple aux abois,
Et sans intérêt, sans colère,
D'aider à ressusciter sur terre
Son rang véritable et ses droits. (Bis.)

"Italie, ô sœur malheureuse!
Ton cri n'est point oublié
De sa nourrice de beauté.
Pour tous les trésors de science
Que tu versas sur notre enfance
Nous te rendrons la liberté. (Bis.)"

In Piedmont, continues the *Courier*, the military musicians welcome our soldiers by playing the *Marsellaise*; but, what a *Marsellaise*! A *Marsellaise* Italianized and tricked out with flourishes and cadenzas that metamorphose this energetic air into a pleasing dance tune—a real boarding-school-miss *Marsellaise*.

Both in Paris and the provinces the *Chalet* has never been so popular, and the spectators invariably demand a repetition of the lines:

"Dans le service de l'Autriche
Le militaire n'est pas riche.
Chacun sait ça."

It is a noticeable fact that real war music has always been dreaded by despotic government. There are countries where no one dare raise a note of the *Marsellaise*. But now it is sung by troops all the way from Paris to Rome. It re-echoes in the passes of the Alps, and arises from the plains of Lombardy. To the Italians it is already a signal of relief and rescue, and may yet be a coronation anthem of triumph and liberty.—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

The Opera Humbug.

MR. DWIGHT, — The good folks down East have been sorely provoked by the fuss made in the Boston papers about the Italian Opera — more properly pronounced by some Uproar. We have been inclined to think you were making a mistake about it, and are now happy to be confirmed in that idea by the following valuable piece of criticism, from the *Gospel Banner*, of Augusta, Maine. The worthy editor kindly waived his scruples against patronizing the theatre, for the purpose of testing, by his own experience, how these expensive entertainments compare with the simple, unaffected, intelligible concerts we have down our way, at twelve and a half cents a head admission, without any cost for librettos. The excellent editor must be a competent judge, for we have his own assurance that he has not only one, but two ears for music, and those probably long ones, and loves "good music." No wonder he objects to the "puerile, noisy, senseless" Italian Opera.

NATIVE.

While in Boston, Anniversary Week, we availed ourselves of an opportunity to go to the Opera — not as a minister, but as an editor! *pro bono publico*. We had long wondered at the infatuation of opera-goers, and had been desirous of seeing for myself what it is that attracts thousands to expend so much money and time, and we knew no better way of learning than to look and listen for myself. So, having been told that the whole force of the famous troupe now in Boston would bring out parts of the three great operas — *La Sonnambula*, *Norma*, and *Lucia di Lammermoor* — on Saturday afternoon, we went.

The spectacle that saluted the eye before the rising of the curtain was a magnificent one. The whole floor was occupied by finely dressed ladies and gentlemen, as were the three galleries rising one above the other into the lofty dome which was brilliantly lighted. And the music of the orchestra, and now and then a strain of the singing were fine, but the performance, as a whole, we thought a bore. Whiskered men and painted women, tricked out in plush and tinsel, growling, and grunting, and shrieking, and qualling, sometimes in solo, and then in duet, and anon the whole swarm like so many cats, gesticulating, and menacing, and embracing, and frowning, and going through with all sorts of antics, like a gibberish that nobody can understand, that is the Italian Opera, as we saw it. Had it not been for a few strains — of which *Casta Diva* as sung by Madame Laborde is never to be forgotten — and *Carl Formes* bass singing — it would have been insufferable. And yet, when some performer went through with his or her throat-splitting vocal gymnastics, it was curious to see the audience — such being the *fashion* just now — go into fits of enthusiasm. To us — and we profess not only to have an ear but two ears for music — a quiet seat on a mossy rock, near some pond full of frogs, would have been quite as edifying, and nearly as musical. We do not understand how men and women can night after night listen to such, and then lie abed the long beautiful mornings of May, when, had they retired betimes, they might go out on their glorious common, and listen to a concert, compared to which all that the *omnis*, and *nimis*, and *dimis*, and *isis*, and all the rest of them can do would be harsh discord.

We must think that those who thus spend much of their time place a low value on it; that those who seek their amusements thus must be hard pushed for enjoyment; that those who call it music have a curious taste, while those who expend their money thus are richly entitled to the benefit of the proverb we could not help applying to ourselves as we left the place: "A fool and his money are soon parted!"

A good drama is worth while a concert of good music and words is the richest possible entertainment; but from such puerile, noisy, senseless performances as an Italian Opera, good Lord deliver us!

The great Festival at Jones's Wood.

(From the N. Y. Tribune, June 9.)

New-York—the city—is composed of such diverse, not to say of hostile, elements, that events which would command affectionate local interest, and perhaps be embalmed in history, pass here as much unnoticed as though they belonged to the volant phenomena of a Tartar camp. Of this sort are the musical festivals of the great German population, as exhibited annually in the delectable groves just outside the city lots. One of these came off on Monday and Tuesday, at Jones's Wood. Imagine what an enthusiastic German poet—a Göthe, a Schiller, or a Heine—would sing of the lyrical gatherings on the chief of the German rivers, and change the geography, leaving the men and women just the same as in the fatherland—and we have the scene of yesterday. The air was fragrant with the virgin-like freshness of May. The river rolled in tranquil beauty. The multitudes gathered in decency and good order, without a bayonet to save society, or any similar sanguinary horrors which aristocratic Europe deems indispensable. The musicians, to the number of several hundred, assembled, and clustered on a colossal platform, where, under the direction of Mr. Eisfeld and Mr. Dodworth, they discoursed their harmonies. The following is the list of pieces splendidly played by a wind orchestra of several hundred performers: Selections from Robert le Diable; Meyerbeer; Grand Military Overture, Mendelssohn. March Prince Albert, Kuhner; Selection from Martha, Flotow; Overture, Stradella, Flotow; Fackel-Tanz, Meyerbeer.

During an interval in this performance, Mr. Wm. Henry Fry delivered an address, as follows:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: This is the third time I have been honored with the duty of addressing a monster gathering, assembled to signalize the profession and benevolent needs of musical artists. The first time was when 20,000 people were gathered together in the Crystal Palace, at the period when the arts and industries of all the civilized nations were condensed there in generous contestation—vindicating the Universal progress of humanity, and assuring as was thought, the peace of Christendom—especially that of Europe; but, oh! where is that peace now in the old world? But we may congratulate ourselves that we are at peace, although Europe is surrendered to the coarse objectivities of national hates—to the awful dynamics of war—by which peasants, mechanics, and artisans shoot one another with the intensities of long artillery-ranges and Minnie rifle-extensions, without the lean satisfaction of looking a so-called enemy in the eyes or distinguishing him from a donkey or a stump. We may remember too that we are assembled under a dome, not as that of the Crystal Palace, which was wiled by fire in a few seconds; but under the dome of heaven whose arch is beyond destruction or decay. [Applause.]

"Close as we are here to the most beautiful river in America, our own Hudson, I cannot but recall the glorious German Rhine—[cheers]—the Rhine, and the brave men of the Rhine, and the beautiful girls of the Rhine, and the inspiring wine of the Rhine—and the lager beer of the Rhine. [Laughter.] It seems to me that although this gathering is expressly international; owing to the predominance of the German element among performers and auditors, it is easy to suppose oneself on the banks of the old German river, so refulgent with natural and historic beauties. [Cheers.] I cannot, too, omit to express the satisfaction which I feel as an American, that while havoc riots in Europe, here in America—and especially in this great city, which is tangent to the ocean common to the old continent—all nations, all peoples, all bloods, are fused in common social affinities, and at this moment symbolized by the indestructible harmonies of musical laws. [Cheers.] Permit me to say that what I understand of the spirit of our people and our institutions—of the very life of our glorious city, crescent every hour in municipal supremacy—is the generous welcome which is afforded to the industry and art, the talent and genius of Europe—embracing each man who is worthy as a brother and a friend, and strengthening the national arm, without any of the stale and effete resorts of armed tyrants or bigoted hierarchs. [Applause.]

"In regard to the particular profession of music, so represented and illustrated here to-day, permit me to say, that in my opinion, no city of Europe is more richly endowed than is New York. As I turn my eyes on the hundreds of performers here assembled, I feel that I count as many artists as there are players. [Cheers.] I believe, Mr. Eisfeld, that I understand the immediate object of this vast gathering, when I say that it is to signalize the coalition of two beneficial musical societies, so that their efforts in future may not only be lyrically more available, but that prospectively they may contribute to a fund for widows and orphans, it may be—may provide for what a man loves better than himself—his wife and children. [Cheers.] In enforcing this charity—this duty—the artist may remember the value of his calling. He may reflect that his music is worth nothing unless it personifies passion and emotion—unless it enforces courage, without hate or savagery; illustrates love, without fickleness, change, or cruelty; expresses religion, without persecution or bigotry. [Great cheering.] In so worshipping art, the artist is prophesying those greater days, when the warrior and politician shall cease to absorb the best places in history, and the creative mind find its proper place. [Cheers.]

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—I am deeply obliged to you for your courteous attention. I trust these Sylvan retreats may often be enlivened in this manner by the dance and song—by good fellowship and by good manners. This scene recalls that of last year when I had the honor of addressing many thousands of persons assembled here. The only difference I find is the absence of lager-bier [great laughter], which flowed then as copiously as the river by our side. [Continued laughter.] [Here the President handed the speaker a glass to drink.] Gentlemen and ladies, you think I am going to speak longer—but I'm not. [Great laughter and cheers.]"

The music was resumed:—then the dance:—then fireworks:—and the heart and soul of Germany seemed to be transplanted to Jones's Woods in these musical festivities."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 18, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—1. Conclusion of HAUPTMANN'S *Salve Regina*, as arranged to English words: "We have thought of thy goodness, O God."

2. Short piece for choir: "Be pleased, O Jehovah, to deliver me," by HAYDN. (Also from Webb's "Cantica Ecclesiastica.")

The Programmes of the Past Musical Season in Boston.

The rather one-sided comments of a Leipzig critic upon music on our side of the Ocean, which we published last week, reminds us that we have not yet given, after our custom of past years, a tabular summary of the works and authors that have been brought before a larger or a smaller public here, during the season now at length left completely behind us. The German writer based his observations wholly upon programmes from New York. Perhaps when he sees what has been done during the same time in Boston, he will not be quite so confident that musical art and musical taste in this country are tending so decidedly in the direction of the "Music of the future," so-called, and that Liszt and Berlioz and Wagner have become the gods of our idolatry. We give below a classified list, perhaps not quite complete, but as nearly so as we can make it, of the compositions in each kind which have formed the material of our Concerts, Operas and Oratorios since October last.

I. SYMPHONIES FOR ORCHESTRA.

BEETHOVEN: No. 1, in C. (twice); 2, in D; 4, in B flat; 5, in C minor (twice); 6, "Pastorale"; 8, the Allegretto only (3 times); 9, Choral, (twice).
MOZART: in E flat; in C, "Jupiter."
HAYDN: in D; the "Surprise."
MENDELSSOHN: in A major, "Italian"; A minor, "Scotch"; "Lobgesang."

2. CONCERTOS.

BEETHOVEN: for violin, in C. with Orch.
RODE: for violin, with Orch.
WEBER: with clarinet, C minor.
MOZART: in E b, piano and orchestra (twice).

3. OVERTURES.

BEETHOVEN: King Stephen; Leonora, No. 3, in C; Fidelio, in E; Egmont.
MOZART: Don Giovanni; Figaro.
WEBER: Freyschütz (3 times); Oberon (3 times); Preciosa.
ROSSINI: Tell (twice); Siege of Corinth; Il Barbiere.
MEYERBEER: Huguenots (4 times); Robert le Diable (4 times).
FLOTOW: Martha (many times).
R. WAGNER: Tannhäuser (once).
HEROLD: Zampa.
KREUTZER: Nachtlager in Granada.
KALLIWODA: Concert overture.
REISSIGER: Yelva.

4. VIOLIN QUINTETS.

MOZART: No. 1, C minor; 5, E flat; with clarinet.
BEETHOVEN: No. 1, in E flat, op. 4; 2, in C, op. 20.
WEBER: with clarinet, op. 84.
MENDELSSOHN: No. 2, E flat.
SCHUBERT: op. 163, in C (with 2 'cellos).
RIES: op. 171, in G.
SPOHR: Notturmo from op. 35 (twice).

5. VIOLIN QUARTETS.

HAYDN: No. 48, in F; 60, in A.
MOZART: No. 4, E flat; 10, D.
BEETHOVEN: op. 18, No. 2; op. 59 "Rasoumowsky" in F (twice).
SCHUBERT: in A minor.
MENDELSSOHN: op. 12, No. 1, E flat (twice); op. 44, D; posthumous, op. 81, in E.
GADE: op. 3, in E minor.

6. TRIOS, (PIANO, VIOLIN, &c.)

BEETHOVEN: in D, op. 70, No. 1; B. flat, op. 97.
MENDELSSOHN: in D minor.

7. PIANO-FORTE PIECES.

WEBER: L' Invitation a la Valse, (arranged for 8 hands, 2 pianos, by O. Dresel.)
MOSCHELES: Duo, "Les Contrastes," for 8 hands, 2 pianos.
LISZT: "Benediction de Dieu," from "Harmonies Poétiques."

BENNETT: Capriccio (with Quintet.)
MENDELSSOHN: Several Lieder ohne Worte.

8. ORATORIOS, CANTATAS, &c.

HANDEL: Messiah; Israel in Egypt.
J. S. BACH: 5th Motet.
MENDELSSOHN: Hymn of Praise; Chorus from *Odipus*; Hear my prayer (Soprano solo with chorus).
SCHUBERT: "Miriam" Cantata; Psalm: "The Lord is my Shepherd."
NEUKOMM: David, oratorio.
ROSSINI: Stabat Mater.

9. OPERAS.

MOZART: Don Giovanni (5 times); Nozze di Figaro (twice).
PAISIELLO: La Serva Padrona.
ROSSINI: Barber of Seville.
BELLINI: Norma (3 times); I Puritani.
DONIZETTI: Lucrezia Borgia (4 times); Fille du Regiment (3 times); La Favorita; Lucia.
VERDI: Trovatore (twice); Traviata (3 times).
MEYERBEER: Robert le Diable (4 times); Huguenots (twice).
FLOTOW: Martha (5 times).

10. SONGS, DUETS, ETC.

HANDEL: "Angels ever bright and fair."
BACH: Air soprano, with 'cello: "My heart ever faithful," &c.
GLUCK: Che farò senza Euridice.
MOZART: "In diesen heil'gen Hallen"; "The Violet"; "Dove Sono"; "Non più andrai."
BEETHOVEN: Scena: "Ah! perfido"; "Adelaide" (twice).
SCHUBERT: "Ave Maria"; Serenade.
MENDELSSOHN: "Jerusalem, thou that killest," &c.; "Caro cibus," from *Landa Zion*.
ROBERT FRANZ: Several Songs. Also Part-Songs.
MEYERBEER: "Ah! mon fils," (twice).
ROSSINI: "Sombre foret," from *Tell* (twice); Scena from *Tancredi*.
BELLINI, DONIZETTI, VERDI. The usual selections.
COSTA: Quartet, "Ecco quel fiero istante."
BALFE: "Come to the garden, Maud."

11. MISCELLANEOUS.

BEETHOVEN: Music to Goethe's "Egmont," entire.
ROBERT STOEPER: "Hiawatha," a Romantic Symphony.
BERLIOZ: Orchestral arrangement of Weber's "L' Invitation."
WAGNER: Scena from *Tannhäuser*, arranged for Orchestra.
WEBER: Andante from 1st clarinet Concerto, arranged for Quintet.
MOZART: Adagio from Serenade for wind instruments, arranged for Quintet.
SCHUMANN: "Sylvester Song," from Album, arranged for string Quartet with Clarinet.
MEYERBEER: "Fackeltanz"; Polonaise, from "Struensee," (both for orchestra.)

The list, it will be seen, includes but very little that is new in any sense. Of works new to Boston audiences we can only mention: the "Egmont" music; Mr. Stöpel's American "Romantic Symphony," which was wholly new; the overture to "King Stephen"; the Quartet and Quintet by Schubert; the Quintet by Ries; a single piano piece, each, by Liszt, Moscheles and Bennett; and the operas: "Figaro," "Serva Padrona," "Martha," and the "Huguenots." Messrs. Berlioz, Wagner, Liszt, &c., certainly figure next to not at all. The fault of the season has been that it has given us almost nothing but repetitions of good old favorites, with half a dozen memorable exceptions. The encouraging feature of it has been, that the concerts have been made up in the proportion of at least five to one of sterling classical works, and have dealt comparatively little either with hacknied trivialities or with things attractive solely on the ground of novelty. Do we err in reading here a genuine sign of progress of true taste?

Music Abroad.

London.

Mr. Hullak's last subscription concert of the season, on Wednesday evening, was an excellent entertainment. Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony," Weber's "Concert Stück," well given by that promising

young lady Miss Howell; Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night," with Miss Palmer, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Thomas, were among its principal features. Besides these we had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Sims Reeves in his very best vein, *encored*, not in Cimarosa's "Pria che spunti" (as a contemporary has stated), but in the entire *scena* from "Der Freischütz,"—also giving to the *solo* in the noble "Sanctus" by M. Gounod, all its due pomp and glory. (When, may be asked parenthetically, are we to hear the entire Mass?) Miss Banks, too, was *encored*, and deservedly, in one of the tremendous songs of *Astra fiammante* from the "Flauto Magico." The concert, in short, went off with the utmost spirit.

DRURY LANE.—"Rigoletto" was produced at the close of last week, with Signor Fagotti in the part of the buffoon. It was impossible to avoid feeling,—clever to a certain degree though the new comer is,—that it is more ambitious than wise for any one to attempt the character while a certain Signor Ronconi is only a few doors distant. It was as impossible to avoid grieving over the magnificent voice of Signor Mongini,—about the most splendid organ that we recollect to have heard, but abused as few voices have ever been. A person more innocent of the art of singing has rarely trod the stage. Ten years ago the tourist might have heard wandering minstrels by the dozen before Pedrocchi's and Peverada's and Florian's and Donay's coffee-houses in the Italian towns, the worst of whom was a great artist, if compared with Signor Mongini. Mlle. Weisser, the new *Gilda*, is agreeable to see: we regret that ears cannot report well of her endowments by nature, or the training they have received. She has been replaced by Mlle. Brambilla.—*Ethenaum*, 21st.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The programme of the second concert, on Monday evening, was as follows:—

PART I.—Sinfonia in A major..... Mendelssohn
Aria, "Il mio tesoro" (Don Giovanni), Signor Belart, Mozart
Duo Concertante for two violins, Mr. Alfred Holmes
and Mr. Henry Holmes..... Spohr.
Recit. and Aria, "Reviews, ma noble protectrice" (La
Part du Diable), Miss Augusta Thomson..... Auber.
Overture, "Oheron,"..... Weber.

PART II.—Sinfonia in C minor, No. 5,..... Beethoven.
Duet, "Rasseren, o cara" (Guillaume Tell), Miss
Augusta Thomson and Signor Belart..... Rossini.
Overture, "Les Deux Journées,"..... Cherubini.
Conductor.—Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus. D.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The programme of the last concert was divided between Franz Schubert and Louis Spohr, the selection from both masters being first-rate—of Schubert we had the string Quartet (No. 1) in A minor; Grand Sonata for the piano-forte (No. 2) in D major; *Rondeau brillant*, in B minor, for piano-forte and violin; "Ave Maria," Serenade (*Ständchen*); "The Wanderer," and "The Erl-King." The reputation which Schubert enjoys in this country has been in no way compromised by the doubtful reception awarded to his orchestral symphony at the recent concert of the Musical Society of London. Enough has been said in this journal to show that any important work of his is entitled to serious consideration. The difference of opinion which existed respecting the symphony was, perhaps, one reason why so many amateurs assembled at St. James's Hall, on Monday night. Those who knew Schubert's compositions and admired them, were anxious that he should have an opportunity of redeeming his partially lost credit with the public; and those who knew his instrumental works by report only, were willing to hear and judge for themselves. Schubert may be said to have taken his revenge for the slight he met with at the Musical Society. His three instrumental pieces were heard with delight, and there was no second opinion as to the merits of any one. The Quartet was executed by Messrs. Joseph Joachim, Ries, Schreurs, and Signor Piatti; the Sonata for piano-forte, by M. Charles Hallé; and the *Rondeau*, by M. Charles Hallé and Herr Joachim.

The Spohr selection commenced with the Grand Double Quartet in E minor, No. 3 (Op. 87)—first quartet, Herr Joachim, Herr Goffrie, Mr. Doyle, and Signor Piatti; second, Herr Louis Ries, M. Bernard, Herr Schreurs, and Mr. Daubert. This was a very great performance of a great masterpiece. The other instrumental piece was the sonata in E flat, for violin and harp, played by Herr Joachim and Mlle. Mössner, a harpist of considerable talent.

HERR JOACHIM'S CONCERTS.—The second of these interesting entertainments took place on Wednesday evening, in presence of a very numerous audience of connoisseurs. The programme was as follows:—

Quartet in E flat (Op. 74)..... Beethoven.
Quartet in A minor (Op. 132)..... Beethoven.
Quartet in C (Op. 59)..... Beethoven.

Herr Joachim was inspired this evening. Finer playing was never heard.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The first appearance of Herr Leopold de Meyer signalized the last Saturday concert in a remarkable degree. Intense was the curiosity to hear the famous *virtuoso*, and when he sat down to the piano, the applause having subsided, the attention was breathless to catch the first sounds from the instrument.

The pieces selected by M. de Meyer were, his new fantasia, entitled "Souvenir de Naples," and "Variations on Hungarian Airs." Both created an extraordinary sensation; the latter being unanimously redemanded. The great *virtuoso* substituted a romance, "Le Départ et le Retour," ingeniously winding up with the *coda* of "The Hungarian Airs," which was received with equal enthusiasm.

Musical Chat-Chat.

The opera rushed to a conclusion in last Saturday's "Matinée." Great was the crowd, and sore the complaints at the manner in which things were hurried through, pieces curtailed, Miss Philipps figuring only on the bills, &c. By four o'clock the curtain fell, and by five the singers were all packed and on their way for New York. Mr. Ullman's experiment of *cheap* opera had hardly a fair trial, owing to bad weather. The four performances averaged fair houses, and no more. As far as we could judge, the result of it was that the fashionable class staid away, while the "gods" from the gallery, &c., who had always paid their half-dollar, proving more constant, dropped down into the fashionable seats. Try again Mr. Ullman.

The London *Musical World* copies our reminiscences of Mme. Bosio, and informs us that the report, which prevailed here, of her having been separated from her husband, was entirely incorrect. . . . In New York, on Tuesday evening, a new debutante from private and fashionable life appeared in opera, for the benefit of the "Woman's Hospital." Mme. DE FERRUSSAC, the daughter of Col. Thorn, whose portrait figures in Winterhalter's picture among the ladies that surround the Empress of the French, was the lady. The piece was *I Puritani*; the other singers, BRIGNOLI, AMODIO, and JUNCA. The *Tribune* says, her voice is not powerful, but of good quality and admirably trained; that she acts with remarkable ease, and sings like an artist. . . . Our accomplished soprano, Mrs. J. H. LONG, has received an offer of \$1,000 salary to sing at Trinity Church in Chicago. Our readers will be glad to learn that she does not accept. . . . Signor BENDELARI, our *maestro di Canto*, has gone to Italy, to visit his relatives in Naples, and will return here to his pupils in the autumn.

The marriage of JOHANNA WAGNER, with a M. Jachmann, in Berlin, is reported. . . . We quite sympathize with this from the Worcester Palladium:

A criticizing member of Biscaccianti's audience, listening to her charming rendering of the *Serenade*, which commences:

"Through the leaves, the night winds stealing."

objects to the universally accepted pronunciation of the word *winds*, which, by common consent of teachers, &c., takes the long sound of *i*, and becomes *wiyads*. We are aware of the arguments advanced in favor of the innovation; but for ourselves, prefer the softer sound of the spoken word which seems more musical, more poetic. It is a good solid English word, and, rightly pronounced, need shame no song nor singer. The idea that English is no language for song, is fast going by; thanks to those who inculcate the theory that distinct pronunciation in singing any language can be attained only by diligent study of its consonants as well as vowels.

The New Orleans *Picayune* says with truth: "The first great success made by Bosio was in Boston." . . . Mme. LORINI (Miss VIRGINIA WHITING), another Boston girl, has had a distinct success in Italy in the leading characters of opera, as *Norma*, &c. Her voice, method, style and action are all praised.

A singing society in Paris, a short time ago, of-

fered a prize for a sacred composition. Amongst other works two were sent in which were pronounced by the society to be unworthy. When the letters which had accompanied the compositions were opened, the name of CARL MARIA VON WEBER was found to be the author. The German papers on this occasion display much merriment and irony.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, JUNE 14.—It was my intention to have given you a full report of the public production of Dr. WARD's new opera "The Gypsy's Frolic," but so much time has elapsed since that important epoch in our musical annals that I will only briefly allude to it.

Dr. Ward composed this work a number of years ago, and it was first produced at Huntington, Long Island, by a party of amateurs. It was subsequently given at a private soirée in this city and on both occasions was deemed a success by the Mutual Admiration Society to which both composer and audience belonged. So it was proposed to give it in public and the poor Mount Vernon Fund was engaged to push it into notoriety. At first the intention was to have it performed entirely by amateurs, but as the eventful evening approached most of these became frightened and backed out; professional talent was engaged and the work finally produced at the Metropolitan Theatre.

It was not a failure but very nearly one, and though it had been advertised for a second performance it was withdrawn after the first representation. As a musical work it has little originality, and though some of the melodies are pleasing, it is yet an opera only fit for private circles where personal friendship and ambition can make it successful.

Yet such is the vanity of mortal men—and especially mortal women! Before the performance the friends of the composer injudiciously said that they confidently expected the work would be at once demanded for the Academy of Music, and that the company would also receive handsome offers from the provincial towns—which means Boston, Philadelphia, &c.—to produce it in those places.

As yet neither the Academy of Music nor the provincial towns have manifested any intense desire to get possession of the "Gypsy's Frolic."

CORTESI, the new Italian prima donna, has met with a brilliant success in the *Martiri*. She sang with immense *vim* and intensity, and the duet in unison for tenor and soprano in the last act was honored with a double encore. The effort, however, was a dangerous one; the next opera night Cortesi could not sing and when she did appear again in *La Traviata*, she could hardly get through the part. Doctor Somebody then said she could not sing any more, and so her name is withdrawn from the bills, and Colson has taken her place. This lady sang last night in *Martina* with success.

STRAKOSCH keeps up a lingering season of opera, but it does not pay expenses, the audiences being chiefly the most defunct of dead heads, artists out of engagements swarming like the locusts of Egypt. For instance, to say nothing of vast hosts of tenors, basses, contraltos, &c., there were some half a dozen *prime donne* present at Cortesi's performances. There was PEPITA GASSIER, who has since gone off on a concert tour with her husband and Arthur Napoleon; there was Madame ALAIMO, a pensive looking lady, a really fine artist and a lady of respectability and attainments, but who was wretchedly brought out in *Norma* and failed; there was CONA DE WILHORST, who has had a fever and lost her hair and now wears it short and crispy like a wig; there was ADELINA PATTI, who, if she isn't a *prima donna* now, will be one next fall, and a good one too; there was PATTI STRAKOSCH, who sings quietly and

calmly and has several charming cherubs of Patti-Strakosch-ings which occupy her attention as much as opera-music; there was BERTUCCA MARETZKE, who borders on the chubby, is prettier than ever, and spends most of her time in Staten Island driving around in a Maretzekian turn-out; there was PARODI, the queenly Parodi! She is in my opinion the handsomest woman that visits the opera-house. She dresses with such taste, is so ladylike and dignified in her manners, and wears her hair with such a beautiful braid!

Then there are all sorts of relations of artists—Italian fathers with long beards, and Italian brothers with fallow faces, long noses and pointed moustaches. The artists and their friends constitute about one-half of the audience, and they must be dead heads, for who ever heard of an artist paying to go to the opera.

However, though the summer is too far advanced to make opera pay, Strakosch has, on the whole, made money this season.

FREZZOLINI arrived here yesterday in the Fulton, attended by two servants. What her operative arrangements are, I cannot learn.

ARTHUR NAPOLEON, Mr. and Mrs. GASSIER, and Mr. MILLARD, with several other instrumentalists, have gone off concertizing. They make a strong troupe, but how a company of eleven people are going to pay their expenses by giving concerts in country towns like Hartford, Albany, &c., is more than I can tell. TROVATOR.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 7.—The Board of Music Trade held its annual meeting on the 1st. inst., in Baltimore. The attendance of members was very gratifying, and the result of its deliberations evinced to a most satisfactory degree that the *entente cordiale* between those who comprise the Association, not only continues unimpaired, but likely to last many years.

There were present: from Boston, Messrs. Haynes and Russell; from New York, Messrs. Hall, Gordon, and Pond; from Philadelphia, Messrs. André, Gee, Schmidt, and Beck; from Baltimore, Messrs. Willig, Miller, and McCaffrey; from Cincinnati, Mr. W. C. Peters; from Louisville, Mr. Tripp; from St. Louis, Mr. Chas. Balmer; and from Toronto, Ca., Mr. A. S. Nordheimer.

An application for membership was presented to the Board, on behalf of a Southern dealer, who however had prejudiced his own cause, by a tardiness in sending on his documents of eligibility, and he thus fell through upon a ballot vote, because the Constitution clearly prescribes the time prior to each annual meeting, within which formal applications for membership must be made to the President.

The Constitution of the Board was entirely revised upon this occasion; and many important changes therein attested the sound judgment and faithful labors of the Committee appointed to take this matter in charge. The Committee consisted of Messrs. Peters, Hall, and Haynes, a fitting trio, wherein the long experience of the former came well into play with the quick-witted energy of his younger *confrères*.

The informal proceedings of this meeting in the beautiful monumental city, proved of the most delightful character, and reflected infinite credit upon the hospitable resident delegation, under whose auspices and direct management their visiting brethren found the hours flitting by in an uninterrupted flow of pleasure and beneficial recreation. And here it may be *apropos* to advert to the presence of Prof. Chas. Grobe, the eminent and prolific composer, whom the members welcomed to these informal festivities with every degree of enthusiasm and warm friendship; and whose geniality and cheerfulness beamed through his gold spectacles at every step, serving to enhance to a marked degree the general

routine of enjoyment. Grobe has just attained his opus 1100, a high pressure state of inspiration, surely and a point which places him in advance of Czerny, Hüntner, and other prolific transatlantic writers. To term him a favorite with publishers would scarcely convey an adequate idea of the exact status of feeling between him and his men of business; the latter almost idolize the man, and they respect the genius which throws so many pleasing variations upon their copyrights directly into the fingers of the young ladies of the land. But I digress.

After the adjournment of the Board to meet in New York, on the first Wednesday in August, 1860, and the reelection of the same corps of officers, the members were ushered into a spacious dining saloon, where mine host Barnum had capitably fulfilled the wishes of the Baltimore delegation by spreading a superb luncheon of crab salad, cold tongue, ham, cheese, strawberries, such as might have imparted additional lustre to the Barmecide's feast in the *Arabian Nights*, and a fine variety of other condiments, which were keenly relished by all the guests. During the progress of this meal, telegraphic despatches of salutation were forwarded, through the Secretary, to sundry absent members, e. g., Messrs. Oliver Ditson, D. P. Faulds, Mr. C. H. Weber, and Mr. Peters, Jr.: and at the conclusion thereof, the Board found itself deposited into an omnibus, drawn by four spanking steeds, and driven by a pair of enthusiastic "Greeks," who soon reined in before the residence of Mr. Wm. Knabe, the well known piano manufacturer, who had previously extended a cordial invitation to the Association to partake of his good cheer. On the way thither the visitors enjoyed a superb view of the towering Washington Monument, a lasting credit to the patriotic State which reared it and the beautiful city which contains it; and they admired simultaneously the elegant character of the private dwellings which surround it, and which combine with it to render that locality one of the most sightly in America. At the residence of Mr. Knabe, Southern hospitality again evinced itself in an exquisitely arranged and supplied table, and in the open-hearted reception which the members enjoyed at the hands of the Knabes, *père et fils*; and after a due enjoyment of substantial fare and sparkling champagne, the garden of the entertainer, with its cooling breezes, fresh grass beds, and blushing roses, was thrown open for a luxurious siesta, enhanced by the softening, soothing fumes of a prime Neptuneo or cigarette. But time presses; and the omnibus again started, now taking its lumbering course toward the placid Patapsco, on the banks whereof the visitors whiled away a half hour, watching the fishermen as they rowed along in their light bateaux, inhaling the fresh river breezes, or pointing out to each other prominent objects in the city, which lay in the rear, enveloped in the haze of a warm summer's day.

Farther along the "Bords du Patapsco," (this, by way of suggestion to Prof. Grobe, who surely then must have become inspired to commemorate the excursion by a morceau to be dedicated to the Board,) the omnibus passed near the Winans cigar-shaped steamers, which certainly is a curious model, and seems more like the back of a whale seen at a distance. After duly gratifying curiosity with an inspection of this really wonderful piece of mechanical ingenuity, the excursionists proceeded to Fort M'Henry, where they "arrived just in time to be too late" for the noon drill of the two regiments of flying artillery stationed on the renowned fort. So the members of the Board strolled over the works, now speculating upon the probable range of certain grim looking cannon, now admiring the clear, azure of the Bay far beyond, and anon appealing to a military member from the New York Seventh Regiment, as to the probability of aiming a field piece, successfully, from the fort, at a little steamer which was paddling its way through the blue waters, far off.

Herenpon, the omnibus again picked up the strollers, and after divers wanderings through uninhabited streets, deposited its contents upon the so-called Federal Hill, a fine, cool eminence, which commands a perfect view of the entire city of Baltimore. After tarrying here, underneath foliage of sundry sturdy old trees, in pleasurable conversation, and not infrequently in witty repartee, until the distant murmurings and inky clouds of an approaching thunder gust started the signal for home, the members soon found themselves within a handsome restaurant, yeelp Eldon Hall, where a sumptuous dinner awaited them. The table was ornamented with a most magnificent pyramid of variegated flowers, which sent a pleasing and refreshing fragrance over the apartment. To the credit of the host of Eldon Hall, and the hospitable Baltimore delegation, who planned and executed that dinner, be it said, that, as a luxurious gathering together of luscious and well-cooked viands, it has not been surpassed within the remembrance of any individual who partook of it, and that the entire management thereof was a most perfect success. After the repast had been concluded, then followed the customary toasts, sentiments and speeches, — the "feast of reason and the flow of soul" inseparably connected with such festivities. Time and space forbid an enlargement of this subject, although enough might be penned to fill Dwight's Journal and some of the other musical papers with the excellent remarks and appropriate toasts and their rejoinders, which constituted that evening one of the most delightful ever spent by the writer of this rapid sketch. Even now, amid the stern realities of business, a week after the doings herein laid down, does he muse pleasantly and delightedly upon the venerable form of cheerful Willig, the hearty geniality of McCaffrey, and the bland, easy grace of the Messrs. Miller and Beacham, as they exerted themselves successfully to render this annual meeting an oasis, a green spot, to the members of the Board, amid the rough and sterile portions of life's journey. May they ever be bound to us by the common chord of friendship; may their *unions* be those of good fellowship and harmony; their *dominant*, a ruling passion to excel; their *tonic*, rarely, if ever, anything stronger than a glass of Moët and Chandon; and may all their *rests* be spent in the unalloyed pleasure of domestic felicity. Amen!

CHICAGO, JUNE 7. — It may seem late in the day to tell you how much we were delighted with Mrs. J. H. LONG and Mr. C. R. ADAMS, of your city, and their really artistic rendering of their respective parts in the two performances of the "Messiah," recently given by the Musical Union. But we cannot help it. We need not tell you, who know their excellences so well, that one of their chief charms to us was the conscientiousness of their renderings of oratorio music — their self-forgetfulness and entire freedom from *ad captandum* effects. This, added to intelligence, appreciation, and good, thoroughly cultivated voices, has added thousands of Chicagoans to their already long list of admirers. Besides singing in two performances of the "Messiah," they sang in a *matinée*, showing themselves as much at home in the simple ballad and the florid cavatina as in the lofty utterances of oratorio. Mrs. Long won all hearts, Mr. Adams made many friends, and both are embalmed among our sunniest reminiscences.

The pupils of Mrs. Bostwick gave that excellent lady a very handsome complimentary concert last week at Metropolitan Hall, which revealed a wealth of vocal talent and attainment among our young ladies, alike creditable to Chicago and their accomplished teacher.

The Musical Union is now rehearsing Haydn's "Seasons," under the direction of

"THE COUNTRY SINGING MASTER."

Special Notices.

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MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

My own Katrine. Song. J. H. McNaughton. 25

A lover's complaint of the loss of his loved one, clothed in language and music both eloquent and touching. If a chorus take up the refrain, the effect will be still more charming.

The last look you gave me. Frank Mori. 25

The latest song from the pen of this sweet English ballad singer. A charming melody, slightly shaded with the melancholy sentiment, which is the purport of the text.

Bonnie Allene. Song. T. Brigham Bishop. 26

A simple ballad, which the sweet voice of Master Bentz (of Morris's minstrels) has often been discoursing to delighted listeners during the last few months.

Johnny was a shoemaker. Florence. 30

As sung by Mrs. Florence almost nightly during her travels, in various parts of the country. Very funny it is, of course, and will become a favorite.

My own mountain stream.. W. T. Wrighton. 25

A charming little melody, distinguished for that neat finish, which forms such an agreeable feature in all of Wrighton's songs.

Great is the Lord. Quartet. Verdi. 25

A gem of sacred music, which will make a choice opening-piece for church-choirs, large and small.

Instrumental Music.

Home Memories. A medley. Charles Grobe. 50

This is a pleasing pot-pourri ingeniously constructed upon the melodies of the most favorite of those songs, which have "Sweet home" for their subject. The selection comprises nearly twenty different melodies, all more or less familiar.

Gentle Nettie Moore (or Little White Cottage).

Varied by Charles Grobe. 50

A new set of Variations in Grobe's inimitable style on the leading minstrel-song in the country.

Marianita Galop. W. H. J. Graham. 25

Hurrah Sturm Galop. Keler-Bela. 25

These are selected by Mr. Helmsmüller as the cream of the late European dance-music. They will be performed in Newport during the coming season, and must create a furore.

Les Vêpres Siciliennes. (Revue melodique).

Four Hands. F. Beyer. 60

A new number of this excellent set, which is sufficiently known to all teachers not to need any further recommendation.

Books.

HAYDN'S ORATORIO, "THE CREATION," (composed in the years 1797 and 1798). In Vocal Score, with a Separate Accompaniment for the Organ or Pianoforte. Arranged by Vincent Novello. Plain, 75 cents. In crimson cloth, 1,25

The second volume of Ditson & Co.'s American Octavo Edition of Sacred Oratorios, printed and bound uniform in style with the previous issue, "The Messiah," the neat and convenient form of which met with unqualified praise from all persons of taste. The special care bestowed upon its publication has produced a most correct copy, one which no musical person would forego the privilege of possessing, and at a price which the limited means of none can oblige them to dispense with from their repository of choice standard works.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 377.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1859.

VOL. XV. No. 13.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Regina Mingotti.

THE "SONTAG" OF A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

"Signora Regina Mingotti, one of the chief ornaments of the vocal band at Dresden, early one fine morning presents herself before me, preceded only by her fame, accompanied by all the bewitching graces of youth, vivacity and talents, and, what is still worse, entitled to the chief credit of the success of my '*Attilio Regolo*' in Dresden."—*Metastasio to the Princess di Belmonte, 1751.*

The last glimmering of day shot in faint beams of light through the stained glass windows of the Chapel of the Ursuline Convent at Graetz. It was the Festival of the Sacred Heart, and the sonorous voice of the Abbess rang out in a clear solo, the last verse of the hymn "Cor Arca":

"Haurietis aquas in gaudio
De fontibus Salvatoris."

"With joy ye shall draw waters
From the Saviour's fountains;"

and the nuns responded "Alleluia." The abbess seemed inspired as she chanted the verse, and the little chapel resounded with the rich notes of her voice. The nuns, whose long black robes, and snowy veils, made them seem in the twilight like spectres, looked at each other with an expression that almost amounted to admiration.

She was a fine looking woman about mid-age, but her whole appearance left the impression that some great sin or sorrow had touched her; and mortality cannot touch sin, or suffer sorrow without bearing its traces forever. There are some who seem to bear on the very surface, as it were, the marks of all their souls have suffered, as some mountains when rent asunder are said to exhibit on their hard crystalline superficies the symbol of a perpetual fear—a trembling turned to stone.

It was only when singing the chants and hymns of the service, that the Abbess showed any emotion; the lofty and beautiful, though irregular, melodies of those sublime Psalms appeared to reach an inner nature that responded passionately to their sounds.

The last note of the "Alleluia" rested on the ear, and the evening service was closed, but "Signora Madre," as the abbess was called, remained still before the organ, unconscious of everything around her. A slight, pale nun, about her own age, with a steady, self-collected air, that was just kept from being hard by a tender mouth, and calm, soft eye and voice, stepped out of the group of *religieuses*, and spoke a few words in low, silvery Italian to the Abbess. She started, gazed around her, but recollected herself almost immediately.

"Grazia, mia Benedicita," she said, in a gracious voice, then rising from the organ seat, gathered her robes and veil around her, and motioning to the nuns and scholars to move on, swept out of the chapel with the stately steps of an empress.

The door closed noiselessly, and for an instant or so stillness rested on the dim little chapel, and

the faintly burning light of the altar lamp seemed to burn brighter in the dark loneliness of the place. The door suddenly opened, and the Superior entered, not erect and unbending as she had been a few moments before, but bowed and trembling. She approached the altar and laid herself down on the steps in quiet but deep anguish. No groan escaped her lips, her eyes were closed, but no tear fell from them.

"Full desertness
In souls, as countries, lieth silent bare
Under the blenching, vertical eye-glare
Of the absolute Heavens."

The moon that had just risen shot in soft beams through the altar window, and as they played around the richly decorated altar and laid placidly down on the tessellated pavement, flecks of rich hues mingled with their silvery radiance, forming the sacred chord of color, "blue, purple, and scarlet mingled with silver and gold," as in the curtain cord of the old Jewish Tabernacle. Just at that instant a childish voice burst out in a strain of delicious melody,

"Haurietis aquas in gaudio
De fontibus Salvatoris."

The Superior listened and said to herself: "Can it be that the angels are speaking to me? No, my extreme sorrow is driving me mad. And yet why not? It may be so. We are told that if we ask in faith we shall be heard; and have I not prayed earnestly for some answer?"

The child-voice sank lower and lower, then commenced again at the beginning of the hymn, "Cor Arca," just sung by the Abbess and nuns, and went with gentle wavering through each verse. A holy calm passed over the suffering woman's face as she knelt on the altar steps, with her hands crossed reverentially over her breast, listening to the words of the hymn that spoke such sweet consolation to her;

"Quis non amantem redamet
Quis non redemptis deligat,
Et Corde in isto feligat,
Æterna Tabernacula."

When the child-voice reached the "Decus Parenti et Filio" she united her own powerful voice to it, expressing thus her gratitude and rapture. Just then the door of the chapel opened and the nun who was called "Sister Benedicita" entered.

She hastened up to the Superior in a troubled, anxious manner, saying, "My poor friend!"

"Hush, Julie!" replied the Abbess, in a low voice, filled with awe. "At last I have been heard. There is a God, for one of his angels has been singing to me."

At that moment a light tripping foot-fall was heard, and a little form was seen stealing out of the chapel door.

"Who is that?" asked Sister Benedicita.

"It is I, Regina Valentini," answered a little trembling voice.

"What are you doing here, child, at this late hour? The dormitory bell rang long since."

The little girl hesitated, then coming close up to the two religieuses said:

"Oh, sister Benedicita, do not scold me. That beautiful hymn!" She stammered, and in a broken voice added: "I forgot that you had all left the chapel."

By this time the Superior understood it all.

"It was you then singing?" she asked abruptly.

"Yes!" answered the little shy girl, in a whisper.

"Go to the dormitory, Regina," said Sister Benedicita, coldly. "This must never occur again. To-morrow you shall take your stand beside me in the choir. Go! do not delay any longer."

The little girl stood undecided, moved slowly off, then stopped, tried to speak, and failing, burst out into a free child-like flow of tears.

"What is the matter?" asked the nun, impatiently.

"I do not know," sobbed out the poor, excited little creature, "but I want to sing and I cannot; I want to sing like Signora Madre, and I do not know how;" here her sobs burst out with renewed strength.

Benedicita said not a word, but taking the child by the hand, walked with resolute steps out of the chapel through the corridor, and up the stone staircase that led to the dormitory. As they reached the entrance a nun met them and said:

"Ah, Sister Benedicita, Regina has then been with you. We have had quite a hunt for her."

"No, Sister Cécile," replied Benedicita, "she remained in the chapel after vespers. You must take more care in future, and not leave any laggards behind after service."

The dormitory sister looked vexed, but made no reply to this reproof, and took the little Regina by the hand to undress her; but Benedicita, with a calm grace, said:

"Pardon, permit me to do this part of your duty to-night. I wish to be alone with the child a little while."

Benedicita entered the little division set apart for Regina's sleeping place, which, like all the other beds, was fenced in and made private by white curtains hanging from iron rails near the joints of the vaulted ceiling. By this time Regina's excitement was stilled by the nun's quiet, undemonstrative manner; but her little heart was gushing over with love for the apparently cold woman; her childish instincts, as clear and truthful as those preceding death, told her that Benedicita was tender and good.

The nun undressed the little girl and superintended the performance of all the neat, orderly regulations of the dormitory; they also recited the litany of Our Lady of Loretto together; then when Regina's little head rested on the pillow, Benedicita drew the covering kindly over her, and knelt again on the hassock beside the little pallet in silent prayer. The child lay still under the magnetizing influence of the nun's presence, her short, nervous breaths grew longer and calmer, her eyes closed unconsciously, and

her little spirit floated off to a beautiful dream-land, where she was nestling in dear Sister Benedicita's arms, and the tall, cold Signora Madre was kissing her, and every kiss seemed like a beautiful melody.

Two or three days passed, and Regina was not noticed by the Abbess or Sister Benedicita. She was a timid, shy child, and felt half afraid and half ashamed to look at either of them. She hoped they had forgotten her foolishness, and at matins and vespers she would kneel and, covering her face and head with her little pinafore, stop her ears with her fingers, that she might not hear the glorious voice of the Abbess which always affected her so deeply.

One day Sister Benedicita and the Abbess passed her in one of the thickly shaded walks of the convent grounds. They came upon her before she saw them, for she was busily occupied in listening to a bird's song, and was trying in a shrill, piercing head-note to imitate the carol. The bird sang out louder, as if in rivalry, and the child rang out triumphantly her imitation, and clapped her hands in merry exultation, as she found suddenly she could command her throat sufficiently to make these head-notes vibrate in a piercing trill. She turned and saw the two religious listening to her, and frightened at being caught in her innocent amusement, made a shy reverence, and bounded off down an adjoining lime-walk.

The next day she was summoned to the salon of the Abbess, and tremblingly took her first lesson; but she had to leave the room in what she considered direful disgrace, because when the Abbess told her to come daily for the same purpose, instead of thanking her for her condescension, she burst out into what Sister Benedicita called silly cry-baby tears.

For some time Regina's awe for the Abbess and the listlessness of the religious herself prevented much advancement, but this soon passed away. The girl had been taught the first rudiments of music by the old priest who trained the choir, therefore the Abbess was spared that drudgery; and it was lucky for Regina that she had some knowledge, as probably but for that, she would not have received much benefit from the lessons, for the Abbess had just that knowledge which genius aided by high culture possesses, she could fashion the plan and add decoration, but she could not lay the heavy blocks of the foundation.

The old priest was a good musician and trained the choir children carefully on the *canto fermo* of the Gregorian chants. He divided his class into two parts, and, on the great fasts and festivals of the church, accustomed them to sing the antiphon so justly and beautifully, that strangers came from far and wide to hear the music of this little Silesian convent chapel. It was one of the few places where could be heard the "*Missa Papæ Marcelli*" of Palestrina, composed nearly a hundred years before their day; and on great festivals Regina always sang at the Offertory one of Marcello's Psalms, of which the old priest was an ardent admirer.

The foundation of her voice being thus firmly laid, the Abbess' part of the work grew to be a great pleasure to her. She opened to the delighted girl the more varied and brilliant music of the stage. Metastasio's operas were then in vogue. Vinci's music of the "*Didone Abbando-*

nata," so expressive of wild, ungovernable love and despair; the cold, classic "*Semiramide*" of Porpora; and Caldara's lyric "*Olimpiade*," gave the enthusiastic young musical student subjects for delightful labor. So her days passed in the simple performance of her duties, studies and music, until she reached the age of fifteen; then an occurrence took place, which altered or developed the future of her life.

Regina was an orphan. Her father had been an Austrian officer of inferior grade, who during a station at Naples had married there a young Neapolitan. Regina was born in her mother's native place, and had seemed to inherit from her place of birth, as well as her mother, one of those musical organizations peculiar to the inhabitants of Southern Italy. Soon after her birth her father was ordered to Graetz in Upper Silesia, where he remained four or five years. When Regina was still a child, her mother died, and her uncle, an old Canon, placed her in the school of the Ursuline Convent at Graetz.

After her mother's death, her father removed to Dresden, where he married again; and as he soon had a growing family, the old Canon uncle supported the little motherless girl at the Convent school. Her father had died a few years after his second marriage, but when she was fifteen she met with a heavier loss, in the death of the kind old Canon. He had no money to bequeath her, and she had to be sent to her step-mother in Dresden, as he had requested before he died. The prospect of her leaving the Convent caused almost as much sorrow to the nuns and scholars as to herself, for she was dearly beloved by them all.

"If she only had a *vocation*," said sister Benedicita with a sigh, "then her future could be blessedly settled."

But poor Regina had no *vocation* for a religious life, although she was a good religious girl, too honest also to embrace it for interest. With a heavy, aching heart she prepared to go out into and face that dreadful world, that they were all taught to fear so much in the Convent. The nuns and girls showered tears and caresses on her, and Benedicita told her if the world laid too heavy a burden on her, to remember that God's yoke was easy and His burden light, and the Convent would always be a happy, peaceful home to her.

She took her leave of the Abbess alone in the little salon, which had been the scene of her delightful studies for so many tranquil years. The Abbess had altered very much in this time, she had grown prematurely old, and seemed very near another state of being. There was no softening or tenderness accompanying her debility however, she seemed only to grow harder and more stern. She was one of the race of Kohath, and had borne her Ark of discipline with bowed head, and eyes blind to the glories of the Tabernacle sorrow. No one but Benedicita knew the cause of her stern grief. No breath of her past had swept into that retired abode. The snow-drift that had chilled her world-life had cut it off even from memory, and so complete was the silence that no one ever knew, even whether it was her own shame, or another's sin that had caused this unending penance of grief. She rarely talked to Regina, but on this their last meeting she said more than she had during their whole intercourse. She gave her in hurried words excellent counsel.

"Regina, if your new home proves disagreeable, and your relations ungracious, if they feel and show that you are a burden to them, and you wish for a means of support, I will tell you of a way. Go quietly to some Director of a Theatre, sing for him, and then ask him to find you employment. Great wealth has been made by such voices as yours — but —" and here the Abbess' eyes flashed, and her frail body shook, as she added in a stern voice that startled Regina, while she held the girl's wrist with a vice-like grasp — "but, for God's sake, child, remember that in this career I am pointing out to you, stand fearful temptations and horrid sin. Poor thing! you cannot understand me. Alas, we only teach of sin here, in a way that children never know what world sin is. Regina, the devil in the world is not a hideous monster; he will present himself before you in forms more beautiful and attractive than the blessed angels in the altar picture. Take care and remember my warning. Your voice will give you luxury and fame, but do not let it drag you down to degradation."

"See here — you remember this *Salve Regina*," in the "*Didone*." Sing this to any musical Director; go through the whole passage as I have trained you; sing it and act it as you do to me, and he will engage you immediately. Then they will dress you in fine clothes, put you on a place larger than the church altar from which the Bishop preaches at Whitsuntide, before a greater crowd than you have ever seen; but do not be afraid: forget your clothes, forget the crowd, and imagine you are here in this little convent parlor with me, and —" she added in low, solemn words that Regina never forgot, — "and I shall be with you, not in the flesh, but in the spirit, and when this glorious hour comes, and your voice is making you famous, let me see that your heart is unsoiled, your virtue unsoiled."

Only one month after leaving the Convent, Regina Valentini was standing in the salon of the Director of the Court Theatre at Dresden. She had found her home sad enough, the step mother harsh and exacting, and her step-sisters jealous and overbearing. They put on her the most laborious duties, and treated her more like a domestic than a relative. One day, when worn out and discouraged with her forlorn life, she wrapped a mantle around her, and went to the residence of the Director Mingotti, who she had heard was the Chief of the Royal Theatre of the city.

Although only sixteen, she had a fine good presence. The healthy, regular life she had led at the Convent, united to a naturally vigorous constitution, had developed her finely. Her height was above the ordinary size, her movements graceful and her carriage erect. She had a full, well-developed chest, fine breadth of shoulders, and her head was set on her neck with the classic air of a Greek ideal of Juno. Her face was good, not beautiful, but expressive of natural feelings, warm emotions and intelligence.

"I have come," she said to the Director, with a frankness that arose partly from her unsophisticated nature, and partly from her young, reckless despair — "I have come to ask you to hear me sing. The Abbess of the Ursuline Convent at Graetz, where I was educated, told me when I left her, that if I needed to earn my living, to go to some Musical Director, and after he had heard me sing he would give me employment."

"What can you sing?" asked the amused Director. "Some Church hymns of course, and may be an Italian Canzonetta or two."

"Oh yes," she answered, with forced gaiety, for her spirit was too weighed down to resent his half playful indifference, "Church hymns and Canzonetta—plenty of them; here is a Canzonetta I sang before I could speak; my mother, a Neapolitan, used to sing me to sleep with it."

And seating herself at the spinnet she sang "Venus' Eloge," a passage from Predieri's "*La Pace fra la Virtù e la Bellezza*." As she finished it, noticing the Maëstro's pleased look, she glanced up at him archly, and with mad-cap gaiety struck off the "*D'ogni costume*" from the same popular, dramatic poem of Metastasio, the music of which she had composed herself. Every phrase was filled with sauey, bewitching caprice, and the last line of each verse ended with the trilling carol she had caught from the birds in the convent garden.

"*Bene, bene,*" cried the Director, "your rôle will be comic," and he made her repeat it.

"Now," said the girl rising from the spinnet, "now that I have broken the ice, and do not feel afraid of you, let me sing you something worth hearing. Have you the *Didone Abbandonata* of Vinci?"

He handed her a manuscript score of the Opera, she turned over the leaves rapidly, until she reached the spirited passage, "*Son Regina*." Then placing the score on the harpsichord, said, as he was about hunting for a duplicate copy of the passage:

"Never mind the music for me. I know the whole opera as well as you do. But accompany me, and if you have a voice, sing that passage preceding the '*Son Regina*.' I have never heard a man sing in all my life, but old Padre Pioeo, who croaks like a raven—I wonder if you all do?"

The playful, authoritative air of the girl amused the Director, and as he had a tolerable voice, he sang the opening passage she had requested to hear. Playful and merry as Regina seemed, she had "a well of tears back of her eyelids," and a heavy, aching heart in her throat; but she had a sturdy, enduring spirit, that motherless girl, and she drove back the tears and choked down the heart. She listened to the Maëstro's singing with delighted surprise; it produced a novel effect, and filled her with fresh inspiration, for it developed to her more fully the character of her own part. When he finished, her glorious voice soared out in that rich old music of Vinci's "*Didone*." The room fairly trembled with the force of the outpouring notes. Her own wrongs, and youthful, impatient despair, and proud, independent nature seemed to find an expression in the haughty words Metastasio has put into the lips of the beautiful but unfortunate queen of Carthage. The Director listened with surprise to this inspired girl. When her last note ended, he rose from the piano, and taking the hand of the now trembling girl, kissed it reverentially.

"You are a divinity," he said, "I have never heard such a voice; neither '*La Romanina*' nor '*La Faustina*,' both of whom I know well, and have heard sing this opera repeatedly, can sing this passage equal to your execution of it."

"You can find me employment then?" she asked, with a faint attempt at a laugh, as she brushed off some hot tears from her flushed cheek.

"Find you employment!" he cried—"Mon Dieu! Yes, and when you are the Regina of the opera, do not forget your first admirer, Director Mingotti."

"Oh, you shall always be my prime minister, I promise you," answered the delighted girl, half sobbing, and trying to laugh to hide her emotion.

"How many parts do you know?" said Mingotti, trying to divert her thoughts, by getting her interested in conversation. "Come sit down here, and tell me of your training. Who taught you?"

Regina told him her whole history, and the good, warm-hearted Director became doubly interested in her. He found on examination that she would only need a little practice at rehearsals, to rub off the awkwardness and novelty, and also to accustom her to the sound of the instruments. Old Porpora was then in Dresden, and the Director immediately engaged him to train Regina for the stage. Her *débüt* was hurried on, in order to have it over before the return of Faustina and her husband, the celebrated musical composer Hasse, who were the Court musicians, off on *congé*. The Director and Porpora decided that her first appearance should be in her favorite "*Didone Abbandonata*."

The *débüt* was successful, and she recalled to many present the triumphs of "*La Romanina*" in the same opera nearly twenty years before. And no wonder, for the two women sang alike under the influence of powerful personal emotions; "*La Romanina*" expressed in it her hopeless love for the cold, ungrateful lover-poet Metastasio. Poor Regina sang for her life, her future, and as the anguish of her forlorn, desolate position pressed in on her, it gave a tone of pathos to her singing that touched every heart.

Her future was as brilliant as her *débüt*, and it belongs to history,—to the history of great artists. She became almost immediately a powerful rival of Faustina, Hasse's wife; and this rivalry came very near injuring her materially in the outset of her career. Hasse, when he composed his music of the "*Demofonte*," knowing that Regina had to sing a rôle in it, wrote a very difficult air for her, and to test her still further, he made the accompaniment of only notes *pincées* on the violin, hoping that her voice, unsustained by the harmony, might wander, and thus she would lose her self-possession. She was so charmed by the beauty of the melody—"Se tutti miei mali"—that when he showed it to her she overlooked the snare and accepted it with enthusiasm; but her friend, the Director, discovered the trick, and the young *prima donna*, thanks to the early training of Padre Pioeo, and the *canto fermo* of the old chants, was enabled, by a little close study, to make of the intended ruin, a new triumph.

She remembered also other lessons more valuable than the *canto fermo* of the Padre,—the stern warnings of the Abbess. Although in her new career it was not required of her to be a vestal or a Lucretia, she chose to be a virtuous woman. She married soon after her first appearance the Director Mingotti, it was said—not for love, but whether for love or gratitude, she and her husband were faithful and honest to each other, and always lived happily together.

Though remembered now only by the student of musical biography, one hundred years ago she was one of the most famous singers in that bril-

liant circle of great artistes, who sang poetry as beautiful as their music, for they had a Metastasio to write their librettos. It was Regina Mingotti who, when she went to Madrid to sing for Metastasio's friend, the great Farinelli, who was Director there, had to have her residence out in the country, that the eager public should not hear her practice.

She led a happy, prosperous life, and retired from the stage early with a handsome fortune, and a public reputation as brilliant as her private was pure. In Metastasio's life, in Dr. Burney's works, the life of this great and good woman can be gathered up in beautiful bits. Fétis also gives a pleasant little sketch of her; and in the Dresden gallery is a charming pastel portrait of her by Rosalba, which a friend described to me with an enthusiasm so earnest, that it prompted me to write this sketch of the good and lovely *prima donna* who flourished so grandly and purely in that far-off hundred years ago.

ANNIE BREWSTER.

Music Recorders—Three in the Field.

The *Christian Inquirer*, New York, gives the following full and authentic description of the ingenious invention of the Rev. Mr. BOND, to which we have already referred:

Clock-work, similar to that used for telegraphing, is imbedded in the vacant space at the left of the keyboard, which seems to be just fitted to contain it. This clock-work may be kept entirely out of sight, only accessible by a key-hole for the purpose of winding it up, and may be put in operation or checked by means of a stop close to the keyboard. A ribbon of paper, ruled similarly to common music paper, which is wound upon a reel, is drawn by the clock-work at even rate under an inked cylinder. Under the piano, and to be entirely out of sight in an instrument constructed for the purpose, is a set of levers, equal in number to the keys of the piano. These levers converge till they meet in a straight line under the inked cylinder, each being connected at the extremity of its long arm with its corresponding key, and having at the extremity of its short arm a point turned upwards; or, if connected with a black key, a double point. When any key is struck in playing, a point, or double point, as the case may be, presses the moving paper against the inked roller, and makes a mark, or a double mark, longer or shorter, according to the duration of the note, after the manner of the manifold letter-writer, and on its proper line or space, each sharp being represented as in common notation, on the same line or space with its corresponding natural.

Any piece of music, whether slow or rapid, is registered with mathematical exactness, and it is manifest whether the notes are staccato or sustained.

The use of this Recorder of Music to the composer is obvious. Amateurs, also, good improvisors, will be able by it to record their music as fast as played; and the transcribing afterwards into common notation will be little more than a simple mechanical operation, which, if desirable, can be given to others to perform.

It is, also, worth suggesting, that, as the record made is strictly accurate, and whatever is played is found in black and white, a performer can criticize his own playing at leisure, and correct his own errors, or the teacher can receive by mail or otherwise a sort of daguerreotype of the pupil's execution, or a mamma can see whether her daughter, during her absence, has accomplished faithfully the task of practicing given her.

The above description we have the pleasure of publishing from the pen of the inventor, Rev. H. F. BOND, formerly of Dover, N. H., and now residing in Wisconsin. The instrument may be seen at O. Ditson & Co's music store, on Washington street, Boston. The invention is a complete success, and it promises to be very useful.

At the same time the *Brooklyn (N. Y.) Transcript*, tells us that the same end had already been accomplished by an ingenious musician of that city. We should be pleased to see some precise description of the Brooklyn recorder. Meanwhile, we presume that both inventions were original and independent of each other. The real problem to be solved is not

whether the machines have done what they proposed to do, but whether it is practically of any use when done. Nothing can settle this except the trial of the instrument, for a length of time, by genuine musicians, men who have "ideas" or "inspirations" worth recording. Here is the Brooklyn article:

The above is not so great a novelty in this region as it seems to be in Boston. Mr. EDWARD WIEBE, a musical professor in Brooklyn, has a similar contrivance, which he arranged and used some years ago; but which he has not thought it worth while to get patented, because the use of it would be confined to the few who improvise music, in those rare moments when "the divine afflatus is on them." As nearly as we can judge from the description, Mr. WIENE's arrangement is identical with Mr. BOND's, and he can doubtless substantiate the priority of his invention. If Mr. BOND has secured the profit of the invention, Mr. WIENE is entitled to the honor, and to the use of his own arrangement. Mr. WIENE has great fertility of invention. His "Musical Scale Building Indicator" has come largely into use in our schools, and is found to be of very great service in elucidating the mysterious relations of *major* and *minor*—flat and sharp. It shows the whole thing at a glance, and shows it, not (as learners often think) an arbitrary arrangement of some human system, but the simple, natural, necessary law of the one fixed scale of tones which Nature has given us. Mr. WIENE is not only a thoroughly scientific composer, and a man of fine musical taste, but a truly inventive genius, with a clear eye to the practical and useful, as well as to the beautiful. He is now about bringing into use an improved method of displaying advertisements in cars and other public conveyances, upon which he has been employed for some time, and which, we think will be found very attractive and profitable, and introduce a new era of movable fancy announcements.

Our friend WILLIS, in his *Musical World*, notices these two inventions. His article concludes as follows:

We agree with the idea, of course, that the use of such a recording instrument would be limited; there being but comparatively few musical improvisers. But this should not prevent the full completion and perfection of a very valuable instrumentality for the recording of sweet tones and subtle conceits. Like Maelzel's metronome, it might sometimes, at least, subserve a very desirable and valuable end. There are some men who are singularly felicitous in improvising, but whose *afflatus* seems more or less to desert and play them false the moment that pen and ink are brought into requisition. Wm. A. King, for instance, is a very subtle improviser on the organ (and it just occurs to us that such an invention were much more valuable for organ than piano, that noble mechanism being the most musically-suggestive of all instruments,) but well as he actually writes, Mr. King's printed notes are always—in our estimation—inferior to his unwritten ones.

Touching the question of priority of invention between Mr. Bond and Mr. Wiebe, let us make mention of another circumstance. Last winter, before the death of the lamented Dr. Gerald Hull, we met at the Dr.'s house on the Fifth avenue, his friend Mr. PAUL AKERS, the eminent sculptor. Mr. AKERS, upon whose shoulders, we may be permitted to say, many competent judges, (among whom was Dr. Hull himself,) think that the mantle of Crawford has fallen, seems to have applied his genius to the very same point—albeit, music is but a sister art to that which he professes. Mr. AKERS mentioned to us modestly the fact, in the course of conversation, that he had invented and perfected a mechanism for the recording of improvised music on the pianoforte, and then asked our opinion as to its real usefulness to musicians and composers. This we briefly gave him at the time, and a day was appointed for the further consideration of the matter, and for some explanation as to the details of his invention. But urgent business having called Mr. AKERS away from the city, the subject has not since been resumed.

Now, it would be an interesting thing to compare these three inventions, (Mr. Bond's, Mr. Wiebe's and Mr. AKERS'), it being a curious, and yet not unusual occurrence, that a simultaneous movement is suddenly made in the same inventive direction—as would here seem to be the case.

Debut of Mme. la Ferussac.

The *New York Saturday Press*, one of the liveliest and raciest of our exchanges, thus describes the benefit affair, about which manager STRAKOSCH has seen fit to lecture the ladies of New York Upper Tendon,

or "Upper Pre-tendom," as a Philadelphia paper has it.

There has been a great row, in the papers and elsewhere, because the benefit of the Woman's Hospital Association and the debut of Madame la Comtesse de Ferussac (née Thorn), didn't attract over five hundred people—stockholders, free-list, and all—to the Academy of Music on Tuesday night. The *Times* and the *Tribune* abuse the public for not coming on this occasion. The *Herald* laughs at the whole affair, and the manager polishes off the lady-patronesses in a rather sharp card. The amiable director accuses these Upper Forty-nine of making false representations to him, whereby he is a loser to the extent of \$878 (eight hundred and seventy-eight dollars), [*Cré nom!* Is there so much money in the world for anybody to lose?] and suggests that when they next have an attack of philanthropy they shall pay for it out of their own pin-money.

Now, so far as the lady-patronesses are concerned, Strakosch is right. Beyond lending their names, they took no interest in the matter. They were willing to help Madame de Ferussac to a debut, which was all she desired, and they did not care much for the Hospital—less for the manager; if they had, they would have pursued the plan, and carried the war into the enemy's country. Heavy Cavalry, in the shape of grizzled dowagers, would have charged upon the banks and bankers in Wall Street. The Light Artillery of young brides would have played unceasingly upon Beaver Street and lower Broadway. The Zouaves and Chasseurs d'Enfer, married coquettes and piratical widows, would have carried the enemy's outposts and picked off his officers. The Light Infantry and Bread and Butter Brigade would have met him with the bayonet over the breakfast table or at the threshold of the drawing room. No man's porte-monnaie would have been safe for a moment.

But no. Nobody cared about the matter, and so it was a fizzle. Then, too, it was whispered about that the débutante was never handsome, and was no longer young. This, alas! was too true. Madame de Ferussac must have been born before the great fire, when all the ladies in society first opened their eyes on this mundane sphere.

And I don't think the public is so much to blame, after all.

The public is good enough. It supports hospitals enough. Without doubt it will support the Woman's Hospital. But is there any moral obligation for a man to go to the opera on a hot night, and be bored, for a charitable purpose?

Does not the charity in this case begin at home?

It strikes me that it begins and stays there.

As for Madame la Comtesse, she has a light and very sweet voice, hardly powerful enough for the Academy. At times, she could scarcely be heard. The opera—the *Puritani*—is a very difficult one, as all the work for the prima donna comes at once. Still Madame managed to get through it creditably. She has been well taught, and sung with taste and always in tune.

I do not think that her voice is sufficient to command success; and, to speak mildly, she has no other recommendation.

We append, as a curiosity, the

CARD OF M. STRAKOSCH.

To the Public:—I regret exceedingly that I am obliged to state that the performance which was given at the Academy of Music on Tuesday, for the benefit of the Woman's Hospital Association, was not only unproductive to the funds of that deserving charity, but that it resulted in a loss of over eight hundred dollars to the manager. I feel called upon to make a brief statement of the facts connected with the management of the performance alluded to above:

1. I have now under my management one of the finest opera companies in the world, led by two magnificent artists as *prime donne*. With Madame Cortesi and Madame Colson as my stars and the artists joined with them, I have given the opera to good and paying houses.

2. I was requested by several ladies occupying high positions in New York society to join them in a benefit performance for the Woman's Hospital. As the attraction on their part, they wished me to arrange for the debut of a distinguished amateur—a lady of this city, who was presumed to have strong claims upon the public curiosity. She had kindly placed her services at the disposal of the committee for this occasion.

3. I remarked, incidentally, that the public of this city was not to be relied upon for the support of amateurs, however distinguished; and that such being the case, I thought I ought to have some guaranty for my expenses. Whereupon the ladies replied that they would use all their influence in favor of the project, and so secure its pecuniary success. Further, it was suggested that if their names should appear as patronesses of the affair, there would be no doubt that an audience would be assembled which would be large enough to leave a handsome sum after the expenses had been defrayed.

4. It was finally agreed that, although the expenses of the opera under my management amount to \$1,500 nightly, I should receive first, but \$1,000. The receipts, if any above that sum, were to be divided between the Hospital Association and myself, I taking the risk of the \$500 expenses not secured, while the association, or the lady patronesses, assumed no hazard whatsoever.

5. The result was that the gross receipts of Tuesday evening amounted to only \$622; leaving me a loser to the extent of

\$878. Further, that the majority of the ladies whose names appeared in the advertisement not only neglected to exert themselves to bring about a favorable result to my efforts, but did not lend their personal presence to an affair which they nominally patronized.

These facts for the public, to whom I, as every other manager must look for support. To the charitably disposed, I would respectfully suggest a study of the plan pursued in the matter of benefits for the poor by the aristocracy of the European capitals. The patronesses in those cities take as many as twenty, thirty, fifty, and sometimes one hundred tickets, pay for them, and sell them or give them away, thus providing something for the poor, and securing the manager, who is sometimes even in a worse condition, peculiarly speaking, than the special objects of charity.

Regretting exceedingly, both on account of the Association and my own treasury, that the affair of Tuesday should have been so unproductive, I remain the public's obedient servant.
MAURICE STRAKOSCH.

German Song Festival at Cleveland.

The eleventh annual Festival of the "North American Saenger-Bund" was held at Cleveland, O., on the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th inst. The first day was given to the reception of the singers; and in the evening Flotow's Opera "Alessandro Stradella" was performed at the Theatre by the male and female members of the Cleveland Glee Club, Herr JOHN OLKER being leader of the orchestra. The theatre was crowded, and the performance is pronounced a great success. The chorus consisted of nearly one hundred persons, and "no hired performers could approach the enthusiasm with which they performed their parts."

The second day (Wednesday) was devoted to rehearsals. In the evening a grand Concert by 400 singers, accompanied by a full Orchestra, under the direction of Prof. F. ANEL, with the following programme:

Part First.
1—Jubilee Overture.....C. M. Von Weber.
Orchestra.
2—A night at Sea.....Fichnerch.
By all the Singers and Orchestra.

Part Second.
1—Overture, "Summer Night Dream".....Mendels-ohn.
Orchestra.
2—Warrior's Scene.....E. F. Fisher.
All the Singers and Orchestra.

The exercises of the third day are thus described by the Cleveland *Herald*:

The Prize Concert at the Theatre, Thursday afternoon, was a brilliant affair, evoking a musical display, rarely equalled in any part of the country. The Concert commenced by an instrumental performance by Jung's Band, Pittsburgh, and closed by the Pittsburgh Union Concert Band. Both gave excellent music. The following companies actually sang on the occasion:

Tiffin Bruderbund, Sandusky Mozart Quartet, Buffalo Liedertafel, Akron Liedertafel, Erie Liedertafel, Buffalo Saengerbund, Columbus Maennerchor, Dunkirk Germania, Pittsburgh Frohsinn, Wheeling Maennerchor, Toledo Saengerbund, Alleghany Teutonia, Detroit Harmonie.

The singing of all was good. The Buffalo Liedertafel, a well dressed and remarkably gentlemanly appearing company, sang the "Night Song" with exquisite taste and harmony. It was rapturously encored. The Akron company sang "The Bee and the Flower," and were loudly encored. The humming of the bee was capitally imitated. The Buffalo Saengerbund were also encored. The bass solo was splendidly executed. The "Singer's March," by the Columbus Society, was as spirit stirring a song as could be heard, and it was difficult to keep from marching to it. The Pittsburgh Frohsinn were encored. The Polka by the Toledo Saengerbund was excellently sung, and obtained a decided encore. The Society is only a year old, but has made fine progress. They are a fine looking company. The Alleghany Teutonia received a merited encore. The Detroit Harmonie were enthusiastically encored for their song, "Wandering at Night," which was one of the gems of the Concert. The general feeling was that the Buffalo Liedertafel were ahead. Messrs. ABEL, GEORGE, and HENRY LANGSDORFF, were the judges:

THE BANQUET.

The Grand Banquet took place in the evening. National Hall was very tastefully decorated for the occasion. An arch of evergreens extended over the pavement in front of the building. The Hall itself was decorated with paintings, flags and evergreens. A platform immediately over the entrance from the stairs was hung with the elegant banners of the different Societies. Across the Hall was a large picture of Liberty, and pictures of four eagles, bearing inscribed scrolls, were displayed around the walls. Upon the picture of Liberty was the following inscription:

Sancta Libertas,
Heil'ger Strand, dich halt' ich!
[Sacred Shore, I keep thee.]

The scrolls held by the four eagles bore the following inscriptions:

Und so finden wir uns wieder
In den heitern huns Reich,
Und es soll der Kranz der Lieder
Frisch und grün geflochten sein.—Schiller.

[And so we meet again in these joyous various groups,
Let then the wreath of songs, fresh and green, be twined again!]

Das alleinige Streben nach dem Nützlichen ziemt nicht dem
guten und edlen Menschen.—Aristotle.

[To strive for the useful alone is not worthy of good and
noble men.]

Es schwinden jedes Kummers Falten,
So lang des Liedes Zauber walten.—Schiller.

[Every sorrow's wrinkles cease,
As long as the magic of the song reigns.]

O walle bin, du Opferbrand,
Hin neben Land und Meer,
Und schling' ein eiuig Liebesband
Um aller Voelker her!—Herwegh.
[O rise then, Offering's holy fire,
Kiss over land and ocean,
Embracing in unity and love
All the nations of the earth.]

At one end of the Hall was the inscription "WILKOMMEN!" At the other end was a platform over which was a large gilt harp crossed by a sword. Beneath this design was a large shield bearing the stars and stripes of America, crossed by a belt of gold, red, and black. On one side were deposited an oil painting on the easel, an engraving, palette, busts of Webster and Clay, a vase, globe, mathematical instruments, chemical apparatus, and three books of the Probate Court pertaining to naturalization of aliens. On the other side were an anvil and hammer, steam engine, plow and ship. Interspersed with these were branches of evergreens.

The tables were bountifully supplied with good things. Upwards of five hundred persons sat down in the Hall, and two hundred in the rooms below. A large number in addition could not find seats. The Hecker Band, under the direction of JOHN OLKER, occupied the platform over the stairs into the Hall, and played inspiring airs.

After the supper had been partially got through with, the speeches commenced.

Mr. A. THIEME said in German—Our Saengerbund is young yet, like America itself. The Union fills the want so keenly felt in this business country, to add to labor recreation, to the work of our heads the recreations of the mind. The German singers have first opened the way for it. (Bravo.) The speaker here referred to Orpheus, Arion, and the exercises at the Olympian games, to show that poesy and song were always honored. The German song, especially, has spread its influence all over the world; it is the tie uniting the Germans everywhere. (Bravo.) Festivals like the present are the principal points of German song and German manner of thinking, which is opposed for ever to Puritanism. The Germans are not foreigners here, being the warriors of liberty. [The speaker here referred to the pictures of liberty and the motto on the wall]. We spread cosmopolitan, human ideas; a singer of liberty must be a free man. To promote liberty and cultivate the mind by fostering the arts, the Singer's Union was erected as a concentrating point, and for that purpose we will keep it.

He then gave, in German, the first toast.

The Singer's Union! May it flourish and prosper, as a happy example of progress, to be followed by America.

The second toast:

Our guests. We can welcome them to a scanty festival only, but we hope they may feel happy and preserve a friendly recollection of the Forest City.

The third toast was—

The Union! The modern cosmopolitan State, which irrespective of creed or birth, hospitably opens its arms to all who desire to be freemen, and to help to solve the great problem of freedom; may it realize the facts of the great principles on which it is established.

Judge TILDEN rose to respond. He said that the sentiment of the toast contained an idea that was not new. It is inscribed on our national banner in the words *E Pluribus Unum*—many in one. This nation is made up of many nations. From all parts of the world they come to form the American people. The principal portion of our people, that portion of which we boast—the Anglo-Saxon race, are but descendants from the great German family.

The American people welcome you to their soil. You bring with you an element which is much needed in this country—an element which I see fully developed around me, to-night—sociality. Social feeling is sadly wanting among our people, and it is just that element that you bring with you.

Another thing in which you have the advantage of us is your physical development. We want your robust figures and hardy constitutions. One part of your mission here is evidently to round out and develop our Yankee frames. [Laughter and applause.]

It is a well-known fact that Germans have better heads than almost any nation on earth. It takes fewer of them to fill a bushel than it does those of any other people.

No people on earth have grown so rapidly as the German race. During the past 400 years no nation has grown so rapidly in civilization as the Germans. The thinking of this world is principally done by Germans.

Judge TILDEN then instanced the names of Humboldt, Goethe, Schiller, and other great men of German history and literature as proof of the civilization of the race. He admired and revered the great Teutonic race from which we have all sprung. In the words of the motto on the wall, he bade his German friends "welcome."

Three cheers for Judge TILDEN were given on his taking his seat.

The fourth toast was:

Germany, our Fatherland! Threatened by Romanic and Slavonic tribes, while wanting her unity, she is in danger either of fighting again for a victory not followed by liberty, or of suffering a defeat inflicting deep wounds. May she pass unhurt through the approaching storms, and at last, throwing off her beggar's cloak of thirty rags, rise as a national unity and a powerful Republic, with a great and free people.

The reply was read (the author having suddenly fallen sick). "Our Fatherland is in danger during the present war. The temple of Janus has been opened by a tyrant, the murderer of liberty, who now appears under the banner of liberty in Italy. Russian armies are concentrated on the frontiers of Germany. Our Fatherland, however, must triumph in spite of all her enemies, in spite of the thirty-six birds of prey which have their nests in the oaks of Germany. The gigantic power of our country must be set free against the external enemies. We can defeat them only as a national unity. While we can only send across the ocean our best wishes, we go in not for the princes, but for the people; for unity, for liberty, not in Germany alone, but all over the world. May the last king's throne soon fall into pieces before the rising majesty of the people."

Immense applause followed the reading, and the band struck up the *Marseillaise*, which was sung with enthusiasm by every one present, and followed by thundering shouts of "Bravo!"

The fifth toast was—

Woman—not those who make dupes of their husbands, but those women, the flames from which the man's poesy, energy, and love of liberty are nourished, those who verify the words of the poet,—Wherever they walk flowers spring up under their feet.

Responded to by Dr. HARTMANN.—Yes, the Women—Honor the women, they spin and weave, &c.; says Schiller, but that saying proves that not editors alone have the privilege of "lying like print." There is another popular saying, which, although not in verse, contains much truth; it runs thus: "Where the devil dares not to go himself he sends a woman!" Now we cannot deny that all the evil in the world has come from women; look around you, out of every ten poets, nine at least have been troubled to death by women; there is never a young genius trying to rise in the world, but is overpowered and kept down by some mishap in the shape of a woman; in short, there is so much evil done by women in the world, that a thousand absolutions, of a thousand years' length each, would not be sufficient to wash it off. We Germans have a singular signification in our language: nearly every bad is feminine. But then we have classed among women also some of the noblest virtues, even power and strength, and the giver of all light, the sun himself (or rather herself, in German, this being the only language where the sun is a feminine and the moon a masculine word), beauty, &c. It is certain also, that women have ever since the creation governed the world, that no civilization could go on but under the influence of women, and that we all more or less obey their dictates. How is that? Why, the female form is undoubtedly the finest in the world; for that reason it has been worshipped always. We, however, who are breaking down the idolatry of olden times, we will sustain woman's beauty rather in a spiritual view. In a beautiful body we worship a beautiful spirit. Beautiful is the woman attending to her household duties in pious simplicity, beautiful also the mother educating her children in the fear of men and God, but more beautiful is that woman that comprehends her duty and brings up all her family not as slaves of some ism, but as true and free men.—This woman I eulogize in spite of all her faults, and hoping that all our ladies will take the hint, I invite all those present to drink with me the health of that woman.

Dr. HARTMANN's speech called out thunders of applause, and at the close, congratulations and shouts rang through the Hall. It was unmistakably the speech of the evening.

At its close the *Marseillaise* was again sung with enthusiasm.

All the speeches, except that of Judge Tilden, were in German.

It is impossible to convey any description of the exciting scene or of the enthusiasm of the Germans. Here a group would suddenly spring up, clink their glasses of Rhine wine, and with a shout would sit down again. At another part of the room some one would strike up a line or two of some national song, and a hundred would immediately join in, finish up with a "Ho!" clink glasses, and subside again. An immense quantity of light Rhine wine was despatched, but there was no drunkenness or quarrelling. At midnight we left them singing and fraternizing—the happiest set of fellows we ever saw together in such numbers.

The fourth day opened with an imposing procession of dragoons, Turners, Singing Societies, Bands, &c., on the way to a pie-nie at Wilson Park.—The crowd numbered thousands. Short speeches

were made by Mr. C. F. Baur, of Pittsfield, Mayor Senter, Hon. D. K. Carter and Charles Arnold.

The Singers' Prize, a handsome silver cup valued at \$50, was then presented to the Buffalo Leidertafel by Mr. H. LANGSDORFF, of Cleveland, one of the Judges, and received by Prof. ADAM, on the part of the fortunate Society.

Then commenced the fun and frolic of the affair. Every one went in on his or her own hook to secure enjoyment. Little parties seated themselves on the grass, sang songs, and drank lager out of glasses, ornamented cow-horns, and various quaintly devised drinking-cups. One party drank from a curiously designed porcelain boot of formidable dimensions when looked at in the light of a drinking-cup. Bands of music played in different parts of the ground, and occasionally one of them would start off through the grounds followed by a crowd of singers.

The Turners had fastened a pole between two trees, and on it executed numerous astonishing feats of agility. A jovial Teuton, seated astride a ladder, his head crowned with oak leaves, and having a lager keg in front of him, was borne proudly through the grounds on the shoulders of stalwart Germans. In front rode an enthusiastic singer on horseback, with two others holding on to the tip of the horse's bushy tail. In advance of all went a brass band, while a crowd of jolly singers brought up the rear of this strange procession, which paraded the grounds several times during the afternoon. Most of the German men wore wreaths of oak leaves around their hats, whilst the women, of whom a large number were present, wore oak-leaf scarfs.

In all that immense crowd—amid all that vast ocean of lager that was set running down the throats of the Teutonic assemblage, we did not hear of a single quarrel or disturbance, nor did we hear a single word of anger or insult.

The Festival wound up with a grand Ball.

Twenty-one companies of Singers took part in the Festival, mostly in full force, with friends, making, in addition to the resident German population, many thousands of persons who kept those four days as a holiday. Beer and Rhine wine flowed freely, yet we do not hear of a single quarrel or disturbance in the whole time. Why will not Americans take a hint from such examples? When shall we too learn to know the meaning of the word *genial*, and begin to cultivate the art of *living*, as well as the arts of *making a living*?

Musical Correspondence.

WORCESTER, MASS., JUNE 20.—We passed a most agreeable evening last Friday, June 17, at Washburn Hall, at a soirée given by Mr. B. D. ALLEN, of our city, with the following programme:

PART I.

1. Piano Duo: Quintet No. 5 in A. Mozart.
a. Allegro; b. Larghetto; c. Menuetto; d. Variations.
2. The Twenty-third Psalm: for two Soprano and two Contralto voices. Schubert.
3. Pastoral Sonata for Piano Solo, Op. 28. Beethoven.
a. Allegro; b. Andante; c. Scherzo; d. Rondo.
4. German Songs. Robert Franz.
a. "Sterne mit den goldenen Füssen."
b. "Er ist gekommen in Sturm und in Regen."
c. Spring Song.

PART II.

5. Piano Solo; Scherzo e Capriccio. Mendelssohn.
6. Scene and Air from "Der Freischütz." Von Weber.
7. Piano Duo; "Overture to Shakespeare's 'Midsummer Night's Dream.'" Mendelssohn.
8. Angel Trio from "Elijah," "Lift up thine eyes." Mendelssohn.

It commenced with a Piano Duo by Mozart, very finely rendered by Mr. B. D. ALLEN and Miss ELLEN BACON. No. 2 was sung very neatly by Mrs. DOANE, ALLEN, WHITNEY, and Miss NELLIE FISKE. The next was splendidly played by Mr. ALLEN, who is one of the greatest players in the whole country. The three German songs, by Robert Franz, were sung sweetly by Mrs. R. S. ALLEN, but not with sufficient power. The Scherzo e Capriccio by Mendelssohn we never heard played better. Miss Bacon, we thought, gave it with much more

feeling and expression than a professional concert-giver a few weeks ago. Next came a scena and air from *Der Freyschütz*, most beautifully sung by Miss Nellie Fiske; it was decidedly the gem of the evening. The overture to the *Midsummer Night's Dream* by Mendelssohn was finely executed by Miss Bacon and Mr. B. D. Allen; followed by the "Angel Trio," from "Elijah," well sung by Mrs. Allen, Whiting, and Miss Fiske. On account of the storm there were only about eighty persons present. Much credit is due to Mr. Allen for so fine an entertainment.

LEIPZIG, JUNE 6.—Amidst all the political troubles and the consequent depression of business, Leipzig, during the past few days, has been the scene of some musical events which may be of some interest to many of your readers, especially such as have heretofore made this city a place of residence for the sake of musical studies and improvement. We have had a Convention of Musicians from different parts of the country, continuing in session from the first to the fourth of June. The convention had for an object the grounding of a society for the promotion of the cause of music in general, as well as a means of furthering acquaintance and friendship between artists. The means taken to reach this much to be desired end will be seen by the following programme:

June 1. *Evening*, Concert in the Theatre, under the direction of Dr. FRANZ LISZT, and "Theater Capellmeister" A. F. RICCIUS. After the concert general meeting at the lower saloon of the "Schützen Haus," with a view to mutual acquaintance.

June 2. *Morning*, Private Matinée in the upper saloon of the "Schützen Haus" for members and guests, (not open to the public). *Afternoon*, in the Thomas Church, "The Graner Festival Mass," by Franz Liszt, under direction of the composer. *Evening*, Supper for members and guests in the upper saloon of the "Schützen Haus."

June 3. *Morning*, Lectures. *Afternoon*, Choice of a President, &c., with other necessary business. *Evening*, Bach's Grand Mass in B minor, under direction of Carl Rudel.

June 4. *Morning*, Concert for chamber music in the Gewandhaus. *Afternoon*, Lectures in "Schützen Haus." To close as festival performance in the theatre, *Genoveva*, opera in four acts, by Robert Schumann.

June 5. *Morning*, General excursion by means of a special train to Merseburg. *Afternoon*, Organ Concert in the "Dome," arranged by Director H. Engel, of Merseburg.

Although it may be dull to go back and repeat the particulars of several of the above general programmes, still I will risk it, as it has some interest, there having been an especially large place devoted to modern compositions and the "Music of the Future,"—so for the concert in the theatre.

PART I.

(Under Riccius' direction.)

1. Overture "Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt." Mendelssohn.
2. Prologue: spoken by Mrs. Franziska Ritter.
3. Duo for Piano and Violin (B minor), by Fr. Schubert, executed by court pianist Herr von Bülow and concertmeister David.
4. Aria from "Benvenuto Cellini," by Berlioz, sung by Mrs. von Milde from court theatre at Weimar.
5. Overture to "Manfred," by Schumann.

PART II.

(Under Liszt's direction.)

6. "Tristan and Isolde." Introduction, Manuscript, by R. Wagner. (The above is a new opera which has not yet appeared.)
7. "Der Hildeknabe" and "Schöne Helwig," two ballads by Heibel; music by Schumann; spoken by Mrs. Ritter.
8. Duet from the "Flying Dutchman," by R. Wagner; sung by Mr. and Mrs. von Milde.
9. Two piano pieces, by Chopin and Liszt; executed by H. von Bülow.
10. Two songs by Robert Franz; sung by Herr von Milde.
11. Tasso, lamento e trionfo! symphonic poem by Liszt.

As this communication is intended as a report and not as a criticism, I will not take up space in lauding the many beauties, vocal and instrumental, of the above programme, or in remarking on some of the peculiar and not always understandable features of it.

All the performers received much applause, especially BÜLOW, whose performance is most wonderful he is said by many to be nearly equal to Liszt in his best days. As doubtless many of your readers know, he is Liszt's son-in-law, as well as pupil—his wife, as well as her mother, Mrs. Liszt, was present. In regard to the last piece on the programme, I have heard the criticisms of learned persons, which generally amounted to this: that they "liked it far better than they had expected to," which, although rather an equivocal compliment, still shows that there was something to admire. The instrumentation, as on all sides conceded, is magnificent, and on the broadest scale, nearly every instrument known to the modern orchestra being brought in. This is said to be one of the best, if not the best, of all Liszt's compositions of the kind. The finale which was generally admired, consisted of a choral melody which was treated almost independently with wind instruments, while the violins had a very rapid contrapuntal figure playing over and around it. He was called out three or four times at the close, during which time it rained bouquets thick and fast.

The private matinee of the following day was principally occupied by a well-known acquaintance of the Boston public, none else than ALFRED JAELL, now pianist to the king of Hanover. He has not grown a day older in appearance since leaving America, and is just the same devoted friend to the ladies as ever. He played a most beautiful trio in modern style for piano, violin, and cello, composed by Dr. O. BACH, from Vienna, who was present. DAVID and GRÜTZMACHER satisfied all demands as to the rendering of the string parts. There was also a song by a Fräulein Ginast, from Weimar, music by Liszt, to Heine's poem of the *Loreley*, a really beautiful thing, and worth all the masses and symphonic poems put together. There was also a lady pianist whose name I have forgotten; she played a duet for piano and violoncello, with Grützmacher, music by Franz Berwald—neither the composition nor the execution of it was equal to the other numbers of the programme. The matinee was concluded by a concert piece, entitled *Hommage à Händel*, by Moscheles, for two pianos, executed by the composer and Alfred Jaell. It was splendidly played and was the more appreciated, that Moscheles has not been heard in public before for a long time.

Of Liszt's mass composed for the dedication of the Gran Dom I must say but little, as it is useless to attempt a description when the thing itself is nearly indescribable—like the symphonic poem it is instrumented for an immense orchestra, in this case with the addition of the organ—and to say the least produced an immense volume of sound. So far as the usual mass form and church style are concerned, this composition has neither. There is very little comparatively in the fugued style and that not carried out to any great extent. The mass, from all I hear, has not pleased much. It is worth something to see Liszt as Conductor—every muscle of his body conducts—he stands on one leg the best part of the time, from the fact that the other is generally occupied beating time—one moment he is out of sight sunk beneath his music desk, the next he shoots up in all his six foot proportions. One moment facing in one direction, the next in the opposite one; and to sum up, it is a great pity that Liszt's orchestral works cannot everywhere be given under the composer's direction. The supper in the evening in the beautiful saloon of the "Schützen Haus," was a grand affair, in which some four or five hundred people participated. The following names were made the subjects of toasts: The King—Schumann and his co-workers, Liszt, The Sing Society, The ladies present and absent, Moscheles, Rietz and Riccius, the leaders of music in L. The next evening was occupied by the performance of Bach's Mass by the "Riedilscher Verein." Of this great work (in many respects Bach's greatest) I am free to admit that I am not far enough yet to understand its beauties and must give my decided preference for Handel, who stands nearly in that relation to England and America that Bach does

to Germany. Of the concert for chamber music in the Gewandhaus I give the whole programme as being one of the most interesting of the series:

1. Quartet in four fugued movements (Ms.) by Carl Müller, executed by the Minnigen Court quartet of the Brothers Müller.
2. Psalm (op. 27 No. 1.) by Ferd. Müller, "By the waters of Babylon," &c., sung by Mrs. Dr. Rieclam.
3. Concerto in the Italian style, by J. S. Bach, H. von Bülow.
4. Sonata by Tartini for Violin; David.
5. "Leonore," Ballade by Bürger, composed by Liszt (Ms.) spoken by Mrs. F. Ritter.
6. Grand Trio by Schubert; H. von Bülow, David and Grützmacher.

In the Concerto by Bach there was opportunity to prove the truth of the assertion, that Bülow is one of the very few who can satisfy or entertain a modern audience with piano music of Bach's. He came fully up to his reputation in this particular, and was called out three times, but refused to play again. The opera "Genoveva," closed the week, and the musical events recorded, in the evening. It contains most beautiful music, but is very rarely given, as it is not calculated for the public; it was first brought out in Leipzig under Schumann's direction, and has I believe been given only here and in Weimar. It was merely gotten up for this occasion, and the different parts were well sustained and received much applause. So ended the musical part of this convention, which may be productive of great good. I have not as yet heard the result of the business meetings or when the Society is to meet next year. I hear Dr. BRENDL, editor of the "*Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*" is appointed President for the ensuing year. B.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 25, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the opera, *Don Giovanni*, arranged for the Piano-Forte.

Liszt Criticized by an Admirer.

We have had occasion lately to correct a false impression which has gone abroad, that the Lisztian compositions, in the large, ambitious forms, "*Symphonische Dichtungen*," &c., have created an enthusiasm among real music-lovers in this country. And we have uniformly, when it has chanced to come up in our concert-programmes, been compelled to confess our inability to recognize in them the real presence of the creative spark. To be sure our experience has been very limited, we have not yet had one of his orchestral works performed here with an orchestra, but only in his own four-hand arrangements for piano. In each instance the whole thing was tedious, overstrained, unedifying; whereas any work of Beethoven, or Schubert, or Mendelssohn, which had imaginative thought and beauty in it, is sure to charm you and excite you in the merest outline copy of a pianoforte arrangement. Such, we believe, has been the general impression with regard to Liszt. As much as all admire him as a wonderful executant; as the most skilful, sympathetic, delicate and powerful interpreter of the creations of the men of genius; as a splendid instance in his own life of a high Art enthusiasm, the chivalric head of the musical knight-errantry of our times, and the generous expounder and advocate of the genius of his friends, as Chopin, Franz, and others;—still we have had no experience as yet, in listening to his compositions, that has run at all counter to the general opinion of intelligent musicians: that the creative faculty has been denied him, quite as distinctly as the genius of interpretation has been given him. With all that our young and ardent pianists of "the Future" have tried to do for us, we have

not so far been able to "experience a change"; and all the "revival" they have yet succeeded in getting up in this country exists wholly in the imagination of the Leipzig editor, from whom we copied a few weeks since.

But it is well to listen to all sides. Liszt has been having a three days' ovation recently in Breslau; and the *Breslauer Zeitung* reports of what was done. We translate a part of it. The writer is Hesse, one of the first of living German organists, after old Johann Schneider of Dresden. He is plainly a friend and admirer of Liszt personally, as generous and accepting as he can be in his criticisms, and what he writes, therefore, may be regarded as the utmost stretch of generous concession which a solid, sensible musician, brought up upon Bach and Mozart and Beethoven, could make, after impartial, friendly hearing and examination, to the new works.

On the 9th of May, a grand concert was arranged in the Schiesswerder Hall, by Herr Dr. Leopold Damrosch, in honor of, and with the cooperation of, the Court-Capellmeister Herr Dr. FRANZ LISZT. Liszt, the great, genial master of the Piano-forte, who with his achievements on this instrument alarmed the world, gave eleven concerts here in Breslau in the year 1843, with ever increasing success. He electrified his hearers by such playing as *no one* had shown before. Whoever thought to give himself up to his playing with the calm and comfortable feeling that he would to the performances of Hummel and other masters, was greatly mistaken. Liszt transferred his moods to the piano. He screwed up the feelings of the hearer to a pitch of feverish excitement, but he allowed them also to subside occasionally. We were at that time so fortunate as to be daily in his presence and admire his magical play. His repertoire was multifarious, he played all masters.

We will not waste words about his gigantic *technique*, his art of singing on the instrument, &c.; these are well-known things; thousands have heard him. But we cannot forbear alluding to one composition; we mean his "Reminiscences from *Don Juan*," one of the most genial of piano pieces. We lament for any one who has not heard him play these reminiscences. The marble guest on horseback, the insinuating *Don Juan* with his *La ci darem*, the struggling and at last consenting Zerlina, the Champagne song, &c., all this did Liszt pass before our minds in such a way that we forgot Liszt, concert hall and all; one awoke from the performance as from a blissful dream. Four times we heard this piece by him, and always with the same emotions.

That Liszt's active mind should finally grow weary of the virtuoso career, although he reaped in it the highest triumphs, is no wonder: he longed for another kind of activity. He fixed his abode in Weimar, where he was called to the office of Court Capellmeister, and now appeared as the creator of greater works. It is well known what opposition his direction has experienced, and we frankly confess that we too hitherto have not been able to sympathize with this direction. We love euphony, and have always had a holy horror of hardness, even in a Bach and a Beethoven (in his last works); we are more fond of those works of those masters, in which too violent assaults upon the sensibility of the ear do not occur; but do not understand us by any means as saying, that the fourth movement of the ninth Symphony, for instance, does not thrill us to the centre of our soul by its sublimity.

You will perhaps smile at our confession of faith, will call us a pedant, a schoolmaster; we must bear it patiently. As to Liszt, we have read through his scores attentively, have found much in them that goes against the grain with us, but at the same time also much that has appealed to us and inspired us with a

great respect for the composer's geniality. "Les Preludes," for example, pleased us very much.

But to return to the concert. As Liszt stepped up to the conductor's desk, he was received with a triple *fanfara*. Schiller's poem, "To the Artists," composed by Liszt for men's voices, soli, chorus and orchestra, opened the concert. With joy and from our heart we must confess that this composition by its noble keeping, its beauty, sublimity and superb climax, took deep hold on us. What a glorious conception of such precious words! The execution was worthy of the composition. It ended amid loud applause. It was followed by Beethoven's ever young and precious Violin Concerto, which Dr. Damrosch played with much understanding and fine execution. . . . Liszt had taken the direction of the orchestra and striven in the rehearsal for a very delicate accompaniment.

"Tasso" (*Lamento e trionfo*), a Symphonic Poem by Liszt, now followed. One who hears this work, which contains much that is grand and beautiful, for the first time, will often feel his ear affected hardly, and there is much to which we ourselves, after four times hearing, cannot become reconciled; this we confess frankly. At the same time we must, after careful readings of the score, confess as freely our high appreciation of the often powerful intentions of the composer. Abrupt harmonic sequences startled us rudely; we could not reconcile ourselves to them; but the entire Cantilena in A flat major is full of grace and charm; and there is a fine intellectual grace in the *Allegretto mosso* in F sharp major, which afterwards, when the composer has again stirred up all the passions in the recurrence of the *Lamento*, returns triumphantly in C Major in the *Allegro con Brio*. The *Moderato Pomposo* and the *Stretto* are brilliantly effective. The work was received with tumultuous applause. The last piece of the evening was the ninth Symphony of Beethoven. . . . Liszt was serenaded after the concert in front of his hotel.

On the following evening a Soirée at a private house was held, when compositions of the newest composers furnished forth the feast. We have only room to translate what Herr Hesse says of Liszt at the piano.

Dr. Damrosch and Liszt now played Chopin's *Nocturne* in C minor (op. 48), in a quite glorious and deep-felt style. The composition too was very beautiful in this form. The irresistible enchanter, Liszt, remained seated at the piano and gave us one of his *Etudes* in D flat major, which is extremely interesting, graceful, and altogether charming in point of harmony. The tones of embellishment thrown into the figures, ringing like those of a glass Harmonica through his magical touch, made a peculiar stimulating impression on the nerves. The master's *Pianissimo*, which we have only heard equalled by Chopin, the infinitely various *nuances* of his touch, the fabulous elasticity and swiftness of his long stretched fingers, the beautiful tone-colors which the instrument assumes under his hands, all these excellent peculiarities wrought so powerfully upon his hearers, that the restrained jubilation burst out after it was ended. Then he played a waltz, and then a greater one after Schubert's themes from the *Soirées de Vienne*. We know this very neat and graceful piano piece: but how did Liszt play it? He made it half as long again by incidental variations; he displayed in it a fabulous degree of technical execution; he scarcely looked at his hands, but turned to the bystanders with piquant, jocose marginal glosses, which he made upon the composition and upon his playing. To see him sitting there, and watch his peculiar head and intellectual face, the unlimited monarch of the keyboard, making sport of the maddest difficulties, and yet never for a moment changing the calm position of his body, any one would say, that such an artist nature, as this of Liszt, exists only once.

THE MUSIC RECORDER. — We have received the following communication from Mr. BOND, the inventor of one of the three instruments referred to in another column.

DEAR SIR: — There seems to be some contention as to priority in the invention of a Music Recorder. I desire to say for myself that, until the time I obtained a Caveat, I had no knowledge of any such instrument or of any attempt to construct one. I was then directed to a description of a Music Recorder in the London Journal of Science, which was invented as far back as 1836. It is very unlike my instrument, yet it prevents me from claiming as original the main idea of recording notes by means of levers on a moving strip of paper. Other things quite as essential to make the machine of practical value, I do claim; as for instance, the place it occupies in the piano, the manner in which the paper is ruled, the mode of distinguishing sharps and flats from the naturals, the application of the ink, the apparatus for marking the bars, and the way in which the swell of the pedal is represented. The English invention does not appear to have been successful. Nobody here has ever seen it.

Yours truly, H. F. BOND.

Musical Chit-Chat.

Our friend TREMKLE has returned to Boston, not, we are sorry to say, much benefited in health by his sojourn in the South. He has resolved to try the California climate, and there is much room for hope that that will restore him. His loss in the musical world of Boston will be sorely felt. . . . All the Italian singers and players of the several opera companies united in a grand day and evening performance on Wednesday, in New York, in aid of the widows and children of their countrymen who shall have fallen in the patriotic cause of Italy. Mme. GAZZANIGA, a native, it is said, of Voghera, mentioned in the late battle of Montebello, is very ardent in the cause, having already contributed 2,000 francs to it. We are glad to hear that a movement is on foot for a repetition of the performance here in Boston. . . . A musical Festival, of classical orchestral music, on a large scale, was held in the Philadelphia Academy last Monday evening. There were three conductors, who conducted each a part, viz.: Messrs. SENTZ, MEIGNEN and Dr. CUNNINGTON. The programme must have lasted into the short hours. It included the *Eroica* Symphony; the piano Concerto in E flat, of Beethoven, played by Carl WOLFSOHN; the violin Concerto of Mendelssohn, played by Carl GAERTNER; three overtures (Weber's "Jubilee," Cherubini's *Deux Journées*, and Mozart's *Zauberflöte*); a finale from *Lohengrin*, and four vocal pieces. The orchestra contained over forty stringed instruments; the audience was large and the performances highly satisfactory.

The Cincinnati "Cecilia Society" gave its seventh concert on the 16th inst. The music consisted of the first part of Mendelssohn's "Elijah," and Gade's *Ossianic Cantata* of "Comala." . . . Mme. BISCACCANTI had an enthusiastic concert last week in Bangor. One of the papers there, after indulging in no end of raptures, relates the following: (What, pray, is a "Grand-pupil?") :

Just before the first appearance of Madame Biscaccianti, Madame Zimmermann ascended the platform, and spreading a small carpet strewed it with flowers amidst the rapturous applause of the whole audience. It was a worthy tribute of the *grand-pupil* of the great Mozart to the genius of one who honors with her song the sublime conceptions of its great masters.

A Berlin correspondent of the *Tribune* (perhaps our readers know him) writes:

Dr. Chrysander, well known in the musico-literary world of Germany as one of the first writers on musical-historical topics, is now in London, finishing the second volume of his very remarkable *Life of Handel*, the first volume of which appeared last season.

Of the final volume of Jahn's *Life of Mozart*, we have as yet no tidings. I doubt whether these four thick volumes will be found to have interest enough to make them worth translating into English; but public libraries ought to have them, since they contain a vast amount of information, not only upon Mozart, but upon all points connected with him.

Music Abroad.

London.

(From the Musical World, May 28.)

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.—Owing to its great success at the first concert of the present season, Dr. Wylde judiciously repeated the Choral Symphony on Monday night, when the densely crowded state of the hall (St. James's) proved that the master-work of Beethoven had lost none of its attraction. The principal vocal parts were allotted to Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Stabbach, Messrs. Wilbye Cooper and Weiss; and the execution, on the whole, was even better than before, the attention of the audience quite as marked, and the applause bestowed on each movement of the symphony quite as enthusiastic. The fact of two such performances of so elaborate and difficult a composition having taken place within so short an interval of time is not merely creditable to Dr. Wylde, but speaks well for the musical taste of his numerous patrons and supporters. The overture to *Die Zauberflöte*, and Mendelssohn's first piano forte concerto—played with wonderful spirit and brilliancy by Mad. Schumann (who was unanimously recalled into the orchestra at the conclusion)—were the other pieces in the first part of the programme. The second part was wholly devoted to Mr. Howard Glover's new dramatic cantata, entitled *Comala*, one hearing of which, imperfect and in many instances bad as was the execution, sufficed to show that the composer had treated his subject not only with the ability which has won him a distinguished place among contemporary musicians, but in a truly poetical spirit. When we say that the music is Ossianic, we by no means intend that, like the poetry it aims at illustrating, it is obscure, but that it is marked almost throughout by a dreaminess of character, occasionally by a sort of rugged wildness, perfectly in keeping with the theme. The gloomy personage of *Comala* (Madame Rudersdorff)—chiefly employed (like some Irish orator) in lamentations, maledictions, and denunciations, until death releases her (and the reader) from further anxiety—is graphically portrayed. Her first air, "Where art thou, Oh Fingal?" is plaintive and beautiful, and the scene in which she becomes lyrically frantic, on hearing from Hidallan (Mr. Weiss) of the supposed death of Fingal, extremely romantic and effective. Among other pieces that, even after a single hearing, may, without hesitation, be pronounced excellent, are the song of Melicoma (Miss Stabbach), "Grey night grew dim along the plain," and the air in which Hidallan apostrophizes the weeping *Comala*—"What joy thus to behold his love." The dances, the marches, and the choruses are all, more or less, striking—the best of the last-named, perhaps, being the unaccompanied chorus of bards, "Where are our chiefs of old?" and the chorus descriptive of the tempest. The little music that accrues to Fingal (Mr. Wilbye Cooper) is chiefly declamatory. As in his *Tam O'Shanter*, Mr. Glover has striven to invest the music of *Comala* with a national turn, and both in the songs we have mentioned, and in nearly all the incidental music, certain peculiarities of the Celtic style of melody, without being plagiarized, are successfully imitated.

HERR JOACHIM'S CONCERTS.—The third and last of Herr Joachim's very interesting performances took place yesterday evening, and was even more successful than its predecessors. The programme—devoted, as before, exclusively to Beethoven—was as follows:—

Quintet in C, Op. 23.
Quintet in A minor, Op. 132.
Quintet in E minor, Op. 59.

Executants—Herr Joachim and Herr Ries (violins), Messrs. Diagrove and Webb (violas), Signor Piatti (violinello).

The quartet in A minor, one of the so-called "Posthumous," was repeated by unanimous desire, in consequence of the extraordinary effect it had produced at the preceding concert. The quartet, Op. 59, completed the Rasonmowsky set, the other two having already been given. The three stages of Beethoven's productive career were thus each represented by a masterpiece. The execution was beyond all praise. No such quartet playing has been heard in London for years as at these entertainments; and last night, as if to make his subscribers regret that, for a time at least, they were to enjoy no more such intellectual treats, Herr Joachim surpassed himself. It is impossible to over-estimate the qualifications of this German violinist as an interpreter of classical music. To a manual dexterity which enables him to vanquish every difficulty with astonishing ease, he unites a style so noble, an expression so pure, and at the same time so thoroughly realizing all that the music is intended to convey, that, while the judgment is invariably satisfied and the severest taste conciliated, the ear is enchanted beyond measure. Never has playing so vigorous, passionate, and impulsive been combined with more faultless intonation, more sustained command of the gradation of sound, more brilliant and unerr-

ing execution. It is, indeed, no exaggeration to say, of Herr Joachim, that he can sing like Mario and fiddle like Paganini.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The event of the past week was the first performance this season of *Lucrezia Borgia*—an event always hailed with delight by the subscribers and the public, and always sure to attract one of the most crowded audiences of the season. With such a cast as Grisi in *Lucrezia*, Mario in *Genaro*, and Ronconi in *Duke Alfonso*, not forgetting Madame Nantier-Didiée, the excitement and the attraction are not to be wondered at.

The band and chorus were admirable from beginning to end, and Mr. Costa must have exclaimed, when he quitted the orchestra, "This has been a great night for the Royal Italian Opera."

DRURY LANE.—The first performance of *Don Giovanni*, on Tuesday, attracted an immense audience. The special features of the cast—as at her Majesty's Theatre last season—were the Donna Anna of Mdll. Titens and the Don Ottavio of Signor Giuglini. If the other characters could not boast of such high names, at least they comprised, as far as was practicable, the *élite* of the Drury Lane company. Mdlle. Victoire Balfé was Zerlina—her first appearance in the part on the English stage; Mdlle. Vaneri, who last year made a favorable *début* in *Lucrezia Borgia*, supported the deserted and heart-broken Elvira; Signor Badiali reassumed the part of the profligate nobleman; Signor Lanzoni undertook the Commendatore; and Signor Marini made his first bow at Drury Lane as Leporello. If the cast was not perfect it was no fault of the manager, since out of his materials nothing more satisfactory could be achieved. Mr. E. T. Smith, for instance—to cite a solitary example—could not imbue Signor Badiali with those numerous and indispensable qualities and qualifications so necessary for the true impersonation of Mozart's and Da Ponte's hero, and in which the popular barytone is manifestly deficient. Signor Badiali, however, stands in the same predicament with artists more celebrated than himself. Nature never intended him for the courtly, polished and fascinating gentleman, even if art had supplied all it could. We have had in our time but one Don Giovanni "native and to the manner born," and each year renders the hope of a successor more and more remote. In Leporello, on the other hand, we have been more fortunate. Lablache was only a shade less renowned in Leporello than Tamburini in Don Giovanni. Nevertheless, the legitimate successor of Lablache has been found in Ronconi, who, if he does not sing the music with equal power and effect, acts the part with as much humor and more subtlety.

Mdlle. Victoire Balfé takes the same view of the character of Zerlina, as Persiani and Bosio, and rejects altogether the bold interpretation given to it by Malibran and Mdlle. Piccolomini.

MADAME SCHUMANN'S CONCERTS.—Madame Clara Schumann, who has already twice visited London (in 1856 and 1857), gave the first of three *matinées*, in conjunction with Herr Stockhausen, at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Saturday. Although the audience, we regret to say, was by no means numerous, it was an audience of connoisseurs, able and eager to appreciate the merits of the celebrated pianist, and to enjoy the varied beauties of the programme she had prepared for them. Herr Joseph Joachim was the violinist, and the entertainment began with a performance (by Madame Schumann and Herr Joachim) of Beethoven's grand sonata dedicated to Kreutzer, which for energetic expression and vigorous execution could hardly have been surpassed. Of still greater interest than this, however—for reasons unnecessary to explain—was a duet (variations) for two pianofortes, the composition of Robert Schumann. In this Madame Schumann was assisted by her sister, Mademoiselle Marie Wieck; and nothing could be more perfect than the execution of the entire piece. The admirers of Schumann's music cannot possibly enjoy a greater treat than that of hearing it played by his widow, whose enthusiasm in this instance springs from a source entitled to universal respect. Not only those who assert, but even those who question, the genius of the late composer must admire the talent, while they sympathize with the devotion thus touchingly manifested. Mdlle. Marie Wieck is much younger than her sister, but, so far as this one performance allowed us to form an opinion, she seems destined to do credit to the name she bears. Another piece by Schumann—a sort of *lied*, or song without words, for piano and violin—was admirably given by Madame Schumann and Herr Joachim, and followed by a so-called *ballade*, the composition of the German violinist, which strikes as much by its originality as it pleases by the quaint simplicity of its character. Madame Schumann also played a *scherzo* by Chopin, and some smaller pieces.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Emma Jane. Song. W. J. Florence. 30

Another number of the new series of Songs by the Florences, the first two of which (The "Captain with his whiskers," and "Johnny was a shoemaker,") are fast becoming popular. All of them are, in fact, cast for the mouth of the million.

The Diamond Cup. Words by Geo. M. Dowe. Music by W. A. Field. 25

A chaste and beautiful song, whose pure Christian sentiment cannot fail to elicit very hearty sympathy. The music is fine and will go far towards establishing this ballad as a favorite in the home-circle.

Bonnie Bell. Song and Chorus. H. S. Jaycox. 25
A pleasing Serenade for the open air.

Deep gaze to gaze. (Tief Blick in Blick.) Carl Wilhelm. 25

A splendid song from the German, once the subject of innumerable Fantasias, Transcriptions and other arrangements. Young Alfred Jaell won some of his first laurels by a clever arrangement of this melody, which his nimble fingers executed in early concerts. Lately some distinguished vocalist has revived the song, and it now makes its second round through the musical circles of Europe.

Take my gift. Song. J. W. Cherry. 25
A nice parlor-song, not difficult.

Ah! why sing this song of pleasure? C. M. Tracy. 25
Pleasing, of a slightly melancholy character.

Instrumental Music.

Italian Medley. Charles Grobe. 25

A potpourri, introducing a number of the most familiar airs from Italian operas, arranged in a brilliant style.

Cheer, boys, cheer. Varied by Charles Grobe. 50

A set of spirited Variations on Russell's hold melody, which has become a national air of England, especially patronized by the army, ever since the Crimean camp nightly resounded with it, Grobe's arrangement is in excellent keeping with the spirit of the air and will become vastly popular.

Overture. I Capuletti e i Montecchi. (Romeo and Juliet). Bellini. 35

A standard overture, in an arrangement of modern difficulty.

New Bobolink Polka. T. M. Barrows. 25

Lieb Mary Mazurka. Franz Kielblock. 25

Summernight Waltz. F. B. Hielsmuller. 25

Star of the West Schottisch. F. Pannell. 25

Dance Music for piano players' recreation.

Books.

AMERICAN SCHOOL FOR MELODEON. By T. E. Gurney. With an illustration of the Position the Hands in playing. 1,00

Great care has been taken in the arrangement of the elementary studies of this work. The exercises and examples exhibit every phase of execution, a diligent practice of which will enable the pupil to perform with ease and accuracy any of the popular compositions of the day. The collection of Songs, Duets, Trios, Marches, Quicksteps, &c., comprise some of the very best, and have been selected with particular regard to the tastes and wishes of the home circle and social gatherings. This volume is, therefore, calculated for student or performer, equally valuable as a method of instruction and a favorite collection of music for the melodeon and all reed instruments.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 378.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1859.

VOL. XV. No. 14.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

To Music.

Music, of good, in better worlds to be,
Divine suggestion, high presentiment!
Assist, enrich, exalt my life's intent,
And unto something noble fashion me,
Like that thou sing'st of! Shed, o'er heart and brain,
The bright revealings of thine influence;
Make clearer to this clouded mortal sense
The use of evil, and the fruit of pain; [not,
And through broad realms, where time and space are
Draw me, past spheres we dimly guess, far, free,
Unto the springs eterne whence thou hast caught
Thine echoes of seraphic ecstacy!
There, throned in regions of deep-sighted thought,
I'll pierce the secret of Life's mystery.

FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A Tour Among the Organs.

No. III.

Florence, May 2, 1859.

MR. EDITOR:—I send you the third and closing portion of my narrative of a recent organ tour, in Southern Germany and Switzerland, and hope it may be in my power during the coming summer, to give your readers similar accounts of other celebrated European organs. And here let me remark, that though my impressions and opinions may occasionally differ from those considered as high authority in these matters, they will, at all events, be free from bias and prejudice, and the result of honest conviction, my sole object being to give truthful and reliable information on the subject.

Weingarten is the name of a Benedictine Convent, in Upper Swabia, a dependency of the kingdom of Wurtemberg, and though only about a day's journey from Ulm, is, from its isolated position, but rarely visited by travelers. The extensive group of buildings constituting the Abbey stand on the summit of a lofty hill, and the most conspicuous object among them is the Church, with its two lofty and finely proportioned towers. In former years, it was annually visited by thousands of devout pilgrims, attracted thither by a collection of relics, which were pronounced to be the veritable toes, fingers, heads and other remnants of deceased saints and martyrs, and believed to possess the miraculous power of curing all incurable diseases. This Abbey was also renowned for possessing a portion of our Saviour's blood, and it is said that many impossible cures were effected through its agency. The famous organ stands in the western gallery of the church, and its appearance from the nave is very grand and impressive. The exterior case is admirably proportioned, and richly ornamented, and the great front pipes, of burnished tin, are so effectively grouped, as to present a very striking and unique appearance to the eye. Those familiar with that celebrated work, "*L'Art du facteur d'Orgues*," by Bedos de Celles, will doubtless remember the fine engraving of this organ, which appears on the last page of the volume. It was commenced in the year 1752, and completed in two years,

the general plan and designs being furnished by Gabler, a Benedictine monk. It contains exactly 6666 pipes, and the stipulated price was 6000 florins (about \$3,000); but the monks (so runs the tradition) were so much pleased with the magnificent tones of the new organ, and the general completeness of the work, that they gave the builder a gratuity of 666 florins, thus allowing him a florin for each pipe. The present organist is a performer of considerable local reputation, and is evidently well taught, but his playing seemed to me quite ordinary, and without point or interest, in fact, like that of a man who had been turned into an organist against his natural inclination. I mention this, not in a carping or fault-finding spirit, but to show that great organs do not always produce great players, even in Germany.

Much has been written and said in praise of the Weingarten organ. Several German writers have described this instrument as one of the largest and most effective in Europe, and particular mention is made of the "*Vox humana*" stop, which is said to bear a very close resemblance to the human voice, besides possessing an exquisite quality of tone, that equals, if it does not surpass, the famous "*Vox humana*" in the Haarlem organ. On the other hand, the French authorities dissent from these views, and pronounce the Weingarten instrument as deficient in reed stops, both as to number and quality of tone; that the *bourdons* and foundation registers are not possessed of sufficient strength and fulness; that there is too great a preponderance of octave and mixture stops, and finally that the general quality of tone is thin and bad. Wishing to form my own opinions in regard to this organ, I endeavored (for the time) to forget all recollection of these two very opposite and contradictory conclusions, and having taken a favorable position at the extremity of the church, I listened to the performances of M. Zahn. For the first half hour, my ears exerted themselves to the very utmost in an attempt to discover something pleasing and satisfactory in the tones of this famous organ, but the effort was vain, and while there was much to censure there was little or nothing to commend. I do not remember a single register, or a combination of registers upon either of the manuals, that struck me as pleasing and effective; the tones were invariably thin and hard, and sometimes quite painful to the ear. When the Full Organ was used the defective qualities were still more apparent, and the absence of foundation stops, such as *doubles*, *diapasons*, and *unisons* to counterbalance the quantity of octave stops, mixtures, &c., would be felt, I think, even by an unpracticed ear; and as for the *reeds* (though in good tune) they added nothing but a new wretchedness to the general effect.

Towards the conclusion of the performance, a new series of sounds issued from the organ, which, though I found them very hard to listen to, are yet more difficult to describe, and for the moment I was puzzled to determine whether these extra-

ordinary tones were produced by mechanical means, or proceeded from the throats of some description of animal, which had been carefully trained for this purpose. The impression left on my mind may be gathered from the following note in my memorandum book: "The Weingarten organ has among its registers a *Vox Humana* stop of great celebrity, and after patiently hearing it, I come to the conclusion that similar effects may be obtained by natural causes, and in the following manner: Pinch the tails of four consumptive cats, and two croupy kittens, and let their pensive moanings be accompanied by such harmonies as four asthmatic old ladies can educe from four combs, and you have the best possible imitation of the *Vox Humana* stop in the Weingarten organ."

At the conclusion of the performances, I was invited into the organ gallery, and had an opportunity of examining this extraordinary instrument. The organ case is sixty feet high, forty feet wide, but only ten feet deep; and this disproportion between the height and depth gives it an unstable look and suggests the possibility of its tumbling over. On the edge of the front gallery is a case, containing the pipes belonging to the third manual, and externally it resembles the English and American *detached* Choir organs. The key action is reversed, and placed between the two principal organ towers. There are four manuals, all of CC compass, and one set of pedal keys, of two octaves in extent. The total number of draw-stops, including couplers and half-stops, is sixty-four, and the general arrangement and character of the various registers resemble other German organs. In the pedal organ, there is a thirty-two feet reed, but it is badly voiced, and the tone is consequently rough and unequal. The sixteen feet double, in the pedal (speaking the thirty-two feet note) is the best stop in the organ, particularly the lower octave, and I consider it fully equal to the same register in the Ulm organ, though perhaps of less volume of tone. I am not aware that the Weingarten organ has ever before been visited and reported upon, by either English or American organ-hunters. Hopkins, while preparing his *History of the Organ*, explored the greater part of Germany and Holland, but his travels southward terminated at Ulm. I hope, therefore, if some future traveler, "who is versed in organs," should ever chance to be in the neighborhood of Friedrichshafen, or Lake Constance, that he will visit Weingarten, examine and hear the famous organ there, and afterwards give your readers the benefit of his impressions and opinions; believing, as I do, that they will be found, in the main, to agree with my own, rather disparaging but nevertheless correct, account of this instrument, which has generally been considered by musical authorities as one of the finest in Europe.

There are few towns in Switzerland possessing more objects of general interest to the traveller than Berne. It is said to have been founded in the ninth century by Berchtold of Zähringen,

who having in single combat fought and killed a huge bear, the terror of the neighbourhood, commemorated the event by naming the new city Bern. Just outside of the Aarburg gate are the Bärengraben (*bear pits*), where a number of these animals are kept at the expense of the town, and for the amusement of the inhabitants. I also observed, that *bears* form the armorial insignia of the town, and representations of them in wood and stone are to be seen in every street, besides being placed on the public fountains, and gates of the city.

The finest buildings in Berne (with the exception of the cathedral) are comparatively new, having been built since the year 1792. The houses in the three principal streets are large and handsome edifices, and are all built over an arched footway, thus affording pedestrians a complete shelter from the rain or sun. The principal promenade adjoins the cathedral, and from this point there is a magnificent view of the distant Alps, and on a clear day, the snow-crowned summits of the Jungfrau and Schreckhorn may be distinctly seen. The Cathedral is a handsome Gothic structure, with a lofty tower, and was completed in the early part of the fifteenth century. The interior of the church is quite plain, and not particularly interesting; there are however some fine specimens of carving in the choir stalls, besides several windows containing stained glass, much valued for the depth and beauty of the colors, and originally brought from Holland.

The cathedral organ, (one of the chief attractions of Berne) is a large and fine toned instrument, and was built by Haas, formerly a pupil of Walcker. The organist is Mr. Mendel, a player of some celebrity, but his performances, though clever so far as mere manual dexterity is concerned, did not impress me. Performances upon the organ are given every Tuesday and Friday in each week, and as no fee is charged for admission, there is usually a large concourse of listeners. The music selected for these occasions is not *organ* music in any sense of the term; and Mr. Mendel told me that his audiences did not care to listen to Bach and Handel, but that they wanted music they could understand; so, to retain his present popularity, he is careful to make his selections attractive and pleasing. The programmes are generally made up of arrangements of Swiss national melodies, interspersed with selections from the orchestral works of Beethoven, Mozart and Haydn, and invariably closing with a *Grand Fantasia*, in which is introduced a representation of a thunder storm. That an audience may be amused, and even thunder-struck, at the seeming reality of this "tempest in a tea pot," I do not doubt; but whether the musical taste and knowledge of the people can be advanced by such performances, is quite another question.

Fribourg en Suisse, when approached from Berne, is a very remarkable looking town. It appears to be built chiefly on the top of a lofty and nearly perpendicular precipice, and is divided into two quite distinct portions by the river Sartine. The main roads on the Berne side are connected with the town by two wire suspension bridges, one of which is 900 feet in length, and nearly 300 feet above the level of the river. The Cathedral, or Church of St. Nicholas, is a plain but imposing structure, and the tower, which is said to be the highest in Switzerland, rises to the

height of 363 feet. The interior of the church contains some fine specimens of stained glass, and a few valuable pictures; but beside these there is nothing particularly worthy of note, excepting the organ. This famous instrument, though comparatively of recent construction, (built in 1834) is perhaps (next to the Haarlem organ) more widely known than any other in Europe, and I am told that during the last twenty-five years it has been visited by more than 70,000 persons. The first organ erected in Fribourg Cathedral was constructed by Conrad Waldshut, in the year 1426, and is said to have cost seven thousand francs. This instrument was destroyed by fire in 1818. The present organ was designed and built by Aloyse Mooser, a native of Fribourg, who, besides having enjoyed the great advantages resulting from a seven years apprenticeship to the sons of the famous Silbermann, possessed, it is said, an unusual amount of natural skill and talent for his business, and for the last forty years has had the reputation of being among the first organ builders of his time.

The Fribourg organ contains 4163 pipes, and 3910 of them are made of pure English tin; the large bass pipes only are made of wood, maple and oak being used for that purpose. There are four manuals, disposed according to the usual German plan, and sixty-four registers, but no composition pedals or couplers,—a strange and unaccountable omission, when we consider the recent construction of this organ, and the almost universal adoption of these important and useful contrivances. The bellows are very large, admirably constructed, and in all respects the best that I have ever seen. The principal levers for working them are attached to two iron wheels of six feet diameter, connected by a crank, and this blowing apparatus can be easily managed by the strength of one man, even when the full power of the organ is used. The present organist, M. Vogt, has held his appointment since the year 1836, and though a clever performer, can scarcely be considered as one of the *great* players. The music generally selected for the organ concerts, is very much the same as at Berne, and in both places Bach and Handel seem to be studiously avoided. The Fribourg organist is what would be termed a very clean and accurate player, so far as his fingers are concerned; but his pedal playing is quite ordinary, and from this fact I should judge that he was hardly equal to the execution of the more difficult pedal fugues of Bach; still M. Vogt produces some very striking effects from the Fribourg organ, which another organist, perhaps with double his powers of execution, might not readily acquire. His *Grand Fantasia*, introducing a representation of a thunder storm, is, with all its trickery and clap-trap, not only a very ingenious composition, but vastly nearer the reality than anything of the kind I have ever heard; and I can almost conceive it possible, that a highly imaginative person might fancy himself (during the performance) in a violent storm of wind, rain and thunder, and feel the reality of the thing so keenly, as to borrow of some less sensitive neighbor an umbrella, for protection against the drenching rain, which his imagination (aided by the organist) was pouring down. I had two opportunities of hearing the Fribourg organ, the first occasion being at the usual afternoon performance, and on the following day I was invited into the organ gallery, and permitted to examine

the instrument at my leisure. Perhaps the most striking characteristic in Mooser's organs, is the roundness and strength of tone which he gets from his pipes; and this is particularly noticeable in his *bourdons* (diapasons), which for the excellences I have mentioned, and their exquisite voicing, are in my opinion unsurpassed in Europe. His *mixture stops* are evidently made from Silbermann's scales, but the voicing is inferior; and though in a general way resembling them, they yet lack that smoothness and bell-like quality of tone so striking in the Strasbourg organ. Mooser's *reeds*, though not equal to Walcker's, are certainly better than those usually met with in Germany; and I may also say, that his *Vox humana* stop is a decided improvement upon that in the Weingarten organ; yet I cannot consider it worthy either of its name or its reputation, and sincerely hope that it may never be introduced into an American church organ. But with all my fault-finding, let me confess that I was greatly impressed with the grand, solid and musical tones of the Fribourg organ, and most willingly do I concede its right to a very high position among the famous organs of Europe. Mooser died in 1838, at the age of 69 years, and his funeral was attended by a large concourse of his townsmen, among whom were all the public functionaries of Fribourg, besides persons of distinction from Berne, and other neighbouring towns. A few years since a monument was erected to the memory of this distinguished man, which bears the following inscription:

"Mooser, repose in peace, thy career is ended:
Triumphing over death, whose law thou undergeest,
Thy name alone, illustrious by thy happy genius,
Will constrain the future to occupy itself with thee."

P. S. As your journal is professedly a patron and supporter of Art, I beg that you will allow me to encroach a little farther upon your columns for the purpose of reminding your Boston readers of a subject which has already been noticed in our newspapers, and doubtless has attracted considerable interest and attention among the artists and amateurs of our city. I allude to Mr. JARVES's gallery of paintings by the early masters, a collection which has attracted the notice and commendation of all the principal artists of Florence, besides having been referred to in the highest terms of praise by that distinguished Royal Academician, Sir CHARLES EASTLAKE. Mr. Jarves's object has been to form a collection of the best productions of the famous masters of the Byzantine, and early Italian schools, so as to give the student a correct idea of the actual state of the art at that period. That such a gallery of pictures would be of priceless value to our city, both as studies and as showing the actual condition of the art five centuries ago, no one will question. Therefore it is ardently to be hoped that this valuable and unique collection will be secured for Boston, in accordance with the wish and original intention of the proprietor, and before New York has made any farther advances towards obtaining this prize. I learn from Mr. Jarves that he proposes to send his pictures to America very soon, and will accompany them in person.

S. P. T.

The Worcester *Palladium* says:

The music pages of DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC for last week, contains a fine selection for mixed choirs, "We have thought of thy kindness, O God," by HAUPTMANN. Well-trained quartet choirs ought to sing more music of this character, and less of the meaningless productions of inferior composers whose mediocrity causes in intelligent hearers a listlessness and distaste which no service of the sanctuary should ever occasion.

Translated for this Journal.

Henry Heine about Music and Musicians.

X. — MEYERBEER (CONTINUED.) THE HUGUENOTS.

Continued from page 90.

Music is the conviction of Meyerbeer, and that is perhaps the reason of all the anxiety and trouble which the great master so frequently betrays, and which not seldom tempt us to smile. One must see him when he is studying out a new opera; he is then the tormenting spirit of all singers and musicians, whom he worries with incessant rehearsals. Never can he feel entirely satisfied; a single false tone in the orchestra is to him a dagger thrust, which he believes will be the death of him. This uneasiness still persecutes him long after the opera has been produced and been received with warm applause. Still he persists in worrying himself, and I verily believe he cannot feel at ease until some thousands of men, who have heard and admired his opera, are dead and buried; with these at least he has no apostasy to fear; these souls are secure for him. On the days when his operas are given, the good God never seems to satisfy him; if it is cold and rainy, then he is afraid that Mlle. Falcon will have a sore throat; is the evening clear and warm, upon the contrary, he is afraid the fine weather will entice people out into the open air, and the theatre stand empty. Nothing can be compared to the painful accuracy with which Meyerbeer, when his music is at last printed, corrects the proof; this indefatigable passion for improvements during the correction has become a by-word with Parisian artists. But one should consider, that to him music is beyond all things dear, dearer certainly than his own life. When the cholera began to rage in Paris, I conjured Meyerbeer to travel away as quick as possible; but he had business yet for a few days, which he could not leave behind; he had to arrange with an Italian the Italian libretto for *Robert le Diable*.

Far more than *Robert le Diable* is *Les Huguenots* a work of conviction, both in respect of matter and of form. As I have already remarked, while the great multitude are carried away by the matter, the calm observer wonders at the immense strides in Art, at the new forms, which here come into view. According to the statement of the most competent judges, all musicians, who would now write for the opera, must first study the "Huguenots." Meyerbeer has carried it farthest in the matter of instrumentation. A thing till now unheard of is his treatment of the choruses, which here express themselves like individuals, putting aside all operatic traditions. Since *Don Juan*, surely, there has been no greater appearance in the realm of the tone-art, than that fourth act of the "Huguenots," where, upon the top of that thrilling, awful scene of the consecration of the swords, and benediction of the thirst for murder, there is added still a Duo, that surpasses even that first effect; a feat of colossal daring, of which one hardly would suspect this anxious genius capable, but one whose success excites our rapture as well as our wonder. For myself, I believe, that Meyerbeer has solved this problem not by artistic, but by natural means, since that famous Duo expresses a succession of feelings, which perhaps never, or at least never with such truth, have come out in an opera, but

for which, notwithstanding, in the hearts of the present the wildest sympathies are kindled. For my own part, I confess, that never at any music did my heart beat so tumultuously, as in the fourth act of the "Huguenots;" but that I gladly turn away from the excitement of this act, and find far greater satisfaction in the second act. This is an Idyl, which in loveliness and grace resembles the romantic comedies of Shakspeare, or still more perhaps the *Aminta* of Tasso. In fact, under the roses of joy there lurks in it a gentle sadness, that reminds one of the unhappy poet of the Court of Ferrara. It is more the longing after cheerfulness, than cheerfulness itself; it is no hearty laughter, but a faint smile of the heart, a heart that is sick in secret and can only dream of health. How comes it that an artist, who, from the cradle, has had all the blood-sucking cares of life fanned away from him; who, born in the lap of wealth, caressed and petted by the whole family, humoring and anticipating with enthusiasm all his inclinations, had far more cause than any mortal artist to be happy,—how comes it, that this man has nevertheless experienced those vast sufferings, which sigh and sob us out of his music? For the musician cannot express so powerfully, so thrillingly, what he does not feel himself. It is strange that the artist, whose material wants are satisfied, should be all the more intolerably visited by moral oppressions. But that is a good fortune for the public, which owes to the sorrows of the artist its own most ideal joys. The artist is the child told of in the legend, whose tears became pure pearls. Ah! that wicked step-mother, the world, beats the poor child the more unmercifully, to make it weep many pearls!

Some have accused the "Huguenots," even more than *Robert le Diable*, of a want of melodies. This charge rests upon an error: "One cannot see the trees, the forest is so thick!" The melody is here subordinated to the harmony; and already, in a comparison with the music of Rossini, where the case is the reverse, I have intimated, that it is this predominance of harmony which characterizes the music of Meyerbeer as a social modern music, moved by humanitarian impulses. It certainly does not lack melodies: but these melodies are not allowed to stand out with a disturbing prominence, I might say egotistically; they are made to serve the purpose of the whole; they are disciplined; whereas with the Italians the melodies assert themselves in an isolated, I might almost say an outlawed manner, very much like their famous bandits. It is not always noticed, but many a common soldier fights as well in a great battle, as the Calabrian, the single robber hero, whose personal valor would surprise us less, if he fought among regular troops, in rank and file. I by no means deny the merit of a predominance of melody; but I must remark, that as a consequence thereof we see in Italy that indifference to the ensemble of the opera, to the opera as a rounded work of Art, which expresses itself so naively, that people in their boxes, while there are no *bravura* pieces sung, receive company, talk without restraint, if they do not even play at cards.

The predominance of harmony in Meyerbeer's creations is perhaps a necessary consequence of his broad culture, which embraces the realm of thought and of phenomena. Treasures were lavished on his education, and his mind was im-

pressible; he was early initiated into all the sciences, and herein is he distinguished from most musicians, whose glaring ignorance is somewhat pardonable, since they have commonly lacked time and means to acquire much knowledge outside of their own profession. With him learning became second nature, and the school of the world gave him the highest development; he belongs to that small number of Germans, in whom France itself was obliged to recognize a pattern of urbanity. Such a height of culture was perhaps necessary, if one would bring together and shape with certainty the material that belonged to the creating of the "Huguenots." But whether what was gained in width of conception and in clearness of oversight, was not lost in other qualities, may be a question. Culture annihilates in an artist that sharp accentuation, that pronounced coloring, that originality of thought, that directness of feeling, which we admire so much in rude, contracted, and uncultivated natures.

Culture indeed is always dearly bought, and little Blanka was right. This little eight-year old daughter of Meyerbeer envies the idleness of the little boys and girls that she sees playing in the street, and she expressed herself one day as follows: "What a misfortune that I have cultivated parents! From morning till night I have to learn all sorts of things by heart, and sit still, and be proper, while the uneducated children down there can run about happily and amuse themselves all day long!"

(To be Continued.)

Music in the Public Schools.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE IN 1831.

The following Report, made in our School Committee twenty eight years ago, and now, so far as we are aware, for the first time published, has a historical interest as having been, in fact, the entering wedge in the introduction of Music into the Common Schools in this country. The elaborate and able paper on this subject, embodied in the Annual Report of the Boston School Committee for 1858, and understood to be written by Dr. J. B. UPHAM, says of it:

"The subject of the introduction of instruction in vocal music into the Primary Schools of Boston, was agitated as early as 1831. On December of that year, an elaborate report was drawn up and presented to the Primary School Board by Mr. G. H. SNELLING, in behalf of the Special Committee appointed for that purpose, in which the measure was strongly urged, and the following resolution submitted. (See below.)

"This report was, after much discussion and not without serious opposition, accepted on the 17th of January, 1832, and its recommendations adopted. The experiment received a partial trial, but the plan proposed was never fully carried into effect. Enough was done, however, to demonstrate the feasibility of the project, and its beneficial effects on both teachers and pupils. This was the first systematic effort towards recognizing the claims of music, as a branch of elementary instruction, in the Common Schools in this country."

The committee, to whom was referred the subject of the introduction of instruction in Vocal Music into the Primary Schools, respectfully offer the following report.

The committee have risen from the examination of the subject referred to them with a firm conviction of the practicability and the expediency of making Vocal Music a part of the scheme of Primary School instruction. They have come to this conviction after a deliberate consideration of the reasons for and against the proposition, and the result to which they have arrived is submitted with the more confidence from the fact that on first entering upon the examination of this question, the minds of a majority of the committee were by no means favorably disposed towards the recommendation, which they afterwards satisfied themselves it was their duty to make.

In support of the *practicability* of this measure, the Committee feel it necessary to make but a very few remarks. Indeed such full demonstration upon this point has been afforded to them by the exercises which they have witnessed in the semi-weekly school taught by Mr. Lowell Mason, in this city, that they might satisfy themselves with a mere representation

of what they have there seen and heard. During the interval which has elapsed since the former meeting of this board, a class of pupils of more than 150 in number, and of whom about one-third are of the age of children at our primary schools, have been led from the simple utterance of an articulate sound to a knowledge of rhythm and melody sufficient to enable them to sing at sight tunes of more than ordinary difficulty, and are commencing with success the practice of singing in concert upon different scales.

This proficiency has been acquired by less than a half an hour's instruction, on the afternoons of Wednesday and Saturday of each week, and under an interruption of several successive weeks from the illness of the instructor. It is the opinion of the committee, supported by that of the instructor referred to, that the same amount of time, in much shorter periods, and at more frequent intervals; as, at the commencement or the close, or what would be still better, during a suspension for a few minutes, of the morning and evening exercises of our schools, could be much more effectively employed.

The committee are also satisfied that such an occupation of a portion of the school hours, selected by the instructor at those moments which occur daily in every school, when the attention of the pupils has become wearied and suspended, would be the cause of much greater efficiency in the prosecution of their studies after such an interval of relaxation. Not only, however, would intervals of time, otherwise wasted, be usefully employed, but, what is a consideration of great importance, the authority of the instructor, which is weakened the more that it is unsuccessfully exercised, would be preserved, and the resort to corporeal punishment, so fatal to the kindly relations which ought to exist between the instructor and pupil, would be to a great extent, superseded.

On the subject of the practicability of this measure, the Committee will briefly anticipate an objection which may be made, on the ground that obstructions will be found to exist to the making of vocal music a subject of general instruction, in the supposed existence of a natural incapacity in many pupils for appreciating the difference of musical sounds, or, in other words, the want of a *natural ear* for music. They are satisfied that the grounds for such an objection are almost wholly imaginary. The existence of an individual having a natural incapacity for learning music, there is good reason to assert, is almost as rare as that of an individual who is horn deaf and dumb. This assertion might be abundantly substantiated. It will be sufficient to state, on good authority, that out of many hundreds of children taken from the most degraded condition of life, in the school for the poor at Hofwyl in Switzerland, the instructor had never met but two whom he could not teach to sing; and, that a teacher of music in this country, who had instructed more than 4,000 pupils, had never yet found one whom he was unable to teach. Indeed the mere act of speech presupposes the power of appreciating the differences of sounds, and no one can ask a question or give an answer with proper intonation, without giving evidence of an ear for music. This last consideration will suggest some advantages of the exercise in reference to instruction in reading, which will be more particularly alluded to in a subsequent part of this report.

Another objection, on the ground that if instruction in vocal music were made a part of our system, an unjust preference might be given to candidates for the office of Instructors skilled in this art, and other valuable qualifications unaccompanied with this, be lost to our schools, — will have been anticipated by the preceding remarks. The Committee are satisfied that at the age at which applications are usually made for the place of instructor, the instances will be very rare in which inquiry need go beyond the *disposition* of the candidate to qualify herself for imparting the requisite instruction in this branch. The gratuitous services of the gentleman named in the early part of this report, have been proffered to the Committee, for the qualification of the instructors for this task, and every aid to the prosecution of it will be cheerfully rendered by him as often as application shall be made for it.

In considering the *expediency* of the proposed measure, too great importance cannot be attached to its value as subsidiary to instruction in reading. The advantages of this exercise in cultivating the powers of the voice, giving the pupil a command over the organ, and a facility of discriminating and expressing all the varieties of intonation requisite in good reading, are incalculably great, and, were these the only ends to be gained, they would amply justify the adoption of the proposed measure. It must have become familiar to the observation of every member of this board, that the labor of the instructor is tasked to no greater degree by any object, than the development of the powers of the pupil's voice, the giving him a

bold, ready, and distinct utterance. The great amount of effort on the part of the instructor, which will be thus superseded by the proposed exercises, will be so much gained to the pupil in the greater attention which he will receive in other respects.

A great advantage of the introduction of these exercises will be found in the effects on the general tone of the mind of the pupils. The anticipation of an agreeable exercise of this kind will give them a cheerfulness and an elasticity of mind favorable to the more successful prosecution of their studies. To this should be added the importance of connecting agreeable associations with their school exercises, and the greater frequency of attendance which the attractiveness of this exercise will ensure. These and other advantages have come within the observation of the committee in cases where singing has been, though but imperfectly, introduced; and have been also alluded to in the recently printed reports of the Standing Committee.

In its effects on school discipline, the study of music will be found to be of great utility. It has been justly remarked that "it cultivates the habits of order, obedience and union. All must follow a precise rule. All must act together, and in obedience to a leader; and the habit acquired in one part of our pursuits necessarily affects others." Accustoming the pupils thus to conform to general rules, it affords an agreeable training to all those habits which it is the object of a system of discipline to enforce.

Repeated testimonies have also been given to the effect of these exercises, conducted by instructor and pupil in common, in producing a great degree of confidence and attachment in the pupil towards the instructor. In a moral point of view, the subject is of great importance. Not only as a vehicle of moral instruction, but as in itself an exercise favorable to a healthy state of the mind and the feelings, the cultivation of this art should hold an important place among the means of acting upon the character of children. Its beneficial influences will be felt not only in the relation of the pupils with the instructor, but in their intercourse with each other. Much of the quarrelsome spirit which we witness among children may be attributed to the want of agreeable resources for amusement, and to the general neglect of the means of cultivating the better feelings.

One of the most important considerations in favor of the proposed measure remains to be alluded to. It is the security which such a resource for agreeable and innocent relaxation, as a knowledge and a taste for this art affords, will give to the moral character in after life. If a taste of this kind can be made a source of satisfying enjoyment, the resort to gross indulgences will of course be discouraged, and the purity and happiness of social life be promoted.

In view of these considerations the Committee respectfully submit the following resolution:

Resolved, That one school from each district be selected for the introduction of systematic instruction in vocal music, under the direction of a Committee, to consist of one from each district and two from the Standing Committee.

Musical Correspondence.

HARTFORD, CONN., JUNE 20. — The hearts of our musical people were again made glad by the second coming of young ARTHUR NAPOLEON, with Mme. GASSIER and her husband, Mr. MILLARD, and Sig. TORRIANI. The concert was given last Monday evening, as announced, and was a great success, as regards the music; yet, after all, how much depends upon the services of a good agent, in the general success of an entertainment. Many a first-class concert has fallen through in this city, merely from the fault of the manager, who, thinking that because he had met with success in getting up concerts in New York or Boston, has an idea that he must go the same way to work in "country towns like Hartford and Albany," and is surprised that people do not turn out more and fill the hall. The agent of the "Napoleon Troupe" was one of this kind — came here with a big flourish, and for a room like "Truro Hall," had reserved seats at one dollar! — the fifty-cent tickets being only sold at the door on the night of the concert, — in consequence of which, a great many stayed away who could not well afford to pay so high a price as one dollar for a single ticket, and who disliked very much to wait until they arrived at the hall before purchasing those for fifty cents. Of course,

the hall was not filled. This same agent has been here before, and invariably leaves a "screw loose" somewhere in his arrangements. A "Reserved seat" seems to be his favorite hobby, but I think that he will find out, after he has been here a few times more, that he will make more money if he adopts the democratic principle of fixing uniform prices all over the house. There is rarely such a tremendous rush at concerts here as to require any one to reserve their seats beforehand — especially at one dollar.

To return, however, from my digression. The concert was a brilliant affair from beginning to end. Mme. GASSIER'S agreeable appearance and delightful singing won all hearts; and I can say just the same of the Signor. We have seldom enjoyed such a delicious treat. It was much like the pure and satisfactory pleasure which we experienced in listening to Biscaccianti. A "Spanish Duet," sung by Mme. and Signor Gassier, took the house by storm, and was enthusiastically encored. Mr. Millard has a sweet parlor voice, but in contrast with Signor Gassier's powerful barytone, didn't seem to amount to much. He sung so well, however, as to gain a "once more," and then as if to quietly inform the audience that he too could play upon the piano, came out, *à la* Jenny Lind, and accompanied himself to "Ever of thee," after amusing his lookers-on some little time by his endeavors to rid his hands from a close-fitting pair of "white kids."

You must not imagine that I have forgotten ARTHUR NAPOLEON, — O, no! Not that dear boy, who is truly a great wonder of the age, and whose playing was even more marvellous than ever. Thalberg never excelled him in any of his concerts here; and for my part I had rather listen to this youth than to any player I ever heard — not excepting Clara Schumann or Rubinstein. Why he has not created more of a favor in this country has astonished me quite as much as his performances.

His playing of Liszt's "Fantasie on Norma" was perfectly astounding, — dashing right and left through these piled up barriers of difficulties as though it were "merely child's play," which was literally true. Of course he was rapturously encored, and made his appearance again and played Paner's beautiful *morceau* "La Cascade," the melody of which, by the way, has lately been adapted to words, by a person in this city and published by Messrs. Ditson and Co., under the title — "O take me from these marble halls."

Whether this "Company of eleven people" paid their expenses in this "country town" or not, I can hardly tell; at any rate, I see that the same troupe are to give another concert here to-morrow evening, — when the reserved seats will be dispensed with, I understand, and there will undoubtedly be a crammed house.

The "BEETHOVEN SOCIETY" gave a fine concert last Friday night; but were unfortunate in their receipts, in consequence of the rain pouring in torrents during the whole evening, which deterred hundreds from attending. The selections were mostly secular, and of a style to please the popular taste. I am sorry to say that your correspondent was unable to be present. The concert, however, is to be repeated on Wednesday evening, of which you shall have a review, as well as that of NAPOLEON'S to-morrow night. H.

NEW YORK, JUNE 21. — There is so very little going on in the musical world, that it is difficult to find material for a letter to send you. Besides, I have been in the country enjoying the "free concerts of feathered songsters" (as a German coffee-garden advertisement once had it), and the music of *Nature*, the description of which would be out of place in a "paper of Art." A charming place it is, that little nook on Long Island, where lies the home of one of our first poets, one who may be preeminently called *Nature's poet*, and who has located himself in a spot

admirably adapted to the contemplations of his genius. Close by stands the house of his relative, also well known in the literary world, where the merry voices of a host of children fill the air the whole day long; and only a step further, in a pretty cottage, one of your colleagues passes all the time he can spare from city duties with his little family. Add to this pleasant society the presence of two literary ladies, the one the pioneer among American female writers, the other dividing her labors, like her sympathies, between this her adopted, and her foreign native land, besides several other cultivated and agreeable personages, and you can imagine that any one addicted to hero-worship might have found ample nourishment for that passion. However, that pleasant time passed away like so many others, and we came back to the dry realities of New York life much sooner than we wished.

This is the season of German open-air festivals, and enough have been advertised in the German papers, to occupy every day for many weeks. But the weather is a sad mar-plot this year. The Turner Festival, a week or ten days ago, was spoiled by rain; a drenching day prevented all thoughts of a Festival of the Liederkrantz last Friday; and this week the Schuetzenfest, or Archery Festival, has been prevented from the same cause. For next week a Stenben Festival is announced, and innumerable less important occasions of like kind fill up the gaps between.

To-day the opera performances wind up with a grand benefit for the Italian sufferers. *Trovatore* will be given in the morning, with one set of singers, and *Poliuto* in the evening with another; so that all the Italian artists here will lend their aid. The latter opera has had a decided success here, and contains, indeed, many fine and spirited passages. In *CORTESI* I must confess myself disappointed, after the noise that has been made about her. Of noble, classical presence and features, she looks the part of Paolina admirably; but in acting she exaggerates, as she overstrains her voice in singing. Opening her mouth to a very unartistic extent, she screams out her notes with a degree of effort which is really painful to witness. One is in constant fear of her injuring her chest, or even breaking a blood-vessel. There are times, indeed, when she does not force her voice so much, but in such cases she proves herself to have very little control over it, as it trembles, wavers, and has very little flexibility. Her very first note was unartistic, and unpleasant, as, instead of attacking it firmly and boldly, she drew it up from nearly an octave below. On the whole, I think her merits are perfectly expressed in the answer of one of our musicians, who, when asked his opinion of her, replied: "She screams well!" Of the other singers in this opera, *BRIGNOLI* and *AMODIO* are the only ones at all worth mentioning. *Brignoli* only on account of being better than the rest; he sang on the surface, as usual, and looked as usual, too supremely indifferent. — *Amodio* sang and acted well, but a Roman warrior's costume is not becoming to him. In stating to-day's performances to be the last of the opera, I forgot that a miscellaneous *Matinée* is announced for next Saturday, for the benefit of the stage manager, *AMATI DUBREUIL*, when *Ernani* will be given, with songs in the intermissions from *FORMES* and several others.

Last week a benefit concert was given in Brooklyn, for Madame *GAZZANIGA*, who has suddenly turned up again, to the surprise of every body, she being supposed to have returned to Italy to see her only child. Of its result I have heard nothing. The Metropolitan Music Association purpose giving six promenade concerts at the Palace Garden, with the assistance of first-rate talent. Quite an attractive place in summer weather.

One of the late numbers of the *Fliegende Blätter* has a good joke in your line. An orchestra is represented as rehearsing a composition of "the Future." — "Hold on," says the conductor, knocking on his desk, "there must be something wrong, you're all in tune!"

NEW YORK, JUNE 28. — The warm weather has fairly discouraged musical enterprise. The opera is abandoned. There were several farewell performances one of which for the benefit of the Italian Relief Fund was a very brilliant success, and netted over two thousand dollars. All the Italian artists took part, *PARODI* singing the *Marsellaise* and "Star Spangled Banner." *DUBREUIL*, the stage manager, had a benefit last Saturday, swindling the public by advertising *FORMES*, when the basso left the morning of the performance for Europe, as both of them must have known before. He also announced *STEFANI* and produced *SNRIGLIA*, which was about equivalent to asking for bread and getting a stone.

The Metropolitan Music Association, a combination of shrewd money-making musicians are giving twenty-five cent concerts at the Palace Garden which happens to be in a fashionable neighborhood, and attracts good audiences.

For the future operatic campaigns, of course nothing is developed, but it is highly probable that *ULMANN* and *STRAKOSCH* will unite in the management of the Academy, *Ulmann* having made overtures to that effect. *COLSON* has been engaged and little *ADELINA PATTI* will make her debut, and this is all that is known so far.

The city churches will soon close for the summer vacation, and singers and organists seek the country. Music, in general, is at a discount, and ice-cream above par.

TROVATOR.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 25. — Among the musical events worthy of note during the past season, was the German Musical Festival and Pic-nic.

The festivities were inaugurated on Monday evening, by a Grand Combination Concert given at the Academy of Music, with the following programme:

PART I.—Conductor.....Carl Sentz.
Jubilee Overture.....By C. M. Von Weber.
Aria—from the "Prophete".....Meyerbeer.
Mlle. Anna Wissler.
Concerto—E Flat (piano-forte solo), with Orchestra. Beethoven
By Carl Wolfsohn.
Wanderlied.....Proch.
(With Piano and Horn Accompaniment.)
Miss Maria Scheller.
Overture—"Les Deux Journées".....Cherubini.
PART II.—Conductor.....Dr. L. Meignen.
Grand Symphonie Eroica.....Beethoven.
PART III.—Conductor.....Dr. Cunningham.
Overture—"Magic Flute".....Mozart.
'The Monk'.....Meyerbeer.
Mr. A. R. Taylor.
Concerto—Solo for Violin, with Orchestral Accompaniment,
Mendelssohn.
Carl Gaertner.
Aria—"Siège de Corinthe".....Rossini.
Mlle. Anna Wissler.
Finale—Grand March from "Lohengrin".....R. Wagner.

The Orchestra consisting entirely of resident talent, and, numbering some seventy or eighty musicians, played with uncommon care and understanding, evidencing that thorough rehearsing which works of the highest order demand.

Beethoven's Piano Concerto in E flat, was rendered by Mr. WOLFSON, with remarkable precision and elegance. Not a liberty was taken with the text, nor a point overlooked; but the whole was marked by a conscientious adherence to the Author. This work was received with some applause, but its difficulties are not sufficiently apparent to excite the enthusiasm of those who delight in the mechanical more than the musical, and by whom manipulative dexterity, either in composers or executants, is often mistaken for Heaven-born genius. The orchestra was conducted by Mr. SENTZ, who wielded the baton with his usual skill.

The second part consisted of the whole of Beethoven's *Sinfonie Heroique*, Dr. MEIGNEN conducting. The *Marche Funèbre* of this work was faultlessly performed, and elicited the heartiest applause; the *Allegro* and *Scherzo Allegro* were certainly well rendered so far as the mere playing was concerned, but at the

same time lacked that spirit and boldness which should characterize these movements. The *Allegro Finale* was somewhat marred by the shortcomings of a portion of the orchestra, and was received by the audience with the utmost sang froid.

Mr. GAERTNER played Mendelssohn's Concerto (Violin) with his usual unquestioned taste and excellence.

Of the vocal performers, all of whom are resident artists, Miss WISSLER (Contralto) sang an air from the *Prophète*, and one from Rossini's *Siège de Corinthe*, in both of which she displayed an excellent voice, good taste, and method. The song sung by Miss SCHELLER, for an encore, appeared to be very inappropriate to a concert of this character, but it served nevertheless to awaken the enthusiasm of many who were compelled to succumb under the inflection of the interminable Concerto which preceded the "Wanderlied." Mr. TAYLON (Basso) sang a song of Meyerbeer's, entitled "The Monk," with true feeling and appreciation. He was rapturously applauded, and deservedly encored.

The concert closed with a Grand March from Wagner's *Lohengrin*, which was very effectively performed by a double orchestra. Wagner is undoubtedly one of the greatest living composers, yet he is neither admired nor understood; truly there is no disguising the fact, that we are totally unprepared for "the music of the Future," or of the *Present*, or of the *Past*.

When critics and those who are supposed to mould public opinion, will act upon the principle of *Vérité sans peur*, and will labor to elevate the musical taste, instead of encouraging those who *debase* it, then indeed may we hope for a millenium in the Tone-Art.

The pic-nic which took place the following day was a delightful affair. Early in the morning a band, numbering about one hundred performers, formed a procession in Independence Square, and took up their line of march to Canac's Woods, the place chosen for the day's festivities. This spot is easy of access, (perhaps too easy), being situated near the terminus of the Tenth and Eleventh-Streets Railroad, and is admirably adapted for affairs of this kind. Under the grove of beautiful trees, which cover the grounds, were distributed refreshment stands, seats, tables, stages for the orchestra and chorons, and a large platform a hundred feet square was erected for the use of the dancers. The band arrived on the ground at ten o'clock, and spent some time in discoursing our National Airs; several choruses were also sung in a style in which the Germans are seldom excelled.

The dancing commenced at twelve o'clock, and continued until the dinner hour. At four o'clock a grand concert was given by a double orchestra, who played the following: *Marche du Sacre*, from the *Prophète*; *Une nuit à Grenade*, Overture by Kreutzer; Jubilee Overture by Lindpaintner, and selections from the operas. Good order was maintained, and the best humor prevailed during the day. The absence of any disorder is rather remarkable in view of the prodigious amount of Lager-beer, Rhine-wine, and a variety of decoctions which were consumed; but good behavior is a noted characteristic of our Teutonic brethren. The festival closed in peace and harmony at about nine o'clock, and was entirely successful.

M.

THE "TREBLE FORTE" STOP. — A new and admirable improvement has lately been effected in the Melodeons of Mason and Hamlin of this city, which consists in the "treble forte" stop, or a stop by means of which the treble part of the instrument may be increased in power, while the bass remains subdued. Its effect is to make the treble louder, and hence the name — "treble forte." The advantage of this stop is found in the performance of solo passages, where it is desirable that prominence should be given to the treble notes. The house of Mason and Hamlin has received since 1856, for best melodeons and harmoniums, no less than twenty gold and silver medals and diplomas from various State fairs and societies throughout the country.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 2, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Continuation of the opera, *Don Giovanni*, arranged for the Piano-Forte.

Music in our Public Schools.

A very interesting document is the *Annual Report of the School Committee of the City of Boston, for 1858*, a book of nearly 200 pages, handsomely printed by Geo. C. Rand and Avery, City Printers. Not the least interesting portion of it is found in the forty pages occupied by a special Report on the subject of Vocal Music in the Schools, prepared, we understand, by Dr. UPHAM, the gentleman to whose judgment and energy the city and the schools are so largely indebted for the successful inauguration last year of the practice of an annual musical school Festival.

The Report commences with a "Historical Sketch" of the circumstances under which music was introduced and engrafted upon our school system. The first experiment was made in a single Primary School, in the early part of the year 1832, in pursuance of the recommendation of an able report made before the School Committee by Mr. G. H. SNELLING. This report we are enabled, through the kindness of the author, to present to our readers in full in another column. The plan, however, although its feasibility was tested and established, was not fully carried into effect, until it received a new impulse from the Boston Academy of Music, which had for one of its objects, as set forth in its first annual report (1833), to establish instruction in vocal music in the public schools. In August, 1836, the School Committee received a memorial from the Academy, supported by petitions from citizens, praying that music might be introduced. The memorial was referred to a select committee, who examined the matter thoroughly, and reported strongly in its favor, on the 24th of August, 1837. This report, signed by T. KEMPER DAVIS, as chairman, is largely quoted from in the "Sketch," and presents the arguments in an admirable and irresistible manner. The result was a resolution to have the experiment tried in four of the grammar schools, under the direction of the Academy of Music.

But still there was a sceptical inertia to be overcome. The necessary appropriations from the City Council were not forth-coming, and the measure for a time was practically defeated; until, one of the professors of the Academy offering to teach one of the schools gratuitously, it was again resolved to try the experiment in the Hawes School, in South Boston. In August 1838, the sub-committee in charge reported the complete success of the experiment, adding, on the authority of the teachers, "that the scholars are further advanced in their other studies at the end of this, than of any other previous year." The School Committee hastened to express their satisfaction with this result, by passing that same month, Aug. 23, 1838, the following vote:

Resolved, That the Committee on Music be instructed to contract with a teacher of vocal music in the several public schools of the city, at an expense of not more than one hundred and twenty dollars per annum for each school, excepting the Lyman and Smith Schools, the teachers in which shall not receive more than the sum of sixty dollars per annum.

Resolved, That the instruction in vocal music shall commence in the several public schools, whenever the sub-committee respectively shall determine, and shall be carried into effect under the following regulations: — 1. Not more than two hours in the week shall be devoted to this exercise. 2. The instruction shall be given at stated and fixed times throughout the city, and until otherwise ordered, in accordance with the following schedule; (here follow the hours fixed for the exercise in the several schools.) 3. During the time the school is under the instruction of the teacher of vocal music, the discipline of the school shall continue under the charge of the regular master or masters, who shall be present while the instruction is given, and shall organize the scholars for that purpose, in such arrangement as the teacher in music may desire.

This vote of the School Committee is pronounced by the Academy of Music, in their report of 1839, to be the *Magna Charta* of musical education in this country. The matter was given in charge to Mr. LOWELL MASON, under whose supervision vocal music was taught in the schools with gratifying results. In 1846 the supervision was divided between two teachers, Mr. MASON taking charge of ten schools, and B. F. BAKER of ten; each of these gentlemen employing assistant teachers in several of the schools under their charge. In 1848, new orders were adopted, that the musical department might conform with certain changes in the general organization of the schools, as follows:

1. That two lessons of thirty minutes each, shall be given in each week to every pupil. 2. That in the Adams, Hancock, Bowdoin, Smith and Quincy Schools, the musical instruction shall be given in the large hall, to all the pupils simultaneously. In each of said schools the superintendent shall receive one hundred dollars per annum. 3. That in the Eliot, Franklin, Boylston, Wells, Mather, Brimmer, Phillips and Otis Schools, the superintendent shall give musical instruction to the two upper classes, and for such instruction, shall receive one hundred dollars per annum for each school, piano included. For the eight above-mentioned schools there shall be musical instruction given to the ten lower classes, by such female teachers, sub-master, or usher, as may be found in the schools capable of giving such instruction; and every such teacher shall receive twenty-five dollars per annum as salary. 4. That in the Hawes, Johnson, Winthrop, Lyman, Endicott, Mayhew and Dwight Schools there shall be two pianos in each building, and a music lesson shall be given by the superintendent in each department. For each department the superintendent shall receive eighty dollars per annum as salary, pianos included.

Meanwhile, and for years after, efforts were from time to time renewed for the systematic introduction of music into the *Primary* Schools; but with no definite results; nor does there appear to have been any notable change in the routine of public school musical instruction, until February 1857, when at a meeting of the School Board, on motion of Dr. READ, a committee was appointed, consisting of Messrs. Read, Homer and Cudworth, to take into consideration the whole subject of music in the schools, and report what action, if any, was necessary. We wish we had room for large citations from their full and able report. Its recommendations were essentially adopted, and stand in the Code of Rules and Regulations for 1858, as follows:

At the first meeting in each year, the President shall appoint, subject to the approval of the Board, a Standing Committee on Music, to consist of five members, who shall hold their office for the year ensuing.

Two half-hours each week, in the Grammar Schools, shall be devoted to the study and practice of vocal music, and in addition to the instruction already given by the music teacher to the first and second classes, musical notation, the singing of the scale, and exercises in reading simple music be practised twice a week by the lower classes, under the direction of the teachers; and the pupils shall undergo examinations, and receive credits for proficiency in music, as in the other studies pursued in the schools.

In the Primary Schools, also, singing shall form part of the opening and closing exercises of every session; and such time be devoted to instruction in music in each school, as the sub-committee may deem expedient.

It shall be the duty of the music teacher, for the time being, at the Girls' High and Normal School, to give such instruction to the pupils of that institution as shall qualify them to teach vocal music in our public schools. And the Board recommend that, in all the schools, the appointed morning exercise (the reading of a portion of Scripture,) be followed with the Lord's Prayer, repeated by the teacher alone, or chanted by the teacher and children in concert, and that the afternoon session close with appropriate singing.

The Standing Committee of five was appointed, with Dr. Read as Chairman; sub-committees for the various schools were designated; and it was settled that the Lord's Prayer and Old Hundred should be daily sung as the opening and closing pieces, for both Primary and Grammar Schools. The teachers, for the present, are allowed to use whatever manual they prefer, subject to the approval of the Committee; but is hoped some unity of method in this matter will in due time be secured. We may in future have something to say about it. The responsibility of the teaching continues divided, as for some years past, between Messrs. BUTLER, BRUCE and DRAKE, who give their personal attention to the pupils; except that in the Mayhew School, music, in addition to his other duties, is efficiently taught by Mr. SWAN, the master of the school; and, (certainly a great gain, mention of which is omitted in the "Sketch"), Mr. CARL ZERRAHN, who so won upon the sympathies of the pupils by his training of their voices for the great School Festival of last July, has for some months officiated as teacher of music in the Girls' High and Normal School.

The "Historical Sketch" is followed by a full account of the Festival in the Music Hall, on the 27th of July last, including the principal speeches on that occasion; all of which was fully reported in this Journal at the time. The second Festival is now in course of zealous preparation, and will take place in the latter part of this month.

By a report of the Standing Committee, made at the quarterly meeting of the School Board, in September last, it appears, that they had visited the schools and found in all of them an increased interest in music; that the music teachers enjoyed the co-operation of the masters of the schools; that the pupils "rendered their vocal exercises with a degree of spirit and attention that was truly gratifying"; that more than half of the school teachers were already capable of instructing their pupils in as much of the elements of music as is required by the rules of the Board; and that in view of changes and regard to be had to musical qualifications in future selections of teachers, "the time cannot be far distant when the exceptions will cease to exist."

"But one opinion was expressed by the teachers as to the influence of music upon school discipline. Their united testimony is to the effect that it could not be dispensed with without a corresponding increase of disciplinary regulations, and that it exerts a soothing and healthful influence over every grade of scholars, from the youngest to the oldest; over the vicious, as well as over those well-disposed."

The Diarist Abroad.

BERLIN, APRIL 20. — I cannot decide which to pity most — he who in literature, politics or any of the arts has great facility of expression — by which now I include all the technical resources of the writer, the public speaker, the painter, sculptor, musician — and yet has the conviction at length forced upon him, that nature has not given him ideas, or he, who

finds, as he comes out into the world and measures himself with other men, that his brain teems with ideas, but that by nature or from the lack of an adequate education, the means of conveying those ideas is quite wanting. The one keeps himself before the public but makes no impression, the other feels his internal strength but knows not how to use it. The thought struggles within him for utterance, but none but himself can feel its beauty or its weight. One painter hangs up his picture — "fine execution," says the beholder, "but there is nothing in it." The other exhibits his; "Very bad picture," says the visitor, "but had he only execution equal to his conception how fine it would be!"

Three things are required, nay four; original conceptions, genius for expression, careful and long continued study, and, finally, long experience. When these are united in any one individual, be he a writer, or an artist, works are produced, which mark eras; but such works necessarily demand of the reader, the hearer, the beholder, a certain degree of culture. Hence, as you linger in the Dresden gallery, you find that the world-renowned masterpieces of art in that splendid collection are not those which attract the great public on the free days; they are the works before which the cultivated stranger however spends his hours, when by a small fee on other days, he is one of the "appreciative few" in the building.

Imagine, now, one born in a city where from his earliest childhood, his religious ideas and impressions have been all associated with the music and splendor of the Catholic high mass performed on the grandest scale; give him a mind of great power and originality; make Art, and indeed musical art the great end and object of his life; give him constant occupation as student of music, then as virtuoso, and finally as composer until he is fifty years of age; place him in circumstances which shall develop the religious sentiment in a high degree, and force him to look for comfort and consolation in the midst of sorrow and affliction to a power above us; combine in him to a degree truly marvellous the four things above named as necessary to fit one for the highest efforts; then give him the text of the mass to be composed for an occasion, when of all whom he might delight to honor, he, to whom he looked up with perhaps more of reverence and affection than to all other princes, secular or ecclesiastical, is to be inducted into one of the highest offices of that church to which he himself acknowledges allegiance. One other point must be borne in mind, that our composer has long since thrown off all the trammels of merely traditional or synodical creeds, and sees in his text but the worship of an Almighty Eternal Deity, of an ever-loving, all-embracing Father. Such thoughts as these crowded my mind as on the evening of April 16, I listened with every nerve strained to utmost attention to the mightiest musical work in some respects to which I ever listened — Beethoven's great Mass in D. Beethoven himself called it his greatest and most successful work. With reason; for it is that in which he had the grandest ideas, that is, the grandest emotions to express, and in which through long study and the use of all the means of expression which he had, in half a century of study and experience, made his own, he had best succeeded in conveying those emotions through music.

Every man's notion of Deity is his highest attempt to grasp infinity; infinite power, infinite goodness; infinite wisdom combined. The greater the mind the greater its grasp and the grander its ideas. If now to an intellectual power of uncommon order, is added an emotional nature of exceptional depth, and a corresponding artistic greatness, we see combined all the qualities necessary to express religious sentiments with the utmost grandeur and intensity. Hence the old Hebrew poets, hence Milton, Handel, Beethoven, stand out from all writers and composers, unequaled. Hence the culminating works in all arts are those in which religious ideas are embodied, religious emo-

tions expressed. Hence too when they get upon such awful themes, the differences of the men are so felt — differences which are so difficult to be described.

The marvellous and extraordinary beauties of Beethoven's great mass, merely viewed as a work of art, were swallowed up by the look which it gave me far out into an infinite unknown of religious feeling, as the exquisite beauties of Niagara gradually disappear or rather are forgotten, as the sublimity of that ocean poured out of the "hollow of His hand" gradually gains possession of your whole soul. The long preparation through hearing so much of Beethoven's music during the six months preceding, and so many of the great works in all styles of the greatest masters had prepared me for this, and I was borne along on its mighty tide, "whether in the body I cannot tell, or whether out of the body, God knows."

And when the last "pacem" had been sung and I had left the Sing Akademie building, then I began to feel how deeply it had taken hold of me, through the weariness and exhaustion which followed. Then, too, I began to feel how great the excellence of the society which sung it, how remarkable the talents of Stern as a conductor, to be able to produce such a work in such a manner.

To me this Mass henceforth stands as apart and above all other masses, as the Ninth Symphony above all other symphonies, as the Messiah and "Israel in Egypt" above all other oratorios.

A. W. T.

Our Symphony Concerts.

We find the following in a recent number of the *Boston Transcript*, which, while its demand for more of what would be novelty, to us, after years of ringing of changes on the same glorious, but limited, list of Symphonies in our concert programmes, is reasonable, yet calls for a few comments.

ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS IN BOSTON. *Mr. Editor:* The last number of Dwight's Journal of Music contains a classified list of music of various descriptions, performed in our concert rooms and elsewhere, since last October. This list mentions all the Symphonies performed here, as well as the number of times they have been played. At the end of the catalogue occurs the following significant remark:

The fault of the season has been, that it has given us almost nothing but good old favorites.

This comment applies with especial force to those concerts which have been commenced with symphonies. Nor was the last season the only one in which monotonous repetition has been the chief feature in the programmes of our orchestral concerts. Our concert goers, during some four or five years past, have had very few programmes which gave them an opportunity to hear new Symphonies of the first class. I don't deny that in some of the seasons which have elapsed since the Germania Society separated, we have had a fair share of new Symphonies, but unfortunately they were almost always by composers of an inferior grade. Thus, for instance, a few seasons since, for the sake of novelty, a new Symphony by Schumann was given us. Now this composer is one of the dearest authors over whose works an unhappy musician ever sweltered. It is true that in one of his works (a Quintette for piano and strings) he soars to mediocrity; but this is, I think, a solitary case. Then, too, in past seasons, we have also had, for the sake of this same desideratum, novelty, Symphonies by Spohr and Gade, neither of whom is a first-class composer.

And, now, as I have glanced at what has been done, let me say a word which may act beneficially on the programmes of Symphony Concerts in the future. It is not enough that an audience of musical amateurs should be furnished with novelties; the novelties should be of the right description. It is possible that a series of orchestral concerts may by-and-by be projected for the next musical season. Now, may we not hope for a departure from the monotony which characterized the Orchestral Concerts of last season — and a departure, too, in the right direction. Of the Symphonies of one composer of the first rank, Bostonians are deplorably ignorant. I allude to Mozart. For exhibitions of a lively fancy, sweetness and grace, his compositions are confessedly unsurpassed. And yet, with all these merits, (and nowhere are they better displayed than in the few symphonies we as yet have heard) we have been contented with a few gleams of the wealth of his genius. Of his thirty-three Symphonies, we have heard three!

Now, Mr. Editor, I have only one remark to make, in concluding this article. If the projectors of future Orchestral Concerts wish to enlist in their behalf the sympathy of concert-goers, and to efface the contempt

with which classical music is regarded by many a person who has a keen perception of melody, let them give us the hearing of Symphonies which shall be at once new and good.

VIVE MOZART.

1. In the first place, the sentence quoted from us, as it stands here isolated, does not represent us. If we named the fault of the season, we at the same time added: "The encouraging feature of it has been, that the concerts have been made up in the proportion of at least five to one of sterling classical works, and have dealt comparatively little either with hacknied trivialities, or with things attractive solely on the ground of novelty. Do we err in reading here a genuine sign of progress of true taste?"

2. A departure "in the right direction" from the one uniform round is certainly desirable; and it is true, we cannot be too intimate with Mozart. But if Mozart has written thirty-three Symphonies, it is nevertheless true that the three which we have often heard, with but two or three additions at the most, are about all that still maintain a place in Symphony concerts any where in Europe. And it is true of Mozart, and of Haydn also, that the majority of their Symphonies are comparatively slight and off-hand efforts of their genius, measured by the grand proportions which the Symphony assumed under the hands of Beethoven. Still, we should be very glad to have our orchestras dip often into these forgotten treasures, provided it can be done in any way that shall not exclude the frequent hearing of the grandest models in that kind. When we can have Symphonies once or twice a week, the season through, instead of scarce a dozen concerts, this will be both practicable and desirable.

New Symphonies of the first class are a scarce article. The world's whole repertoire of really great Symphonies is readily counted. After the nine of Beethoven, with not more than three or four Mozart's, and perhaps as many of Haydn's (which, however, are hardly great), there are left only the one in C by Schubert, the two by Mendelssohn; and where will you seek another, except it be in Schumann, whom the *Transcript* writer is in rather a youthful hurry to despise, but who, in the opinion of the best musicians all over Germany, has written several Symphonies worth hearing even after Beethoven, and more nearly kindred with Beethoven's music than any other except Schubert's? We found that Symphony in D minor anything but "dreary," and should consider it a great privilege to hear it many times. It is among the best lovers of Mozart and Beethoven, especially the latter, that the works of Schumann find admirers; and the individual impression of a writer in a newspaper will hardly avail to consign such a man to "mediocrity."

Musical Chit-Chat.

The hot days have come, and the only music left us is of the patriotic order. Monday is the glorious Fourth. Music is to take part in various ways in our City programme for that day. There will be Bands of Music, during the day and evening, on the Common and other open places. Mr. BURDITT, who is a zealous chief on such occasions, has arranged another grand military concert on the Common, at a quarter before 8 A. M., when four bands, with drum corps, will unite in a grand Band of eighty, and play all manner of national airs and hymns, accompanied by the cannons of the Light Artillery!

For the exercises in the Music Hall. Mr. Burditt has composed a spirited air to an original Ode in honor of Washington, which will be sung with Brigade Band accompaniment. There will also be Chants, Doxology, &c., sung by a large choir of scholars from the Grammar Schools, under the direction of Mr. BUTLER. For the dinner at Faneuil Hall, Dr. CLARKE, the city physician, has written a fine song, entitled "Our Flag," for which JULIUS EICHBERG has composed music, to be sung by solo voice, with chorus, and Band accompanying. Here will be enough of it; would we might hear no harsher sounds!

Music Abroad.

London.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. — The programme of the third concert (Monday, May 30, Hanover Square Rooms) was as follows: —

PART I.

Sinfonia in D minor..... Spohr.
Air, "Distressful Nature," — Mr. Wilby Cooper —
(Seasons)..... Haydn.
Air, "Porgi amor," — Madame Clara Novello —
(Figure)..... Mozart.
Concerto in D minor, piano-forte — Mr. Charles Hallé Mozart.
Aria, "O Salutaris Hostia," — Miss Lascelles..... Cherubini.
Overture — (Leonora)..... Beethoven.

PART II.

"The May Queen." — Vocal Parts by Madame Clara Novello, Miss Lascelles, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss; with Chorus..... Sterndale Bennett.
Conductor — Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus. D.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD'S FIRST SOIREE.—The style of Miss Goddard's programmes is pretty well known by this time; nor is it necessary to insist that the variety which the inexhaustible *répertoire* at her command enables her to impart, endows them with a peculiar and abiding interest. The selection at her first *soirée*, which, on Friday evening (the 27th ult.), attracted a host of connoisseurs to St. James's Hall, was as admirable as any that have preceded it since these truly classical entertainments were first introduced (in 1857):—

PART I.

Quartet in E flat, piano-forte, violin, and violoncello. Mozart.
Sonata in E major, piano-forte solus, (Op. 5). (the first time in public)..... Mendelssohn.

PART II.

Recueil des airs variés, Nos. 2 and 3, Book 2, piano-forte solus (Op. 71), (the first time in England).... Dussek.
Sonata in F sharp major, piano-forte solus (Op. 78) Beethoven.
Trio in B flat, piano-forte, violin, and violoncello. Schubert.

The solo pieces were just as interesting as the *morceaux d'ensemble*. The Sonata of Mendelssohn (the only composition of the kind that has proceeded from his pen—unless, indeed, his worthy relatives are in possession of another) is a very early work, but crowded with beauties from one end to the other. The first three movements, too, are quite as masterly as they are charming. The extraordinary difficulties presented throughout the work show what an expert and daring pianist Mendelssohn must have been when a boy, and account for its never having been attempted at a public concert (in London, at least), until now. This and the lovely Sonata in F sharp major of Beethoven (which is also much too rarely heard) called forth all the rarest qualities of Miss Goddard's talent.

Another novelty—and of equal interest—was the selection from Dussek's *Recueil des airs variés*, composed when residing with Prince Talleyrand in Paris, when the French capital was resounding with the praises of his (Dussek's—not Talleyrand's) magnificent piano-forte playing, just after his (Dussek's—not Talleyrand's) famous Sonata, *Le Retour à Paris* ("Plus Ultra"), and shortly before his (Dussek's) death. From the *Recueil* Miss Goddard picked out the graceful Variations in F, and the sparkling, never-ending, delicious *rondo* in C ("Variations and Changes" on the old air, "Amusez-vous, Belles"), and played them with a vigorous simplicity and unstudied grace precisely suited to their character. The concert was altogether worthy the reputation of the concert-giver; the highly-finished performance of Mozart's quartet (in which Miss Goddard found gifted and congenial associates in M. Sainton, Mr. Doyle, and Sig. Piatti), having inaugurated the entertainment just as brilliantly as Schubert's Trio ended it.

MADAME CLARA SCHUMANN, and Herr Jules Stockhausen's third *Matinée*, attracted a full and fashionable audience on Thursday to Willis's Rooms. The entertainment commenced with Mozart's Sonata, in D, for two piano-fortes, in which Madame Schumann was assisted by her sister, Mlle. Marie Wieck. The other pieces in which Madame Schumann played were: Beethoven's Sonata Quasi Fantasia, in E flat, for piano solus; Schumann's *Fantasie-Stücke*, for piano-forte and violin, with Herr Joachim; and Mendelssohn's *Rondo Capriccioso*. With the exception of Robert Schumann's Fantasia, all the *morceaux* were old friends, a little the worse for wear, however estimable in themselves. We have had occasion more than once to remark how splendidly Madame Schumann executes the music of her husband. It is natural to suppose that she enters heart and soul into every work of his, and that her talent is increased through the influence of her feelings. The Fantasia of Robert Schumann, though clever, is not very attractive. The execution, however, by Madame Schumann and Herr Joachim, was so superb throughout, as to render the merits of the composition almost of secondary consequence. In the "Rondo Capriccioso" of Mendelssohn the audience could not separate the beauty of the composition from the brilliancy of the execution, and Mendelssohn and Madame Schumann may be said to have divided the hearty applause awarded to the performance. In addition to his share in Schumann's Fantasia, Herr Joachim executed the *Chaconne* of Bach, which he has already played in public with such eminent success, and equally astonished and delighted his hearers. More transcendent playing was never listened to. The vocal music, by Herr Jules Stockhausen, consisted of the aria, "Per la gloria d'adorarvi," from Buononcini's opera *Griselda*; Schubert's *Lied*, "An die Leber;" Rossini's "Tarantella;" Mendelssohn's *Volkstied*, "Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath;" and the *Rheinisches Volkstied*, "O Jugend, O schöne Rosenzeit." Herr Jules Stockhausen has a powerful and capable voice, of thoroughly German quality, and sings with remarka-

ble energy and taste. The "Tarantella" of Rossini was his least successful effort.

On Tuesday afternoon Herr LEOPOLD DE MEYER gave a concert for the introduction of some of his new compositions, with the assistance of those excellent young players the Brothers Holmes and Mlle. Vaneri. Those who admire Herr de Meyer (among brilliant pianists, no doubt, a very remarkable one) will be glad to hear that his force, volubility, and delicacy of execution have not deteriorated since he was last in London, some dozen years ago. They will not, further, require any analysis of Herr de Meyer's latest compositions, having been once informed that they are in the style of his earliest. Not having as yet spoken of Mlle. Vaneri, the opportunity may be taken to credit her with a voice of good promise, apparent warmth of musical feeling, owing little as yet to tuition, too little (to be frank) for one who attempts the position she attempts to take already.

A specification of the orchestral force about to be called out at the Sydenham Festival gives 362 as the number of stringed instruments, with a complement of 95 wind instruments, drums, &c. Here, having some weeks ago quoted like particulars concerning the meeting of 1784, from the *Handeliana* in *Notes and Queries*, we are bound from a later number of that periodical to quote a rectification of the list as there given:—

According to Burney, whose "Account of the Musical Performance in the Abbey," &c., was published in 1785, the following is the correct statement of the "voices and instruments" assembled together on that occasion:—First Violins, 48; second ditto, 47; tenors, 26. First Oboes, 13; second ditto, 13. Flutes, 6. Violoncellos, 21. Bassoons, 25; Double Bassoon, 1. Double Basses, 15. Trumpets, 12. Trombones, 6. Horns, 12. Kettle Drums, 3; Double Drum, 1. Cantos, 59; Altos, 48; Tenors, 83; Basses, 84.—Total of the Band and Chorus, 524.

—Other rectifiers join Dr. Rimbault, to whom the above paragraph is owing, in his correction.—To come from past to present, Madame Novello, Miss Dolhy, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Signor Belletti are already engaged as solo singers for the Sydenham Commemoration.—*Athenæum*.

(From the Musical World, June 4.)

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Plotow's *Martha* was produced on Tuesday, for the first time this season, and introduced Mlle. Lotti in the character of the Lady Enrichetta. It was further remarkable for the first appearance of Signor Graziani, whose ultimate operatic destination in London was a matter of uncertainty for months, when the recent decision of the Vice Chancellor settled the matter by confirming Mr. Gye's right in possession. The reception the popular barytone met with, was not exactly what he had been accustomed to meet with at Covent Garden.

Mlle. Lotti had to contend against the most overpowering recollections. Nevertheless, to such eminent advantage did she appear in the new part, both as singer and actress, and such special merits did she exhibit, as to make comparisons "odious." Her success was signal, and the performance of *Martha* altogether superior to any part in which she has hitherto been seen and heard in London. Expression is Mlle. Lotti's forte, and this quality serves her to great advantage in M. Plotow's music, which, though occasionally melodious, is not very original.

Mario's Lionel is one of his most finished assumptions. The air, "Tutto m'appari," is an exquisite bit of sentimental singing, not to be surpassed for purity and grace. With the exception of this air, and the fragments of the old Irish ballad, repeated at intervals, there is little in the music of Lionel to enchain attention even with Mario's singing. The ease and fascination of the acting makes up all the rest. The air, "Tutto m'appari," was encored with acclamation. An attempt was made to encore Signor Graziani in the "Beer song," but was overruled.

Madame Nantier Didée's Nancy is an exquisite bit of character-painting. All the music, too, is sung to perfection, so that the attendant of the maid of honor becomes no less conspicuous than the maid of honor herself, just as the poet and composer intended.

The first performance of *Don Giovanni*, on Thursday evening, attracted one of the most crowded audiences of the season. The cast, with one exception, was the same as last year, Mario once more being determined to try his success with the London public in the character of the Spanish libertine.

Madame Penco was Zerlina. Her acting, indeed, to our thinking, is the most natural and striking we have seen. Madame Penco never loses sight of the coquetry which constitutes so prominent a feature in the character of the peasant girl, and at the same time never exaggerates for the sake of producing effect. Not quite so demonstrative as Mlle. Piccolomini—with whose notion of the character, nevertheless, she agrees in many respects—she eschews the refinement of poor Bosio, who could never divest herself of the lady. Madame Penco sings the music pointedly and with spirit, if not perfectly.

Special Notices.

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MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Innocent Lena Romaine. Song and Chorus.

Ossian E. Dodge. 25

A simple, yet touching song, which has drawn an unusual share of applause in the composer's popular Entertainments.

Betty Foy. Song.

Jaich Emeu. 25

'Tis winter now.

Elliott. 25

Song of the Sea.

W. H. H. 25

Three good parlor songs, easy and for medium voices.

Yes, I'll wed him, mother dear. Song. S. Glover. 25

Pretty and taking; not inferior to Glover's best known songs.

What devotion. (Quant' amore.) Duet for soprano and bass in "Elisir d'Amore." — 75

This celebrated duet for a buffo-bass and a soprano, with which, for years, a number of artists have delighted the public. The volubility of Dulcamara, the quack doctor, seemed to be an insurmountable obstacle to a transfer of his speech to the English language. This task has, however, been successfully accomplished by Mr. T. T. Barker, whose version is a true portrayal of the original and will go almost as well with the music. This is quite an addition to the repertoire of the concert-singer. The piece ranks among the choicest among the few really comic concerted pieces of the lyric stage.

In the Louisiana lowlands. Song and Chorus. 25

A minstrel song, which at present is one of the most attractive pieces on Morris Brothers' programme.

Instrumental Music.

America. Three elegant transcriptions of American national airs, (Yankee Doodle, Star Spangled Banner, Hail Columbia). Each C. Voss. 35

These short, clever arrangements supply a great want. They do away with the hacknied and well-worn form of variations, and keep aloof from difficulties which amateur players are rarely able to master. They weary neither player nor hearer, and are sufficiently novel in treatment to satisfy the taste of the fastidious. They will create a great demand.

La Fille du Regiment. Fantasia. Charles Voss. 70

This is one of Voss's earlier and best Fantasias, treating the well-known melodies "Ciaccone lo dice," and "Convien partir" in that brilliant manner which has made this author one of the most favorite writers for somewhat advanced players.

Cavatina in Roberto Deveraux. Varied.

F. Hunten. 60

A work of sterling merit for teaching purposes. It ranks in point of difficulty with the same composer's well-known variations on "La Rose," and will be found hardly less attractive.

Lucrezia Borgia. (Illustrat's operatiques, No. 4.)

C. Fradel. 30

An agreeable potpourri for young players, embracing the principal airs.

Books.

CRAMER'S INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE PIANO FORTE. A New Edition. 1,50

This is a much improved edition of a Method of Piano Instruction celebrated both in the old world and the new, as easy and simple in its mode of imparting the rudimental and moderately advanced principles of Piano Forte Music, well suited to the requirements of beginners. The neat style in which it is issued and the extremely low price at which it is sold will secure for it a large sale.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 379.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1859.

VOL. XV. No. 15.

Cradle Song.

— FROM THE GERMAN — BY C. T. B.

Evening is balmy and cool in the West,
Lulling the golden bright meadows to rest,
Twinkle like silver stars in the skies,
Greeting the two little slumbering eyes,
Sweetly sleep! Sweetly sleep!
Thy watch the good angels in Paradise keep.

Now all the flowers are gone to repose,
All the sweet incense-cups peacefully close,
Blossoms rocked lightly on evening's mild breeze,
Drowsily, dreamily, swing the trees;
Sweetly sleep! Sweetly sleep!
Thy watch the good angels in Paradise keep.

Wise little elves, by the light of the moon,
Sing to my darling a lullaby soon;
Rise from your cells in the cups of the flowers,
Weave him a golden dream all the night hours!
Sweetly sleep! Sweetly sleep!
Thy watch the good angels in Paradise keep.

Weave him a rosy and weave him a mild
Heavenly Spring-time, the beautiful child,
Leading in slumber that soft little hand,
Far into dream-land, the magical land.
Sweetly sleep! Sweetly sleep!
Thy watch the good angels in Paradise keep.

Sleep till the flowers are opening once more,
Sleep till the lark in the morning shall soar,
Sleep till the golden bells' heavenly chime
Festively welcome the morning's prime.
Sweetly sleep! Sweetly sleep!
Thy watch the good angels in Paradise keep.

Translated for this Journal.

Henry Heine about Music and Musicians.

XI.—THE FRENCH OPERA (1837) — M. VERON
— M. DUPONCHEL — BERLIOZ.

Continued from page 107.

With the exception of Meyerbeer, the *Académie Royale de Musique* possesses few composers of whom it would be worth the pains to speak at length. And yet the French Opera is just now in its richest bloom, or to speak more correctly, it is enjoying a good daily income. This thriving state began six years ago, under the direction of the famous M. VERON, whose principles have since been followed with the same success by the new director, M. Duponchel. I say principles, for in fact M. Veron had principles, results of his reflection in the world of art and science, and as he had in his profession of apothecary invented an excellent music for a cough, so as an opera-director did he invent a remedy against music. He had in fact remarked in himself, that one of Franconi's spectacles gave him more satisfaction than the best opera; he convinced himself that the greatest part of the public are animated by the same emotions, and only feel delighted when beautiful decorations, costumes and dances so enchain their attention, that they wholly cease to think about the fatal music. So the great Veron hit upon the genial thought of gratifying the people's love of show in such a high degree, that

they should no longer think the music irksome, but find the same enjoyment at the Grand Opera as at Franconi's. The great Veron and the great public understood each other: the former wished to render music harmless, and gave under the title "opera" nothing but splendid *spectacle* pieces; the latter, the public, could go with their wives and daughters to the Grand Opera, like good respectable citizens, without dying of weariness. America was discovered, the egg stood on its end, the opera house was filled every day, Franconi was outbidden and made bankrupt, and M. Veron is from that time a rich man. The name Veron will live forever in the annals of music; he has embellished the temple of the Goddess, but has turned her out of doors. Nothing surpasses the luxury which has gained the upper hand in the Grand Opera; it is now the paradise of people hard of hearing!

The present director follows the maxims of his predecessor, although he personally forms the most amusing contrast with him. Have you ever seen M. Veron? In the *Café de Paris*, or on the Boulevard Coblence, you surely must have often met him, this fat, caricatured figure, with hat pressed right down over his head, which is buried in a monstrous white cravat, with collars sticking up above the ears, so that the red, jovial face with the little twinkling eyes is scarcely visible. In the consciousness of his knowledge of men and of his success, he waltzes in with such a comfortable air, of insolent self-satisfaction, surrounded by a staff of young, and partly too of elderly dandies of literature, whom he is in the habit of regaling with champagne or with pretty *figurantes*! It is the god of materialism, and his soul-insulting look has often cut most painfully into my heart when I have met him.

Mr. DUPONCHEL is a lean, sallow man, with an aspect, if not noble, yet *distingué*, always sad, an undertaker's mien, so that some one rightly named him to me: a perpetual mourning. From his outward appearance one would sooner take him for the overseer of *Père la chaise*, than for the director of the Grand Opera. He always reminded me of the melancholy Court fool of Louis XIII. This knight of the rueful countenance is now *Maitre de plaisir* of the Parisians, and I should like to over-hear him sometimes when, alone in his house, he is thinking out new jokes, with which to entertain his sovereign, the French public,

From these remarks you will comprehend the present significance of the French Grand Opera. It has conciliated the enemies of music, and, as in the Tuileries, the well-to-do *bourgeoisie* has also penetrated into the Academy of Music, high society having vacated the field. The fine aristocracy, the *élite*, who are distinguished by rank, culture, birth, fashion and idleness, have taken refuge in the Italian Opera, in that musical oasis, where the great nightingales of Art still keep trilling, where the fountains of melody still magically ripple, and the palms of beauty with their proud fans wave applause . . . while all around

is a blank sand desert, a musical Sahara. Only occasional good concerts now and then emerge in this desert, to vouchsafe an extraordinary refreshment to the friend of music. To these belong, this winter, the Sundays at the Conservatoire, some private soirées in the Rue de Bondy, and especially the concerts of BERLIOZ and LISZT.

These last two are indeed the most remarkable phenomena in the musical world here; I say the most remarkable, not the most beautiful, not the most edifying. From Berlioz we shall soon have an opera. The subject is an episode from the life of Benvenuto Cellini, the casting of the Perseus. Something extraordinary is expected, since this composer has already achieved the extraordinary. His tendency is to the fantastical, not united with soul, but with sentimentality; he has great resemblance with Callot, Gozzi and Hoffmann. His outward appearance indicates as much. It is a pity that he has had cut off his immense, antediluvian *frisur*, his bushy hair, which bristled above his brow like a wood over a steep precipice; so I first saw him six years since, and so will he ever stand in my memory. It was in the *Conservatoire de Musique*, and they gave a grand Symphony by him, a bizarre sort of night piece, now and then illumined by the sentimental whiteness of a woman's robe, that fluttered to and fro, or by a sulphur-yellow gleam of irony. The best thing in it is a witches' sabbath, where the devil reads mass and the catholic church music is parodied with the fearfulest and bloodiest farcicality. It is a farce, in which all the secret snakes, we carry in our hearts, rear their hissing heads with joy. My neighbor in the box, a frank young man, pointed out to me the composer, who was in a corner of the orchestra, at the extreme end of the hall, beating the kettle-drum. Then the kettle-drum is his instrument. "Do you see that stout English lady in front of the stage?" said my neighbor. "That is Miss Smithson; Berlioz has been desperately in love with this lady for three years, and to this passion we owe the wild Symphony you hear to-day." And there in fact, in the stage box, sat the famous actress of Covent Garden; Berlioz gazed at her continually, and every time his eye met hers, he would beat away upon his kettle-drum like mad. Miss Smithson has since become Madame Berlioz, and her husband too since then has had his hair cut off. When I heard his Symphony again in the Conservatoire this winter, he sat again as drummer in the background of the orchestra, the stout English woman sat again in the stage-box, their looks again met . . . but he no longer beat so madly on the drum.

(To be Continued.)

Teachers and Methods of Teaching.

(From Dr. MARK'S *General Musical Instruction*; translated by GEORGE MACRONE. J. A. Novello, London and New York.)

It is manifest that, in order to attain the object of musical education, the choice of a teacher is highly important to the student, while the choice of the most sure method of teaching is equally so to the master. So many parents know not how to help themselves in this regard—so many re-

spectable well-intentioned teachers are anxious to ascertain and rectify, if needful, their methods of proceeding—so many scholars have already been led astray or ruined, in a musical sense, either by a mistaken choice or an erroneous system, that we have considered it to be our duty to suggest a few hints on this subject. We give only a few hints on the principal points applicable to the matter in general. A fundamental improvement cannot be arrived at by a book; it must be the result of a more elevated education of the teachers, by institutions of the state, and through a real enlightenment of all educated persons on the nature and necessity of music.

The profession of music is highly important, from the powerful influence this science exercises on our senses and on our spiritual and civil life. Parents should weigh well, in the choice of a teacher, what power is given him through his art over the mind of their child; that he may elevate the youthful mind to the most noble sentiments, or debase and lower it to the most groveling; how prejudicial it is merely to leave the mind vacant, while music is acting irresistibly upon the senses and the mind. Listlessness, thoughtlessness, sensuality, vanity, unbridled passion, may be implanted and fostered by the teacher of music; but we may also be indebted to him for awakening and cherishing the noblest powers and sentiments of the soul.

From the foregoing, it would appear that the weightiest point to be considered, in the choice of a music master is, what influence may be expected from him on the mind of his scholar. His good manners, however necessary, are no sufficient guarantee for suitability. But, indeed, the high and pure sense in which he has formed his conception of art, and the degree of his general capability and education, which enables him to transfer his conception to his pupil,—all this must be maturely pondered. But the choice made, boldly and with full confidence give free hand to the teacher. Half confidence, interference in the instruction, would only disturb the efficiency of the master.

We must, therefore, with regard to music, consider, in the first place, what view the teacher takes of it, and what motive urges him in its employment. The mere technical man, who uses art simply as handicraft, will produce nothing but a handicraftsman. The player from understanding will give cold lessons and perceptions; he can give technicality with ease and certainty, but he will never warm the heart with inward fire; he will rather rob it of its natural warmth. The mere man of feeling will perhaps allow the scholar to sympathize in company with him, but never insist upon sure instruction. Art is not mere technicality, nor mere understanding, nor mere feeling. It is the expression of the whole man; and only he who embraces it in its entirety can ingraft and rear its true nature and power. Talent and knowledge, a feeling heart, and a rational consciousness of the reality of the nature and operations of art—these are the indispensable qualities of a teacher of music. One of the signs of his artistic standing—we must repeat a former observation—is the works at which he and his scholar are employed. A teacher who occupies himself with small worthless compositions, in lieu of the abundant masterpieces of our art, shows the inferiority of his position, and a poor estimate of art. There are, indeed, masters who limit themselves to approved works, on the sole authority of the name, without taking any lively interest in them; in this case, certainly, their instruction can be but of small benefit. The next general qualification which a teacher indispensably requires, is the faculty of working with decision and effect on the mind and disposition of his pupil. The mere capability of playing himself a piece of music with propriety and effect, does not here suffice. It may delight the scholar, it may induce him to a successful imitation, and even perhaps, finally to a more or less noble and happy manner; but will not create in himself a free independent feeling, and conscious certainty in art. It is not necessary only that the teacher should enable the scholar to play whole compositions as he does himself, but that he lead him into the

composition itself—that he enable him to see and comprehend thoroughly each unity therein, their combination and mutual dependence, and their constitution as a whole. A bright consciousness only of the nature of art, and of the contents of each work of art, advances the pupil to a free comprehension and performance peculiar to himself, and conducts him by his own productions to the summit where individuality of the artist and nature of the art join in conscious union, and give style to his creations. Only such a method of instruction works beyond the circle of lessons which he has run through. If the scholar has seized the essence of the matter, he will not hold it fast in studies and forms only, which the teacher has worked out with him; he will seek and seize it everywhere equally when the master is absent. This is the true life in art; this alone guarantees that the exercise will not cease with instruction, but will adorn the whole of life. For this object there is required, on the part of the teacher, deep insight, extensive knowledge, and in both such ability and certainty that he can comprehend and explain his subjects under all their aspects. A teacher must know more, much more than he is required to teach; he must be everywhere at-home, and perfectly master of his subject, in order to be able to answer every question, and supply every unnoticed deficiency.

After the elementary and technical instruction, we require absolutely from a good singing and piano master the study of composition, as the most sure, if not the only means of penetrating with full consciousness into the recesses of art. We require of him an extensive and well-grounded knowledge of the masterpieces of art of the elder and modern times; and strongly recommend a continually observant and sympathizing eye on new productions, in order to acquire every movement in artistic life, even although masses of unsuccessful or retrograde composition should make the duty burdensome. The higher teacher, especially one who is concerned in the education of composers and teachers or conductors, ought not to delay his acquaintance with the history of art and the science of music, besides his study of fundamental composition; since everything, and therefore music, can be perfectly known and fully understood only by the help of its history.

To the properly artistic capacity and education must be added the knowledge of mankind, and the talent of working upon the mind of others; but then, also, love of the business of instruction, and a heartfelt interest in the advancement of the scholar. An able master studies the disposition and inclination of his pupil. He judges from them, how he may be won, how convinced, upon what qualities he may rely, where he wants assistance, and by what other powers his deficiencies may be compensated. He does not consider himself as another being, foreign to his pupil; he neither presumes on his own superiority, nor lowers himself to his pupil (both false methods of teaching), but penetrates with his higher ideas and education into the mental condition of his pupil; comprehends, as it were, from the soul of the young disciple the conceptions he has acquired of art and its forms; he here separates, by his superior knowledge, the true and healthy from the false and insufficient; he encourages, expands, and exalts the former, and corrects and amplifies the latter. In short, he endeavors to originate or unravel every desirable faculty in the pupil himself; because only that which is engendered in and grows out from ourselves, not that which is brought to us from without, is vital, and works with the energy of life.

Such a teacher will lose courage only in the case of total indifference or absolute incapacity; or much rather, with our feelings, he would decline the scholar. But each single deficiency, every erroneous or one-sided conception, he knows how to meet. If the feeling of measure cannot be trusted, or is perhaps confused by earlier teachers, the master will prescribe very simple lessons of determined rhythm, and then make rhythmic, melodic variations on them, so that the pupil will proceed on the same simple lesson from simple rhythm to more rich, placed together and increasing in difficulty. If the sense of *tone* be

undeveloped, the teacher will apply the earlier to the practice of chords; first the major triad, then the chord of the dominant, lastly the major and minor chords of the ninth (major chords always before minor) by ear on the piano, and then have them sung by the pupil. For since those chords are the first indications given by nature herself, one of her *tones* helps the imperfect feeling of *tone* in the student, to the other; and the most important intervals, such as the octave, fifth, fourth, major and minor third, minor seventh, whole tone and semitone, will be gained from the laws of nature. If the scholar has a strong partiality for brilliant and off-hand playing, the teacher will fall in with this inclination (since to oppose it abruptly would rather alarm than overcome), and by gradually shading the passages, separating and binding, changing the *forte* and *piano*, &c., in a manner comprehensible and agreeable to the scholar, he will make the latter perceive how one and the same passage may, by different playing, become newer, more attractive, now more neat and delicate, and then more forcible, &c. It will now be easy to take a more noble direction from this point, and to awaken the deep sense of melody. Should the intelligent element assume a preëminence, let us profit by it to comprehend and seize with more intimate feeling, accentuation, which is the nearest associate to rhythm, in relation to the understanding. Let us penetrate into the innumerable degrees of accentuation, and awaken thereby the conviction that musical matters are not exclusively the business of the understanding, but that it is often necessary to trust to feeling only. Hence it is easy to see that feeling must have free operation, and participates of right in musical composition and performance. If, on the other hand, the scholar should be inclined, perhaps from enthusiasm, to devote himself to the unknown feeling, let that noble power of the soul be respected and upheld which lies at the foundation of this one-sidedness. Let us apply to heartfelt compositions, and with preference to those whose effect has been already experienced, and point out the chief traits which have caused our emotion; illustrate occasionally such passages, by comparison with similar or dissimilar instances, or by changes which would rob us of our power or tenderness. Should our sensibilities be excited, as is generally the case with superabundant feeling, by melody, chiefly or exclusively, we will apply gradually to movements in which a captivating chief melody is met by a leading passage full of character, or where two or more highly interesting melodies combine and proceed together. In so far as the pupil, either by himself, or induced by the teacher, can be brought to notice in each of the significant parts that which has hitherto exclusively occupied him, he is on the way to elevate himself above the one-sided, obscure, and overworked feeling, to a higher consciousness, to a more comprehensive and fruitful spiritual sympathy.

It is impossible here to accumulate all the counsels and advantages arising from a perfect intimacy of the master with the mind of the pupil. It is enough, if, from a few examples, we have made ourselves clearly understood.

That there are now but few teachers, such as we require for so many scholars, is true. But this is, however, no refutation of the justice of our demands; it is only a sign of the insufficiency of our supplies for the requirements of our consciences; and proves a concurrent striving for a recognized good, according to our power. It can not also be denied, that often persons, clear-sighted enough in general, instead of selecting the obtainable good masters, procure others far from proficiency, out of thoughtlessness, want of knowledge of the parties, or other secondary considerations. Here, however, the reproach falls on the musicians and teachers themselves, who have given themselves but little trouble in enlightening the public in general on the true nature of their art and the means of acquiring it—a conviction which has had great part in the production of this book.

We must also notice another erroneous idea concerning instruction. It is the deceptive notion often repeated, that for the beginning an inferior

teacher is sufficient. This persuasion often arises from the wish to save for some time the cost of a good master. But we must consider this opinion as an erroneous delusion. The unskilled master lays a bad foundation. He delays the fundamental elements and exercises upon which all future progress must be founded. He neglects the awakening and expansion of the natural dispositions, gives a false direction to all artistic procedure, and misuses or destroys the pleasure and activity of the scholar. The succeeding better master finds the scholar half tired out with wandering hither and thither without profit or reward. He meets everywhere with only imperfect or false preparation, and he finds difficulty enough in exciting attention and activity in the scholar for the attainment of an object of which this latter imagines himself to be already possessed. What teacher, under these circumstances (and they are of frequent occurrence), does not wish that no instruction had been given—that he might freely and with good heart build upon fresh and unnumbered ground? and how many a gifted scholar has abandoned art in disgust, when he has discovered, after years of labor, that, in order to succeed, he must begin again from the beginning.

In conclusion, it is the method itself of teaching which claims our consideration. In this matter, after every necessary qualification as to ability, we will limit ourselves to one fundamental requisition, which seems to us important and comprehensive, and which to the reflective teacher will develop itself so advantageously in every direction, however simply it may be expressed. The teacher must constantly bear in mind that he teaches an art. Consequently, he must treat his scholar and the subject of his teaching in the sense of an artist and of art, and prove himself to be an artist.

He must also constantly show to his scholar that love and respect which are due to his fellow artist, and to every one engaged in higher and intellectual occupations.

He will foster and elevate the disposition of the pupil for art. Artistic activity must flow spontaneously from the heart, if it is to fructify into life: we cannot force even ourselves into its possession, much less others. The pleasure we derive from it is therefore the first and indispensable condition of all success in this region; and the teacher who knows not how to preserve and increase it will certainly miss his aim. He must, however, awaken true pleasure in the art itself; not false pleasure—vanity, desire for reward or profit; and, in order, indeed, that the student may become constantly more susceptible of her pleasures, and more capable of producing them, he must moreover excite his pupil to a worthy use of his powers by an encouraging word, by a well-timed performance of the works of art, &c.

The following point is most worthy of consideration. Art is not abstract thinking—it is not feeling without thought nor unconscious activity; neither should the teaching be an abstract combination. Every lesson, every rule, must be derived from nature herself before the eyes of the pupil, and immediately, if by any means possible, reduced to practice. That this is practicable in teaching composition, we think we have shown from the fact in our Doctrine of Composition. It was one of the most unartistic aspects of the earlier art of teaching, when all possible intervals and all possible chords were thrown before the pupil in a heap together, and then all the forms of counterpoint in small unartistic passages, before the application of any of them was sought for. Most, indeed, of the books of instruction give no application at all. Nature and the history of art point out another way. Wherever a free course has been open to reason, she has immediately proceeded to the absolutely necessary, and in art to the actual practice, without delay. She has followed reflection by holding fast that which the moment required, and so in every instance she has elevated her mode of action into consciousness, her thoughts into living incarnated operation. Such also has been the development of art—entirely according to reason, proceeding by facts, by real operation, as her history, prop-

erly understood, demonstrates.

Also, in the practice of music, this fundamental proposition is thoroughly practicable. The tonal system, the system of notation, the arrangements of rhythm, are so entirely according to reason, that every scholar, under the gentlest guidance of the teacher, can unfold them further from their first intimations, and can again discover them for himself. It appears to us one of the crudities of the usual mode of teaching, to burden the scholar with the whole tonal system at once, then (or even before, as some books of instruction do*) with the whole system of notation (and perhaps in several clefs at the same time), then with the whole system of bars, while for the moment he wants only the smallest part of them; such as a few notes in one clef, leaving the remainder to be acquired on further advancement. By this misapplication, the scholar is withdrawn from immediate living and improving comprehension to an unartistic work of memory. It follows, therefore, that the order of these books of instruction, which merely present the materials of instruction to the memory, should also illustrate and complete their work; and not doing so, can have no claim to be considered an order or plan of really practical instruction.

Even the exercises, whose immediate object is to produce readiness of hand and voice, must not only be brought into the service of the hand and the observant understanding, but also be used for the pleasurable feelings of the scholar, whenever practicable, so that what he has learned may as soon as possible be applied in artistic form. From these considerations, we cannot look without hesitation upon an invention lately introduced, to make beginners practise upon finger-boards made of paper. However convenient and cheap this may appear, it is evident that artistic participation must be injured, or, to say the least, not excited or vivified.

This is the true doctrine, which, in the smallest and the greatest, holds fast and advances the reality of art, and upholds the student from the lowest up to the pinnacle—however high he may be able and willing to climb—in perfect artistic sympathy and activity. But this is possible only to a teacher who, himself an artist, is replete with the spirit of art.

* They therefore teach the sign before the thing signified, so that their notation is objectless, and must remain incomplete until we become acquainted with tones.

Joachim and the Virtuosi.

(From the London Musical World.)

The presence among us of Herr Joseph Joachim leads to the consideration of art, not only as an honorable profession, but as imposing high and sacred duties. It is so rare to meet with an artist in the real sense of the term, an artist who, recognizing these duties, acts up to them, and is at the same time great and gifted, that when we are shown one of the genuine stamp we are almost taken aback and incredulous. Herr Joachim, however, is a living example of the genus,—*pur-sang*, and thorough bred. We have but to compare this German violinist with the majority of his contemporaries, and we shall soon be able, not merely to distinguish him from the crowd, but to estimate him at his proper worth.

While none can deny that the annual influx into this country of foreign musicians of all denominations has in a great measure helped to make us a musical nation, it must also be admitted, on the other hand, that it has brought with it evil as well as good. The stream has not been always clear and rapid in equal degrees. Some parts have been troubled; others, choked with weeds and fungi, have sent forth miasms, such as bear pestilence

"From jungle, morass, or from stagnant pool."

The difficulty has been at times to distinguish the bad from the good, and so reject the one while accepting the other. At no period did the stream of exotic art, flowing continually to these shores, bring with it so large a quantity of deleterious stuff as now. To approach within nose-shot of it is dangerous; to drink of its waters is death. Our Thames is a limpid fountain by comparison. Orpheus is sick and in want of *Æsculapins*. A medico-musical officer has become indispensable. What a pity the profession cannot boast of a Simon!

To leave metaphor—how are these *mugro difficilis* to be solved!—how shall the "divine art" be relieved from its affliction? Alas! our governments care little or nothing for music, as Mr. H. F. Chor-

ley has well explained in a paper addressed to the Society of Arts. They look more or less carefully to the welfare of the sister arts—build houses, give charters, and employ Tentons, as travelling inspectors; but for Music they do literally nothing, allowing it to grope on, unaided, as well as it may. It has advanced, however, so well, that by this time not only does it enjoy full possession of the ear, but of the heart, "popular," and holds such a big place in the affections of the community, so large a share in our studies, and almost a monopoly in our recreations, that its healthy dissemination is a matter of serious importance. All this, we are aware, if brought forward in Parliament, would see the house "counted out" in the twinkling of an eye. No—musicians must not look to Government for assistance. If they cannot fight their own battle, they are not worth the consideration they receive from those inquiring minds for whom none of the wonderful phenomena of this wonderful globe (the most wonderful of globes for aught we are likely to know to the contrary) are without interest.

But it is not so much the want of patronage from high quarters, of which those who rightly contemplate the social effects of music are now complaining, and will, in all probability, continue to complain. It is the progress of impure art, which, under the specious disguise of "virtuosity," is beginning to exercise a most pernicious example in certain influential quarters.

So long as the "*virtuosi*" walked (or galloped) in their proper sphere, they amused by their mechanical *tours de force*, charmed by their *finesse*, and did no great harm to music or musical taste. They were accepted *cum grano salis*, applauded for their dexterity, and admired for the elegance with which they were able to elaborate thoughts in themselves of very slight artistic worth. But recently our "*virtuosi*" have been oppressed with a notion that, to succeed in this country, they must invade and carry by storm the "*classics*" of the art, instead of adhering exclusively, as of old, to their own fantasies and *jeux de marteaux*. One composition after another by the great masters is now seized upon and worried. If they were things of flesh and blood, and could feel the gripe, be conscious of the teeth, and appreciate the fangs of these rapid and devouring "*virtuosi*," concertos, sonatas, trios, &c., would indeed be in a pitiable condition. Happily, being of the spirit, they bleed not, but are immortal.

One great result attending Herr Joseph Joachim's professional visit to London is, that it affords both professors and amateurs opportunity after opportunity of studying his manner of playing the works of the giants of music. We have already heard him in half-a-dozen quartets by Beethoven, in the same master's violin concerto, and in various compositions of Bach, Spohr, and Schubert. How Herr Joachim executes these compositions—how differently from the self-styled "*virtuosi*," how purely, how modestly, how wholly forgetful of himself in the text he considers it an honor in being allowed to interpret to the crowd—we need scarcely remind our readers. Not a single eccentricity of carriage or demeanor, not a moment of egotistical display—to remind his hearers that, although Beethoven is being played, it is Joachim who is playing—ever escapes this truly admirable performer and (if words might be allowed to bear their legitimate signification) most accomplished of "*virtuosi*." Compare Herr Joachim with some of his contemporaries. Observe how feverish and restless they are, while vainly endeavoring to grapple with music for which they really entertain no sympathy, and which, with all their powers of execution, they cannot play correctly; how every *allegro* is turned into a *presto*; while, in the celerity of the movement, distinct articulation becomes impossible, habitual want of finish being unredeemed by any grace of style, or rather accompanied by the total abnegation of that which is the very soul of music, and without which pianists degenerate into mere "hammers," violinists into lifeless wood and sheep-gut.

Depend upon it, the best way to arrest the advance of corrupt art is to listen, as often as possible, to the performances of such an artist as Herr Joseph Joachim; who can enter with enthusiasm into all the thoughts of the mighty dead, and expound them fitly; who is as much at home in the simple strain of Haydn, as in the passionate melody of Mozart, the wonderful elaboration of Bach, the poetical sublimity of Beethoven, or the ethereal and exquisite fancy of Mendelssohn; to listen with earnestness, and mark how such music sounds, when thus delivered, with faith and love, and an appreciative genius that amounts almost to original creation. Hear the *virtuoso* after that; observe the efforts with which he tries to force out of his music a meaning which it was never intended to bear, and ponder on the difference, the difference between a spotless mirror and a heap of

broken bottle-glass, the difference between the light of broad day, when the sun is at its zenith, and the glare of a furnace at midnight. Thus may true art best be distinguished from its brazen counterfeit; thus may the stream that flows to us from abroad be sooner cleansed and purified. The oftener Herr Joachim is heard—and it is a healthy sign that with the London multitude of amateurs he is the most universally popular of our foreign visitors—the less chance of the public being fascinated by mere pretence and glitter, by art in convulsions, instead of art in the majesty and beauty of its repose.

The Diarist Abroad.

NOTES.

BERLIN, APRIL 17.—Bach's "passion" after the Gospel according to Matthew—the less grand of the two. No. I cannot "live into" this form of vocal music, so as to feel it as these Germans really seem to do. I feel the learning, the art, oftentimes the wonderful expression of single numbers; but I can find no necessary, logically-dramatic connection—no gradual approach to climax. I am not carried along with it—my heart remains cold. Then, too, the conductor had thrown me into no favorable frame of mind by his conduct the evening before; when he had sat at the Beethoven Mass, with a score before him not far from me and discussed points in it aloud to his neighbor, even in its wondrous "Benedictus." It annoyed me to see such a man the next evening conducting. Moreover, how could one be very much struck by this work of Bach's, twenty-four hours after that performance of Stern's Singing Society?

April 20. "Egmont," by Goethe, with music by Beethoven, performed in the Royal Theatre in Berlin! Mrs. Barrow did not read here—thank God!

May 8. A private musical performance at Stern's "Conservatorium." Pupil productions of course; both the singing and pianoforte playing very creditable to Stern. Pattison, of Newark, N. J., closed the performance with two pianoforte pieces, one of which was Wm. Mason's "Silverspring," which pleased very much.

There is a certain class of young American tourists, who, if from London, would be cockneys of the deepest, direst, dolefullest dye. They know everything that is worth knowing, and as they become acquainted with German students are so kind and condescending as to impart to them all sorts of information. To them nothing is good here, because it is not as it is at home. Generally such fellows soon have two or three inseparables, who drink their coffee, smoke their cigars, swallow (apparently) their largest stories, and make themselves generally useful and agreeable. Sometimes they—the inseparables—manage to get a little quiet fun out of their condescending, American, spread-eagle, friends. This was the case when certain students took the two American students at Halle, out to see the house where Goethe and *Shakspeare* met—whereat, when I heard the story, I burst into Homeric laughter, and determined to record it in honor of the American name abroad. Ah, "—t—," do you doubt the existence of this depth of verdancy? Please try the question of the date of Goethe's birth upon the first twenty students you meet. Do it quietly, as a mere by-the-way, and see if you do not find one or two, who would like to visit Halle, to see the house where he and the great Englishman met!

A word of wisdom for "Trovator's" Owl book. Emblems of infinite, eternal, unchangeable duration: the great pyramid of Cheops, and an Englishman in a continental reading room with the *London Times* in his hand.

A. W. T.

Liszt's *Dante* Symphony has been published in an arrangement for two pianos, in Leipzig. A fantasia on *Trovatore*, which is said to be a pendant to his *Lucia* Fantasia, will be probably more welcome to our pianists.

Uniform Musical Pitch.

(From the *London Athenæum*, June 18).

The preliminary meeting convened by the Society of Arts to consider the possibility of taking any measures on this side of the channel, correspondent with or in adoption of those agreed on in France, for the establishment of a normal diapason, was held yesterday week, with an attendance of some half hundred guests, by whom the different interests of music were fairly represented. Dr. Whewell was in the chair, and introduced the subject by a short address, calling attention to the elaborate French reports and to the restrictive measure which had been based upon it. "The first question to be determined was, whether it was desirable that a uniform musical pitch should prevail; and, secondly, whether it was possible to establish such a uniform pitch in this country. The latter question came before them very naturally, inasmuch as the establishment of a uniform pitch was to be enforced by stringent legal means in France, a course which could not be imitated in this country. The French legislative provision upon the matter was that musical instruments not conforming to this regulation, were not to be admitted to any Exhibition of Industry. It amounted, in fact, to a prohibition of instruments which were not of the pitch determined upon; and the man who gave false measure in music, was to be dealt with in the same manner as a fraudulent purveyor of meat, or a dishonest vender of cloth. Of course, it could not be expected that their musical friends in this country were to be subjected to penalties such as those, or that a uniform pitch could be enforced here by any such means. Therefore, they had to consider what means short of these could be used, and whether any influence beyond a general understanding amongst those engaged in music could be brought to bear." The discussion which followed was prefaced by a reading of letters from many musicians, unable to attend the meeting, the bearing of all of which tended to recommend the adoption of a uniform pitch. The question was then discussed as to the possibility of this being attained. The meeting was addressed by Dr. Wylde, Mr. Hullah—who, it appears, gave considerable attention to the subject some years ago (to the point of regulating a family of tuning-forks, by aid of M. Cagnard de La Tour's instrument called the *Sirène*), Mr. Nicholson, the professor of the oboe, who illustrated the inconveniences of the present uncertain state of the diapason, Sir George Smart, Mr. Benedict, Mr. Ella. To this ensued a discussion as to what the proposed uniformity (the desirableness of which was carried *nem. con.*) should be. Herr Otto Goldschmidt warmly recommended the adoption of the French normal *la*, Mr. Tutton a semi-tone below the present pitch, Madame Goldschmidt some letting down. "For her own part there was a considerable amount of music that she could not think of singing at the present pitch; and music which she sang with the greatest ease about twelve years ago, when the pitch was lower, she would not now attempt. If the raising of the pitch went on as it had hitherto done the human voice would lose its beauty and strength; and she did not consider it was proper to tax the voice to that extent. In her opinion the standard of the pitch ought to be regulated by the human voice." Sir George Smart produced a tuning-fork, prepared by the Messrs. Broadwood for him some thirty years ago, with the concurrence of Mrs. Billington, Messrs. Braham and Griesbach. The Rev. G. T. Duffield exhibited Handel's fork, considerably flatter than the present ones. The question then arose, as to the practicable reconciliation of orchestras and organs, Mr. Davison recommending that if the latter instruments were altered it should be by transposing the pipes a full semitone. Mr. Hullah urged the adoption of a pitch of 512 vibrations a second, in place of the French pitch of 522, as more convenient, on the score of numerical calculation. An attempt to propose the French pitch, as the one most expedient to adopt, was met by a recommendation that the subject should be more closely investigated, by a sub-committee, than was possible at a general meeting. The appointment of a sub-committee was unanimously carried, and the gentleman nominated in its formation, from whom a report will be submitted to the society. Such comments as suggest themselves on the discussion, decision, and the possible working out of the same had better, therefore, be reserved for a period when the subject is before the society in a more complete form.

Mozart—Child and Man.

(Continued from page 76).

No. 12.

Mozart, senior, to M. Hagenauer.

Paris, April 1, 1764.

I hope in a few days to place in the hands of our banker 200 louis, that he may send them to Salzburg.

I had, on the 9th of this month, another fright for the health of my children; it was a less severe one, however, than the first. On the 10th, I took 112 louis; I do not turn up my nose at 50 or 60.

Our concerts will be given *au théâtre de M. Félix, Rue et Porte St. Honoré*. It is a theatre situated in the house of a man of distinction; a small stage has been built here, where the nobility assemble to act plays among themselves. I obtained this room through the intercession of Madame de Clermont, who lives in the same house. As regards the permission to give the two concerts, this is quite a special favor, and altogether contrary to the privileges of the Opéra, the sacred concerts, the French and Italian theatres: we had to obtain it from M. de Sartin, *Lieutenant-Général de la Police*, through the intervention, and at the express request, of the Duke de Chartres, the Duke de Duras, Count de Tessé, and many ladies of the great world.

Pray have mass performed for us during eight consecutive days, commencing from the 17th of April; I wish four masses to be said at Loretto, at the altar of the Infant Jesus, and four at one of the altars of Our Lady; only take care not to fail in the date mentioned. If my letter, contrary to all expectation, should reach after the 12th of April, pray have them begin the very next day: we have serious motives for this. It is now time that I should inform you at greater length about our two Saxon friends, Baron de Hopfgarten and Baron de Bose. I gave them a letter of recommendation for you on their departure for Italy. They were our constant travelling companions: we mutually, and by turns, prepared lodgings for each other during the journey. You will find in them a couple of men possessing every quality which becomes an honest man here below. They are Lutherans, it is true, but Lutherans of quite a peculiar order, and who have often edified me.

Behold us here now, known to the ambassadors of all the foreign powers. Lord Bedford and his son are very favorably disposed towards us; Prince Gallizin loves us as though we were his children. The sonatas dedicated by Master Wolfgang to the Countess de Tessé would have been engraved by this, had it been possible to persuade the Countess to accept the dedication which M. Grimm, the best friend we have, had composed for her. It had to be altered, for the Countess would not be praised. It is a pity, for the dedication described her well, as also my son. Besides other presents, she gave a gold watch to Wolfgang, and a valuable needle-case to Nanerl.

This M. Grimm, my best friend, who has done every thing here for us, is secretary to the Duke of Orleans: * he is a learned man, and a great philanthropist. Not one of the letters I had for Paris would have been of any service whatever, neither the letters of the Ambassador of France at Vienna, nor the intervention of the Emperor's Ambassador at Paris, nor the recommendation of the Brussels Minister, Count Cobenzl, nor those of the Prince de Conti, of the Duchess d'Aiguillon, nor all those of which I could repeat a litany. M. Grimm alone, for whom I had a letter from a merchant in Frankfort, accomplished every thing. It was he who introduced us at Court. He, of himself, disposed of 320 tickets, that is to say, to the amount of 80 louis; he got us quit of paying for the lighting; there were more than sixty tapers. It was he who obtained us the authorization for the first concert, and for a second, 100 tickets for which are already taken. So much can a man do who possesses good sense, and a good heart! He is from Ratisbon, but has now been fifteen years in Paris. He knows how to set every thing a-going, and to make matters succeed as he pleases.

M. de Méchel, an engraver, is hard at work on our portraits, painted by an amateur, M. de Carmontelle. Wolfgang is playing the piano, and I behind him am playing the violin. Nanerl is resting one hand on the piano, and in the other holds a piece of music as if she were about to sing.

No. 13.

Wolfgang Mozart to Madame Victoire, Princess of France.†

Madame,—The essays which I lay at your feet are, no doubt, mediocre; but, since your kindness allows me to adorn them with your august name, their success is no longer doubtful, and the public cannot be wanting in indulgence towards an author seven years old, who makes his appearance under your auspices.

I would, Madame, that the language of music were also that of gratitude, I should feel less embarrassment in speaking of the impression your benefits have produced upon me. Nature, who has made me a musician, as she makes nightingales, will inspire me; the name of Victoire will remain graven in my memory, in characters as ineffaceable as those in which it is written in the hearts of all Frenchmen.

I am, with the profoundest respect, Madame, your

very humble, very obedient, and very small servant,
S. G. WOLFGANG MOZART. ‡

No. 14.

Wolfgang Mozart to Madame la Comtesse de Tessel
(Lady in waiting to Madame la Dauphine). §

Madame,—Your taste for music, and the kindnesses with which you have overwhelmed me, give me a right to devote my feeble talents to you; but, while you accept the homage, how can you possibly forbid a child to give expression to those sentiments with which his heart is full?

You will not allow me, Madame, to say those things of you which the public say. This rigor will lessen the regret I shall feel in leaving France. If I am no longer to have the happiness of paying my court to you, I will go into countries where at least I shall speak as much as I will of what you are, and what I owe to you.

I am, with profound respect, Madame, your very humble and very obedient little servant,

J. G. WOLFGANG MOZART.

* Baron Grimm, born 1723, successively Minister for Saxe Gotha in Paris, and Prussian Minister in Saxony, died at Gotha, 1807.

† This dedication stands at the head of the first piece of music by Mozart, engraved in Paris, and bearing the following title:—"Il Sonates pour le Clavecin, qui peuvent se jouer avec accompagnement de violon dédiées à Madame Victoire de France, par J. G. Wolfgang Mozart, de Salzbourg, âgé de sept ans. (Œuvre I., prix 4 livres 4 sous, gravée par Madame Vendôme, ci-devant Rue St. Jacques, à présent Rue St. Honoré, vis-à-vis le Palais Royal. A Paris, aux adresses ordinaires. Avec privilège du Roi. (Imprimé par Petitble)."

‡ The titles of the first works by Mozart, printed in Paris and London, are signed "J. G. Wolfgang." It was not till later that he called himself Wolfgang-Amadée. The German name Gottlieb (God-love) conveys the same sense as Amadée.

§ This letter was printed in front of Op. II., entitled "Sonates pour le Clavecin, qui peuvent se jouer avec accompagnement de violon, dédiées à Madame la Comtesse de Tessel, Dame de Madame la Dauphine, par J. G. W. Mozart, de Salzbourg, âgé de sept ans. (Œuvre II.)"

(To be Continued).

Anglo-German Handel Society.

Three volumes have been issued from the Leipzig press of Herren Breitkopf & Härtel of the publications of the German Handel Society, henceforth to be called the "Anglo-German Handel Society," the English "Handel Society" being understood to have merged itself in the foreign enterprise. That this may lead to difficulties is possible. Either want of uniformity must result, or some valuable publications be displaced from their position of due value as part of a series. To illustrate, is the edition of "Israel" by Mendelssohn to be superseded? an edition which is a masterpiece of editorial respect and sagacity. That edition, however, if adopted, as containing an organ part, must be out of symmetry with the editions of Handel's other sacred works from German sources; since our "cousins" do not generally use the organ in Oratorio, howsoever essential it be to every performance of the master's works, as no one knew better than Mendelssohn. This is only one among the questions arising out of the "fusion" of undertakings belonging to two countries, which will have to be solved, if a complete and consistent edition has to be produced. There must either be "odd volumes," or else precious matter discarded.

No prejudice to the undertaking entered on is intended by the above remarks. It is needless to describe to any one familiar with modern musical publication in how sumptuous and complete a fashion the volumes before us are "turned out." What is a luxury in London is daily fare in Leipzig. Dr. Chrysander, too, seems excellently to understand his duties as an editor, which are those of research, comparison, but not dogmatism. This last bad quality is particularly bad in the case of Handel's works, where variations, changes, after-thoughts in the text abound; and there is no more possibility of including all these in any one edition than there would be of assembling all the discrepancies of Shakspeare's text in an issue of Shakspeare's plays. That "Susanna" is not complete without an organ part, more especially since the bass is not figured, we English cannot but feel. The piano-forte accompaniment is masterly, as might be expected from the skilled hand of Herr Rietz of Leipzig.

And now, a word—this being the Handel time—concerning the little-known Oratorio with which the German Publishing Society has commenced its operations. The chorus "Righteous Heaven!" and the grand song, "If guiltless blood," are almost the only fragments from "Susanna" which are ever heard in our concerts. The Apocryphal story, indeed, dear though it be to the French, who have danced it in a ballet, and have sung it in opera, will always (and rightly) keep it in the background. Though the Elders have been transformed by the postmaster from evil and lascivious patriarchs into a couple of love-

sick old shepherds, there is taint on the legend, which renders downright execution of it impossible. A passionate situation, which has to be treated with reserve,* implies anti-climax as a necessary alternative to offence. With all this, "Susanna" is full of admirable songs. Not only is the music given to the abominable elders, *per se*, full of life and color; the character of the spotless wife (written for a mezzo soprano) is as complete as that of *Iphis*, daughter of *Jephtha*. No other female part in oratorio (for Handel's *Miriam* is but a procession figure with a chant) occurs to us as so clear and noble as these two. The husband, *Joachim* (a part unfortunately written for a *contralto* voice), is effaced and sickly. *Daniel* is more distinct and vigorous. To venture among the musical peculiarities and merits of this setting of a strange apocryphal legend, all but destroyed by the desperate platitudes of the text, would lead us beyond possible limits. Suffice it to say, that freshness and brilliancy of ideas are there in no common quantity, yet more, a hardy anticipation of some modern tricks of effect (observe the instance of broken rhythm in the song "When the trumpet calls to arms"). In brief, like "Troilus and Cressida," here is a work, though unavailable in all its completeness, and with all its conditions, the work of a limitless genius. The other two volumes of this publication, so nobly begun, already published, contain the Harpsichord Lessons and "Acis and Galatea."

* A confirmation of this assertion recurs at the moment of writing too emphatic to be withheld. In "La Tempesta" (Shakspeare's "Tempest," transcribed by MM. Scribe and Halévy, the scene betwixt *Caliban* and *Miranda*, based by the librettists on a passing word of the poet, was so perilsous, that the consummate art of those consummate artists, Lablache and Sontag, was never more excellently shown than in the manner in which they avoided acting it. But this very avoidance of theirs was one among many reasons why the opera "fell flat."

(From the New York Musical World.)

The Mysterious Piano.

Not long since I was invited to pay a visit to some friends out of town. In the family were three young ladies, besides young children. Being musical, we spent the greater part of the first evening of my visit in singing and playing, and at a proper hour retired for the night, as we supposed. As I was a great favorite with all the girls, each one wanted to sleep with me, and to effect this, it was decided that instead of going to my room, I should remain in their double-bedded room. Accordingly, instead of going to sleep, we lay and talked (as girls often do) some hours. Milly touched me on the arm in the middle of a most interesting account I was giving her of the opera, and certain regular attendants there, and said: "C., do you hear that?"

"Hear what? I do not listen to people when they are not talking to me," naturally supposing she referred to Margaret and Fanny, who were in the other bed.

"There! now, girls don't you hear it. Some one is playing on the piano."

"Who can it be?" said Milly. "Why did you not lock it, Fanny, it is your place to do it."

"Well," said Fanny, "I did, and the key is in the pocket of my dress."

This, of course, we would not believe. So, trembling from head to foot, she got up, dark as it was, found the dress, with the key in its pocket. All this while we heard the piano, sounding in simple scales from top to bottom, and *vice versa*, but producing the most wonderful quality of tone, resembling those of a music-box more than anything else.

We had all heard of spirits, and were quite sure there were some in the house, for it was not probable that any of the children would be up at that hour of the night. So it was decided that we should hold each other by the hand, and go across the hall to the father's room. All this time the scales were being played on the piano, as if some one had been ordered to practise for an hour. We succeeded in awakening Mr. W., and in a few minutes he came out with a light in his hand, when we formed a procession after him, with chattering teeth, but withal eager faces, for our curiosity was stronger than our fear. We enter the parlor; sure enough the piano is shut and locked, while the gamut is being played regularly and distinctly. The father asks for the key; all the girls scream out at once:

"Don't open it; it must be spirits."

But Mr. W. does not believe in piano-playing spirits, and opens the instrument, while we are all huddled together, and he exclaims:

"Gracious me, it's a mouse!"

How we laughed and screamed, and looked for the little animal, but it was no use, mousy had practised his lesson and gone.

It was easy to account for the evenness of his playing, as he was too small to skip a note, and therefore touched every one.

C. M. B.

Musical Correspondence.

HARTFORD, CONN. JULY 2. — ARTHUR NAPOLEON's fourth Concert in this city was not, I am very sorry to say, as fully attended as those preceding it,—from various causes, which I will not undertake to enumerate. Perhaps I have said enough already of this boy's wonderful execution; but I do think there ought to be more said somewhere, so that people may be awakened to an appreciation of his great talent. Only those who have heard him can have any correct idea of his splendid execution; and it seems a pity that the poor child should not have the gratification of performing to crowded houses, merely from the fault that he is not properly heralded. His playing at this concert, of Liszt's difficult arrangement of the "March in *Tannhäuser*," was indeed astonishing, and I am sure well appreciated by those who were so fortunate as to listen to it. When I speak of Arthur Napoleon's performances, I do not wish to be understood as saying that his bare execution exceeds that of many other players in this country; but I do say that there are none that can approach him, (of all the players I ever heard, in this country or in Europe,) in that extreme delicacy of touch, which is truly magical,—that depth of musical feeling which he betrays in everything he undertakes,—and in that power of expression as well as tone, which finds its way to the heart as well as to the ear of every one of his audience.

During the evening he performed Thalberg's Fantasia on "Masaniello," and his own difficult Fantasia on the "Bohemian Girl,"—both of which, as with every piece he attempted, were faultlessly and most effectively rendered,—causing, of course, an enthusiastic encore.

Mme. and Sig. GASSIER sang again delightfully, especially in the act from "Il Barbiere," in which they appeared in appropriate costume,—Mme. Gassier as "Rosina," Mr. Millard, as "Almaviva," and Sig. Gassier, as the funny "Figaro,"—the scene closing with the sparkling little trio,—Zitti, zitti, piano!" Mr. MILLARD sang well, which is saying a good deal, and perhaps the same remark may be made of the playing of Sig. TORRIANI, in his solo on the Violoncello.

On Wednesday evening, the "Beethoven Society" repeated their Friday evening's concert, (to which the rain kept up such a "running accompaniment,") and they were blessed with an overflowing house. Everything went off finely, with one or two exceptions. The programme was much too long; which fact I think the singers and players found out quite as soon as their audience. The Concert commenced with Reissiger's Overture to the "Felsenmühle," by a nice little orchestra, and then came a selection from Haydn's "Seasons,"—Solos by Mr. and Mrs. HUNTINGTON and Mr. FOLEY. Mrs. STRICKLAND did herself much credit in singing the celebrated *Scena* from "Der Freischütz," and greatly interested her Teutonic listeners by rendering it in the original German; although the native portion of the audience might have well exclaimed with the stone-pelted frogs,— "It's fun for you, but death to us!" Then came a quartetto and chorus from "I Puritani," and after that Mrs. (Clare Hoyt) PRESTON sang, by request, the popular solo, "Gratias agimus tibi," with Clarinet obligato by Mr. ADKINS, which was, of course, faultless. The "Tramp Chorus," by Bishop, was splendidly performed—the most effective piece of the evening. Beethoven's "Adelaide" was quite well sung by Mr. WANDER, — although the *allegro* movement was too *adagio*, and that spoilt the whole. The concert closed in rather a laughable manner,—everybody "shaking their sides" all over the hall. Instead, however, of the singers feeling badly about it, they seemed to open their mouths wider than those of their hearers,—for they were singing with

all their might, Handel's jolly laughing-chorus with solo, — "Haste Thee, Nymph," in which these well-known words occur :

"Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreath-ed smiles,
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides."

It was finely sung, and produced an encore, even at the late hour in which it was performed.

"Colt's Armory Band," under the direction of Mr. T. G. ANKINS, gave a Concert at "Touro Hall" last Wednesday evening, under the auspices of the graduating class of Trinity College, being the night before "Commencement." They were assisted by Miss C. HOGAN, a leading Soprano of one of our churches in this city, who sang finely; possessing a rich voice of remarkable flexibility, that clearly showed itself in her various trills and cadenzas, which she executed with much ease and precision. The "Band" played some beautiful selections, but on the whole their instruments were too loud for the hall. H.

NEW YORK, JULY 5.—PARODI, with a tribe of second-rate Italian musicians, has formed what she calls the "Parodi Opera Company," and is about to start on a half-operative concert tour through the East and North. STRAKOSCH was, at last accounts, at Montreal, where he gave a concert with COLSON, Mrs. STRAKOSCH, SQUIRES, &c. ARTHUR NAPOLEON has returned to New York, sick and discouraged. This wonderful little artist has never been appreciated here, wholly owing to the wretched management under which his concerts have been carried on. He has as great talent as any musician that has appealed to the American public, and has met with as little pecuniary success.

Of Opera—nothing. Of Concerts—nothing. Of Fourth of July—a great deal.

Out on the Palisades, that's the place to spend the Fourth of July or any other fair day. Until recently the Palisades have only been seen and admired, by the great majority of travellers, from the river. They are covered at the summit with glorious forests, but as they are too perpendicular to allow of ascent from the river side, the summit can only be approached from the rear. A week ago a railroad was finished, running parallel to the Hudson, on the Jersey side, about a mile from the river, and affording easy access to various hypothetical cities as yet unbuilt, but which are laid out and mapped out with careful scrupulosity. By this route it is easy to reach the Palisades and stand upon the very brink of the mighty wall they form.

There was much spouting of patriotic speeches, and a vast devouring of sandwiches, pie, and ice-cream in the Palisades on the Fourth. There was a glorious view from the brink, far up and down the noble river, over Manhattan Isle, over Long Island Sound, away on to Long Island itself. Then there was some excellent music by Turle's Brass Band — by the way, one of the best that we have — and a vast quantity of extempore music from the birds. Turle's Band played, among other selections, a fine arrangement of airs from Verdi's *Attila*, and the birds gave us some of the finest pieces in their repertoire. It was, altogether, a very agreeable concert.

So that is all I have to say about music. At this season of the year there is nothing else to say.

TROVATOR.

The great HANDEL Centennial in London is over; the English journals of course are full of it; the pictorials abounding in portraits, sketches of the scene, fac-similes, &c.; from which, no doubt, we shall be able next week to cull much that is interesting. By our items of "Music Abroad," it will be seen that a Handel Festival has taken place in Halle, Handel's birth-place, under the direction of the great song-composer, ROBERT FRANZ.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 9, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Continuation of the opera, *Don Giovanni*, arranged for the Piano-Forte.

The Lesson of the German Singing Festivals.

This is the season when nearly all our musical suggestions come from the open air. Concerts and operas are thankfully dismissed until the cooler months; military bands, still brass and nothing but brass, in the streets, or in promenade concerts; a possible, but by no means certain, as yet, provision of music for the multitude upon the Common, at the public cost; the scream of rival hand-organs, not confined to streets of cities, but invading all the pleasantest suburban retreats, are all we have reminding us of music. Our German fellow-citizens, however, have a way of their own, of cultivating harmony, both musical and social, together with a love of nature, which seems more in accord with the divine and beautiful suggestions of this high noon and summer of the year. We have from time to time reported of their Festivals, or Congresses of Singing Clubs, *Liedertafel*, *Gesang-vereine*, or whatever they may call them, held for three or four days together, partly in theatres and concert halls, but also always largely in the open air, in the green woods. What can we do better this day, in the absence of other topics, than repeat the old lesson, which we have before read from those Teutonic examples, and which stand still in much need of enforcing to our people.

It can but do us good to think about these things. We have been too thoughtless of them. Divided between money-making and politics on the one hand, and religion without much of "the beauty of holiness" on the other — between a barren puritanism of correct deportment and its natural alternative of stupid, bestial indulgence, we have somewhat as a people lost the art of free spontaneous, genial, happy life. We are an unhappy people; none the less so that we are more prosperous than others. Prosperity is the bugbear tyrant whom we serve as anxious bond-slaves, fearing to call one moment of our life our own, fearing to *live*, in our unceasing, feverish pursuit of the mere means of living.

We are an anxious people, uncomfortably demonized and ridden, night-mare-like, by that which gives us power. We go ahead faster than others, but it is by a Centaur-like contrivance, by allowing so much of our real vital human Self to be absorbed into the lower animal, or the machine that carries us. Soon we shall cease to be men at all, we shall be so "fast." Your native American "live Yankee" wastes his life in rivalling a steam-engine; he makes himself a mere machine for generating power — power for what? And with what a solemn, pious, lean, hard-favored way he does it! With what a quasi-religious reverence he quotes his business maxims, his rules of principal and interest, and so forth! How he amalgamates unworldly orthodoxy with the most secular showman's cant in the advertising of his wares! How he practically confounds religion with his own selfishness, as generalized into prudential maxims!

Perhaps there are no people who put forth so much of will, so much of multifarious power as

we; as there are certainly none who have so much political freedom, so much liberty and even license of opinion. And yet we have perhaps as little real freedom as any other. We are the slaves of our own feverish enterprise, and of a barren theory of life, which would fain make us virtuous to a fault, and substitute negative abstinence for harmonious positive living. We are sadly destitute of the spontaneous element. We are afraid to give ourselves up to the free and happy instincts of our natures. All that is not business, or politics, or study, or religion, we count waste. We have done it so long, that now we are like little children, unfit to be left to ourselves to enjoy ourselves together. Pleasure becomes intemperance with us; amusement, untaught, uninspired by higher sentiments, runs into the gross and sensual.

We lack *geniality*; nor do we as a people understand the meaning of the word. We ought to learn it practically of the Germans. It comes of the same root with the word *genius*. Genius differs from the other ruling principles of life by the fact that its methods are spontaneous. Genius is the spontaneous principle; it is free and happy in its work; it is a practical reconciliation of heartiest pleasure with the highest sense of duty, with the most holy, universal ends and sentiments of life. Genius, as BEETHOVEN gloriously illustrates in his Symphony, finds the keynote and solution of the problem of the highest state in JOY. Now all may not be geniuses, in the sense that we call Shakspeare, Mozart, and Raphael men of genius. But all should be partakers of this spontaneous, free and happy method of genius; all should live childlike, genial lives, and not wear the marks of their unrelaxing business, or the badge of party and profession, in every line and feature of their faces.

This genial, childlike faculty of social enjoyment, this happy Art of Life, is just what our countrymen may learn from these musical festivals of the Germans. There is no element of national character which we so much need; and there is no class of citizens whom we should be so glad to adopt and own as those who set us this example. So far as it is a matter of culture, it is by the artistic element that it is chiefly to be brought about. The Germans have the sentiment of Art, the feeling of the Beautiful in Art, and consequently in Nature, more developed than we have. Above all, Music offers itself as the most available, most popular, most influential, of the Fine Arts; Music, which is the Art and language of the Feelings, the Sentiments, the spiritual Instincts of the soul, and so becomes a universal language, and tends to unite and blend and harmonize all who come within its sphere.

A clergyman writes: "I wish we could cultivate Music sufficiently among us, to make it, as it seems to me it might be, a great antagonistic to the baser passions and animal appetites of the people, and even to render unnecessary what we in this State have just begun most seriously to quarrel about, 'a prohibitive liquor law.'" There is the true philosophy of temperance. Privation is not temperance. Prohibition may be even as great an evil as intemperance. It is but the fatal, fruitless, hopeless oscillation from one unnatural extreme to its opposite. The prohibition scheme leaves out the free, spontaneous, genial element of all true social life. You ask for bread, it gives you the bitter stone of a factitious morality

What makes men intemperate is the innate craving for excitement, for joy, for a free, happy feeling of some sort, and the blind rushing to the cheapest means thereof in order to escape the barrenness and tameness of their drudging, sober lives. If you would weaken the temptation to intoxicating drink, you must give the people other, wholesomer excitements. Teach them the art of enjoying themselves, like the Germans. Teach them to love Music. Kindle in them an artistic enthusiasm. Make their lives æsthetic; arm them with resources, not merely of the serious, intellectual and moral, but of the spontaneous and genial sort. Then the good things of this earth, the wine that maketh glad the heart, &c., will not have to be preached and theorized and voted and legislated out of all right to existence, in order that they may cease to be dangerous to natures to whom God has made them really congenial. Then men may drink and may enjoy and be as glad as little children, and yet none the less be men, self-possessed and erect in all the dignity of manhood. They tell great stories of the quantities of *lager-bier* drank at a German festival. Nine thousand dollars' worth, it is said, on one day of a certain pic-nic! Yet no disorder, not one person drunk! It was a great sum to consume in that way. It would have gone far, invested in some permanent works or means of Art; it would establish the best kind of concerts in a city for the year round; it would place a noble organ in a Music Hall; it would purchase the finest collection in the world of casts of, all that is valuable in the antique sculpture; endow a library, or what not. We say nothing of the economy of the thing. Our citizens would throw away as much any day in some mere formal, pompous political celebration, which means nothing, or burn it away in senseless fire-crackers; any amount do they willingly spend in noise and smoke, only without the joy, without the real heart's good that the German finds in his *lager-bier* and song. For to them the beer is a symbol, as well as the song. There is a sentiment about it. And it were well worth ninety times nine thousand dollars, could we imbue our people with that same kind of genial social feeling.

THE LEIPZIG JOURNAL ABOUT MUSIC IN AMERICA.—We find ourselves charged, by the *Musical Review and Gazette*, published in New York, by the Messrs. Mason Brothers, and edited, it is understood, by Mr. THEODORE HAGEN, a German, with having willfully omitted certain passages in the translation which we gave, in our issue of June 11, of an article from the Leipzig *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* about music in this country. We have only to say that we took the article as we found it copied in the Philadelphia *Deutsche Musik-Zeitung*, where it was apparently entire, and that we translated and presented all that we there found. The Leipzig paper itself we have not seen. Moreover, the Philadelphia *Musik-Zeitung* announces on its title page the name of this same THEODORE HAGEN as its New York editor! Could he not have given us the benefit of this explanation, without calling upon us to make it?

The omitted sentences, according to the *Review*, are partly complimentary allusions to the *Review*, as having distinguished itself in the advocacy of the New School composers, Schumann, Wagner, Liszt, &c., and as being the source of information on which the Leipzig critic mainly relied for his impressions about music in New York; partly they but add to the items of information gleaned from New York programmes. Of course had we seen the original article, we should have omitted nothing in our translation.

Musical Chit-Chat.

When are we to have "Music for the Million," music on the Common, in the open air, in the mild mid-summer evenings? Now that they are at last beginning to be mild, we may ask the question. We understand the subject has been agitated among the City Fathers, but do not hear as yet of any appropriation of "the needful." Has all been blazed away in fire-works and countless forms of patriotic gunpowder? Surely the excuse of "hard times" cannot be made this year; and if we can expend so freely upon pop-guns, lasting but an hour or two, what are a few thousands, more or less, to be turned to satisfactory account in the shape of pleasant music, the whole summer long, which all the population may enjoy? Meanwhile a beginning of "PROMENADE CONCERTS" is to be made this evening, in the Boston Music Hall, by GILMORE and his famous Band, to be continued on Wednesday and Saturday evenings. We trust the music will not be all brass; for such does more to blunt, than sharpen and refine the musical perceptions. Why may we not have even *orchestral* concerts on the same cheap, free and easy plan? Something as good and artistic as the garden concerts of Liebig and others, in Berlin, and all over Germany? We are sure they would prove more attractive than brass bands, or military bands of any kind; drawing large audiences, night after night, for many weeks, even at the lowest people's prices, they would remunerate the musicians, and save them much of the disagreeable necessity of soldiering through the streets in bands, which should not have to look to artists for recruits.

We hear of Oratorio performances in various cities and large towns of the interior. In Syracuse, N. Y., the "Creation" was performed entire on the 24th ult., under the direction of Messrs. WILDE and SHERWOOD, and, as a correspondent assures us, with decided success. It was the first whole Oratorio ever given in that place, and it is hoped it will not be the last. It was all done with amateur home talent. In Buffalo, on the 29th, the "Messiah" was given at the Cathedral, for the benefit of the orphanages of St. Vincent's and St. Joseph's. The accompaniments were an organ and a — brass band! . . . In Philadelphia there have been nightly crowds at the Arch Street Theatre, to witness performances of English opera and ballet. Mrs. LUCY ESCOTT is the soprano, Mr. MIRANDA the tenor, and Herr MUELLER, the bass. *La Bayadere*, "Bohemian Girl," &c., are the pieces.

A composer at Weimar, named EBERWEIN, has written an operetta, called "The Parsonage of Sessenheim," founded on the charming Vicar-of-Wakefield-like adventures related in Goethe's autobiography. . . . Mr. SOBOLEWSKI, kapellmeister at Königsberg, a composer of various operas, of a somewhat new-school tendency, as the *Seher von Karassan*, *Comale*, and others, and a contributor in Schumann's time to the *Neue Zeitschrift*, has arrived in this country, with his daughter, who is said to be a good concert-singer. They think of settling in Cincinnati. Sobolewski was born in Königsberg in 1804.

There is to be a "Mammoth Musical Festival" in Jones's Wood, New York, commencing on the 18th, and lasting a whole week, day and night. An orchestra of two hundred is announced, with ANSCHUTZ, BERGMANN, STOEPEL, BRISTOW, GRILL, UNGER, PROX and MARETZKE for conductors.

CORTESI's reputation is said to be almost exclusively Italian, as she has never sung in London or Paris. She was born in Milan on the 12th of October, 1830, and is now twenty-nine years old. She studied under Romani and Ceccherini, and in 1847, when in her seventeenth year, appeared on the stage of the Pergola, at Florence, in Donizetti's "Gemma di Vergy." She made a great hit, and was soon engaged for three years, at La Scala, Milan, where she sang in "Norma," "Lucrezia," "Saffo," "Mac-

beth," and "Lombardi." In 1850 she sang at La Fenice, in Venice, where her performance in the "Masnadieri" of Verdi, and in the "Saffo" and "Medea" of Pacini, was highly successful. Cortesi subsequently visited Naples, Vienna and St. Petersburg, and returned to Venice. She also sang again in Florence, and in several cities of the Romagna, and in 1856 she was at Palermo. After this engagement her services were secured by a Mexican manager, who was then in Europe, and her Mexican successes induced Maretzek to offer her an engagement. Max relinquished his troupe to Strakosch, and thus it was that Cortesi sung at the Academy, in New York. Maretzek during her engagement conducted the orchestra.

The *Evening Post* says that Cortesi has received the commendation of Rossini, Donizetti and Verdi, and has received instructions from the two former, while her album contains some music written as a souvenir by the hand of the composer of "Traviata."

Mr. DEMPSTER, the well-known vocalist and composer, proposed recently to give one of his concerts in Detroit. The official licensers demanded ten dollars from him for the privilege. Mr. Dempster, naturally indignant, declined to pay this, and announced that his entertainment would be free to all. A large audience having come together, the vocalist explained the nature of the difficulty he had with the officials, and then proceeded to sing. He was soon interrupted by the entrance of the Deputy Marshal of the city, who ordered him to desist from his performance, since he was violating a city ordinance by giving an entertainment without a license. The crowd, grateful for the free concert, and anxious to hear more at the same rate, hissed the Deputy Marshal from the room, amid much excitement and—for Detroit is in America—several speeches. When the arm of the law had thus been paralyzed, the audience rushed to the platform and incontinently bought every one of Mr. Dempster's song books, which were exposed for sale by him. Thus the concert progressed to a happy and lucrative termination.

"Straws, Jr.," writing to the *Courier* from the midst of the revolution in Florence, says:

In the evening *Attila* was given at the Pergola, and of course there was a jam and an infinity of enthusiasm. The opera had never been performed here but once before, several years since, when the Grand Duke, taking umbrage at the Florentines for applauding when "eara Italia" was mentioned, interdicted it, as any Austrian would. I wish you could have heard the shouts and cheers which thundered upon Foretto as he sang—

"Cara patria, giù madre e reina,
Di possenti magnanimi figli
Or macerie, deserto, ruina,
Su cui regna silenzio e squalor;
Ma dal' alge di questi morosi,
Qual risorta fenice novella,
Rivivrai, nostra patria, più bella,
Della terra e dell' onde stupor."

As also when Ezio, in the falsest of intonation, pealed forth—

"Sopra l'ultimo Romano
Tutta Italia piangerà."

The performers were recalled several times—not on their own merits, for nothing could be worse than was the entire troupe—but the sentiments that they expressed created a furor among the audience. It required a vast amount of patriotism to applaud such miserable artists. I pity the poor basso who is condemned to personate Attila, for though he sang as angels are supposed to sing, he would not receive a hand, inasmuch as Italians regard the barbarian as the personification of Austria.

Music Abroad.

London.

DRURY LANE.—Contrary to all expectation, the production of *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* has proved eminently successful, principally owing to the admirable acting and singing of Mademoiselle Guarducci in Rosina. We confess we had certain misgivings as to her capabilities for singing florid music. We never doubted, it is true, her ability to succeed in any thing she undertook. We only doubted her being a Rossinian singer, from having heard her in the *Farorita*, and the *Troatore*, in neither of which operas she had a single florid passage to execute. Mlle. Guarducci soon set us at ease on that point. Rosina's first air, "Una voce poco fa" settled all question as to her being a florid singer, and we no longer wondered at the statement that she had played in the *Barbiere* fifty nights in one year at the San Carlos. The success of Mlle. Guarducci was complete.

Signor Mongini is essentially a non-Rossinian singer. His voice, however, is sufficiently flexible, and, with practice, no doubt he could sing the music of Count Almaviva.

Signor Marini's Dr. Bartolo is better than his Leporello. He sang all the music well; the "Penna" song admirably. In the concerted music, his powerful voice told with great effect. Signor Lanzoni should not caricature the grand air "La calunnia," which is not a comic song. The Figaro was Signor Badiali, who sang the music correctly, and was vivacious and spirited, if not humorous, in his acting. The audience rewarded the artists after each act with enthusiastic recalls, and listened to the music from beginning to end with attention. The *Barbiere* was repeated last night.

The *Huguenots* will be produced next week with the following cast:—Valentina, Mdle. Titens; Marguerite de Valois, Mdle. Vaneri; Urbano, Mdle. Guarducci; Raoul, Signor Giuglini; St. Bris, Signor Badiali; Conte de Nevers, Signor Fagotti; Marcel, Signor Marini.—*Mus. World*, June 4.

June 18.—The *Huguenots*, produced for the first time on Thursday, was, in many respects, the best performance of the season. The cast in general was strong, and the band and chorus more than usually efficient. The Valentine of Mdle. Titens preserves all the grandeur and power which it displayed last year, and may be pronounced her most complete achievement. If Meyerbeer had written the music of Valentina expressly for Mdle. Titens, he could not have suited her better. The duet with Marcel in the scene of the *Pré aux Cleres* is a proof of this. The high notes are given with a clearness and brilliancy unsurpassed in our recollection; while the middle and low tones possess all the resonance and power of the true *mezzo-soprano*. Then how magnificently does she execute the descending passage, taken from the C in alt., on which she holds for some time, rushing down the scale with the rapidity of an eagle pouncing on its quarry. How splendid, too, is Mdle. Titens' *cantabile* singing, as exemplified in the lovely movement, "Ah! l'ingrato." The triumphs of the artist in this scene, however, are not confined to her singing. Her acting is a masterpiece throughout.

Signor Giuglini's Raoul is unequal. Neither the chivalry of the Huguenot leader, nor the character of the music lies within the scope of his talents and sympathies.

Sig. Marini's Marcel has many remarkable points. We have seen the character of the old Huguenot soldier conceived with greater power and developed with greater skill. We doubt, however, if the music has been so well sung in London.

Mdile. Brambilla, whatever her talent, is too inexperienced a singer to trust with so exacting a part as that of Marguerite de Valois. By and by the young lady may lay claim to such prominent characters. At present, her talent, which is by no means inconsiderable, should be fostered in the shade. Mdle. Lemaire surprised all who heard her in Urbano, the page. Her voice is a well-toned *mezzo-soprano*, and very flexible.

The *Huguenots* will be repeated this evening.

Mdile. Piccolomini has arrived in England, and is engaged. She will make her first appearance on Monday, no doubt in the *Traviata*.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The first performance of Rossini's *Otello* this season, on Saturday, attracted a fashionable, if not a crowded audience. The character of Desdemona, which, for reasons unknown, had been consigned to inferior hands, has very properly, for some years past, been reassumed by Grisi, and the opera now wears its primary attractions. If Desdemona be not so showy a part as some others, it is not the less interesting, and the music is infinitely beautiful. That this may be profoundly tragic without noise, is proved in the last act of *Otello*, a few master-strokes from the pen of a great genius.

The cast on Saturday night was identical with that of last year. Nor did the performance present any thing new for comment. The old tale of Grisi's undiminished excellence has again to be repeated, with, of course, an additional note of admiration for the year.

Of Tamberlik's *Otello*, certainly one of the great Roman tenor's most capital assumptions, we have almost as little to remark. All the fine points were given with old effect; and perhaps there was even greater power and intensity in the last scene, which we never remember to have been more superbly sung and acted. Iago is but a meagre sketch; nevertheless the brass of the librettist becomes transmuted into gold passing through the alchemical hands of an artist like Ronconi. The splendid duet, "Non m'inganno," between *Otello* and Iago, as an inevitable consequence, became the vocal feature of the evening, and was encoored with tumultuous applause. The grand declamation of Tamberlik and Ronconi in this scene

was no less noticeable than their splendid singing. Not a point was lost; not a note lost its force; not a word its application; while the high C sharp of the Roman tenor, as usual, electrified the house.

Signor Neri-Beraldi makes a very effective Roderigo as far as singing is concerned, although the music may be a little too florid for him, which, with a strange apathetic manner, is the only drawback to his performance. Signor Tagliafico is careful and solid in Elmiro (the Brabantio of the play), and was most useful in the concerted music. The part of Emilia was entrusted to Madame Tagliafico.—*Mus. World*, June 18.

The most interesting musical occurrence of the past week has been the great annual demonstration of the METROPOLITAN NATIONAL SCHOOLS, on Saturday last at the CRYSTAL PALACE. Our readers have already been made aware of the existence of an association denominated "The Metropolitan Schools Choral Society," formed for the purpose of promoting musical education in the schools of London and its vicinity, and carried on under the able direction of Mr. G. W. Martin. This association includes nearly one hundred and fifty of these schools, and the number is still increasing. The masters and mistresses are instructed by Mr. Martin in the elements of music and singing, who, in their turn, teach the children of the schools, according to the method which they themselves have learned. District meetings, under the superintendence of Mr. Martin, are regularly held for the purpose of testing the progress of the pupils; and once a year the whole of them are united in one body, to enable the public to judge how far the efforts of the society have been successful. On Saturday last there was a great performance of choral music, both sacred and secular; the choristers being the children, to the number of four thousand, and their teachers and other persons connected with the schools, to the number of a thousand more. They were all assembled in the new orchestra erected for the approaching Handel Festival; and the sight of this vast multitude of boys and girls—clean, neatly dressed, healthy, and happy-looking—was most striking and gratifying, as it bore testimony to their good nurture, and the decent and respectable character of their parents and kindred. Much of this is to be ascribed, we are convinced, to the influence of music, for it is impossible to over estimate the moral power of this heavenly art when brought by proper means into the humble dwellings of the poor. The vocal performances were of an excellence, had we not heard them, we should have thought incredible. The pieces selected were of the highest order—sacred choruses of Handel, Mendelssohn, and other great masters, intermingled with some of our finest glees and secular part-songs. The youthful singers acquitted themselves with the steadiness and intelligence of trained choristers: their whole hearts were in their music, and they sang with an earnestness which gave their harmony a charm beyond the reach of art. The effect was overpowering; and the cheeks of many, though unused to the melting mood, were wet with the tears of emotion and delight.—*Illustrated News*.

Germany.

The inauguration of the statue of Handel, at Halle, in honor of the centenary of his death, takes place on the 1st of July. The great feature of the celebration will be the performance of the Oratorio "Samson," in the Marktkirche. Musikdirector Franz, who will hold the *bâton*, has for some time bestowed great care on the practice of the very numerous chorus, and for the *soli* the most eminent singers of Germany have been secured. *Alto*, Frau Johanna Wagner-Jachmann, from Berlin; *Soprano*, Fräulein Wippen, a singer of promise, from the Royal Opera at Berlin; *Tenor*, Tichatscheck, from Dresden, and, *Bass*, Mr. Sabbath, from the Berlin *Dom-chor*. The Halle Orchestra is to be strengthened by the best of the Leipzig performers, with *Concertmeister* David at their head. After the Oratorio, the procession moves from the church to the place where the monument is to be erected,—all the trades of the town, in festive order, forming lines along the streets and a ring round the monument. The President of the Halle Committee, Ober-bürgermeister von Voss, will then perform the real act of inauguration, by delivering a speech and by handing over the monument to the Burghers of Halle for all times to come. Handel's "Hallelujah," sung by the chorus, will conclude the festivity. The day will terminate with a dinner, and in the evening with a *réunion* at the Wittekind Bath, close to Halle.

The Handel Festival at Königsberg is to be given on the 14th of June; the principal work performed there is to be "The Messiah," with two other performances devoted to miscellaneous selections. A performance of "The Messiah," *in memoriam*, has taken place at Hanover.

Special Notices.

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Amica's first, graceful address to the peasantry, who have assembled to celebrate her nuptials, introducing, after a short recitative, the admired air: "Come per me sereno." The whole has been transposed two notes lower, and is now within the compass of most soprano voices.

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An easy minstrel song, which a troupe of good singers will make quite effective.

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A pretty set of quadrilles by a London favorite band-leader.

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Two little Rondos of medium difficulty, which European teachers are using a great deal with their scholars. They never fail to take with the pupil, as they are gay, lively, and melodious.

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This new method for the Piano fully meets the expectations of those who on its announcement as in press anticipated to find in it a pleasing combination of the excellencies of the author's former work, "The Modern School," with such improvements as the general experience of teachers and pupils with that Method from time to time suggested. A number of years have elapsed since the former was placed before the public, during which Mr. Richardson has availed himself of every opportunity to become informed of the wants of the musical public in this particular, and diligently studied the best means of supplying them. The result, found in this "New and Improved Method" is all that is desirable in a work of the kind. It is needless to say that thousands of teachers who have waited its appearance with much interest, and those who have commenced, or are about to commence their studies, welcome it as a superior system for the acquirement of a thorough and classical knowledge of the Art of Pianoforte playing.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 380.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1859.

VOL. XV. No. 16.

Translated for this Journal.

Henry Heine about Music and Musicians.

XII.—LISZT.—CHOPIN.

Concluded from page 113.

LISZT stands nearest in affinity to Berlioz, and knows best how to execute his music. I need not tell you of his talent; his fame is European. He is unquestionably the artist, who in Paris finds the most unqualified enthusiasts, and at the same time the most zealous adversaries. It is a significant fact that no one speaks of him with indifference. Without positive force one cannot in this world excite either favorable or hostile passions. It takes fire to kindle men, whether to hatred or to love. What speaks the best for Liszt, is the entire respect with which even his opponents recognize his personal worth. He is a man of eccentric, but of noble character, unselfish, and with nothing false. His intellectual tendencies are in the highest degree remarkable; he has a great turn for speculation, and even more than the interests of his art do the investigations of the different schools, which occupy themselves with the solution of the great heaven and earth-embracing questions, interest him.

For a long time he felt a glowing interest in the beautiful St. Simonian view of the world; afterwards the spiritualistic, or rather vaporistic, thoughts of Ballanche beclouded him; now he is an enthusiast for the republican-Catholic doctrines of a La Mennais, who has planted the Jacobin cap upon the cross. . . . Heaven knows in what mental stable he will find his next hobby horse! But this unwearied thirst for light and deity is always praiseworthy; it shows his feeling for the holy, for the religious. That such a restless head, driven and perplexed by all the needs and doctrines of his time, feeling the necessity of troubling himself about all the necessities of humanity, and eagerly sticking his nose into all the pots in which the good God brews the Future: that Franz Liszt can be no still pianoforte player for tranquil townfolks and good-natured night-caps, is self-evident. When he sits down at the piano, and has stroked his hair back over his forehead several times, and begins to improvise, he often storms away right madly over the ivory keys, and there rings out a wilderness of heaven-high thoughts, amid which here and there the sweetest flowers diffuse their fragrance, so that one is at once troubled and beatified, but troubled most.

I confess to you, much as I love Liszt, his music does not operate agreeably upon my mind; the more so that I am a Sunday child and also see the spectres, which others only hear; since, as you know, at every tone, which the hand strikes upon the keyboard, the corresponding tone-figure rises in my mind; in short, since music becomes visible to my inward eye. My brain still reels at the recollection of the concert in which I last heard Liszt play. It was in a concert for the unfortunate Italians, in the hotel of

that beautiful, noble and suffering princess, who so beautifully represents her material and her spiritual fatherland, to-wit, Italy and heaven. . . . (You surely have seen her in Paris, that ideal form, which yet is but the prison, in which the holiest angel soul has been imprisoned. . . . But this prison is so beautiful, that every one lingers before it as if enchanted and gazes at it with astonishment) . . . It was in a concert for the benefit of the unhappy Italians, when I last heard Liszt, last winter, play, I know not what, but I could swear he varied upon themes from the Apocalypse. At first I could not quite distinctly see them, the four mystical beasts; I only heard their voices, especially the roaring of the lion and the screaming of the eagle. The ox with the book in his hand I saw clearly enough. Best of all he played the valley of Jehosaphat. There were lists as at a tournament, and for spectators the risen people, pale as the grave and trembling, crowded round the immense space. First galloped Satan into the lists, in black harness, on a milk-white steed. Slowly rode behind him Death on his pale horse. At last Christ appeared, in golden armor, on a black horse, and with his holy lance he first thrust Satan to the ground, and then Death, and the spectators shouted. . . . Tumultuous applause followed the playing of the valiant Liszt, who left his seat exhausted, bowed before the ladies. . . . About the lips of the fairest played that melancholy sweet smile. . .

It would be unjust were I not to mention upon this occasion a pianist, who next to Liszt is the most celebrated. It is CHOPIN, who not only shines as a virtuoso by his technical perfection, but as composer too achieves the highest. That is a man of the first rank. Chopin is the favorite with that *élite*, who seek the highest spiritual enjoyment in music. His fame is of the aristocratic sort, he is perfumed with the praises of good society, he is as *distingué* as he looks.

Chopin comes of French ancestors in Poland, and has enjoyed a part of his education in Germany. The influences of these three nationalities make his personality a most remarkable phenomenon; in fact he has appropriated to himself the best, by which these three peoples are distinguished: Poland gave him her chivalrous sentiment and her historic grief; France gave him her easy elegance and grace; Germany, her romantic depth of feeling. . . . But nature gave him an elegant, slender, somewhat languishing form, the noblest heart, and genius. Yes, to Chopin one must accord genius, in the full meaning of the word; he is not a mere virtuoso, he is also a poet; he can bring before our consciousness the poesy that lives in his soul; he is a tone-poet, and there is nothing comparable to the enjoyment he affords us when he sits at the piano and improvises. At such times he is neither Pole, nor Frenchman, nor German; then he betrays a far higher origin; then one perceives, that he is sprung from the land of Mozart, Raphael, Goethe, that his true fatherland is the dream realm of poesy. When he sits at the pi-

ano and improvises, I feel as if a countryman were visiting me from my beloved home and were telling me the most curious things which had come to pass there in my absence. . . . Many a time would I have liked to interrupt him with questions: And how is it with the beautiful Nixe (water nymph), who knew how to bind her silvery veil so coquettishly about her green locks? Does the white-bearded sea-god still keep persecuting her with his foolish and rejected love? Do our roses bloom in flame-like pride as ever? And do the trees still sing as exquisite by moonlight? . . .

Ah! it is indeed now long that I have lived in foreign lands, and in my fabulous homesickness I often seem to myself like the Flying Dutchman and his shipmates, who are tossed about forever on the cold waves, and who long in vain for the still quays, tulips, fraws, clay pipes and porcelain cups of Holland. . . . Amsterdam! Amsterdam! when shall we come back to Amsterdam! they sigh in the storm, while the howling winds continually hurl them back and forth upon the accursed billows of their watery hell. Well can I understand the agony with which the captain of the doomed ship said once: If ever I get back to Amsterdam, I will become a stone there at any corner of a street, sooner than I will again leave the dear old city! Poor Vanderdecker!

I hope, dear friend, that these letters will find you bright and happy, in the rosy light of life, and that it will not be with me as with the Flying Dutchman, whose letters are directed commonly to persons, who during his absence, have long since been dead at home!

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

"Staying over Monday."

"You must not leave town to-day. Stay over Monday and hear our Concert. Besides the glorious *Sinfonia Eroica*, there will be the 5th Concerto, in which Wolfsohn will show off well '*L'orgueil du Piano en tant qu'instrument de concert*.' Beside these, the delicious *entremets* of overtures from Mozart, Cherubini, Weber and Wagner. As for to-morrow, let me have it. After your early church come to me. I will send everybody off, and be 'alone to you.' We will live with Beethoven all the morning. Then after our dinner, while you sip your *café noir*, I shall invoke for you Schumann and Wagner and Field."

Who could resist such a tempting persuasion? Of course I staid. The sweet Sabbath morning was as clear and tranquil as the one old George Herbert sang,

"A bridal of the earth and skies."

I performed my devotions early in the simple little chapel of the Bishop. It was Trinity Sunday, and Low Mass was well attended. The Virgin's altar was decorated with large vases full of old Correggio's lilies, whose fragrance filled the air; and on the main altar another flower of the season added its heavy but delicious odor, the magno-

lia, making a most fitting incense to the sacrifice. Low murmured prayers, in the rich sonorous Italian Latin of the foreign priest, were all the sounds that struck the ear; there was nothing to offend the most fastidiously æsthetic, and God could be approached with pleasing pomp and modest but decent ceremonials.

After an hour's enjoyment of this repose of the soul and elevation of the heart and mind, I left the chapel and went to my friend. She had been true to her word. I found her alone; and on the *piano à queue* was a book of Beethoven, open at the *Sinfonia Eroica*. A simple breakfast, of fruit and fragrant tea and rolls, was set out on a table beside an open window, which looked out on a pretty nook for a city garden. There were sweet blossoming vines and plants, and under a solitary old tree, in the centre of the grass plot, were piled up huge stones, whose mica veins and sheets made them look dripping wet, while around and in between them spread out long ferns and graceful weeds. My artist friend gave me for breakfast more than food.

"See," she said, "here are medallion portraits of Schumann and his Clara. Niedlich brought them to me last evening. Are they not well framed? That dark heavy wood harmonizes finely with their sad faces. How they look earnestly on into the Beyond! He with stubborn determination, she with trusting faith, which is patient and firm, if it is a little weary looking. And this—is not this delicious? It is a pencil sketch S. drew for me last summer, the last night before I left the sea-side. It is a little Cupid playing the violin. Are not the eyes lovely? So dreamy, just like a baby half sleeping and waking. That St. Cecilia J. brought from Germany to me, and E. colored it. Is it not cleverly done? And there, just beside Chopin, a fitting companion, hangs as usual your old favorite, that fearful but beautiful Francesca di Rimini of Ary Scheffer, with its cruciform mass of light. In the evening when I sit here resting after my daily labor for our quotidian bread, and musing in the dim *crêpuscule* which only shows that curious mass of light, without defining the sweeping forms of pain, the crucifix delineates itself on it plainly to me. Paolo's arms bent above his head in fierce agony, make the transept, and her white body the nave. What deep religious thought there is in it, *m'amie*! It has been well said that Ary Scheffer is the only truly religious painter of our era. It is a mysterious creation, that picture with its double history; the earthly love, earthly sin and fearful penance which one view gives, and God's mercy in the glorious atonement which the dim light reveals!"

And thus we loitered over the modest wall decorations of her artist-like room. She showed me precious books, orthodox editions of Beethoven and Mozart; her new French æsthetic romances and fast accumulating collections of her new idols, Schumann and Wagner; but I felt happy to see that the portrait of our old idol, Chopin, hung close to her left hand at the piano, and beneath it, as before an altar, stood a little vase of flowers on a bisque bracket, while the book of pressed leaves gathered at his grave by a friend for her, and his works still held their old place of honor in her musical library.

We talked of the concert, which led us naturally to the piano, where she analyzed the *Sinfonia Eroica* for me, playing passages to illustrate

De Lenz's remarks and her own thoughts. After it, followed the Concerto in *Mi Bémol*, and from that she turned to the 4th Symphony (Opus 60), and played its Adagio through, which sounds untiringly a continuous call, a mysterious demand for some one; not an inquiry nor a question, but an imperious, persistent call. This is the design—phrases and passages wind around with wierd inspiration and scientific skill, until the solemn period is reached—in vain, the call is still heard. As in all Beethoven's works the simple design of his thought reigns supreme. And in this symphony the poor solitary demand is left alone and unanswered, for the gay Scherzando and strange Finale which follow, so busy and free from mystery, give no answer to this solemn call. It is like the unsatisfactory ending of so many young dreams, hopes, and aspirations in life; a brilliant realizing of earthly things, leaving the soul still ungratified.

"I like this *Larghetto* in the 2d Symphony," said M., as her fingers flowed dreamily over this one of the few peaceful, contented love dreams in which Beethoven indulged.

Do I linger too long over that day? I have only arrived at dinner which we enjoyed most artistically; spring lamb and mint sauce, &c., not pressed rose leaves and cream; give these last to the dilettanti, and a good substantial repast to the true artist. After ours was despatched with goât and fitting reverence, while I sipped the fragrant *café noir* made by the marvellous fingers of the artist herself, I listened to a *Fantasia* of Schumann in La major, full of bewilderment, curious, tangled rhythm and weird modulations. Then she played some *Nachstücke* of this same profound musical thinker, which were suggestive of solemn meditation.

"But Field's Nocturnes!" she exclaimed. "Listen to this—and this one—and this—are they not tender and delicate, like Bettine's 'Psyche just awakened?'"

I should weary you out, maybe, if I were to follow my own bent, and dwell on all that my artist friend said and played on *that day*. I shall not tell any more, and I shall keep also for my own especial musing, the recollection of the short evening, when Niedlich came in, and played rich solemn sequences in which were combined the full harmonies with the royal purple mourning sounds of minor triads sweeping up grandly over the whole.

The following evening we seated ourselves early in the comfortable chairs of one of the back balcony boxes of the Academy of Music, which are really more secluded than most private boxes in our out-door theatres, but we recalled with longing the dim, cosy private boxes of Italy, where one is really and truly alone with one's self or one's friend. The "Jubilee Overture" opened the programme, and was, as usual, received graciously.

"I do not like that overture," said our friend Niedlich, who was seated just back of us, and who is one of those *rare aves* whom two friends of mutual tastes can admit to form a trio in the conversation. The social harmony is always complete and full when Niedlich joins us.

"Now, *grogneur*," said M., "do not begin to scold so early in the evening; we have determined to be pleased with every thing to which we listen and to shut our ears to all we do not like."

"It is filled with commonplace-isms and winds

up with a huge stupidity," growled the persistent Niedlich.

"Hush! the prima donna is being encored, and you have not heard a single note in her aria from *Le Prophète*."

Niedlich grumbled still more resolutely; the prima donna did not suit his fastidious taste, and he refused to be pacified until that capital leader, Carl Senz, organized his orchestra, and Wolfsohn took his seat at the piano, for the execution of the 5th Concerto, *Mi Bémol*, (Opus 73). This was the gem of the evening. It was set in the full of the round, just as we were all fresh and in good humor; then the leader, Senz, is a man full of musical magnetic power, and feels every note of the composition, the execution of which he may be directing.

The piano part in this incomparable Concerto is the prima donna of the orchestra; but, as De Lenz says, Beethoven, while he loved his piano compositions better than his grandest symphonies, cared little for mere *pianism*; therefore while the piano is the queen of the orchestra in this Concerto, she reigns over a nation of sovereigns. The Allegro went off brilliantly and was loudly applauded by the innocent public, who fancied it was the end of the piece.

"Wolfsohn was afraid the Concerto would be too long," said M., "when he played it at rehearsal this morning, and now he will begin to feel alarmed, I am afraid."

"Why need he care?" muttered Niedlich. "It's but fair we should have some enjoyment of the evening at least, for do we not have to listen patiently to their singing?"

"Patiently!" I ejaculated, with a laugh, which was checked by my feeling M.'s hand resting with an entreating grasp on mine. The Adagio had commenced. Clearly and beautifully the artist managed it. His *chiaroscuro* was exquisite; he made the piano part recede and advance with the well drilled instruments, never varying in the faintest shadow from the atmosphere of the orchestra; the same veiled, silvery tone, so mournful and mysterious, that the violins *con sordini* breathed out, the same deep shadows given by the full orchestra, and the same delicate gradations out to the very highest light he observed. While we noticed this, we pardoned his lack of poetic expression in the melodic designs. He executed them too crisply. He should have let some of them fall dripping from his fingers, like Bacchus pressing his rich grape cluster, or given to them more "linked sweetness long drawn out"—a little more of Beethoven's delicious *legato*. Listen to what De Lenz reports from Ries' lips.

"Passing, in 1827, through Francfort am Main, where I had to remain a day, a few minutes after my arrival I knocked at the door of Ferdinand Ries. Ries kept me with him all day, and played for me the most important sonatas of Beethoven, replying courteously to all my questions. 'The precept of *legato* which I received from Beethoven,' he said, 'is the only rule to establish, for the execution of his pianoforte works.'"—(*Trois Styles de Beethoven, par De Lenz*, v. ii, p. 39.)

But while listening to the otherwise almost faultless execution of this Concerto, we could not find it in our hearts to be critical. Only now, at a week's distance, have I the boldness to venture on it. Luckily a second donna warbled between

Wolfsohn's Beethoven, and Cherubini's Overture to "Les Deux Journées" or we should have suffered, "died of a rose in aromatic pain." Those who study instrumental music grow after a while very fastidious about vocal. Only when we reach heaven shall we hear singing to please us. The instrumental devotee misses the rich coloring to be found in instrumental music. The voice must be a Sontag's or Alboni's to be satisfactory, to relieve the baldness and hardness of mere melodic design without rich alternating or modulating harmonies. The overture to *Les Deux Journées* was performed with spirit and skill, but was not comprehended by the audience.

"*Les Deux Journées* was the opera," said Niedlich, as we leaned back in our chairs to have a little chat, "that Cherubini sent to the Conservatoire that he had helped to found, and it received the work of its master with only a simple honorary mention, while to Mehul's 'Joseph' they gave the decennial prize he hoped to receive."

"And did that disgust him with secular music?"

"Very likely: for after the Restoration of the Bourbons, when his rival Spontini went out of fashion and Cherubini became again the vogue, he devoted himself to the composition of sacred music, by which he is best known to us now."

Then we talked of Cherubini's "*Medea*" and "*Elisa*," and of his tranquil life at Gaillon during his rival Spontini's reign under the Empire; and how he forgot his chagrins and soothed his wounded pride by making love to and wooing, in the sweet harmonies of "*Eliza*," his wife, Cecilia Tourette. Then from Cherubini we went back to his master Sarti. Our pleasant artist talk filled up the short interlude between the first and second part of the Concert, which second part was to be held sacred to one piece, the great *Sinfonia Eroica*.

"I feel like putting it off until another evening," whispered M.

"Or of having had nothing but it to-night," added Niedlich.

"That would have been the best arrangement," I said. "I wonder they did not have it so."

"Yes, for us," responded my cleverer friends, "but not for the management. A poor house would have been the result. Music chaff is better than music grain for a popular concert. As it is there is too much golden grain. I'll wager any thing you please that every paper of to-morrow will, after complimenting the *Donnas*, declare with Dogberry-like wisdom that the instrumental pieces were all too long." And they won their wager, it was so; on the next day every daily journal said in different ways this thing."

Tap, tap, tap, and our familiar old Musical Fund Director, Meignen, mounted the little platform while the Orchestra arranged themselves. The *Sinfonia Eroica* commenced. The first movement was performed "*traditionally*," and we were *antipathique*, so we sat unmoved. We did not dare to complain, it seemed ungracious and like disclosing the *faiblesses* of one's husband, or wife, or dearest friend; but we dared in our hearts to wish that there might be poured into its execution some of the divine wine of expression, — that subtle afflatus which would have caused our nerves to tingle, and the life-current to course more rapidly through our veins.

The second movement, however, the *Marche Funèbre*, roused us. It was executed in a fitting and solemn style — calm, grand and heroic. The

hero has struggled with his fate and has reasoned highly and holily with himself, and while phrases and passages tell of a mourning people who follow with high pomp and gorgeous ceremonial his mere earthly remains to the grave, there are designs in the fugue which tell also of the heroic resignation with which, after struggling with his fate and yielding for an instant to the stunning effect of his defeat, he submitted to the overthrow of all his great hopes and aims.

There was a mask taken of Napoleon after death, familiar to most of us by a clever engraving often seen. On that dead face rests a sublime calm and peacefulness that proves a Beyond, and a holy rest, more firmly than fifty and five hundred times fifty sermons could. It is like the mask of Dante taken also after death, which I saw standing beside the bust of him taken during life, in the Farnese collection at the Studii in Naples. The face of the life bust expresses resentment, proud, sullen, rebellious anger, but on turning to the one taken after death, the hot tears will spring to your eyes as you look from one to the other, and hear the lesson that comes home thrillingly to your heart. Why should Life have been so sorrowful and stern when Death stood at the end so sublime in its peacefulness? It is as if an angel had swept his wing over all wrong and straightened each distorted will. When I first saw these two wonderful clay histories, the first comparison I made was with the *Sinfonia Eroica*; for the expression of heroic calm to be seen on these dead faces of these two great heroes is related in the first degree, as they say in Music of certain keys, to the designs in the middle and closing movements of Beethoven's Grandest Symphony.

Heroic! Yes, well named is this Symphony, for it is heroic from the first note to the last. And in the finale, most heroic is the joyous accent of the hautboys in what Berlioz calls "*the episodical andante*," with the tone-chains broken by rests into tone-groups, like short breaths, but every tone-group singing out trust and hope in something On and Beyond.

We would have willingly rested quiet during the interlude following this great Symphony, and talked loiteringly and lingeringly to each other; but some friends had found us out, and may be it was as well, for we were too solemn and high-strung and needed the friction that society converse, so elegantly ignorant of each other's feelings, gives.

The Overture to the *Zauberflöte* opened the third part, which division was under the gentlemanly direction of the thoroughly English Dr. Cunington. Then followed Meyerbeer's strange, thrilling *Moine*. I will not say a word on the manner in which it was sung; the audience encored it, and therefore of course I was wrong in my opinion. It was the first time I had heard it, and while M. translated to me in flowing prose, warmed and inspired by the superb orchestral accompaniment, the words of the song, I listened to it with interest, and completely ignored the objectionable part of the vocal execution, which was more than made up to my mind by M's. improved translation.

A solo for the Violin, by Mendelssohn, cleverly executed by Gaertner, came after this; and then a curious *encore* of his, the merit of which we were too fatigued to fully take in. An Aria of Rossini succeeded, whose *floriture* seemed carved

in wood, and pretty stout wood at that. The mammoth Concert — for mammoth it was in programme and attendance — wound up with a glorious March from Wagner's *Lohengrin*, so full of rich coloring and gorgeous harmonies that it was well calculated to send us home, weary as we were, in superb spirits.

And all this was what I gained by "staying over Monday." A. B.

Handel and Haydn Society.

THE SECRETARY'S REPORT, SUBMITTED MAY 30, '59.

Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the Handel and Haydn Society:

It becomes my pleasant duty, at this recurrence of the Annual Meeting of our Society, — a duty self-imposed, yet in no wise the less agreeable, — to lay before you a report of its doings for the season that has just terminated; which I shall now proceed to do with as much brevity as the nature of the subject will admit of.

There have been thirty-four rehearsals of the Society since Oct. 3d, 1858, — at which time they were commenced, — at an average attendance of less than two hundred; and there have been seven Concerts given during the season, when from two hundred and fifty to three hundred and twenty-five have been found occupying seats; and it is fair to presume that a large proportion of this surplus seldom, if ever, attend the rehearsals. Of the seven public performances of the Society, named above, the first was in connection with artists under Mr. Strakosch's management, and one with Mr. Ullman, both of which were slightly remunerative. The annual performance of the "*Messiah*" was given at the Boston Theatre on the evening of Sunday, Dec. 26th, on account of the Music Hall having been occupied at that time by the Young Men's Christian Association, for a Fair. Although the Hall was ours by contract, the Trustees yielded their right for a sum which was thought to be a fair compensation. The performance was highly satisfactory and added something to the receipts of the Society. "*Israel in Egypt*" was given once, at a loss of a considerable sum, and "*David*" twice, with a large loss on both performances.

The Society then finding itself in debt, determined on giving a benefit Concert, and to that end applied to the Directors of the Music Hall for the free use of their Hall, which was promptly granted. An appeal was also made to the members of the orchestra and the soloists who took part in the performance, all of whom tendered their voluntary and invaluable aid.

The Society cheerfully responded to an invitation of the Mercantile Library Association, to assist at the annual celebration of Washington's birth, 22d Feb., and sang choruses from the Oratorios. It also rendered assistance at a Concert given by Mr. Charles R. Adams, and likewise at one by Mr. Zerrahn. It will be seen by this enumeration that the Society, as such, has appeared before the public ten times during the season.

There have been ten persons admitted to the Society, and eleven have been discharged.

The Board of Trustees have held nineteen meetings during the season, and the Society has been called together twice for business purposes.

Pardon me, gentlemen, if I refer again to the great evil so extensively prevailing, of members absenting themselves from rehearsals until upon the eve of a performance, and then claiming admission to the house with all the privileges of membership. It cannot but be highly detrimental to the best interests of the Society, and the Board are fully sensible of it. No member of the Society can be allowed to take a seat in any other portion of the house than the Orchestra, under any consideration whatever, except under the twenty-year-membership clause, and in case those who have absented themselves from rehearsals assume their proper places in the choir, they are entirely incapacitated for rendering assistance.

The consequence is, that what would otherwise be creditable performances are too often marred under the present arrangement, to a serious extent, and oftentimes an Oratorio is much less correctly and forcibly rendered, with our full number present, than it would have been had one-third the number been absent; or those, at least, who had not properly rehearsed the music.

And again, it is but simple justice to each and all of our associates, without going into the question of obligations of members to the Society as such, that we render all the assistance in our power, in the rehearsal of works for public performance, whether old or new, instead of allowing a small number to come

together week after week, and labor on some difficult composition, requiring all the efforts of the united whole to overcome and master its difficulties,—as was the case in the rehearsal of a colossal work during the past season. And yet there are those who seem to feel neither responsibility to the Society, nor obligations to their associates; and when such are spoken to, or remonstrated with, on the subject, their reply usually is, that they can sing the music without any difficulty, and that there is no need of their rehearsing it.

This state of things calls loudly for reform; and it is hoped that if members continue thus lax in their duty to the Society and to each other, some more efficient means may be adopted to bring them to a sense of duty; that the Handel and Haydn Society may maintain the proud distinction it now occupies, of being the first association of the kind, not only in age, but in numbers and efficiency, in this country.

From the time of the first meeting in Mr. Graa-per's little hall in Franklin St., on the 30th of March, 1815, where men, few in number, but strong in purpose, were gathered, with the avowed object of forming themselves into a Society for the promotion and encouragement of a correct taste in the performance of Sacred Music, until the present time, the Handel and Haydn Society, which was then and there organized, has gone steadily onward in the work for which its members first united themselves together; and it is believed that it has done very much towards moulding a taste for Sacred Song in the sanctuary, of a more devotional and rational character than that which was then in common use.

From the landing of the Pilgrims, in 1620, to the advent of William Billings, 1770—who was styled the first American author—a space of one hundred and fifty years, there was little change in the music of the Church; the tunes being all of a dolorous character,—“linked sweetness long drawn out,”—which we rendered still more tedious to the listener as well as to the singer, by the custom then prevailing of “lining the Psalms,” as it was called, by the Deacon or Clerk of the Parish Church.

Some amusing anecdotes may be found in the early annals of the Church in this country, in connection with this subject: such as the vote of a certain Parish that Mr. A. and Mr. B., two individuals who were supposed to possess the requisite qualifications, be requested to assist Deacon C. in “raising the tune in the Meeting House.”

It is not my purpose, however, to go very extensively into matters of so ancient a period as that referred to, but in a few words to show the state in which the music of the Church was, at the time of the formation of this Society, and the improvement which took place at, or about, that time.

William Billings was the first to introduce a change into the Music of the Church, when in 1770, he commenced the manufacture of those tunes so well known at the present day, and which at that time were of so joyous and agreeable a character in comparison to those so long in common use, that the new style was at once adopted, and others soon sprang up to assist in the work of reformation; if it could be so called.

This style of Music was continued in the churches from that time until about the date of our organization in 1815; though some dissensions had occurred, from various causes, in the selection and performance of Sacred Music in the Church; and it is probably owing in part to that fact, that so many came forward, and from such different denominations of Christians, to unite in the formation of a Society for the purpose named.

The Columbian Centinel of Dec. 23, 1815—a copy of which has fallen into my hands through the instrumentality of a fellow associate, and which ought always to be preserved among the records of the Society,—in a somewhat extended, and highly flattering notice of the Society, says, among other things, that “among its members are almost all the principal vocal performers of Sacred Music in this and several of the neighboring towns.” * * * “One of their most important objects is to create and cherish in the community a love of Sacred Music, and to improve the style of its performance; and as their members emanate from every Society of public worshippers, each may reasonably expect to derive some benefit from the united exertions of the whole.” It is confidently believed, that not only our own city, but the neighboring cities and towns have derived something of good from an occasional association with us, and from our example.

The paper above referred to contains also an announcement of the first concert of the Society, which took place at the Stone Chapel, on Christmas evening, Dec. 25th, 1815, with a programme of selections principally from the Oratorios “Messiah,” “Israel in Egypt,” and the “Creation.”

An eminent writer of that day, in a notice of the performance on that occasion, uses the following language:—“Such was the excitement of the hearers, and enthusiasm of the performers, that there is nothing to compare with it at the present day;” and the Handel and Haydn Society was soon the “wonder of the nation.”

The performance of music by this Society was far in advance of every thing of the kind in those days; “and,” says the same authority, “this Society was the grand fountain into which all the other minor societies flowed, and the spirit which was there imbibed spread through the land;” and he goes on to say “that it may well be styled the Father of Sacred Music Societies in our land.”

The publications of the Society are all of standard excellence. Among them may be named the “Handel and Haydn Society's Collection of Church Music;” a work that holds its place to this day in the high estimation of our best musicians; and we could wish that the learned editor of that work had given nothing to the world, subsequently, in any manner inferior to the music contained in that collection; but unfortunately much of the music of the present day is far below that standard.

When such melodies as “We are all noddin’,” “God save the Queen,” the “Prima Donna Waltz,” and many others that we could name, are set to sacred words, and published in a collection of Church Music, with the name of some well known author as editor, it becomes us to look about and see if there really has been any advance in that direction.

Notwithstanding all this, however, no one can hesitate to say that there has been a very great improvement in the character of our Church Music during the last forty years; but it becomes us all to use proper discretion in the selection of music for our church choirs.

The Society owns, at this time, a valuable and extensive Library of the most approved works of Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Rossini, Neukomm, and others, the most of which has been performed from time to time, as opportunities occurred, with foreign vocalists of celebrity; or as circumstances would admit of, with our own resident vocalists, of which we now have a goodly number, competent to assume the various roles of the great Oratorios. But with all this seeming completeness necessary to render an association like ours efficient, and with all the apparent success which has attended the efforts of the Society for so many years, it is an indisputable fact that the receipts from the public performances of the Society are not, and never have been (with rare exceptions) sufficient to meet the current expenses of the season; and it not infrequently happens that members are called upon for assessments to make good the deficiency; or oftener, to voluntarily contribute a sufficient sum to liquidate the charges, and to place the Society again in a healthy condition to commence anew the duties of another season.

This should not be. A Society that has done so much for the cause of music in our country, and which, by its public performances of the highest order of Oratorio music existing at this day, has contributed so much to the enjoyment of its patrons, should not be suffered to languish for proper support and encouragement in the good work which it has undertaken. Immediate means should be taken for the establishment of a fund, either by subscription or otherwise, the interest of which should be sufficient to meet the ordinary expenses of a season; or, which perhaps would be of greater permanent utility,—a nucleus of a fund should be at once formed for the purpose of building a hall for the better accommodation of the valuable property of the Society, and where rehearsals could be held free from the petty annoyances which must often occur when but a temporary occupancy of any hall or room is our lot.

Could the Society, by any means, be placed in possession of a hall of sufficient capacity for the seating of ten or twelve hundred persons,—either through ownership, or the entire control by means of a long lease,—much could be done towards the advancement of a taste for music which it is now quite impossible to accomplish.

The short works of Mendelssohn, Berlioz, and others, could then be rehearsed, and acceptably performed without the expense of an Orchestra, and at an admission fee within the reach of all. The members could come together oftener, the hall could at all times be accessible, and frequent rehearsals could be had of such *morceaux* as would naturally come within our reach; but for the performance of a full Oratorio, an Orchestra and a large hall could be had, as now.

Another important object would be gained by this arrangement, in the more firmly cementing together of the members of the Society by more frequent intercourse with each other; which fact alone would

seem to be a sufficient reason for an effort of this kind.

A large and valuable collection of music, much of which is rare and of great value, will soon be added to the shelves of our Public Library; and through the enterprise of our Boston publishers, we may be placed in possession of much that will be valuable to us, as well as to the public. Must we forever remain shut out from all these things because of the expense attending rehearsals? Could our expenses be reduced, or had we a fund from which to draw, a larger and more interesting field would naturally open before us. But our financial condition now is not such as to warrant the government in assuming the responsibility of even repeating the performance of any composition for the purpose of creating a proper taste for it, unless liberally supported and encouraged in the work.

I must beg your indulgence for having occupied so much of your time in the discussion of this matter of a fund for building purposes, which was first brought to the notice of members through the Treasurer's report of last year. But I deem it of sufficient importance to have a place in this rather hastily written communication, which, if it should be of any service in furthering the desirable result, shall feel amply repaid for thus crudely recalling it to your attention. Let it well be considered; are there not those in the community who are able and willing to do something towards placing the Handel and Haydn Society on a more sure footing than that which it now occupies? I think there are many such; and could a proper appeal be made to them, I fully believe that a fund sufficient for all purposes could be at once obtained.

In union there is strength. Let us, then, as one united whole, keep our eyes steadfastly fixed on the great objects of the Society; and that we may the more efficiently carry forward the work, let us strive to place our much loved association beyond the pressure of financial embarrassment, by the accumulation, if possible, of a fund that shall be adequate to the annual expenses of the Society, or for the purpose of providing ourselves with a home. Let then our watchword be, “In union there is strength,” and pass on to a higher position, both financially and artistically.

Respectfully submitted,

LORING R. BARNES, *Secretary.*

The Tomb of Donizetti.

In the course of an article on Garibaldi's Entry into Bergamo, the New York *Evening Post* has the following:

Bergamo lies in the north central part of Lombardy, and is about thirty miles east of Como and twenty-nine miles north-east of Milan. Its position is peculiar, the old town being situated on the top and sides of a steep, rocky hill, a foremost wave of the great Alpine billows that here meet the level expanse of Lombardy. On the plain beneath, and in a situation openly exposed to the attack of any hostile force, is the newer and larger part of the town, which, with its wide curving streets, its lively market place, and the spacious and commodious railroad station recently erected, exhibits a life and enterprise not often seen in Italian towns. It is in this part of the place that the greatest part of the trade and business of the city is transacted. Everything is motion and activity, and on every side there are tokens of prosperity and comfort.

A long, neatly kept and carefully graded road leads up to the old town, and passing beneath a frowning arch, the visitor finds himself upon the bastions, which, at present, lined with noble poplar and other trees, whose rich foliage cast a refreshing shade over the wide walk, form the chief promenade of the Bergamese. Another pull up a winding street, with grass growing between the crevices of the stones, brings him into the old town.

The change is very striking. Up here all is as quiet and antique as below it is bustling and modern. There are old houses of six and eight stories, clinging, as if with desperation, to the very edge of the rocky hill on which the city is crowded, their windows opening upon deep precipices that make one shudder to peer down. There are old gateways, quaint, narrow streets, with many grim old mansions of the middle ages, and with a few little shops that ought to have existed at that period, but certainly have no reasonable claim for existing now. The very people seem changed,—the women adorn their heads with gigantic caps of incomprehensible shapes, while the men hobble slowly about in preposterous wooden clogs, their heavy footfalls re-echoing through the narrow avenues.

Near the centre of the city, and on the very summit of the hill, is the Cathedral, a large Gothic struc-

ture, irregular in form and by no means harmonious in detail, but presenting many features of architectural and artistic interest. It was originally a church of the early Arians, has several times been restored, and last in the middle of the seventeenth century. While it contains several monuments attractive to the antiquarians, there are none that interest the general tourist more than that erected some four years ago to the memory of Donizetti, who was born and died in Bergamo. The gifted composer of "Lucrezia," "Lucia," "Favorita," "L'Elisir," "Martiri," and many other operas so popular here, and all over the civilized world, is buried in this cathedral. The monument erected by his surviving brothers bears a simple yet touching expression, which may be lamely thus rendered in English: "To Gaetano Donizetti, the fertile composer of sacred and secular melodies, this monument was raised with affectionate memory by his brothers Guiseppe and Francesco;"—certainly a modest tribute to one of the greatest of modern musicians, and one whose sweet melodies are sung in almost every land. The monument is an ingenious and elegant, though not a great, work of art. The principal figure is that of a female, whose long, waving hair is flowing loosely over her shoulders, while a circle of stars serves as a coronet. Her head droops as in sorrow, while her hand falls idly on a broken lyre. There is a group of cherubs quaintly expressing their grief by breaking their little harps, and a medallion portrait of the composer surrounded by scrolls inscribed with the names of his most popular operas.

It is known that he deeply loved his native place, as well he might, and when his mind failed, and the teeming brain that had produced so much and so beautiful music was crazed, he wished to be brought back to his home. They bore him, by easy stages, from Paris to his Lombard city near the Alps. He lived but a short time after entering its precincts, and one spring morning in 1848 the Bergamese people gathered in the Cathedral to attend the mass sung for the repose of the soul of Gaetano Donizetti.

Uniform Musical Pitch.

Meeting of the "London Society of Arts."

The meeting took place at four o'clock, the Rev. Dr. Whewell, F. R. S., Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, in the chair.

The Chairman said he had been requested by the Council of the Society of Arts to preside over this meeting, which had been called for the purpose of considering the question of a uniform musical pitch. He scarcely knew why he had been selected to fill that position, but he was willing to do all in his power to further the object in view. He could hardly be said to be in any way connected with musical literature, though the author of a well known work, called "Smith's Harmonics," in which there were some curious calculations upon this subject, had formerly occupied the post which he (the Chairman) then held as Master of Trinity College. He believed that this writer was the first person who determined the pitch by ascertaining the number of vibrations in a second which gave particular notes. This was done in the pipes of the organ at Trinity, and might be said to be the fundamental determination of the pitch in England, so far as mathematical definition was concerned. The subject had recently been more prominently brought before the musical world, in the Report issued by the Commission appointed by the French government to investigate this question, with the view to the establishment of a uniform pitch to be adopted in that country. In that report, an historical view of the question had been taken, and the number of vibrations of various notes at different periods during the last century and a half had been stated. The question with the Commission was: from which of those various numbers the selection was to be made. He had no wish to detain the meeting by remarks of his own upon this subject, as there were many present who had studied it more completely than he had, and who possessed technical knowledge derived from practice, which was not possessed by himself; but he would take the liberty of offering one or two suggestions, with a view of giving some direction to the discussion. The first question to be determined was, whether it was desirable that a uniform musical pitch should prevail; and, secondly, whether it was possible to establish such a uniform pitch in this country. The latter question came before them very naturally, inasmuch as the establishment of a uniform pitch was to be enforced by stringent legal means in France, a course which could not be imitated in this country. The legislative provision upon the matter was, that musical instruments not conforming to this regulation were not to be admitted to any Exhibition of Industry in France. It amounted, in fact, to a prohibition and repression of instruments which were not

of the pitch determined upon; and the man who gave false measure in music, was to be dealt with in the same manner as a fraudulent purveyor of meat, or a dishonest vendor of cloth. Of course, it could not be expected that our musical friends in this country were to be subjected to penalties such as those, or that a uniform pitch could be enforced here by any such means. Therefore, they had to consider what means short of these could be used, and whether any influence beyond a general understanding amongst those engaged in music could be brought to bear. These were points upon which those present were well qualified to give opinions, which, he was sure, would be listened to with interest and deference.

The Chairman inquired whether any gentleman had any motion to submit to the meeting.

The Rev. J. Cox, with a view to introduce the discussion would propose as a resolution:—"That it is desirable that one uniform musical pitch should prevail."

Sir George Smart seconded the resolution.

Dr. Wyld regarded this question as one, if not of very great importance to the art they professed, at least one of considerable interest to the musical world generally. It was to be remarked that composers—the men who studied the science of music and the poetry of sound—cared very little indeed for these details of the art. It mattered not to them whether a vocalist sang at a pitch which might be a little too high or a little too low, so that they got the right effect from their music. At the same time, he thought a uniform pitch should be established, and the profession were very much indebted to the Society of Arts for bringing the subject before them, and particularly to the reverend and learned Master, who had kindly undertaken to give them his valuable assistance by presiding on this occasion. When they saw one of the greatest intellects of the age engaged upon such a subject, they of smaller minds ought not to hesitate to go into it, and to endeavor to come to some decision. This was a subject which might be discussed both musically and mathematically. He thought, as regarded the musical part of the question, they, the professors of the art, should come to an understanding amongst themselves as to what the pitch should be, and then hand it over to the mathematicians to say what number of vibrations in a second went to form the note decided upon, so that they might be certain that in future the pitch would neither increase nor decrease. He thought one great reason for the lowering of the pitch in France, was to accommodate it to the provinces. In all the provinces of France were to be found government music schools established for civil and military purposes, and it having been found on inquiry that the pitch used at most of these establishments was lower than those used at Paris, he thought a low pitch had been decided upon in order to suit their convenience. The necessity for this did not exist in England. There were here no provincial music schools to consult. Whatever was done in music was for the most part done in London, and the provinces being dependent on London for their supply of music, a decision come to in London constituted a law for provinces. He was not for lowering the pitch, because their ears were accustomed to the present high pitch. He did not desire to lower it, although it sometimes strained the voices of the vocalists, as it would spoil the brilliancy of instruments. He did not wish to discuss the mathematical part of the subject; but presumed the A in this report was the A of the tuning-fork. Was he to understand that the table of vibrations alluded to this specific A? The learned chairman had mentioned Dr. Smith, formerly master of Trinity College, as the first person who had made calculations on this point. It appeared to him that according to that calculation, the note which they called D—the D below the treble clef, one-fifth lower than the note given in this paper—gave 262 vibrations in a second. The instrument invented by Ramsden, in 1768, gave, as the mean result of several experiments, 284 vibrations in a second. In order to form the scale, the rates of vibrations he believed to be—for the second note, as 8 to 9; for the third, 5 to 4; for the fourth, 3 to 4; and for the fifth, 2 to 3. How was it, then, that the normal diapason of the French gave 870 vibrations in a second? It appeared to him that the English and French calculations did not agree by many vibrations.

The Chairman thought they had better not entangle themselves with matters of harmonics.

Dr. Wyld—Taking it as that A, according to our mathematicians it ought only to give about 852 vibrations in a second.

The Chairman—If they got any one note right, all the rest would come right.

Dr. Wyld—True; but if the difference alluded to was nothing to the mathematician, it was something to the musician. He thought it was a question whether the commissioners had not taken the compound fifth for the perfect fifth, the ratio of which is

as 1 to 3, but even then the difference of calculation was very great. He did not wish to say more on the subject, only to call attention to it. He hoped that on the musical question they might come to some decision.

Mr. HULLAH thought a uniform pitch was highly desirable, and he had been of that opinion for many years. This was not a new subject to him. As far back as the year 1842, which was about the time when he publicly entered upon that particular work on which he had been engaged the greater part of his life, people applied to him to recommend them tuning-forks. On inquiry he found that many of those in circulation, all which were supposed to sound the same note, differed from each other; and, as it was certain that all of these could not be right, so it seemed probable that none of them were so. He then set himself to consider whether there was any particular pitch which, on any account whatever, was more desirable than another. Of course a pitch aspiring to universal adoption, must be regulated eventually by what was convenient to the human voice. But there was a further question; whether, having reference to the scientific part of the subject, there was any particular number of vibrations per second which was more convenient than another for simplifying musical calculations. Nothing was more certain than that a very slight difference, such as 508, 510, or 512 was hardly appreciable by the ear, and was practically no inconvenience to any one. He had found the number of 512 vibrations per second for the C, gave the simplest series of numbers representing the other notes, and was very favorable for musical calculations; at the time of which he was speaking, this pitch was a little above some of those then in use, and a little below others, so far as a correct comparison could be made, for that was a difficult matter. He had then with him a pocket-full of tuning-forks which he had collected, and no two of them were alike, except those which had been made to his order by a scientific process. It appeared by the evidence that could be collected, that this number of 512 was a fair mean; it was not inconveniently high for voice, nor inconveniently low for instruments. He put himself in communication with Mr. Tomlinson, and a gentleman who he found had given a great deal of attention to the subject. Mr. Tomlinson, on being supplied with one of Cagniard de la Tour's instruments for measuring vibrations (the Sirene), satisfied himself that he could regulate this instrument, which every one knew was very difficult to keep at the same pitch, so as to ascertain what was 512 vibrations per second; and he made certain tuning-forks, of which he (Mr. Hullah) had seen and tried hundreds, and he had never found the slightest discrepancy in them, except, he might tell them, on that morning, for the first time in his life. He would mention the circumstance, as it might tend to throw light upon a difficult subject which had very much puzzled him—as to whether or not tuning-forks could be depended upon for any length of time. He tried two of those forks with the greatest care again and again that morning. He then placed one of them upon the hot plate of a kitchen-range, and allowed it to remain until it became heated to such an extent that he could only hold it with a glove on, when he found that the pitch was considerably lowered.

That was nothing new: but the extraordinary part of the matter was, that the fork had never since recovered its former pitch, and there was still some little discrepancy between it and the fork which had not been heated. To return to the question before them as to the propriety of a uniform pitch, every one who had been in an orchestra must, he thought, agree that such a pitch was highly desirable; nevertheless, he had found that there were different opinions upon the subject. There was a Sig. Staffa, editor of a musical journal published at Naples, who thought there ought to be no fewer than four pitches, having regard to the different qualities of instruments and voices, viz.: two for voices—one for the theatre, and another for the cathedral—and two for instruments. The writer illustrated his theory by the remark that the weight and elasticity of the air, so varied in different climates, that music could not be executed at the same pitch in Russia as in Africa. How far that was right he could not say. He would, however, give them an instance of the inconvenience arising from the want of uniformity of pitch in the same city. He had, in St. Martin's Hall, an organ which was tuned a little above the pitch of his own tuning-fork, and might be considered as well up to the average concert-pitch of a few years since. He had never, on any recent occasion, been able to use the organ at morning rehearsals, when the temperature was lower than in the evening. The orchestral performers, for the most part, came with their instruments approximately tuned to the present opera-pitch, and they found it impossible to lower them

sufficiently to admit of the organ being used. In the evening the pitch of the organ rose with the temperature of the room, though not always sufficiently to remove altogether the discrepancy between it and the wind instruments, which rose in like proportion, the stringed instruments, of course, being obliged to follow them, at a great sacrifice of strings, which were snapping every few moments. The inconvenience to singers resulting from the present high pitch, was sometimes based upon a supposition, of the soundness of which he was not altogether satisfied. He was quite certain that the pitch had risen during the last five-and-twenty years; but it was doubtful whether, in the last 200 years, the pitch had risen at all. Certainly, he did not believe that the pitch in the seventeenth century was at all lower than it was even now. Mr. Hullah then produced several extracts from pieces of music of that period, and asked who were the persons to sing such passages as were there written even at our pitch, for such voices were never heard in the world. They were by no means exceptional passages; as in the anthem, "They that go down to the sea in ships," which was written for a peculiar voice. But in the music he held in his hand there was a first bass part which went down to D, and this, moreover, in a passage where alteration was impossible. In considering this question he thought they would do well to confine themselves principally to the inconvenience arising from the fact that different performers went continually into the same orchestra—it was not so much the case in London as in the country—and found the instruments at different pitches; and with regard to the organ and pianoforte the inconvenience was of daily occurrence. He thought a uniform pitch was so highly to be desired that whatever the pitch might be—whether the highest ever conceived or the lowest—he would vote for it for the sake of uniformity, though he certainly should prefer, and do his best to bring about, the adoption of a pitch considerably lower than that at present in use.

(To be Continued.)

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 16, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—"Morning," a Cantata, for chorus, and solo voices, with pianoforte accompaniments reduced from the orchestral score, by FERDINAND RIES, (the pupil of Beethoven).

Our Concert Societies.

We are indebted to the Secretary of the Handel and Haydn Society for a copy of his annual Report, which we have thought it would be interesting to our readers, at all events to those who watch with interest the progress of all organized experiments in musical culture, to peruse in full. The old Handel and Haydn Society now stands alone in its glory, the only one remaining of the many large musical societies which, within the past twenty years, have figured publicly in the musical life of Boston. Of orchestral societies we have had: first, the "Academy of Music," and then the "Musical Fund Society," each ministering to the important want of Symphony, or, as they are commonly called elsewhere, "Philharmonic," Concerts; also, the "Philharmonic Society," improperly so called, which used an orchestra chiefly for miscellaneous, show concerts; and for several years, too, the "Germania" Society, that small but capital orchestra, which, however was a wandering company, encamped at intervals in the midst of us, and which unfortunately disbanded at the very moment when it might, by holding together, and becoming naturalized and settled here in Boston, have formed the nucleus of just that permanent orchestral organization, which is to this day, in spite of our increased love and understanding of that sort of music, our chief musical desideratum, only chance-supplied, and but a short allowance furnished us at that. All those societies have vanished; we are as ut-

terly without permanent and organized provision for great orchestral music, as we were before Beethoven had begun to make the first impression in a community where now his Symphonies are all well-known and loved beyond all other music. Each successive winter must the whole work of organizing an orchestra and concerts be begun anew, from the very beginning, the force of past years' efforts having been entirely spent in what they brought forth for the moment. For three years we have been indebted to the private enterprise of one energetic and able musician, who has given us good concerts, but who has necessarily been so cautiously dependent upon public favor, clearly guaranteed, that the supply has been short, the number of concerts not exceeding five or six in a season, when, with a well-organized and permanent Society there is no reason why we might not have our feasts of Symphony once a week for twenty weeks in succession, as easily as the lovers of these good things in Leipzig. — We shall return to this subject.

Of large choral, or Oratorio Societies, we had at once, within a very few years, three. Two of them have ceased from public existence;—whether they still exist for mutual good and pleasure, privately, or not. The Handel and Haydn Society, the oldest of them—oldest of all such societies in this new world—survives. But there has come a sort of shadow over it within these last two years; a tone of discouragement prevails in its discussions and doings; there is a falling off in the ardor and confidence with which it once persisted in preparing and giving to the public, week after week, even better things than that ungrateful public knew how to appreciate and pay for.

The seat of the difficulty, which has been the same in all such societies, resulting in the stoppage of the two referred to, appears distinctly in the Report of Mr. Secretary Barnes. There are just two grievances, one external and one internal; two complaints, one against the ungrateful public, and one against our own unfaithful members. The fault lies partly with the public, that they will not support us in doing our best, and partly in ourselves, that we will not all do our best in spite of publics. The two obstacles, which the Report pathetically emphasizes, are: first, that the Society has lost money by nearly every one of its concerts; secondly, that the preparation of grand works, like "Israel in Egypt," for public performance, is seriously hindered by the indifferent and selfish spirit shown by many members in absenting themselves from the rehearsals, while they are too ready to throng the chorus seats and share the glory of the public exhibition, when it comes to that.

To these evils it is not easy to suggest a remedy, unless we seek it in the organization of a society upon a radically different principle and plan. Leaving the special economies and managerial generalship of a concert season out of the question, we ask: why is it that the public do not remunerate great Oratorio performances? Is it because there is less love and appreciation of such music than there once was? No one will say that. Is it because these things cannot be made interesting enough to fill the largest Music Hall with listeners for many evenings in a winter? No; because, whenever the highest and grandest works of art and genius have had frequent enough opportunities to get familiar to the public

ear and mind, like the Fifth Symphony, or the "Messiah," they have proved the surest attractions that could be held out. "Israel in Egypt" would have become such a favorite, as it has become in England, could it have been several times repeated. The difficulty is, then, that our Societies, accustomed to dependence upon public support, feel unable to press a grand experiment beyond first failures up to the point of sure success; they sound retreat after the very first discomfort, wasting the ammunition, and what is worse, the faith, the courage which has manned them so far, only to be worse than useless unless it can go farther.

And here, be it observed, the cheap alternative, which oftentimes too readily suggests itself, seems actually cut off. Nothing comes, it seems, of lowering the standard, of catering to lower tastes, of forsaking Handel, and returning to once popular "Davids." These old flesh-pots of Egypt are not remembered, it seems, with a peculiar relish; since mighty Handel, Moses-like, has "led them forth," were it not best to persevere and follow him? In a word it appears settled, that this provoking and unmanageable public wants to have the genuine, the best, or none at all. The problem limits itself to making the best succeed; it is too late for what is second or third rate and poor.

Without wishing to dictate to the Handel and Haydn Society, and without knowing how far any essential changes may be practical or possible in its internal economy, or reconcilable with its historical traditions and associations, we are tempted to throw out the suggestion, generally: Why can we not have a large Choral Society, organized on such a principle that it shall not depend upon pecuniary remuneration from the public? Why not a Society, composed entirely of members, who have such zeal and love for noble music, and who so prize such opportunities of studying and rehearsing it together, that they are too happy to pay a small sum annually for so great a pleasure and a privilege? It is on this plan that some of the best societies in Germany are organized. This ensures devotion and enthusiasm in the members. This makes them independent of all outward temptations to waste their precious hours and energies upon works of questionable taste and of inferior merit. And thus would they be able, never courting, but at fit times obliging a music-thirsty public, to give concerts in their own way, up to the standard of their own ideal, counting a small tax distributed among several hundred members as a cheerful contribution to a high end? In this way, the result must necessarily be, that in a short time the great public would come round to them, and make a series of performances remunerative in spite of them.

A hint now is sufficient. Let us see if some time we cannot work it out more in detail, and in distinct outlines, like a builder's working plan.

Music Abroad.

London.

(From the Musical World, June 25.)

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.—The full grand rehearsal for this important celebration took place on Saturday morning in the presence of a vast audience, amounting to nearly 20,000 persons. The alterations made in the orchestra since the great meeting of 1857 have already been described. We remarked increased resonance and concentration of tone in the great

choral pieces, and also that the solo voices came out with more force and distinctness than formerly. The festival orchestra includes 92 first violins, 90 seconds, 60 violoncellos, 61 double-basses, 10 flutes, 10 oboes, 10 clarinets, 10 bassoons, 6 trumpets, 12 horns, 9 trombones, 3 ophicleides, 2 bombardons, 8 serpents, 3 pairs of kettle-drums, 1 bass drum of enormous size, 6 side-drums, and the organ; 725 sopranos, 719 altos, 659 tenors, and 662 basses. Thus there are in all 394 instruments and 2,765 voices, without the principal singers. There are, besides, about 40 bellows-blowers for the great organ, 200 stewards, 100 vendors of books of the words and the cheap scores of Mr. Alfred Novello, and policemen without number. Here we have an aggregate of something like 3,500 persons actively engaged in this tremendous entertainment.

The great band and choir were first tried in the National Anthem, and in two choruses from the *Messiah*, the "Hallelujah," and "Worthy is the Lamb." The advantages derived from the new construction of the orchestra were universally acknowledged. The huge screen, running behind the organ and enclosing the band and chorus in its embrace, was found to act as an efficient sounding-board, and to throw the voices, and instruments directly forward into the area of the transept. It was considered especially advantageous to the solo singers, and the directors were so satisfied of this, that nothing further has been heard of the mechanical appliances to be employed in strengthening the solo voices hinted at in the prospectus published in the early spring. Of course in so vast a space as the area of the central transept, some places were found better adapted for hearing than others, but, generally speaking, in no part of this space was the auditor, as in 1857, placed out of the line of sound. That the acoustical qualities had been greatly improved no one denied, but that much remained to be accomplished before that part of the Crystal Palace where the great musical performances take place could be made perfect, was equally admitted. The chorus afforded the utmost gratification, and the band was pronounced complete at all points. The instruments had received strong reinforcements. A double monster ophicleide, an octave lower than the largest ever made, had been added to the brass. In addition to the gigantic drum, of tambourine form, manufactured by Messrs. Distin for the preliminary Festival of 1857, and two sets of kettle-drums—one the identical set played on at the Festival of 1784, and now the property of the Sacred Harmonic Society and used at their concerts in Exeter Hall—a set of three kettle-drums, the largest ever made, has been employed, the centre one having a circumference of thirteen feet.

The Festival was inaugurated on Monday with the *Messiah*. The morning was fine, but towards mid-day the rain set in and continued throughout the whole afternoon. The greatest inconvenience was experienced on the journey homewards, the difficulty of procuring cabs and carriages detaining many for hours at the London Bridge and Piccolo stations.

The performance of Handel's masterpiece was on the whole splendid, and the impression produced in the "Hallelujah" chorus and "Unto us a child is born," was almost unparalleled. Both were received with a perfect storm of applause that vied in intensity with the thunders of the chorus, and the former was encored and repeated. There were many other parts of the oratorio in which the choir nobly distinguished themselves, as, for instance, in "He shall purify the sons of Levi;" "Lift up your heads, O ye gates," with its magnificent pendant, "Who is the King of Glory?;" "His yoke is easy;" and "Worthy is the Lamb," the sublimest of all the choruses mentioned, but which, unfortunately, being the last piece, was not listened to with the requisite attention.

The solo singers were Madame Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Messrs. Sims Reeves and Weiss, and Signor Belletti. We need only remark of these artists that their performances were up to their usual standard of excellence. The number of visitors amounted to 17,109.

On Wednesday the attendance was larger, the numbers reaching 18,000. It was expected that the Queen would be present, and this doubtless drew many to the Crystal Palace. The great attraction of the day, however, was the Dettingen "Te Deum," which it was anticipated would produce a tremendous effect. A great deal had been said recently of this masterpiece, and public expectation had been wound up to a high pitch. Moreover, the martial feeling of the Dettingen Hymn would, it was supposed, please from its appropriateness to the present time.

The Dettingen "Te Deum," which contains the finest devotional music Handel ever composed, was written, as the name at once suggests, in honor of the victory gained by the British, Hanoverian, and Hessian troops over the French. "Did the French

sing a 'Te Deum' too?"—Mr. Thackeray would ask. Probably they did; and, doubtless, published in the *Moniteur* of the period an account showing how they merely changed the ground, and how there were twice as many casualties in the allied army as in their own. But, whether or not the French sang a "Te Deum," it is certain that theirs is forgotten, and that ours, being written by Handel, will be remembered to all eternity. Who can say but that some day the battle will be chiefly known from the religious service composed in its honor? And, as brave men lived before the time of Agamemnon, but were forgotten because there was no Homer to sing their exploits, so it will, perhaps, be said that great battles were won before Dettingen, but that their memory passed away because there was no Handel to marry their recollection to immortal notes.

Every one, we presume, knows that the battle of Dettingen was the last in which an English sovereign commanded. King George II., who set the example, never since departed from, of standing up during the performance of the "Hallelujah" chorus, was not only a man of deep musical sympathies, but also a sturdy warrior on horseback and on foot.

The second part of Wednesday's performance consisted of selections from *Belshazzar*, *Saul*, *Samson*, and *Judas Maccabaeus*, during which the applause of the audience was frequent and enthusiastic. The hurricane of plaudits which followed the very fine chorus, "Envy! eldest-born of hell," could only be likened to that which succeeded the "Hallelujah," and "Unto us a child is born," in the *Messiah*. The whole audience were determined to hear the chorus over again, and persisted so long in their cries for an encore, that Mr. Costa was forced to comply. Another encore was awarded to the "Dead March." In the selection from *Samson*, the execution of the stupendous chorus, "Fixed in His everlasting seat," was as powerful as anything in the whole festival. Miss Dolby sang to perfection the lovely contralto air, "Return, O God of hosts," so reminding of "He was despised," in the *Messiah*; and Madame Clara Novello, with the assistance of Mr. Harper on the trumpet, as a matter of course, was encored in "Let the bright Seraphim." The chorus, "Let their celestial concerts all unite," with which the selection from *Samson* concluded, was gloriously sung.

When Mr. Sims Reeves appeared on the platform to sing in the selection from *Judas Maccabaeus*, the audience and orchestra received him with thunders of applause, the former, indeed, "rising at him," as the pit at Drury Lane was wont to do at Kean. The selection from *Judas* comprised the chorus, "O Father, whose Almighty power;" recitative and aria, "Sound an alarm;" chorus, "We hear, we hear, the pleasing, dreadful call;" recitative and air, "From mighty kings;" duet and chorus, "O never, never bow we down;" and trio and chorus, "See the Conquering Hero comes." Mr. Sims Reeves created an immense sensation in that most stirring of all martial airs, "Sound an alarm," and was encored in a hurricane of applause. The superb chorus which follows, "We hear, we hear, the pleasing, dreadful call," was magnificently sung by the choir. Madame Clara Novello gave the fine air, "From mighty kings," in her best manner. The masterly chorus, "We never, never, will bow down," preceded by the duet, "O never, never, bow we down," by Madame Rudersdorff and Miss Dolby, was a grand performance, the choir more especially distinguishing itself in the *canto fermo* and fugue on the words, "We worship God, and God alone;" Of course the trio and chorus, "See the conquering hero comes," was a great success; but the effect was in some degree neutralized by the piece being the last in the programme. We never had anything more exquisite, more perfect, indeed, than the female voices, sopranos, and altos, in the semi-chorus, "See the godlike youth advance."

Musical Chit-Chat.

Mr. CARL WINTERSTEIN, editor of the *German Musical Journal* in Philadelphia, writes us:

Your last issue contains a notice, which can easily lead to the erroneous impression, that the *partial* reproduction of the Leipzig article in the *German Musical Journal* was caused by Mr. THEODORE HAGEN. Allow me to say, that this gentleman had nothing to do with this matter. The *German Musical Journal* is edited and published in Philadelphia, and the share Mr. Hagen takes in its editorial department is simply that of a New York correspondent. I will thank you for an early correction of the misunderstanding.

We did not suppose or mean to intimate that Mr. Hagen caused the insertion of the Leipzig article in the abridged form referred to. But we did think, considering his intimacy with the Philadelphia journal, of which he is announced as New York editor, that he should not have held us guilty of the abridge-

ments which appeared first there, and in all points the same.

Visitors at the White Mountains next month will fall in with an extra attraction; they will find Art, as well as Nature. The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB are to make the beautiful village of North Conway their central point, from the first of August, and will make the tour of the mountains, giving concerts at the principal houses, during a month or six weeks. . . . We have received two programmes of the "fourth season" of Classical Soirées given during the past fortnight in Farmington, Conn., by Messrs. WM. MASON, THOMAS, MOSENTHAL, MATZKA and BERGMANN. The selections were rare, decidedly, for a country town. They include: Quartet (strings) in A minor, op. 41, by Schumann; Variations ("God save the Emperor"), Haydn; Trio (piano, violin and 'cello), by Bargiel; Quartet, in C, op. 59, Beethoven; Quintet, op. 41, by Schumann; piano pieces by Chopin, Rubinstein, and others, played by Mason; violin solos by Viennetemps and Berlioz, played by Thomas; and part of a Mendelssohn Sonata, for piano and 'cello, played by Mason and Bergmann.

A musical friend in New Orleans takes us to task for saying, when Donizetti's "Martyrs" was recently brought out in New York, that "it had never before been given in this country, except as Anglicized into an 'Oratorio' by the Boston Handel and Haydn Society." He writes:

"In this city, there is an Opera House, that, for the last thirty years and more, has given a regular season of Opera the term of which is six months. We very often see the announcement made in the Boston and New York papers, by the managements of the opera troupes, that occasionally drop in and perform a few nights in those cities, that the works they produce are performed 'for the first time in America'; although, in every case, these operas have been given, year in and year out, at the 'Théâtre d'Orleans,' ever since they were first brought out in Europe.

"The 'Martyrs' of Donizetti is a case in point. It is an old stock piece in this city, and has so been for, at the very least, a dozen years.

"New Orleans is the only city on this Continent, which maintains a regular lyric theatre, not dependent on the chance visits of nomadic managements; but, in itself, a fixed institution of the city. This fact we do not insist shall be recognized in managerial advertisements, but is it too much to ask that such an oracle as the 'Journal of Music' should bear the fact in mind?"

CHORLEY, of the *Athenæum*, does not altogether elime in with the London chorus of unqualified laudation of the piano-playing of Miss ARABELLA GODDARD, (the name still worn in public by Mrs. J. W. Davison). He says:

This lady has so clever a pair of hands, and plays so large a round of music, that we have now a right to expect from her something more, in acknowledgement of the singular good fortune she has met with in public acceptance, and the unanimous praise with which it seems agreed that she shall be put forward. That her playing, till now, has been only that of a first-class pupil, we cannot but feel. More intelligence, expression and poetry may come with time,—till they come she will not be what her friends are ceaseless in persuading her that she is. It is unjust to other pianists, more seldom heard, not to state this, without reserve, as without offence.

The following has been going the rounds for some time. We have waited in vain for further particulars.

The "Photographic (England) News," states that M. L. Scott has made a very singular discovery, by means of which sounds may be made to record themselves, whether those sounds are those of musical instruments, or emitted by the voice in singing or speaking. Professor Wheatstone, during his recent visit to Paris, was invited by the Abbe Moigno to inspect the papers on which these sounds had printed themselves, and is said to have been greatly surprised and pleased with what he saw. The mark produced on the paper by a particular note is invariably the same; so, also, if a person speaks, the tone of voice in which he speaks is faithfully recorded. As yet, no practical advantage has been obtained by this discovery; but M. Scott is sanguine that, in course of time, he will so far improve his apparatus, that it will be capable of printing a speech, which may be written off verbatim, to the great saving of the labor of Parliamentary reporters.

Mr. N. P. WILLIS writes, in the Home Journal, an interesting account of a visit to the settlement at Bethlehem, Pa. He speaks of the large share which music holds in their religious exercises and whole social culture.

The Church for the Moravian worship was adjoining, and we were kindly furnished with the key. It was a simple structure, with a very spacious organ and organ-loft, painted white throughout, and with all the light that windows could let in. There were no pews, but plain wooden benches; and no distinction of seats except by the aisle which divides the assembly into two parts, the males sitting on the one side and the females on the other. I felt a sympathizing interest in this place of worship, from two or three of the Moravian peculiarities—their high culture of congregational church music, more especially, and liberal use of it in all services, seeming to me beautifully proper, as well as poetical. Then there is something so natural and liberal in their festival preparatory to the Lord's Supper—when they meet for a service of vocal and instrumental music, varied with what they call a *love-feast*, of coffee or chocolate and light cakes, passed round between the anthems and choruses. What could be more admirable, too, than their celebration of *Easter morning*, when the whole congregation assembles in the picturesque grave-yard at sunrise, and, with anthems expressive of joyful hopes of immortality and resurrection, a solemn commemoration is made of all who, in the course of the last year, "have gone home to the Lord," as they exquisitely phrase it?

Mlle. EMMY LAGRUA, a young singer who has been engaged to replace Bosio at the Imperial Theatre of St. Petersburg, is described as a person of extraordinary attainments. Though a Sicilian, she speaks and sings Italian with Tuscan purity, and French and German like a native of each country. Her literary acquirements, too, would be deemed remarkable, even in a man. She is, moreover, a beautiful woman, has a superb voice, is an actress of genius, and a finished singer.

The musical festivals at Dusseldorf, Mainz and Freiburg, also the Handel festival in Königsberg, will not take place, owing to the war preparations in Germany. . . . An opera in one act, by JULIUS RIETZ, has been performed at Weimar. . . . Dr. CARL LOEWE, in Stettin, has composed an opera, *Emmy*, libretto after Walter Scott's *Kenilworth*. . . . M. NÆGELI, of Zurich, the well known author and publisher of music, announces the sale of his library of manuscripts. This, it is specified, includes a number of unpublished compositions by Bach and his sons, Florini, Handel, Michael Haydn, Pachelbel, the elder, Stölzel and other masters of the last century.

M. JULLIEN, the well-known chef d'orchestra, was arrested in Paris in May last, for non-payment of a bill of exchange, but in order to obtain release from jail, had himself declared a bankrupt. M. Delapierre, who holds the bill, opposed his discharge, on the ground that M. Jullien, having been naturalized in England, could not avail himself of the French law. The prisoner pleaded that, as by the act of naturalization he could be neither a member of Parliament, a Minister of the Crown, nor a grand dignitary of the State, he could not be considered a British subject. The tribunal held, however, that having taken the oath of allegiance to the Queen of England, he could not be declared a bankrupt in France, and his application for release was rejected.

A New York correspondent of the Burlington (Vt.) *Free Press*, writes a "shocking bad" account of an amateur opera recently produced under the most fashionable auspices. Hear the wretch: his name is "Timothy Trill!"

But now for the "Gipsy's Frolic." A poor, (in intellect we mean, but not in purse—unluckily for him!) misguided, deluded, and friend-befattered "man in society," who has been accustomed to attend the Opera three times a week, and to have opera music dinned into his ears continually by his *dilettante* friends, with *recherche* taste, whose performances were "*sans reproche*," and who never deign to attempt any thing less than "*Qui la Voce*," or "*Casta Diva*," to say nothing about "such trifles" as "*Erani, involami*," or "*Robert toi que j'aime*,"—a man moreover who we certainly think will never see fifty

again, and possibly not *sixty*, imagines he can compose an opera. So he sits down to the piano, and while he drums out the *quasi* melodies hires a German musical hack to scribble them down for him. After the German musician aforesaid has polished up, and written accompaniments to all the melodies furnished him, it is performed by amateurs at the composer's house, to invited guests. But the foolish author, mistaking the complimentary gabble of feasted friends for just criticism, is so puffed up with the importance of his work that he fairly "itches" to have it presented to the public. So he uses the name of the Mount Vernon fund as a cloak to his overweening vanity, and has it performed by artists, to a theatre *one-third filled*, and most of them "dead heads," and being called out after the performance by a *preconcerted arrangement*, makes a long, egotistical speech, and disgusts everybody, in fact thus clapping the *finale buffo* to a serio-comic dramatic performance, in which the great puzzler to the audience seemed to be whether to regard the *libretto* or music the greater artistic abortion.

This musical farce was announced for two presentations, but from the refusal on the part of some of the artists to again sing such trash, it did not reach a second.

I have now performed the part of a faithful historian in a measure, and will allow your readers to subside into a sort of quiet disgust at such a use of "position in society," and "monied influence" as we have been describing, or to feel proud, *if they can*, of such an honorable accession to the list of native artistic triumphs as "the Opera of Flora, or the Gipsy's Frolic, composed by Dr. Thomas Ward," as it was announced in flaringly gaudy posters all over our great metropolis. I forgot to mention that another German was engaged to score the trash for the orchestra; the "talented composer" being unable to do it himself.

Miss ARABELLA GODDARD, the young London pianist, who plays Bach and Mendelssohn, and Beethoven's posthumous Sonatas so famously, has become the wife of her foremost admirer, the musical critic of the London *Times*, and editor, we believe, also of the *Musical World*; whereupon *Punch* waxes rhythmical, as follows:

AD ARABELLAM.

A fact, long known to him, kind *Punch* may be
Allowed to gratulate his *rara avis* on:
Joy to the Lady of the Keys! From G,
The music of her life's transposed to D,
And Arabella Goddard's Mrs. DAVISON.

"Music of the Future" figures somewhat in the Promenade Concerts at the Palace Garden, in New York. WILLIS says: "The new pieces played by the orchestra were a *Fackel-Tanz*, in Polonaise movement, by Meyerbeer; the *Sister Quadrilles*, by H. Dodworth; a *Metropolitan March*, by Wm. H. Fry; *Carneval Lanciers*, a burlesque, by H. Dodworth; *The March Chorus*, from Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, and a descriptive March, by Berlioz.

We find the operatic experiences of New Orleans, for the past season, thus summed up in the *Picayune*:

The Orleans theatre has had a prosperous season, considering it either comparatively or positively. There has been a general good attendance on the subscription nights, and on others the patronage has been fully up to the average. There have been but few novelties produced, but the *reprises* of some old and long shelved favorites have been received with favor. The only novelties were the "Dragons de Villars," (Maillard), in which Mlle. Bourgeois, and the "Fanchionette," (Clapissou), in which Mlle. Cordier sustained the leading rôles. The *reprises* were the "Ambassadrice," (Cordier), "Diamans de la Couronne," (Cordier), "La Dame Blanche," (Cordier), and "Mucette de Portici," (Paola). Besides these were given the operas of Meyerbeer—"Robert le Diable," "Huguenots," "Prophète," and "Etoile du Nord;" of Rossini—"Semiramide," "William Tell," and "Barber of Seville;" of Halévy—"Juive," "Charles VI.," and "Queen of Cyprus;" Donizetti—"Lucrezia," "Lucia," "Favorite," and "Fille du Regiment;" Aubert—"La Sirène;" Verdi—"Jerusalem," and "Trovatore;" Adam—"Le Chalet;" and Paer—"Maitre de Chapelle."

There was a brief season of Italian opera, with the Piccolomini, Poinot and Laborde troupe, during which the "Huguenots," "Robert le Diable," "Trovatore," "Traviata," "Norma," and "Don Pasquale," were given.

Special Notices.

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This very brilliant piece, which is admitted to be the greatest of Jaell's early compositions, and was avowedly a special favorite with the author himself, when he was in this country, is known, at least by name and reputation to every piano-player of some pretensions. Whoever has had the good fortune to hear it performed by the composer, will recollect the most wonderful effect of the melody of "Casta Diva" played in Tremolo, as it occurs in this Fantasia.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 381.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1859.

VOL. XV. No. 17.

Harper's Easy Chair for July introduces a poem on Keats by "one whose heart has answered to the very spirit of his song."

A Pansy from the Grave of Keats.

"That's for Thoughts."—SHAKESPEARE.

Three velvet petals darkly spread
In sumptuous sorrow for the dead,
Superbly sombre as a pall
Wrought for an elfin funeral;
Two, hued like wings of silver light
Unfurled for Psyche's heavenward flight;
And every petal, o'er and o'er,
All legended with faery lore,
A palimpsest of fables old,
And mythic stories manifold.

Endymion in enchanted swoon
Tranced by the melancholy moon;
And, hovering near, the crescent-crowned
Artemis, with her sylvan hound;—
The virgin huntress, proud and pale,
Betrayed to passion's blissful bale,
Till all her beautiful disdain
Is lost in love's imperial pain.

Sad, star-eyed Lamia's serpent spell,
And the wild dirge of Isabel.

Hyperion in his palace bright
Bastioned with pyramids of light,
Kindling the dawn with fiery breath,
Battling with Darkness and with Death—
The pregnant fable left half told—
A fading blush of morning gold.

The vigil of Saint Agnes' night,
The visioned slumber, soft and light,
In chamber silken, hushed and chill,
Where Madeline lies dreaming still,
Lost in the lap of legends old,
And curtained from the moonlight cold;
Till, like a phantom, unespied,
The minstrel lover woos his bride.
I hear afar the wassail roar
Surge through the distant corridor,
As through the ancient, bannered halls
The midnight music swells and falls;
The castle lamps are all aglow—
The silver-snarling trumpets blow—
'Twas ages, ages long ago,
The vigil of Saint Agnes' night—
The ruse, the revel, and the flight;
But, till love's faery lore be past,
The charm of Agnes' Eve shall last.

The poet sleeps, and pansies bloom
Beside his far, Italian tomb;
The turf is heaped above his bed,
The stone is mouldering at his head;
But each fair creature of his thought,
In pangs of glorious travail wrought—
From depths of some immortal dream
Transferred to daylight's common beam—
Lives the charm'd life that waneth never,
A Beauty and a Joy forever. S. H. W.
Providence, May 14.

A young Swedish singer, Mlle. ANDREE, is making a great sensation at Stockholm, and promises, it would seem, to be another Jenny Lind. At a concert given the other day at the Royal Theatre, and attended by all the rank and fashion of the court and city, she was received with the utmost enthusiasm. She is about to make her appearance on the opera stage.

Are Birds worth their keeping?

Under this head HENRY WARD BEECHER replies, with one of his best "Star Papers," to one who complains that the birds rob his cherry trees. After suggesting various moral uses of birds, he comes to their singing and proceeds as follows:

But there is another sparrow—the tribe is large—the Song-sparrow, whose note is the sweetest, we sometimes think, of all the summer's birds. It is a perpetual songster. It comes early and stays late. It sings all day. We have heard its soft, clear, and exquisitely sweet little snatch of melody, from out of the tree overhead, at two o'clock on a sultry day, with the thermometer at 90° and no wind stirring! Is not that fidelity? Dear little soul, I would give it all the cherries on the place for itself and fellows, and bushels more, if it will deign to confer upon me still the favor of such sweet utterances! For, in good sooth, men are the beneficiaries and birds are the benefactors. It is arrogance and egotism for us to regard insects, birds, and innocuous beasts, as honored in our mere tolerance! They too are God's creatures. They too are a part of the filling up of the grand picture of his earthly cathedral. They have an errand of their own, a place of honor; and no one is to despise or patronizingly to condescend to notice that which God made, and makes, and rejoices over in every land and field upon the globe.

Next to these, we hear every day, just now, the *Wren*. A pert, *petite*, smart, brave little animated spark is he! His song is a twisted thread of sweetness. His amazing assiduity in doing nothing is quite edifying. He is brave in battle—as human bustling do-nothings seldom are—and will whip twice his weight of martins and swallows.

But none of these mentioned birds are particularly fond of fruit. Seeds and insects form their diet in chief. The same is true of that artist, the Bobolink, that sings at the north in a black and white livery; but going south changes his coat and his note, and, like many another northern-bred black-coat, drops into good living, and grows fat in the rice-swamps, and forgets to use his voice, except to call for more food, or raise an alarm cry when there is some danger of losing what he has got. The chief depredators of the garden are, the Robin, the Blue Jay, the Oriole, and the Pea-Bird, or Wax-wing.

A man that would shoot a Robin, except in fall, when, in flocks, they are gathered together to caravan the air in their long pilgrimage to southern glades and forests, and then really and conscientiously for food, has in him the blood of a cannibal, and would, if born in Otaheite, have eaten ministers, and digested them too.

Indeed, if it were not too much trouble to rewrite what we have said of the Song-sparrow, we would say that the Robin is our sweetest summer singer. This universal favorite has a variety of songs. All are sweet, but one rises far above all the rest. At evening, the sun gone down, the cows returned from pasture, the landscape radiant in its salient points, but growing dim and solemn underneath, then, as you sit musing in your door, you shall hear from a tree on the lawn, a little distant, a continuous calling song, full of sweet importunity mingled with sadness. It is the call for its absent mate. Sometimes it rolls and gurgles for but a moment, when a shadow flits through the air, and a sudden flash of leaves, the song stops, two birds glide out upon the sky, and fly to their home. But at other times the bird's grief is your gain. No coming mate shortens his song. Some remorseless boy has brought him down, to sing, and build, and brood no more; some cat, or hawk, or gazing snake has dined up-

on the fair thing. And so, though the twilight falls, and the evening grows darker, the song calls on, pausing only to change the manner, throwing in here and there coaxing notes and staccato exclamations of impatience, but going back soon to the gushing, pining, yearning home-call. Take all my strawberries if you want them, oh singer! Come to-morrow for my cherries! You pay me in one single song for all that you can eat in a summer! and leave me still in your debt. For there is no such thing as *paying* for that which touches your heart, raises your imagination, wings your fancy, and carries you up, by inspired thoughts, above the level of selfish life. The heart only can pay the heart for good service! As to cherries, I'll take my chance when my betters are served. Eat what you wish, sweet sir, and if there are any left, I will think them all the sweeter, as a part of your banquet.

As to the Oriole, there are but few of them. I wish there were more. The Jay, too, though a brave eater, and a large one, sticks to the woods, for the most part, and comes but seldom to the garden. Its note is as terrible as the music of the Scotch bagpipe. We should think the spirits of a dozen old pipers had entered into every particular Blue Jay, and their notes quarreled and jangled in its throat which should be most cutting and cacophonous! Yet the Blue Jay won its way to our regard, and in this wise: When living in Indiana they sang a great deal about our little one-story house, and screamed and shrieked with such terrible vigor that our nerves gave way. We had had chills and fever—were weak, and a little *edgy*. We took our gun and began an indiscriminate warfare. The Jay is tenacious of life and dies game. After a day or two of shooting, we began to admire the soldier-like quality of these splendid and high-plumed fellows. And when, with our last shot, we brought down a splendid specimen, half shot to pieces, but full of pluck, his eye bright, his courage up, fighting for his life, that ebbed away, and dealing blows right and left at our hand with his stiff bill, and died without flinching, pluck to the very last gasp, we were conquered, and vowed that we would never shoot such a brave bird again! We never have. We never will.

But, now, as to the Wax-wings, or the little crested, yellow Pea-birds, that never come to cheer you, that eat none of the marauding insects, that only sing a sharp "*pee-ze*," while they are gobbling down your fruit or ripping out the peas from the tender pod,—why, we must say, that if any birds are to be shot, these are the ones. We do not recommend it. For it may scare the song-birds, and wound the feelings of Robins, etc. All the cherries on earth could not be so sweet in our mouth as are the notes of Robins in our ears. These drops of sound are the true fruits, and the wide air is that garden universal which rears and shakes them down for all whose senses are refined enough to know how to feed by the eye and the ear, more than by the mouth.

The Handel Festival.

(From the London Athenæum, June 25.)

The Rehearsal.—The preliminary notices of this superb gathering have been on a scale so entirely in concord with the rest of the undertaking—so long and minute by way of preface, dissertation, anecdote, and reminiscence—so diffusely spread over the past six months—that little remains to be offered as symphony to any notice of the grandest musical meeting which the world has ever witnessed. That the Handel Festival of 1859 would far overpass that of 1857 must have been evident to all who only began to think

and to compare on the subject this day week at the rehearsal. The enlargement of the orchestra has been already mentioned; also its inclosure by the tent roof, or *velarium*, dependent in graceful curves from the central point. We have not before adverted to the decoration, which, though scenic ("a sham," the orthodox phrase might be), representing a parapet, paneled with the names of Handel's master-works, above which appears, betwixt pillars, a mimic sky, seems to us felicitous because light; not contradicting the idea of space and multitude, and in harmony with the color of the framework of the building. This gain to the eye, moreover, upon the skeleton structure of 1857 has been accompanied with corresponding profits for the ear. Those who idly imagine that force, as distinct from richness, of sound, is increased in ratio to the numbers co-operating—and who have dreamed of some effects, colossal, tremendous, far exceeding any former experiences—were, as they were in 1857, disappointed. As in 1857, too, galleries and nave, block C and block S, had each its own pleasures to recount, or its own deficiencies to complain of. Gigantic performances like these inevitably breed immoderate expectations, and can be reported fully by no solitary witness. To ourselves, it was evident, that not merely the sonority of the chorals had been enriched in mellowness, that certain orchestral effects (especially those of the stringed instruments) came out far more distinctly than on the former occasion,—but, also, that the completion of the arrangements had mightily increased the penetrating power of the volume of sound. Those who left the rehearsal before it was over might be well startled, as with a new sensation, when, in the open air, having passed the rosery in the garden, the chorus, "The Lord shall reign for ever and ever," seemed to fill the air behind and above them with a "voice like the sound of many waters," the words of which Voice, too, were clearly to be distinguished at that great distance. It is the novelty and the picturesqueness of such experiences—we can hardly too often repeat—which characterize enormous gatherings such as this, where four thousand musicians play and sing for audiences of twenty thousand to hear—and not an exaggeration of familiar musical effects.

The improvement in the quality and training of the chorus, beyond what might have been expected within two years, was no less noticeable, even at the rehearsal. The progress of the London voices has been reported on in its place. They were admirably reinforced by the provincial contingent, selected from every corner of the three kingdoms. It was interesting as a sign of advance to see at the rehearsal how, after some vacillation and want of confidence at the outset, the huge mass composed of such different materials became steady, submissive, and effective under Signor Costa's *bâton*. This was particularly to be felt in the work least familiar to the singers of town and country, the "Dettingen Te Deum." No such result, we assert, would be possible under such circumstances in any other country, and, it may be added, under any other auspices.

"*The Messiah*."—The audience on Monday numbered more than seventeen thousand persons. We conceive the performance the most remarkable one of "the Sacred Oratorio" which ever has taken place. With slight exception, the singers, one and all, choristers and *soli*, did their best. The orchestra was without a fault, strong, superb, and brilliant; with such reinforcement as the immense mass of voices demands by way of filling up and balance; and such as history warrants us in declaring that Handel got for himself, whenever the grandeur of the occasion demanded it. Since the old irrational criticism of the purists has not been wanting on the occasion, with the old talk about "finality," applicable to no composer less than to Handel, many of whose full effects are indicated in his scores (himself having been wont to complete them on the organ), let it be stated, that so far as thought and research qualify more liberal persons to speak, the utmost praise must be given to Signor Costa for the skill with which he has nourished Handel's scores, so

as to strengthen and fill out the orchestral portion of them in support of a mass of voices, else overwhelming. Nothing but consummate experience of effect, in the production of works on every scale, could have ensured a result so masterly, because so unobtrusive. The handling of the "Dettingen Te Deum" and—we may add, on the warrant of the rehearsal,—of "Israel" is not to be forgotten, among the recollections of so memorable a time. To return to "The Messiah"—the effect of its noblest choruses could not be exceeded: the close of "All we, like sheep," the rendering of "Lift up your heads," the "Hallelujah," and the "Amen," are so many things never to be forgotten. There was the splendor of inspiration in the "Hallelujah." It was well done to resist the *encore*, demanded by the audience of seventeen thousand, since no repetition could have strengthened the impression. * * *

As in 1857, the performance of Wednesday even transcended in completeness that of the foregoing morning. The "Dettingen Te Deum" went admirably, and proved to be a work thoroughly well fitted for a monster festival; it being conceded that the concerted pieces for the *solo* voices were treated chorally; the trio, "Thou sittest at the right hand" (as an instance) being treated in full chorus with the utmost success. *Cognoscenti*, we observe, are critical on the predominance in this "Te Deum" of the key of D major. As was remarked, however, the other day, in certain "Handel Studies," the old composers, and Handel especially, did not disdain monotony as a means of effect, and to our ears, if some variety be, haply, lost, a stateliness of unity is gained, which goes in part to compensate for such loss. The "Cherubim and Seraphim" chorus—Handel's other "Hallelujah"—almost rivalled that incomparable chorus in the overwhelming grandeur of its effect. The *piano* passage, too, shortly before the close of the final chorus, was worked out with as much delicacy and precision; and there is nothing in music that can replace a *piano* to which myriad voices contribute. Signor Belletti sang the *solo* bass part in the "Te Deum" with admirable steadiness and dignity—making the utmost of every note of his voice, which, though comparatively small in body, told twice as well as the more ponderous organ of Herr Fornes told a couple of years ago, owing to the superior purity of its production. There was hardly a fault, save among the trumpeters, who *must*, it would seem, be uncertain in their intonation, at least, in England.

In the subsequent parts of this noble sacred concert, we shall merely specify the pieces which produced the greatest impression. That wonderful chorus, on one bar of a ground bass, "Envy, eldest-born of Hell," and the "Dead March" in "Saul," which had somehow disappointed us at rehearsal, were re-demanded. Both of these were given with a sensibility as well as a perfect unity, which we have been used to consider as only to be found in Germany. The spirit of the "Dead March" must have been felt by every performer. We trust that the profound impression made by these two magnificent pieces of music may lead to a disinterment of "Saul," the fulness and picturesque grandeur of which, especially in its songs, has always given to this oratorio a place of favor with us, hardly granted to it by our great Handel public. The songs, with chorus, "Let the bright Seraphim" (Madame Novello), and "Sound an alarm" (Mr. Sims Reeves), were also *encored*. The concert was ended with due splendor by that choral march of marches, "See, the conquering hero."

Two or three *notabilia* remain to close the sketch of the proceedings up to Wednesday night. One of these was the mass of Handel publication and literature; a complete collection of which would almost make a small library of itself. Handbooks, biographies, studies, cheap editions of the music performed, in every variety of form and of every variety of authority, made up a sight not the least curious of all the sights presented by the Sydenham Palace. It was curious to those who went down by the road to be hailed at every half-quarter of a mile, after Brixton Church was passed, with the eager cry of "Words

and Music," as the venders stepped out to the string of vehicles. A van full of "Messiahs," drawn up among "the new-made hay" under the young green of an oak-tree, was among the characteristic sights of Monday. Within the Palace, the quantity of "musical food for the mind," piled up in every corner, handed about in every alley, passes description. Could the Master have been called up to see such a show, he must by this, if by no other manifestation, have fancied himself in Dream-land. The solitary phenomenon which might have come home to him as a familiarity was the feminine *costume* of his audience; with a difference however,—seeing that when his "sacred oratorio," "The Messiah," was first given in Dublin, the ladies were entreated, by advertisement, to *lay aside* their hoops! The preposterous extravagance of the present fashion could hardly have been more whimsically (and in some cases distressingly) illustrated than in "the anxious benches" of the Crystal Palace, and the "unutterable cram" at the wickets of the railway stations.

In assiduity, courtesy, and complete organization on the part of all concerned, this great meeting could hardly out-do that of 1857. Invitations, however, this year, had been sent to some of the most distinguished musicians on the Continent; but, true to their habit of making light of England's Art (though not of England's money), these were responded to by only one or two artists. It is instructive to put this on record; recollecting, as we do, how cordially a good half of musical London went to Bonn on the occasion of that mismanaged failure, the Beethoven Festival; and aware that not a new opera of pretension comes out in Paris, but English amateurs and professors will be found there, expressly to know and to partake of it.

New French Books on Music.

(From the Athenæum.)

Musical Literature and Criticism—[*Critique, &c.*] Second Series. By P. Scudo. (Paris, Hachette & Co.) *Grotesques in Music*—[*Les Grotesques, &c.*] By Hector Berlioz. (Paris, Librairie Nouvelle.) The houses of *Montagu* and *Capulet* were not set further apart the one from the other by disposition, antipathy and prejudice (which implies want of understanding) than the two musical critics—both holding high stations in the world of French criticism—whose books are here coupled. Whereas it seems difficult to find readers for any English work on a musical subject, many of our countrymen have patience with, and appetite for, such ware of the kind as our neighbours may furnish; and thus, while directing attention to this pair of volumes, we will do our best briefly to characterize what they contain which may amuse,—what is wanting to accredit their reception as authorities. Both, let us state, to account for the absence of extract, are made up of articles which have appeared elsewhere—corrected, possibly, and in some degree modified. M. Scudo brings to his task a style agreeable without pedantry, and courtneys without affectation. On the subject of the past generation of Italian singers he is generally well informed; he is fairly just, according to our sympathies, when treating modern Italian opera (the only music left to Italy.) With regard to other schools and traditions, he is an unsafe guide. His raptures ring hollow. He knows (what professor or amateur in Paris does not?) the right tone of ecstasy in which to sing the glories of Mozart. If anything could weary us of "Don Giovanni," it would be the perpetual apotheosis of the "trio of masks," which is part of every Parisian journalist's stock in trade. But Haydn's "Seasons" seem yet more to M. Scudo's liking. He has hardly a word concerning Bach, save from an awful distance, reminding us of that from which English poetical critics (on the strength of a slight reading of Sir William Jones) used to mention "Saeontala." His ignorance regarding Handel is only generic. Weber, again, has of late become a pet author with the Parisians,—and, accordingly, M. Scudo "follows suit"—though it would be hard to exceed in shallowness his criticisms on "Euryanthe"; since he does not even know that Helmine von Chezy derived her story from Shakspeare's "Cymbeline," ascribing it to an old French tale. Beethoven, again, puzzles M. Scudo. He struggles to be profound and discriminating, like the rest; but what are we to think of the acumen of a critic who finds the confusions of the Ninth Symphony in its *first* movement? Of Dr. Spohr there is hardly a word; of Mendelssohn phrases which con-

tradict one another. He is described as now an imitator of Weber—now of Beethoven. If the performance in Paris of half 'Elijah,' some two years ago, could be outdone in baldness and misconception, it would be by the paragraphs in which that greatest and most genial work of recent music is here dismissed. On the whole, we recollect few cases in which the absence of any attempt to keep pace with the times is more remarkable than in this book, plausible and pleasing though it be. The best chapters in it are the monographs on Bordogni, Lablache and the Philidors.

The 'Grotesques' of M. Berlioz appeal to a totally different class of readers, to such as love the paradox,—the "calembourg," the "charge," (things not precisely rendered by "play on words" and "caricature.") There is more of fun and farce than food in them—but the fun and the farce have in them a spice of bitterness, sometimes play with things too petty to be worth a joke, sometimes present ignorance in the guise of originality. All the while the author rarely loses sight of M. Berlioz. When, for instance, the well-known psalm by Marcello, "I cieli immensi," is ridiculed by him as a vulgar and undignified tune, the ridicule will explain to many why it happens that little or nothing of that which the world has agreed to consider as melody is in his own elaborately-medicated compositions. Sometimes, however, there is self-forgetfulness. One who is thrown into spasms of grotesque sarcasm at the slightest tampering with the music of any given author (Gluck especially) should hardly, in his own person, have converted a duet by Gluck into a two-part chorus—hardly have scored a pianoforte piece by Weber—the 'Invitation'—as M. Berlioz has done. There is the old nonsense again, denouncing the trill or shake of the voice as a disgrace to serious music, only fit for the conveyance of broad and frivolous comedy,—M. Berlioz being the sworn foe to vocal execution. Once again, however, he must be asked whether every remark made in this humor might not also apply to every form of florid passage, and, if so, why not to instruments as well as voices? Down with the scale, chromatic and diatonic—down with *arpeggi* of all sorts and kinds—down with the *tremolando* for the orchestra as well as for the voice,—if each of these forms and patterns has only one inevitable character and use of its own—if it is to be regarded as intrinsically significant—and not as one resource or material the more! Only, if all these devices and designs are to be thrown down, what becomes of that which these vocal iconoclasts wish to establish as the only music worth having, *i. e.* the instrumental and descriptive symphony, with the voice taking the slave's part of simple declamatory subordination? We have too much regard for the quick musical sympathy of M. Berlioz when it is brought to bear on subjects which he knows—too much admiration for the resolution with which (right or wrong) he has fought for his own convictions, in his own career—too much relish for his humor (sometimes truly ready and keen) to spare him a single *comma* of the truth,—when we find him, as here, raking up nonsense, whimsy, personality—in order to make his public stare. One who directs the taste of others,—he be ever so fantastic, ever so rhapsodical, ever so dogmatic, ought not to merit the appellation given to our author, he tells us, by the omnibus driver at Marseilles. The setter forth in music of 'King Lear,' 'Romeo and Juliet,' the 'Holy Family,' the writer of Requiems with four choirs, and 'Te Deums,' for which no cathedral is vast enough:—and who has attempted, for the Opera (he tells us), no theme less ambitious than

the wondrous tale of Troy,

—one to whom Gluck is a divinity, and Beethoven an intoxicating and elevating inspiration—ought to bear a better name, even when his wit soars the gayest. There are grotesques and grotesques; those amusing—these mischievous. The chapter "Prejudices"—which contains apparently serious, not grotesque, views of rhythm, may be considered on some future day, when the subject, as a neglected subject of great importance, comes to be treated separately.

Mozart—Child and Man.

(Continued from page 117).

No. 15.

Mozart the Elder to M. Hagenauer.

London, May 28, 1764.*

On the 27th of April, five days after our arrival, we were from six to nine with their Majesties. The present was only 24 guineas, which was handed to us at the moment of leaving the king's apartment. As regards the kindness shown us by their Majesties,† it is not to be described. Their very amiable behavior prevented us from remembering, even for an instant, that we had to do with the king and queen of

England. We have been received in every court with extreme politeness; but what we have seen here is beyond all. A week after, we were walking in St. James's Park, when the king and queen happened to pass in their carriage. Although we all wore different dresses, they recognized us, and not only did they salute us, but the king let down a window and put his head out, nodding to us and waving his hand, especially to our Master Wolfgang.

I again beg of you to have three masses said at the altar of the Infant Jesus at Loretto; three at Maria Plain; two at St. Francis de Paolo; two at St. John Nepomucene, and two others at St. Antony of the Parish.

We have left the chief of our baggage at Hummel's, the banker, in Paris, and, consequently, all our snuff-boxes, watches, and other valuable articles. M. Grimm, our devoted friend, who did everything for us in Paris, gave, besides, at our departure, a gold watch to Nanerl, and to Wolfgang a dessert knife with a mother of pearl handle, set in gold, with two blades, one gold and the other silver.

On the 19th of May we again spent an evening, from six till ten, with their Majesties. Only two princes were there—the king's brother and the queen's brother. On taking leave we were presented with 24 guineas. On the 5th of June, we are to have what is here called a benefit. The season for concerts is over, and we cannot look forward to anything great, as the expenses will amount to 40 guineas. Basta! All will go well, provided with God's assistance, we continue in full health, and God preserves in health our invincible Wolfgang. The king not only gave him pieces by Wagenseil to play, but Bach's, Abel's, and Handel's music; he executed all *prima vista*. He played so well on the king's organ, that every one preferred his organ playing to that on the piano; afterwards he accompanied the queen, who sang, and a solo on the German flute. Last of all, he took the violin part of Handel's airs, who was present, and on the simple bass part extemporized the most ravishing melodies. All were in the last degree astonished. In short, what he knew when he left Salzburg is only the shadow of what he now knows; it passes all imagination. He sends you his compliments from the piano, where he is at this moment running through a trio of Bach. Not a day passes but he speaks at least thirty times of Salzburg, of his friends, of ours, and of his patrons. He has at this moment an opera in his head, which he will have executed by young Salzburghers only; I have often had to name to him all the young people of Salzburg, whom he sets down beforehand for his orchestra.

No. 16.

The Same to the Same.

London, June 8, 1764.

I have just had another great fright. I had to make in three hours' time 100 guineas. The danger is luckily over. Every one was in the country. There was no hope of doing anything except on the 5th of June, the eve of the king's birthday. We only had a few days to dispose of tickets in; until then no one had been in town. As, generally speaking, two or three weeks are required for the disposal of these, people were astonished that I was able to get rid of 200. All the ambassadors and the first families of England came to the concert. I cannot as yet say whether I shall have 100 guineas profit over; I have still to receive some money from my Lord March for thirty-six tickets, and from a friend in the town for forty. But how enormous are the charges. For the room, without lighting and without desks, five guineas; for each piano—I am obliged to have two, on account of the concertos for two pianos—half a guinea; for the principal singer, male and female, five to six guineas; for the first violin three, for the soloists three, four, and five guineas; for each ordinary musician half a guinea. However, I had the good fortune to find the whole of the expenses, music and room included, amount only to twenty guineas, because the greater part of the musicians refused to accept anything. So, thank God, here is a clear receipt!

As for news, I can give you none beyond what you read in the papers. Is it not enough that my daughter is one of the most skilful artists in Europe, though only twelve years old, and the magnanimous Wolfgang knows all that can be required of a man of forty! In a word, who has not seen and heard this marvel can believe in it. All you folks at Salzburg know nothing about it, for it is a very different affair from before our departure.

No. 17.

The Same to the Same.

London, June 28, 1764.

I have again 100 guineas to send to Salzburg, which I might easily increase to half as much again

without inconvenience to myself. Next week we shall go to Tunbridge, where a great many of the nobility go to take the waters in July and August.

A concert is about to be given at Ranelagh, for the benefit of a new lying-in hospital. Wolfgang shall play a concerto on the organ there as an act of English patriotism; it is the way to win the affections of this nation.

No. 18.

The Same to the Same.

Chelsea, September 13, 1764.

In consequence of my illness we have taken a house of Mr. Randal, in Twefield-row. Among my friends in London there is a certain Sipruntini, a great *virtuoso* on the violoncello. He is the son of a Dutch Jew. After having travelled in Italy and Spain, he found the faith, ceremonies, and ordinances of the Hebrew religion ridiculous, and he abandoned his faith. I was lately conversing with him on religion; and after a long conversation I found that he was content to believe in God, to love Him first, and next to love his neighbor as himself, and to live like an honest man. I took some pains to make him understand a few ideas proper to our faith, and I brought matters so far as that he agreed with me that of all Christian confessions, the Catholic faith was the best. Shortly I shall make a fresh attack; but we must proceed gently. Patience! perhaps I may become a missionary in England.

No. 19.

London, March 19, 1765.

My concert did not take place till the 25th of February, and was not so full as I expected, on account of the great number of *plaisirs* of the season. However, we made a receipt of 130 guineas, twenty-seven of which went to expenses. I cannot tell where the fault lies, and why there was not more generosity shown. But I did not accept the reproach which has been urged against me. Of what use is it to speak of a thing which I did after mature reflection, after many sleepless nights, with determination—and which is past? for I am fully resolved not to bring up my children in so dangerous a country, where the greater number have no religion, and only had examples are before one's eyes. Could you witness the education of children here, you would be surprised. As for matters of religion, it won't do to talk of it. The queen gave fifty guineas to Wolfgang for the dedication of his Sonatas.† I shall not, at the end of the reckoning, have made as much in London as appearances promised in the beginning.

No. 20.

The Hague, September 10, 1765.‡

The Dutch Minister in London had frequently urged us to pay a visit to the Hague and the Prince of Orange. He spoke to the deaf. After leaving London on the 24th of July, we stayed a day at Canterbury, and afterwards, to the end of the month, at the estate of an English squire. On the very day of our departure, the Minister came again to pay us a visit, begging us to go to the Hague at once, saying that the Princess of Weillburg, sister to the Prince of Orange, had an extraordinary desire to see my children: was it possible to refuse anything to a lady who was *enceinte*?

It was on the 1st of August I quitted England. At Calais we met, in the shape of acquaintances, the Duchess de Montmorency and the Prince of Croy. Wolfgang and I were detained four weeks at Lille by sickness, and we were not quite restored at Ghent. Wolfgang played there on the new organ of the Fathers of the Order of St. Bernard, and at Antwerp on that of the Cathedral.

We have been here a week; we have been twice to the Princess, and once to the Prince of Orange, who placed his equipage at our disposal. My daughter has fallen sick; when she is better, we are to return to the Prince and Princess of Weillburg, and also to the Duke of Wolfenbüttel.

The journey is paid for. Who will pay for the return? This we must see. My wife begs you to have masses said for us at the parish church, at Maria Plain, at Loretto, and one in honor of St. Walpurgis wherever you please.

No. 21.

The Hague, November 5, 1765.

It was much against my will that we came to the Hague, and though I have not lost my poor daughter she has been at the last extreme. When all hope was lost, I advised her to be resigned to the Divine will. She received the holy viaticum and extreme unction. Ah! if any one could have heard my wife, my daughter, and myself, at that supreme moment! Could he have heard us persuading that poor Nanerl of the vanity of the world, of the blessed death of

children, they could not have remained insensible—all this time Wolfgang was playing music in the adjoining room.

At last the Princess sent me the honest and respectable Professor Schwenkel, who treated the malady altogether in a different manner. My daughter was frequently beside herself, alternately wakeful and plunged in a stupor, talking in her sleep, sometimes English, sometimes German, in such a way, that, notwithstanding our affliction, we were forced to laugh: it made Wolfgang, too, forget his sorrow. It remains now to be known whether God will grant my daughter the grace of restoring her to strength, or whether some fresh accident will supervene. In any case we submit ourselves to the will of God. Before e'er we started from Salzburg, we prayed urgently to God that he should interpose some obstacle to our voyage, or speed it by his blessing. If my daughter die, she will die like a saint. If God grant her life, we pray that hereafter, at his own time, he may accord to her an end as innocent, as holy as her death would be at this time. I hope we shall preserve her, for at the moment when she was at the worst, on the Sunday, when in the words of the Gospel, I said, "Domine Descende, Lord, come down ere my daughter die," the Gospel answered me: "She is not dead, but sleepeth; thy faith hath saved her."

Pray have masses said in my daughter's name. She thought, also, of the blessed Credentia, and desires that a mass may be said under her invocation; but, as we cannot do so until the church have decided something regarding this saintly soul, I leave it to your wife to hold a consistory, with several Franciscan fathers, and settle the matter in such a manner that my daughter may be satisfied, while conforming, at the same time, with the laws of God and the holy church.

As soon as my daughter's health will permit, I intend to spend a few days with Wolfgang at Amsterdam.

* Mozart, on leaving Paris with his family, had crossed over to England by Calais, and reached there April 10, 1764.

† George III. and Queen Charlotte.

‡ Mozart spent in London, during the year, £300. He had six new sonatas, by his son, engraved; they were for the piano and dedicated to Her Majesty, the Queen of Great Britain.

§ The Mozart family left England the 1st of August, 1765, and returned by way of Calais to Germany, passing through Paris and Flanders.

(To be continued.)

Uniform Musical Pitch.

MEETING IN LONDON.

(Continued from page 125.)

Mr. NICHOLSON had himself been a sufferer from the variation of the pitch throughout the country, and he had made some experiments to show the absolute necessity, if it could be arrived at, of something like uniformity of pitch. At the close of the London season last autumn, they had three musical festivals in the country, and the difference of pitch between the highest and lowest of the organs used was just a semitone; so that the music played in D at Hereford was played in E flat at Leeds. This variation, as affecting the class of instruments upon which he played, was very serious. It was impossible to carry about a case of instruments to suit the various pitches, and the only means they had of meeting the difficulty was by using different reeds. The medium reed was that which was in use seven years ago in the orchestra of London, but within the last three years they had got their reeds from Paris, and these had to be made specially to suit the English pitch. This had an injurious effect upon the tones of the instrument, more especially at the extremes of its compass. He did not agree with the suggestion made by Mr. Mellon in his letter, that the highest pitch they now had should be the one adopted. He objected to that for many reasons. He thought those who had had experience of the differences of tone in an orchestra, would bear him out that the high pitch they were at present accustomed to was very disagreeable. It made the stringed instruments anything but brilliant; it reduced the size of the strings, and made the tone wiry, and it destroyed the deep volume of sound. There was one other thing he had noticed, and those present who were interested in the scientific part of the subject might be able to make something of it. That was, that in the orchestra mean pitch there was considerable variation in summer and winter; in other words, the pitch of orchestral performances in which he had played during the winter, was perceptibly lower than during the height of summer. If he were to make a suggestion with regard to the advisability of altering the pitch, he should be in favor of a pitch not too low—something near to that of the Exeter Hall organ, and not quite so low as Mr. Hullah's fork; but certainly between the Philharmonic and Opera pitch.

Sir GEORGE SMART said the question at present before them was whether a musical fixed pitch was desirable, not what that pitch should be. A standard or fixed pitch was no new idea. It was stated that, in the time of Pope Leo X., it was thought convenient to have a bell or large organ pipe, whereon a person used to sound the tone to the choir at the beginning and end of an anthem, and sometimes in the middle of it, to keep the singers to the right pitch. The same practice was pursued by Benedictine monks, in 1673. Therefore, although this was no new subject, he nevertheless thought it a very important one, and one which he hoped would be settled by this movement in favor of a uniform pitch, which, in his humble judgment was highly desirable. He begged to second the resolution proposed by Mr. Cox.

Mr. BENEDICT thought that the pitch must be regulated by the human voice. The fact was the voice had been too much neglected of late in favor of instrumental effect. He thought the absence of that purity of intonation which had formerly characterized cathedral singers was mainly to be attributed to the excessive height of the pitch, which imparted a kind of factitious brilliancy to the performances, but detracted from the real purity of sound. He therefore entirely agreed with what had fallen from Sir George Smart and the other gentlemen who had spoken, and he hoped the decision would be in favor of lowering the pitch, and not raising it.

Mr. ELLA said he happened to be in Paris at the time the report of the commission was brought up. He believed the subject had been investigated with much perseverance, and with true love for the art, and that a great deal of time would be saved if, agreeing as he thought all present did, upon the desirability of establishing a uniform pitch, a committee was formed to come to some practical result upon the matter. Whether or not they would decide in favor of the pitch which had been adopted in France he could not say. If they admitted music to be a universal language, it was the more desirable to establish a universal pitch. He had passed twenty-seven years of his life in the orchestras of London; and he thought, in dealing with this question, instruments were to be considered rather than voices. Mozart, in his *Zauberflöte*, had written a *scena* which very few persons could sing, and there were many similar cases; so that if they took the varying standards of voices, he did not know how they would regulate the standard pitch by them: he thought instruments should establish it. He begged to suggest the propriety of forming a committee to investigate the advisability of adopting the pitch already established in France. He did not say that they ought to adopt that pitch, but he knew that the result had been arrived at after a most diligent investigation of the whole subject, and he thought the question should receive full consideration.

The CHAIRMAN gathered from the discussion, as far as it had gone, that the sense of the meeting was, that a uniformity of pitch was desirable, and he thought they need not occupy further time upon that point. With regard to certain difficulties suggested by Mr. Hullah, he thought some of them were to be easily settled. For instance, as to the pitch being higher at the beginning of the last century than it was now—

Mr. HULLAH had only said he believed it to have been so.

The CHAIRMAN—With regard to the observations of Mr. Nicholson, as to the effect of the difference of temperature in summer and winter upon the pitch, Dr. Smith had alluded to that circumstance in connection with the pipes of the organ, and he had given the variation in the number of vibrations in the months of November, September, and August, which were found to be in the following ratios:—In November, 254 vibrations; in September, 262 vibrations; and in August, 268 vibrations. As he had already said, he collected that the sense of the meeting was in favor of a uniform pitch. He would now put the resolution which had been proposed to that effect.

The resolution was unanimously passed.

The CHAIRMAN said the question which followed upon the preceding one was, what the musical pitch should be. Mr. Hullah having made a decided attempt in that direction, it would be interesting to hear from that gentleman what he had to say in favor of his plan.

Mr. ELLA would propose the appointment of a committee to investigate the pitch which the French commission had established. They had been engaged two years in investigating and discussing the subject, and it was only reasonable to suppose that a vast amount of valuable information had been collected, from some of which it was probable points of value might be gained. It was to be borne in mind, that many of their best orchestral players were

Frenchmen. The first oboe at the Italian Opera was a Frenchman, and they always tuned from that instrument.

The CHAIRMAN would say that he had never found any good to result from the formation of committees prematurely before they knew distinctly what they had to determine. He thought they should first hear the arguments for and against the adoption of various pitches.

Mr. NICHOLSON remarked that the instruments imported from Paris for the use of orchestras in England, were in a sharper key than those used in France. Oboes, bassoons, &c., were always made sharper for the English orchestras. An oboe had been lately imported from France which was much flatter than those used in our own orchestras, and it was necessary to have it cut to bring it to the necessary pitch. All the instruments, however, they had from Paris, were generally made with a view to the English pitch.

Mr. OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT believed that it was agreed on all hands that a uniform pitch was desirable. He ventured to say that the commission which had sat in Paris was one of the greatest authority; and it was evident from the report which had been put into his hands that day, that they had taken great pains, which might be saved to any future committee that might be appointed. France, whether justly or not, had been considered as the leading power in matters of art, at least so far as the Continent was concerned. According to the information that had been received, it was highly probable that the French pitch as now established would be introduced into all Germany. That perhaps was of no consequence to England; still it tended to prove that it ultimately would become more or less the universal pitch. A friend of his at Munich had written to him to say that he would exert himself to the utmost to get the pitch reduced there, if it were not carried too low. The pitch at Dresden, where they had the finest stringed instruments in the world, within a few vibrations agreed with the new pitch of Paris, and the rest of Germany was more or less used to a pitch very closely assimilating to that established in France. Of Italy he could not speak, but if this pitch was adopted over the rest of the Continent, it could hardly be supposed that Italy would stand aloof in the general movement, but would also lower her pitch; and, if it were lowered, was it not the most natural thing to suppose that they would adopt the French pitch? There ought to be universality in this matter. Music itself was a universal language, and he hoped in this respect it would be more harmonious than it was at present. Grand as England was in her musical exertions, he could not conceive that, without any grave reason for it, she would persist in having a pitch exclusively her own. He would say a word with respect to the voice. He did not agree with Mr. Ella that the voice was not to be considered in the settlement of this question. He thought the voice stood paramount. It was clear to every one that the voice could not be altered; and if they looked to the *chefs-d'œuvre* of olden times—he referred to the works of Gluck, Mozart, and Beethoven—there was much music which could not be sung at the present pitch. He hoped this question would be satisfactorily decided.

The CHAIRMAN said, without laying claim to any great knowledge of music, he would observe—having read the papers upon the subject which had been put into his hands—that every one must see that there was a perpetual acknowledgment that it was for the interest of the voice to resist that tendency to raise the pitch which had prevailed for a long time. With regard to the propriety of taking the French standard, it must be allowed that, being established by so powerful a body of musical influence as was united in producing this report, and so well received as it had been, there was strong reason for their accepting it; and as one who had been engaged in scientific operations of other kinds, he would just give them one word of warning with reference to what took place in another society, with regard to the French metre, when that was first established. Some time after this took place, an attempt was made to establish the English standard of measure by the oscillations of the pendulum, and the individual, who stood high in the scientific world, to whom the experiments were naturally referred, conceived that he had obtained results different from the French, and that therefore their calculations must have been erroneous, when the answer was—"By all means let us have something different from the French." He would merely remark that he thought that was not a wise spirit to act in; and he recommended them to approach the consideration of this question with a disposition rather to adopt, if possible, that which had already obtained a considerable amount of approval, than with a desire to establish anything better, regardless of the merits of the other system.

Mr. TUTTON had been connected for twenty-five years with the band of the Horse Guards, during which period the pitch had been getting sharper and sharper. He had with him a little tuning-fork, which represented the pitch established in Belgium, and this was half a tone flatter than the pitch they were at now.

Madame GOLDSCHMIDT was of opinion that if the present pitch were adhered to, all the voices would be more or less spoiled, and that was one of the reasons why we had so few really good singers. For her own part, there was a considerable amount of music that she could not think of singing at the present pitch; and music which she sang with the greatest ease about twelve years ago, when the pitch was lower, she could not now attempt. If the raising of the pitch went on as it had hitherto done, the human voice would lose its beauty and strength; and she did not consider it was proper to tax the voice to that extent. In her opinion the standard of the pitch ought to be regulated by the human voice.

M. GOLDSCHMIDT did not suggest that they should adopt the French pitch merely because it was French, but chiefly because it was the pitch of the Philharmonic Society, and of Broadwood thirty years ago. As it was adopted by France why should we not also adopt it, especially as it was the good old pitch of olden times?

Mr. HENRY BLAGROVE was decidedly in favor of lowering the pitch. It was questionable whether it would tend to improve his own instrument to lower the pitch, though competent judges of stringed instruments had expressed an opinion that the violin, and its brethren of larger growth, suffered from the present high pitch. He might mention Herr Molique, a good authority on that subject, who considered it was ruining the violin to keep up the pitch to its present height. As regarded the effect of lowering it a little, he thought they would soon get used to it. He considered it would be of the greatest value to have a uniform pitch, and, if it were lower than the present one, there would be a strong feeling in favor of it on the part of the organists of cathedrals. Almost all the old organs were very much below the present pitch, very nearly approaching the pitch which was now adopted in France. If they kept up the pitch as high as it now was, it was impossible that these organs could be used in orchestral performances. Mr. Blagrove corroborated Mr. Hullah's statement with regard to the influence of temperature on the pitch of the organ, which caused inconvenience at the morning rehearsals. He believed they would do no practical good until they adopted the French pitch as it now stood. If they recognized the desirability of establishing a uniform pitch, his advice was not to go against their professional brethren abroad. Let them rather go with them if they could. It was true that we owed a great deal to Germany. The finest music known was composed by Germans, and what that nation was likely to do must be taken into consideration; but, for his own part, he would say, that if he were sure the Germans would adopt the French pitch, he would have no hesitation in accepting it.

The CHAIRMAN was sure the concluding advice of the last speaker would receive due attention. He was afraid that no body of musicians could prevent the pipes of an organ from becoming sharper, or the strings of instruments from getting flatter through the additional heat of the atmosphere in a room; the strings would expand by the influence of heat.

Sir GEORGE SMART said Mr. Goldschmidt had alluded to the pitch thirty years ago. He (Sir George Smart) was much concerned in the adoption of that pitch. At that time he found there was a great difference of opinion upon the subject, and he was now delighted to hear Mr. Blagrove pronounce in favor of a lower pitch, for at that time the players of stringed instruments especially were almost universally for raising it. Three of the greatest musicians of the time, viz., Mrs. Billington, Mr. Braham, and Mr. Griesbach assembled at his house, and they determined upon a pitch, the lady acting on the part of the female vocalists, Mr. Braham on that of the male voices, and Mr. Griesbach for the instruments. When those individuals had determined the pitch, he requested Mr. Broadwood to make a fork to that pitch. That fork was sent to Paris during the sitting of the Commission, and it was that which was described in the report as the No. 1 pitch. He granted it was a little flat, but it was purposely so, because, as the Chairman had said, nothing would prevent the rising of the pitch of the pipes of an organ when exposed to a heated atmosphere. It might be difficult in that numerous assembly to fix upon the pitch to be adopted, and if they then came to an agreement upon the subject it could hardly be expected to be satisfactory. He agreed with the remark that had been made, that, in the event of a committee being

appointed, it would be well for them to take into consideration what had been said in favor of the French pitch. Doubtless it would be adopted by Germany. He did not say that the French pitch was exactly what it ought to be, but he thought it was very near what he imagined a committee would decide upon.

The Rev. G. T. DRIFFIELD, as a musical amateur, would express a hope that the decision of this meeting would result in the lowering of the pitch which was now prevalent in London. He would urge it with reference to the requirements of the orchestra as well as to the requirements of the human voice, and he spoke the feelings of a large portion of amateurs in the kingdom. He was very much interested in the cause of the human voice, which had undoubtedly suffered by the rise which had been going on in the pitch, and this was more conspicuous in the performance of the chorus parts of the old masters. He especially alluded to what was dear to them all—the works of the immortal Handel. The chorus parts left by that great master had never been heard with all their mellow effects since the pitch was raised to its present scale. Mr. Hullah had expressed a doubt whether the pitch had risen at all during the 150 or 200 years. He (Mr. Driffield) could not go back to evidence of that remote period, but he could bring forward proofs that during the last 100 years the pitch had risen very considerably. About six years ago he became the purchaser of Handel's own tuning fork, and he had that instrument in his hand. That was evidence of what the pitch was in this country in 1759. It was an A fork. Mr. Driffield also produced another fork, mentioned in the catalogue as being of the same date as that of Handel. The tone was identical, but was an octave lower.

The CHAIRMAN thought the point to which the discussion converged was, that it was desirable that a committee should be appointed to report upon the pitch which they recommended to be adopted in England.

Mr. HULLAH would be glad to hear from Mr. Walker what would be about the expense, in round numbers, of lowering the pitch of an organ worth £2,000, a quarter of a tone.

Mr. WALKER, at a rough guess, should say perhaps £50.

Mr. DAVISON did not agree with that estimate, for he was convinced that it was very far below the mark. If the pitch was lowered at all in organs, it would be better to lower it half a note, which was the difference between the pitch of the opera orchestra and the proposed French pitch.

Mr. HULLAH said this was not strictly so, though it was so within about ten vibrations.

Mr. DAVISON submitted that the simplest plan would be to transpose the pipes half a note, and put fresh pipes for the lower notes, though in a large organ that would be rather expensive. Of all instruments to be considered in the adoption of a uniform pitch, he thought the organ should especially be taken into account.

Mr. BOWLEY thought the difficulty in dealing with this question would be to unite a sufficient amount of influence in the musical world generally, so as to lead to the adoption of the views which they decided to be best. Fortunately for them they did not live under the same régime as their neighbors across the Channel. We must take a more moderate course. When the organ was placed in Exeter Hall, it was a matter of grave consideration to what diapason it should be tuned, so as to adapt it both to the ancient and modern works which would be performed upon it. They had to reconcile the music of Handel with that of Mendelssohn.

Mr. BLAGROVE thought if they took the three pitches, Handel's, Sir G. Smart's, and Hullah's, there would be very little difference between them—more especially comparing Hullah's and Smart's. He believed that, within very little, they were identical with the Paris pitch.

Mr. HULLAH could assure the meeting that he was not bigoted to any pitch in particular, but he would be delighted to vote for any one upon which they could all agree. The difference between the pitch which had been designated as his and the French pitch, was simply ten vibrations per second. The French pitch was 522 vibrations per second; his was 512. Practically the difference was hardly appreciable by the ear. He thought if it were an open question to decide between the two pitches, they were so near that it would be wise to decide in favor of the lower pitch, for all the evidence went to show that not only had the pitch a tendency to rise from day to day, but even in the course of an evening, and if they were to reach that pitch which was considered desirable, and to which Madame Goldschmidt had alluded as the one given by nature, the pitch would be lower, and not higher than the present one. He would put on record a remarkable expression which was used

some time since by Sir George Smart, in reference to this subject. He said, "It is not the philosopher who has settled the pitch; God Almighty has settled the pitch in making the human voice."

Dr. ARNOTT said it had been mentioned that great inconvenience had been experienced from the rise of the pitch of the organ in the course of an evening's performance. He thought nothing was easier than to maintain the pitch of the organ by means of an apparatus connected with the bellows communicating with the outer air, and so keeping up a blast of cold air through the pipes, thus preventing their expansion by heat.

Mr. WALKER remarked that the cold air must be blown upon the exterior of the pipes as well as upon the interior. Moreover the front pipes of an organ were generally more affected by the heat than the interior pipes.

The CHAIRMAN asked whether he was to consider that they had arrived at this point—viz., that it was desirable to appoint a committee to report what pitch they recommended to be adopted. The opinions advanced would find a proper field for discussion in that committee, as well as some other points as yet untouched.

Mr. TUTTON remarked that there appeared to be no representative of the important class of wind instruments. If they altered the pitch they altered the whole construction of wind instruments, as the present wooden instruments could not possibly be adapted to the new pitch, although the brass ones might be. The present clarionets and bassoons were tuned by drawing out the joints, to make them flatter; but if this was done, the ventages should be enlarged, which could not be done upon the existing instruments.

Mr. HARRY CHESTER, as one of the Council, had no desire to interfere in the musical question which now engaged their attention, but he would put it to the meeting whether the recommendations of a committee, necessarily much smaller than the present assembly, would come with greater authority than a resolution passed by the meeting itself. If they were of opinion that the French pitch was desirable, he would suggest whether they ought not to affirm that by a resolution, rather than defer it to a committee, whose decision, perhaps not being unanimous, would not come with so much weight as a resolution of this numerous meeting.

Mr. HULLAH would like, before the French pitch was adopted, that some person, more conversant with musical calculation than he was, should state what objections—if any—there were to it on that score, because, if not, the difference between that pitch and his was so small, that it might be desirable to adopt the French pitch for the sake of uniformity. He should like to hear the opinion of the Rev. and Learned Chairman upon this subject before they committed themselves to so important a step.

The CHAIRMAN said it might be difficult to find even a small committee in which there would be sufficient unanimity to carry the weight with which such a decision would require; but, on the other hand, he thought the present meeting was not sufficiently numerous—excluding amateurs like himself—to carry such weight as was requisite for the acceptance of its decision by the musical world at large, especially as it was not understood that the decision of the pitch was to be proposed to the present meeting. With regard to Mr. Hullah's remarks, he would say that every mathematician, at first sight, might have a strong bias in favor of what Mr. Hullah called his standard of 512. Chladni had founded his system upon that number, and no mathematician who expressed the relation of musical notes in numbers could fail to be struck with the advantage for such purposes of that scale, which gave to the middle C 512 vibrations per second. That did not give A a whole number, but it gave a great amount of whole numbers, and in many ways was convenient. Therefore, there must naturally be a strong bias in favor of that standard. On the other hand, the numerical advantages of the standard were not important. Where the note was determined, they knew what it was by the number of vibrations, whether counted in fractions or decimals, and by that means they could recover the note at any time. Therefore he thought the conveniences and inconveniences were of another kind, and must be considered by practical musicians. The difficulty urged by one speaker, that a change of pitch would involve the destruction of a great body of existing instruments was one which must not be overlooked, though some of them, no doubt, might be modified. The alteration of organs to the new pitch would also be a matter of considerable expense. These were difficulties of far more importance than any want of symmetry in numerical calculations. Still, if the French system were adopted over a great part of Europe, so far as there was any perceptible

difference between that and 512, musicians would gain more by adopting it than the mathematicians would lose.

Mr. WILLIS said that when he tuned the organ in Exeter Cathedral, he found the pitch to be a semitone below Mr. Hullah's fork, and in accordance with that given by Handel's fork. The organ was built in 1669. He (Mr. Willis) had built several organs, and he believed none of them were above Mr. Hullah's fork. That at Exeter Hall, and some of the music halls of London, were above it, but as a general rule he believed the organs in the country would be found to be below the standard which Mr. Hullah had given.

Some conversation then took place on questions of detail, when—

The CHAIRMAN said it was impossible to settle those minute points here, and he hoped the meeting would arrive at some practical result. He agreed with Mr. Chester that the decision of a committee might not have the weight of a resolution passed by this general meeting; but the committee would draw up a report to be submitted to a future general meeting called for that purpose. He thought, under all the circumstances, the appointment of a committee was the proper course for them to take.

It was ultimately resolved—"that a sub-committee be formed, to consider and report what pitch should be adopted," and that the following gentlemen be requested to serve on the committee—the Council of the Society of Arts reserving to itself the power to add to or modify it as found expedient:—

Dr. Arnott, F. R. S.	Mr. Charles Horsley.
Mr. Jules Benedict.	Mr. John Hullah,
Professor Stensole Bennett.	Mr. Hy. Leslie.
Mr. H. Flagrove.	Professor Lunn.
Mr. Bowley.	Mr. Alfred Mellon.
Mr. W. Broadwood.	Professor de Morgan, F. R. S.
Mr. Bruzard (Messrs. Erard.)	Mr. A. Nicholson.
Mr. Collard.	The Rev. Sir F. Gore Ouseley,
Mr. Costa.	Bart.
Rev. B. Morgan Cowie.	Rev. Dr. Rowden.
Professor Donaldson (Edinburgh.)	Mr. W. Pole.
Dr. Elvey.	Rev. G. T. Driffild.
Mr. Godfrey.	Sir. George Smart.
Mr. Otto Goldschmidt.	Mr. J. Turl.
Professor Goodeve.	Mr. Tutton.
Mr. F. Davison.	Mr. Waddell.
Mr. Henry Griesbach.	Mr. Walker.
Mr. J. Goss.	The Earl of Westmoreland.
Mr. Halle.	Professor Wheatstone, F. R. S.
Mr. Harper.	The Rev. Dr. Whewell, F. R. S.
Mr. W. Hill.	Professor Willis, F. R. S.
Mr. Edward Hopkins.	Mr. Henry Willis.
Mr. Cipriani Potter.	Dr. Wyld.

The Crystal Palace as a Place for Music.

The question of the adaptability of the Central Transept of the Crystal Palace for acoustical purposes, in its reconstructed state, has, we think, been satisfactorily determined by the three days' performances of the Handel Festival. While the acknowledgment that an immense advantage has been gained by the erection of the screen around the rear of the orchestra is universal, every visitor to the Palace on Monday, Wednesday, and yesterday, not placed within the direct focus of the sound, must have felt that something still was required to fit the enormous central area of the building for musical performances. No possible increase of band and chorus, with full power of voices and instruments, would suffice to fill those yawning galleries, those interminable aisles, that towering dome whose inverted gulf would swallow up the thunders of twenty thousand singers and executants and give back no reverberation. How, then, is it possible to convert the Central Transept into a grand music hall, capable of accommodating an executive force and an auditory equal to those of the Handel Commemoration, and in which the music will be heard distinctly and equally, or nearly so, throughout the entire structure? There is but one way. To inclose a portion of the Central Transept all round, and to cover the whole closely with a thick canvas roof, taking care that the height be proportionate with the length and width. The screen already erected will serve for one compartment, which should be prolonged at either side and carried on as far as the front of the back galleries and there terminate. This space properly fitted up would accommodate 20,000 spectators, as large a number as the directors can ever expect to bring together at high prices. The 3,500 band and chorus would then in reality produce the stupendous effect every one anticipated at the Festival, and which those who were placed in favorable situations only felt. We can answer for our own impressions at all events. Seated on the first day on block 55, directly fronting the grand orchestra and under the south gallery, we enjoyed a magnificent view of the whole proceedings. The *coup-d'œil* was wonderfully imposing, and *a priori* we concluded that it was a delightful place to hear and see. After awhile we began to cogitate upon the

distance of our position from Mr. Costa's chair, and estimated it to be about three times the length of Her Majesty's Theatre from the back of the gallery to the back of the stage. The orchestra, shaped like a gigantic conch shell, seemed admirably formed for the projection of sound into the body of the Transept, and this we thought would obviate the great distance between us and the orchestra. The notion was dissipated by the performance of the National Anthem, which, nevertheless, we were informed had an overwhelming effect in many parts of the reserved seats. Madame Clara Novello's high tones were distinctly audible where we were placed, but they afforded no idea of power, and everybody knows that a soprano voice is heard farther off than any other, as the song of the skylark travels to a greater distance than the deep notes of a blackbird. When the quartet, Miss Dolhy, Mr. Sims Reeves, Sig. Belletti, and Mr. Weiss, sang the second verse, we were compelled to listen with the greatest attention to catch an occasional tone, and sometimes the voices were altogether inaudible. What was the cause of this? The enormous area of the transept, no doubt, in which nothing short of the report of a twenty-four pounder, or the combined voices and instruments of Mr. Costa's gigantic force could awake an echo. The solo singers are undoubtedly of secondary consideration in a display on so vast a scale as that of the Handel Commemoration, but, if they are to exhibit their power, they should have some chance of being heard. Of course those placed in the Central Transept, or in the most forward parts of the gallery, could catch the finest notes of Mr. Sims Reeves, or the most subdued tones of Miss Dolhy; but the convenience of the entire multitude should be consulted, so far as is within the bounds of possibility, and every mechanical appliance be brought to conduce to so desirable a result. That the choruses, stupendous as they were, should be subjected to the same variation was inevitable. Of course the united strength of 3,500 practised and efficient singers and players would be felt in every part of the building, but the difference of the sound according to position was too remarkable not to excite attention.

All improvement is gradual. The directors of the Crystal Palace profited by the experiment of 1857, and did what they considered necessary for the great object they had in view. That they have yet to accomplish all they anticipated must not be charged against them as a fault. Rome was not built in a day, neither has the appropriation of the Central Transept for the purposes of musical exhibitions reached that completion which, we have no doubt, it will arrive at, with further enterprise and determination.

The alterations and modifications of the great Handel orchestra will, it may be presumed, remain as they are with a view to future Festivals or Commemorations. Such an important and suggestive occasion as the centenary of the death of the immortal composer is not likely to present itself; but where there's a will there's a way, and the directors will not be slow in finding an opportunity, after the recent transcendent success of the Handel Festival, of again awakening the attention of the musical world to some colossal display, if devoted to a less absorbing object, more perfect in its details and even more stupendous in its results.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 23, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Commencement of "Morning", a Cantata, by FERDINAND RIES. By some oversight in the sending of plates to the press, the second four pages of this Cantata appeared in last week's paper. Of course the mystery is now explained.

Straining the Pitch—The Fever of the Times.

A large space in our columns, this week and the last, is occupied with the report of the discussions among leading musical men in England on the subject of the proposed lowering of the Concert Pitch, which from various causes has got *strained up* a semitone or more above the standard formerly found natural and comfortable by human voices. The almost unanimous testimony was about the same with that elicited by the very thorough inquiries of the Imperial Commission in Paris, whose report we also copied at

the time. The Englishmen take the thing up practically, as they do every thing; they spend no time in speculating on the causes of the crying inconvenience, like the French committee; but, recognizing the fact, proceed at once to seek the remedy; the great question being *how much* shall the pitch be reduced, and shall we, for the sake of nourishing (so far as our example goes) a national into a world-wide uniformity, adopt the new Normal Diapason of the French? It is encouraging to see, in the discussion, how this love of unity has got the better of the old English prejudice against conformity with any good thing coming from the Gallic Nazareth. Should the Germans, too, adopt it, it can hardly fail, so far as positive and outward measures can determine, to become the standard pitch of all the world.

But whether any outward law will much avail? Whether man, the wilful music-making genius or would-be-genius, will actually pitch his music to any law of reason or of tuning forks? Supposing the rule accepted by an unanimous world's vote, how to get it enforced in daily practice? This brings us back to the question of the origin and causes of the rise of the pitch, and make it really the most practical of questions in the matter.

The French Commission fasten the responsibility chiefly upon musical instrument makers and solo-playing virtuosos, the motive being, with both classes, to produce a greater brilliancy of tone, or as we say, to secure "effect." That is the word, a very significant one, *effect*. It has in Art a good sense and a bad sense. All Art seeks of course to be effective, that is, to make itself, its subject, its sentiment, its inspiration, felt. It must produce an impression, or it is nought. But for one who has the gift to produce a genuine impression, to excite, inspire, move, melt an audience, there are scores tormented with a vain ambition to appear to exercise a gift denied them. *Effect* they must make by some means or other, fair or foul. If they cannot by true melodious inspiration from within, how natural to seek some outward semblance of it by a cheap material process! by hiding one's poverty of musical ideas under an imposing wealth and noise of orchestration! by general intensity and brilliancy of style, as hurrying the tempo, straining the note up to a more *criant* and searching pitch, aggravating the emphasis by all sorts of seemingly impassioned, but really only physical and boyishly impatient tricks of musical dynamics!

Now this straining for *effect*, in this external and false sense, is just the vice and fever of the times—it is the leading symptom in the diagnosis of our sick and eager civilization. It is what is meant in cant phrase by a "*fast age*." It afflicts all forms of Art, Music and Painting, as it does literature, and politics, and war and commerce, and all branches of human activity. All everywhere is on the strain, striving to do more than natural and normal faculties were made for, striving to do startling things, to blind men's eyes with miracles of enterprise, till miracles themselves are common-place and unideal.

The real cause, therefore, why tuning-forks have surreptitiously climbed up above the pitch of nature, lies deeper than any special, outward cause assigned. It is a metaphysical and moral cause. It is the false, diseased ambition of the age: a natural and necessary fever phase, perhaps, in the great world's advancement, but not the less a fever. This it is that animates the intense haste to get rich. This prompts a man to wheel a barrow on a tight rope over Niagara Falls. This irritates and burns with morbid intensity in all forms of activity. This creates the intense and startling schools of literature; French plays and novels; boldly colored effect pictures; over-strained Verdi music; the mad distortions of a "Music of the Future," chasing the phantom of originality. This has produced the whole swarm of solo-playing virtuosos and miracle workers, both with voice and instrument; and this of course has prompted to such straining up of strings as has seemed necessary to a new brilliancy and *criant* quality of tone, or in a word, *effect*.

If this be so, whatever cause explains the forcing of the pitch, will at the same time explain

the other morbid intensities in the most modern music. It will be identical with the cause of the too common tendency, in operas and orchestras, to a forced and breathless rapidity of tempo, which is but a concomitant symptom of the same disease. The quicker the vibration the higher the tone. It is, in fact, on the intensity of motion that the rate both of time and pitch depends. And still another symptom, simultaneously accounted for, is the exaggeration of dynamic arts, the passion for strong emphasis, the multiplication of loud brass instruments, the overloading of orchestral scores.

The remedy, therefore, for a forced pitch, useful as the positive measure now suggested may be, must be ultimately sought in the general health of the whole musical life; in the restoration of a sound, wholesome musical feeling, appetite, taste, temper. The more true and genuine our taste in music, the more sincere our love and preference for what is pure and true and from the soul, and our disgust for what is artificial, showy and ambitious, sprung from the foolish passion for "effect," so called, the more easily shall we subside into the tempo and the pitch of nature. If we would not have the virtuosos set the pitch for us in the literal and material sense, we must see to it that we do not take our moral and artistic pitch from them.

Musical Chit-Chat.

The second annual Singing Festival of the Public Schools will take place next Tuesday. Some twelve or fourteen hundred children, piled up amphitheatrically from the stage of the Music Hall, will renew the beautiful spectacle of last July, and will sing, doubtless, with even finer effect than at that time, such noble chorals as "Old Hundred," Luther's "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," and others. . . . Promenade Concerts are now held four evenings in the week at the Music Hall, by Gilmore's and the Germania Bands alternately, and attract large crowds. The City Fathers actually have at last appropriated the vast sum of \$500 for evening Music on the Common, when to commence we do not know. . . . Mme. BISCACCANTI is still concertizing "Down East" and North of us, and with most brilliant success. . . . Mrs. ESCOTT has been singing nightly this week, with rare beauty of voice and easy fluency of style, in the florid music of Auber's *Bayadere*, with a ballet troupe, at the Boston Museum. Mr. MIRANDA is the tenor.

The Philadelphia *Evening Journal* says that FORMES, having angrily parted with ULLMAN, intends organizing a rival opera troupe for the next season. He will bring them to this country in September. The company will be styled "The Carl Formes Opera Company." JENNY PAUR is to be the prima donna, his brother THEODORE FORMES primo tenore, CESARE BADIALI primo baritone, and he (Carl Formes) primo basso. . . . ULLMAN and STRAKOSCH will, it is said, be joint managers of Opera in the "Academies" of the three cities next season. Strakosch has gone to Europe to engage singers.

We commend what is said in our English extracts to-day of the immense popularity in England of "Israel in Egypt" to those newspaper critics here and in New York, who flippantly dismissed it as a work antiquated and unfit to be taken from the shelf. If this is not evidence enough, we may notice the fact that a complete edition of "Israel in Egypt" has been issued in the "Tonic Sol-fa" version, which is the new and easy system by which hundreds of thousands are taught to sing in England, and in which it will, of course, find the widest circulation.

MEYERBEER is in London, superintending the rehearsals of his new opera, *Le Pardon de Ploermel*, and the *Musical World* is again busy in the defence of the composer against the criticisms of Wagner, Heine, Dr. Zopf, and others.

It is pleasant to see Musical Societies take pride in their leaders. Testimonials of gratitude, like the two following, are not unfrequently brought to our notice by correspondents or by exchange papers. The first is from New York, whence a member of the "Mendelssohn Union" writes us:

A few evenings since, at a regular meeting of the Union, at their rooms in Cooper Institute, the President, on behalf of the Union, presented to Mr. Wm. BERGE, the well known Organist of the 16th Street Church, who has been associated with them a number of years as pianist, a complete set of elaborately wrought table silver, contained in a handsome velvet and satin case, bearing the following inscription: "Presented to Mr. William Berge, by the ladies and gentlemen of the Mendelssohn Union, 1859." Each piece engraved with the name of the donee in old English text. Dr. Guilmette responded for Mr. Berge, in his usual happy style, and the affair passed off with credit to all concerned, and leaving a sense of pleasure that will not soon be forgotten.

The other is from the Hartford (Conn.) *Evening Press*, of July 9, which says:

About a hundred of the active and honorary members of the "Beethoven Society" assembled in Odd Fellows Hall last evening, to conclude the season with appropriate exercises. The hall was decorated with pictures and flowers, and a bountiful supply of refreshments was served up. The Hartford Band gave one of their regular out-door concerts to a delighted crowd outside beneath the windows, and members of the Society played to an equally delighted but smaller crowd inside. There were a song by Mrs. Strickland, two or three quartets by Messrs. Waader, Waltz, Maereklein and Gundlach, instrumental music by Messrs. Stickney, Sterenberg and Mahler, and Mr. Adkins volunteered his quadrille band for dancing. The company reluctantly separated some time after midnight.

About 10 o'clock in the evening, a beautiful baton, made from a piece of the Charter Oak, of the most exquisite grain and finish, mounted with gold at either end, and a gold band in the centre containing the inscription, was presented to Mr. J. G. BARNETT, the society's excellent conductor, in an appropriate speech by Prof. Daves, president of the society. Prof. Daves spoke of the difficulties overcome and the present condition of the society, which is no longer an experiment but an established fact; much of which is owing to the efforts of Mr. Barnett as conductor. The baton was designed as a testimonial of regard from all the members of the society. Mr. Barnett was taken by surprise, but succeeded in happily expressing his gratitude.

Boy choirs are becoming more and more common in the English Episcopal churches of this country. One of the papers of Newport, R. I., says:

Trinity Church was last Sunday the scene of a new phase in church music. Mr. Tourjee, the organist and musical director of that church, introduced a choir of seventeen children of his own teaching, who, with the assistance of tenor and bass voices, performed the musical part of the services, and in a manner to elicit the admiration of the entire congregation. Their time is said to have been equal to the best trained voices. Their ages were from 8 to 14 years. Although this is a new thing in Newport, it has a precedent in other places. The choir of St. Andrew's Church, Providence, is composed almost entirely of boys; it is also a general custom in the renowned cathedrals and churches in Europe. The performance of the choir at Trinity church last Sabbath, reflects great credit upon their instructor, Mr. EBEN TOURJEE.

ROSSINI, before leaving Paris for his country seat at Passy, gave a brilliant farewell Soirée, at which the pianist, Rosenhain, distinguished himself by improvisations, and Mme. Pardieu de Malleville sang airs from Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven. The great Italian maestro is evidently partial in his old days to German music.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

(From the Athenæum, June 25.)

"From weak to weaker" seems to be the motto of the *Grand Opéra* of Paris. Madame Borghi-Mamo is, we perceive, about to be replaced there by Madame Vestvali, a *contralto*, or rather *mezzo soprano*, who passed through London some years ago, and who has since been popular in Mexico. When she was in England she was neither a good voice nor a tolerable singer. She is to appear, it is said, in a French version of Bellini's "I Capuletti," as *Romeo* to the *Juliet* of Madame Lanters. Has such a measure been decided on in rivalry of a plan, of infinitely greater promise, on the *tapis* in Paris?—this being nothing less than a new "Romeo and Juliet," to be composed for Mesdames Viardot and Miolan-Carvalho, by M. Gounod.

Wild work is made of music by Wâr. A "Magenta" cantata, improvised in Paris,—the close of Milanese theatres driving the singers hither and thither in search of bread,—are only among the most obvious incidents of the hour. In outlying places there have been demonstrations sufficiently odd and

significant, as the following anecdote derived from the *Gazette Musicale* will prove. M. Henri Herz has been on a concert-tour in Russia. At a second concert, given by him at Warsaw, he introduced his sixth *Pianoforte Concerto*, with orchestra and choros. Up to this point he had been received with the warmest applause; but scarcely had the chorus sung the first bars of its part than many and persevering hisses broke out. Not knowing how to account for such a check, M. Herz began the movement afresh; when the oneries of aversion became so violent from every part of the hall as entirely to drown the voices of the executants. He withdrew entirely disconcerted. On entering the artists' room the storm was explained thus: The melody, said many of his listeners who got about him, bore a striking resemblance to the Austrian national air, the introduction of which the audience would not abide. It was not difficult for M. Herz to justify himself, by explaining that the *Concerto* had been written years before at Paris, when there was no Austrian question; and that he had never heard the national air played or sung (some-what apocryphal this, by the way, if the tune was "God preserve the Emperor"). After this explanation he was allowed to resume his performance, which was received with the utmost applause.

The *Grand Western Musical Association* of France is about to assemble at Nîort on the 5th and 6th of next month. There will be two performances: the first consisting of the second part of "Elijah," a "Hymn of Night," an Oratorio by M. Beaulieu, unaccompanied sacred music by Vittoria, fragments by Marcello and Lotti and an old French carol. On the second day will be executed a Symphony by Haydn, the "Euryantile" Overture, the third *finale* to "Fidelio," and the fourth *finale* to "Les Martyrs," by Signor Donizetti. The solo singers are to be Mlle. Trebelli (a young lady whose name is unknown to us), MM. Jourdain and Battaille.

London.

(From the Athenæum, June 16.)

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.—Last week the pianists held the concert kingdom in their hands. M. Halle began his *Pianoforte Recitals* on the Friday; playing, to our thinking, about as well as it is possible to play, and heard to particular advantage, owing to the choice of his music, among which was a *partita* or set of pieces by Bach, most of them founded on some dance-measure of old time,—quaint, intellectual, ingenious movements,—Beethoven's *Sonata* in A flat, with its impassioned *Caratina* and curious final fugue,—and pieces by Chopin, ending with that boastful and grandiose *Polonaise* in A flat, which is, perhaps, almost too boastful and grandiose to be possible on the pianoforte, as we could imagine it—strange emanation from one so tremulous, so delicate so gentle-spirited!—giving proof, were proof needed, how totally separate are physical and poetical powers.

If any one could play out this same *Polonaise* to all its length, breadth, and height, it would, probably, be that striking pianist whose concert was held the evening after that of M. Halle, we allude to M. Rubinstein, who has a plenitude of force and fire (not excluding delicacy) hardly equaled in our recollection. That this gentleman has not yet enjoyed his fair share of public favor in England might, perhaps be explained—but no matter for the moment—to ourselves, a vigor, an interest and a mastery are in his execution (if not always tempered by perfect taste), and a serious intention is in his compositions; betokening a resolution to aspire and to achieve, which are more than commonly attractive. If he sometimes miss his way he is always earnest. There is nothing small in his proceedings—next to nothing *ad caprandum*. There was much that should please in his *Second Concerto*; less in his Symphony—but in both traces of the hand of a thoughtful composer.

Mr. Smith announces that he has added Mlle. Piccolomini, M. Bélat, and Signor Violetti to his company, and that they will appear at Drury Lane forthwith.

An English version of M. Meyerbeer's Breton opera may be shortly expected—by Mr. Henry F. Chorley.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.—The last day of the Festival was Friday, the 24th of June, when the performance consisted entirely of "Israel in Egypt." The multitude congregated on that day was unprecedented on any previous occasion, amounting to the enormous number of twenty-six thousand eight hundred and twenty-six persons. They flocked from all parts of London by railway trains and every variety of conveyance; yet, notwithstanding the universal eagerness and excitement, this vast crowd were brought to Sydenham, and every individual conducted to his or her proper seat within the Palace without the slightest accident, impediment, or disorder of any kind. This

fact speaks volumes for the administrative capacity of the Crystal Palace Company, and for the activity and energy of the officials of every degree, from the highest to the lowest. It forms a most striking contrast to the management of the celebrated first Handel Commemoration, at Westminster Abbey, in 1784, as described by Dr. Burney. That commemoration, which, at the time and long afterwards, was the theme of wonder on account of its stupendous magnitude, was in truth a puny affair when compared with that which we have just witnessed. At none of the performances did the number of the audience exceed three thousand, a number not equal to that of the performers assembled last week in the orchestra; yet, says the historian, at ten o'clock, "such a crowd of ladies and gentlemen were assembled together as became very formidable and terrific to each other, particularly the female part of the expectants; for some of them, being in full dress, and every instant more and more incommode and alarmed by the violence of those who pressed forward in order to get near the door, screamed, others fainted, and all were dismayed and apprehensive of fatal consequences—as many of the most violent among the gentlemen threatened to break open the door, a measure which, if adopted, would probably have cost many of the most feeble and helpless their lives, as they must infallibly have been thrown down and trampled upon by the robust and impatient part of the crowd." In 1784 three thousand people could not be admitted into Westminster Abbey without the occurrence of such scenes of confusion and peril; within our own memory, at the last commemoration in 1834, things were not greatly amended; and now, in 1859, thirty thousand people were conveyed to a place ten miles distant from London, and placed in their allotted seats, with ease, quietness, and safety.

When this was accomplished, and when, one o'clock having arrived, Mr. Costa waved his bâton, and the first chord of "God Save the Queen" burst from so many thousand voices and instruments, the vast multitude started to their feet, presenting a coup d'œil of indescribable splendor. All eyes were turned to the Royal box, where there was an illustrious party, consisting of the Prince Consort and the Princesses Alice and Helena, together with the Count of Flanders; but our gracious Sovereign was absent, to the great disappointment of every one, though this feeling did not lessen the enthusiasm of the cheers which followed the National Hymn.

The performance of "Israel in Egypt" then began. The immense favor in which this oratorio is held by the English public is an emphatic indication of the progress of music in this country since the days of its composer. In 1739, when it was first produced, it had only three performances to empty houses, though Handel endeavored to tempt the public by interlarding it with Italian songs warbled by the sirens of the Opera House; and, during the twenty years of the composer's subsequent life, it seems to have been performed only five times more, at long intervals. It fell into total oblivion till it was revived in our own day by the Sacred Harmonic Society, whose magnificent performances at Exeter Hall gradually opened the eyes (or, more properly, the ears) of the public to its transcendent greatness. And now there is no music meeting of note in any part of England which is regarded as complete without a performance of "Israel in Egypt."

The performance of this great work brought the Festival to a close. When it was over, the immense multitude dispersed themselves through the beautiful grounds, and, after enjoying the freshness of a delightful summer evening, gradually departed with the same order, ease, and quietness which had attended their arrival.

There are some statistical and financial matters connected with this Festival which are exceedingly curious and important.

The numbers of visitors on the different days were the following, according to the official returns which have been made:—On Saturday (at the rehearsal), 19,680; on Monday, 17,109; on Wednesday, 17,644; and on Friday, 26,826; making a grand total of above eighty-one thousand—a number exceeding by more than thirty thousand the whole attendance at the Festival of 1857. The total receipts are stated to be above £33,000, and the expenses about £18,000, leaving a clear surplus of about £15,000, to be divided between the Crystal Palace Company and the Sacred Harmonic Society, in the proportion of two-thirds to the former and one-third to the latter. Thus the Crystal Palace Company will be benefited to the extent of at least £10,000—a comfortable hearing to the shareholders, who will feel the benefit when they come to receive their dividends. As to the Sacred Harmonic Society, it is not a commercial speculation, and its funds do not go into the pockets of its members; but the receipt of £5,000 will materially

strengthen its hands and enlarge its means of carrying out its great artistic objects.

The management of this great celebration has reflected the utmost honor on every person engaged in it. The palm is certainly due, in the first place, to Mr. Costa, the prince of musical directors, without whose profound knowledge of his art, practical experience, firmness, energy, and indefatigable perseverance, the great design, which never would have been adopted without his counsel, could not have been accomplished without his co-operation. In the next place, honor is due to the committees of the Sacred Harmonic Society and of the Crystal Palace Company, and especially to Mr. Bowley, who may be said to be the representative of both bodies, having been for many years the life and soul of the one, and being now the active and energetic manager of the other. All honor, too, is due to the performers. We speak less, however, of the eminent artists who were professionally engaged on terms of due remuneration, and who fulfilled their engagements with praiseworthy talent and care, than of the thousands of able amateurs who flocked from all parts of the kingdom to serve under the standard of Marshal Costa, animated by a pure and disinterested love of music, and by veneration for the memory of the greatest of musicians. Nothing has ever shown so conclusively that England is pre-eminently a musical nation as the immense amount of knowledge, talent, and enthusiasm which this Festival has shown to exist among those industrious classes of society who cultivate music as an accomplishment and a recreation. It is among these, the middle classes of England, that this divine art, in its best and noblest forms, is now making progress with a rapidity and sureness unequalled in any other country in the world.

The following comparison of the numbers attending at the Handel Festival in 1857 and 1859 may be interesting, as showing that the appetite for these monster meetings is increasing:

1857.		1859.	
Saturday (Rehearsal)	8,244	Saturday (Rehearsal)	19,680
Monday ("Messiah")	11,129	Monday ("Messiah")	17,109
Wednesday ("Judas Maccabeus")	11,649	Wednesday (Selections)	17,644
Friday ("Israel")	17,292	Friday ("Israel")	26,826
Total	48,414	Total	81,260

The following list of refreshments consumed at the Crystal Palace during the Handel Festival may be found amusing:—19,200 sandwiches, 14,000 pies, 240 fore-quarters of lamb, 120 halantine of lamb, 3509 chickens, 480 hams, 485 tongues, 150 galantines of chicken, 60 game pies, 3052 lobster salads, 3825 salmon mayonnaise, 300 score of lettuce, 40,000 penny buns, 25,000 twopenny buns, 32,249 ices, 400 jellies, 400 creams, 350 fruit tarts, 2419 dozen "beverages," 1152 malt liquor ditto, nine tons of roast and boiled beef, 3506 quarts of tea, coffee, and chocolate. —*Illustrated News.*

Of the success of the Festival generally, the *Musical World* says:

We are compelled to admit that no such effect was ever produced before by any combination of voices and instruments. The occasional want of steadiness, when the vast multitude seemed swayed to and fro, like a pendulum, until checked and arrested by the emphatic decision of the conductor; the more frequent want of delicacy, inevitable under such exceptional conditions; and the almost utter submergence—just as inevitable—in the tremendous ocean of sound, of all the more delicate points of instrumentation (so as, in one instance, even to justify the conviction that *The Messiah* would have done as well, if not better, without Mozart's accompaniments), while in a certain degree disappointing, were as nothing in the balance if weighed against the grandeur and sublimity that incessantly astonished the ear and filled the mind with wonder at the marvellous power of music.

There are many choruses of Handel which, unlike those of other composers, seem to gather force and, at the same time, preserve their clearness with every addition to the numerical strength of the choir, until, at last, the imagination loses itself altogether in speculation, and can conceive without effort, and without apparent disregard of probability, one hundred thousand voices shouting praises in "Hallelujah," and apostrophizing the Redeemer in "Worthy is the Lamb." Who can say there was one voice too many on Monday last, when the glass roof of the Sydenham Palace trembled and shook with the utterance of these magnificent hymns, and reverberated with the clangor of that mighty orchestra? The voices and the instruments, giving tongue to the music of inspiration, interpreting the ideas that dwelt in the heart of an intellectual giant, soared heavenward, and, in poetical phrase, "rent the skies."

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Two more of the now well-known set, which furnishes valuable assistance to the teacher, as there is but little of light, four-hand music for instructive purposes.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 382.

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Enceladus.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

[From the Atlantic Monthly for August.]

Under Mount Etna he lies,
It is slumber, it is not death;
For he struggles at times to arise,
And above him the lurid skies
Are hot with his fiery breath.

The crags are piled on his breast,
The earth is heaped on his head;
But the groans of his wild unrest,
Though smothered and half suppressed,
Are heard, and he is not dead.

And the nations far away
Are watching with eager eyes;
They talk together and say,
"To-morrow, perhaps to-day,
Enceladus will arise!"

And the old gods, the austere
Oppressors in their strength,
Stand aghast and white with fear,
At the ominous sounds they hear,
And tremble, and mutter, "At length!"

Ah, me! for the land that is sown
With the harvest of despair!
Where the burning cinders, blown
From the lips of the overthrown
Enceladus, fill the air.

Where ashes are heaped in drifts
Over vineyard and field and town,
Whenever he starts and lifts
His head through the blackened rifts
Of the crags that keep him down.

See, see! the red light shines!
'Tis the glare of his awful eyes!
And the storm-wind shouts through the pines
Of Alps and of Apennines,
"Enceladus, arise!"

Translated for this Journal.

A Musical Cenacle.

[The following clever piece of irony we translate from the French of OSCAR COMETTANT, in *Le Siecle*, for July 26, 1857. The word *Cénacle* means literally the chamber in which the Last Supper was held. We might perhaps render the title of the piece: "A Musical Close Communion."]

Romanticism in music has given place of late to various systems of composition, which it is not our province to examine in a musical point of view, but which it is curious to signalize under the head of philosophical curiosities, and as a little appendix to the great history of the eccentricities of the human mind.

For the artists who attempt a musical reform in Germany, musical Art is yet in its limbo. Deceiving themselves about their vocation, these men take their febrile exaltation for inspiration, and their vagabond imagination for the creative faculty. Thus it is they throw themselves with blind enthusiasm into new and impossible paths, imagining that genius guides them. But genius is rare; it is composed of more than one precious element. The most precious of all is certainly good sense; and good sense is precisely what

these impotent renovators of the art of Beethoven and Rossini lack. The special creative faculty is — pardon the boldness of the comparison — as it were the primeval matter, which good sense must fashion and co-ordinate, measuring it by the force of our sentiments, according to the universal principles of taste. If the property of genius be, essentially, to reach the supreme end fixed in all kinds by different sorts of emotions, it is practically the fate of imagination, and even of the creative faculty, where good sense is wanting, to overstep the end in running after the ideal.

Imitation of all the phenomena of nature seems to be the principal end of the new German school. But if imitation is the common principle of the Fine Arts generally, it still does not follow that all which the imagination can represent to itself has really to do with music. In poetry, ideas awaken feeling; in music, on the contrary, it is feeling which gives birth to ideas. Like painting, properly so called, the art of sounds addresses itself to the senses before striking the imagination; and the music, which does not agreeably affect our hearing, can neither seduce our heart nor inspire our brain. All in music has to please to be complete, and the last effort of the art is to unite grace to even terror, the charm of melody (the element of expression *par excellence*) to the painting of sentiments and passions, to the imitation of all the pictures accessible to musical painting. For music is a painting, a moving and sonorous painting which we see (so to speak) with the ear, and of which the grandest marvel is, as Jean Jacques Rousseau has said, the power of forming even the image of repose.

But in order to act more intimately upon us, music must excite the affections which are peculiar to its domain, and by the sense proper to itself. More limited than poetry, which has no limits but those of the imagination, music, like painting, narrows its power to our senses, always with this difference that painting represents objects directly, whereas music only induces in the soul the various emotions we experience in contemplating objects. To wish, as our present reformers pretend, to make an abstraction with combined sounds, is to go out of the natural limits of music; and consequently to misconceive this art and weaken it. They abjure, they say, the false doctrines followed to this day by all the masters, and pretend to dwell in all the splendors of truth. All in good time; but if, as Bacon has said, truth has this special characteristic, that, once demonstrated, all the world believe that they already knew it, then the founders of the "Music of the Future" are far enough from the truth, which they say that they have found, for their anti-melodic system is very fortunately rejected and unrecognized by all people of taste.

At the head of these prophets of musical Art, we must place Liszt, who has voluntarily abdicated the sceptre of the piano, to make himself a composer and chief of a school. Liszt, who lives at Weimar in a princely house, has made himself

the centre of a constellation of composers more or less extravagant, among whom we must cite Wagner, Schumann, Raff, Bülow, Joachim; and then the literary propagandists of the new school, Hoplit and Brendel. These artists, and several more besides, formed some time since a musical *cénacle*, where they discussed the present and the future of music. Exile has driven Wagner away from Weimar, and death has snatched Schumann from the admiration of the *cénacle*. "A star is extinguished in the musical firmament, that has penetrated our soul," said Liszt, over the half-open tomb of his friend. So true it is that Liszt is above all an astronomer, who has been twenty times upon the point of surprising the mysterious laws of the universe in an accord of the seventh of the third species inverted in a certain fashion.

Yes, Schumann is an irreparable loss for Weimar, which, we may presume, will never be consoled.

This is not saying that Schumann was a perfect musical organization; is there any thing perfect in this world? No, Schumann, like the sun, had spots which tarnished his genius. Would that I could forget how this musician "of the Future" often charmed the Present by melodies full of grace and freshness, and that I could only cite his grand conceptions wherein he has shown himself so utterly devoid of melody, so diffuse, so incoherent, so false, so astronomical, so philosophical, so physician-like even, and in short so worthy of the close communion of which he formed a part!

Ah! truly, when one knows what passes at Weimar, one cannot help smiling at the *naïveté* of vulgar amateurs, who still, at Paris, day by day applaud the works of Rossini, of Meyerbeer, of Auber, and of Halévy. Thank God! it is not now a question, here below, of these composers, any more than it is of Beethoven.

This dear Beethoven, it must be confessed, has had his day, even at Weimar; but, with the exception of his last works, obscure enough to merit some attention, the *cénacle* to-day rejects both Beethoven and Mendelssohn as barbarians.

Berlioz himself, notwithstanding that he never passed for one of those melodists run mad, like Rossini, Bellini, Auber, Donizetti, Hérold and so many others, no longer enjoys at Weimar, in spite of his fine and brilliant orchestral quantities, more than a very much mitigated estimation. They find him too clear, too logical, too sober and abstemious in effects, and, if it must be said, too much a melodist and not enough an astronomer. They reproach him with plodding along in the path of that romantic school, so completely left behind to-day, which had Weber and Beethoven for its chiefs. If Weimar ever could have cherished any illusion with regard to Berlioz, the recent election of this master to the Institute, along with a whole batch of melodists, would have quite sufficed to dissipate it.

And remark that the melodists are incorrigible musicians who do not even try to correct them-

selves. It really seems that the more melodies they make, the more facility they have of creating new ones. Do you want an opera, a ballet, an overture, a trio, a duo, or a simple romance? They turn a certain invisible stop-cock, and the melody inundates the ruled paper.

Very fine, messieurs! you practice there a much too easy trade; and, as a composer of the Weimar school once said to me of such scores as "The Barber of Seville," one might write such all day long if he wished, but he does not wish to. Rossini, they say, made "The Barber" in eighteen days; they work more seriously than that in the Grand Duchy.

This is the way one prepares himself for composition when one wants to write anything at Weimar:

First, he nourishes his mind sufficiently by learned readings on theology, on metaphysics, on zoology, on pathology, on cosmology, on photography, on the different calcareous strata, on physiology, on mineralogy, on the anatomy of melancholy, on geography, on botany, on the mathematics, on politics, on the laws of the attraction and ponderability of bodies, on medicine, on magnetism, on the rapping spirits; then he suspends these readings and begins to seek.

He seeks sometimes a great while, but he always ends with finding something very profound and as little melodious as possible.

You will ask me, perhaps, why these readings upon all the phenomena of physical and moral nature, when the question is only of a charming art, whose end is to please by combinations of sounds agreeable to the ear and interesting for the heart. Music a charming art! Know then, that this art has a wholly different end, and that it must be anything rather than agreeable to the ear, according to the doctrines of the *cénacle* at Weimar.

Since Wagner, music has ceased to exist as an independent art, and must only be considered as a simple ornament of poetry. Thus the author of *Tannhäuser* is very careful, in his formless melodies, never to repeat the same word twice; and he conforms himself in all points to the rules of pure declamation, at the expense of melodic charm and of the obliged return of musical periods. This deplorable system has the effect of weakening poetry by robbing it of the precision of the spoken word, without adding any charm to music, which it reduces to the simple rôle of recitative.

Schumann does not make it a point, like Wagner, to place but one note over each syllable; he proceeds by demi-tints and by silences. He promenades his fingers over the key-board of the piano as a cat would her paws; 'tis a soft way, but false. Then, at the very moment when you least expect it, a singer, whom one might have taken for a simple listener, so modest in his part, pronounces a few words stamped with a sombre melancholy; as, for example:

Poète délaissé dans un monde éternel,
Je chante et veux aimer une image de l'ombre.
Pauvre fou que je suis! ma voix sous ce tunnel
Souspire et souffre en vain. . . . Evelina! je sombre.
Ombre . . . sombre . . . ombre . . . sombre.

And the cat's paw, after these words, continues still to promenade for some time on the key-board, always soft, but always false. Then, without the least presentiment on your part, the music ceases. No one would divine aught in it, with the exception of the members of the *cénacle*

of Weimar, who see in this enigmatical melody a whole new world of philosophy and of love. Liszt proceeds differently. It is in successions of impossible chords and in effects of painting, or rather of the musical diorama, that he seeks to discover the musical America which the fog hides from his eyes.

Once, but a short time since, Liszt had executed a cantata of his composition in honor of I know not whom. Having reached a certain passage where the singer, with an accent of despair, uttered these words: "Lost in immensity"! the musician, admirably served by his strong studies in liturgies, in physics, metaphysics and astronomy, did not fail to profit by so fine an opportunity to show the whole extent of his scientific knowledge. At the word *immensity*, the orchestra was silent, with the exception of two notes prolonged as an organ-point. One of these notes was the very deepest sound of the trombone, the other was the most acute sound of the octave flute. What an admirable inspiration! and tell me if it is possible to imagine any thing more extended to express immensity, which has no limits? Ah well! the public, instead of admiring this proceeding of an irrefragable logic, found it puerile, unworthy of the art of music, which is not algebra, and began to smile instead of applauding. Liszt contented himself, as always, with casting a glance of pity upon his auditors, and continued none the less the noble mission which he has imposed upon himself, of enlightening the German people, in spite of themselves, upon the true music and its true end.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Handel Festival.

(From the Athenæum, July 2.)

"From strength to strength" might be the device for the title-page of the record of this musical gathering, which we hope will be prepared, if merely to show the world of Art at large how our "shop-keeping England," so perversely misunderstood among the nations, can glorify those Poets whom she delighteth to honor. We will leave to our neighbors pre-eminence in the words to be spoken on musical subjects, claiming to ourselves, and not unjustly, the palm of "deeds." This in continuation of the remarks with which last week's notice closed.

The success of "Israel" yesterday week surpassed expectation. If we do not dwell on every chorus—whether in the first act, that of "The Plagues," or the second, that of the "Song of Moses," the two making the most marvellous piece of patchwork in being—it is because we will not weary by reiteration. One point, however, must be insisted on. It having been, of course, impossible to rehearse the entire music of the three concerts, this day fortnight Signor Costa wisely restricted himself to the most salient and interesting portions of "Israel," leaving untouched those Choruses in Handel's Sacred Jewish Oratorio—which are not Handel's own—the dry and scholastic pages; which he pillaged from the church books of the Italians of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Yet, strange though true, the grave, not to say tiresome, choruses in question, through which nothing but strict singing in time and tune could carry the singers, were rendered as perfectly, with little exception, by the composite mass of choristers as the "Hailstone Chorus" or "The Horse and his Rider." The progress in execution which this argues must strike every musical thinker. He need not now despair, except he be stricken in years, of hearing the grand compositions of Palestrina executed on the grandest scale, in England, as unimpeachably as they were in the *Capella Paolina*, for which they were written. This "Israel" performance has, more than ever, convinced us that there is nothing to which England may not aspire,

so far as precision and sentiment in the highest musical execution are concerned. The "Hailstone Chorus" was, of course, *encored*: though a dozen choruses equally merited the distinction; so was the duet, "The Lord is a Man of War," given by Signor Belletti and Mr. Weiss; so was Mr. Sims Reeves, in his *bravura* "The Enemy said." The other *solo* singers were Madame Novello, Mlle. Lemmens Sherrington and Miss Dolby. More triumphantly a festival could not have been brought to an end. Should the Crystal Palace, the Sacred Harmonic Society, and Signor Costa last—for under any other conductor whom we have ever known must such a scene have become one of hopeless confusion—there can be no reason why, on some future day, it may not be repeated; and, though not as a centenary performance, no doubt with reference to Handel, since he alone among composers is equal to fill so vast an arena.

A word or two might be added regarding the Handel relics, the MSS. from Her Majesty's library and M. Schœlcher's collection, the portrait engravings of the composer's assistants or contemporary artists, the battered old harpsichord on which he used to play, exhibited at the tropical end of the building. But these, albeit treasures, have most, if not all, of them been already seen, described, and commented on. No want, by the way, has there been of revival and disinterment of Handel relics elsewhere than in the Crystal Palace—to name but two, the Saxon composer's pedigree, printed on a broad sheet, under the auspices of Dr. Chrysander, and "Handel receiving the Laurel from Apollo," an anonymous English poem, date 1724, a new edition of which, under the care of the same indefatigable editor, has been given out from the Leipzig press. There is no more chance of coming to the end of memorials, glosses, illustrations in Handel's than there is in Shakespeare's case.

That which went on in the garden after the performances were over, must not be wholly overlooked. Some of Handel's music was played—such as his "Firework Music," "Water Music," &c.—by a powerful military band. There are enough of "tunes" in the Giant's works to furnish out *programmes* for a year, not a week,—*musettes*, *bourrées*, *marches*, (in particular, remembering the one from "Alceides"), *minuets* (foremost among which is the well-known movement from "Ariadne," so dear to the aristocratic bear-leader in "She stoops to conquer"), *gavottes*, (naming especially that from "Alcina"). Even this wind music in the open air, though, natural enough, it passed unperceived by the larger number of the audience, who were unable "to eat more," after a banquet so royal as that on which they had been feasting, spoke with a trumpet's voice to the amazing fertility and variety of the master; whose huge mass of opera music, (let it be noted in continuation), was not drawn on throughout the week. This, if the promoters of the Handel College really desire earnestly to do something in illustration of the composer, is a field which it were wise for them to work in, if only in discreet avoidance of comparison.—On Wednesday and Friday, we perceive, the choristers, after the Oratorio was over, chose to sing one body after another—idyl-fashion—in the open air, thus genially winding up the most splendid musical week that London has ever seen.

From the Musical World. July 2.

To say that the performance of *Israel in Egypt* was the grandest and most powerful ever heard, is to say no more than what was anticipated by every one, from the picked and gigantic forces under the direction of Mr. Costa's *bâton*, and the immense pains taken to arrive at the best results. Never was so mighty a phalanx seen, so obedient to the dictates of a slender wand. The voices were as one voice, that gave music in thunder, and spoke with one will. Once or twice, indeed—where the fugues in double chorus, or eight parts, were more than usually complicated and elaborate—the execution was hardly irreproachable, and the ear was not perfectly gratified. Here, however, end all exceptions. The rest is praise, and of the very highest. It would be next

to impossible to decide which section of the grand choir was most entitled to eulogy. Now the sopranos put in their claim; the altos now; again the tenors spoke for favor; and anon the basses pleaded for supremacy. As might have been guessed, the greatest effect was produced in the choruses, "He spake the word," and "He gave them hailstones," the last being encored. We are not going to specify all the grand points in the choral performances of *Israel in Egypt*. Indeed they may be said to have commenced with the first chorus, and terminated with "The horse and his rider."

The solo displays, as far as possible, went hand in hand with the choral. Mr. Sims Reeves sang transcendently. He literally surpassed himself. His execution of "The enemy said" was the great vocal feat of the Festival. It even went beyond "Sound an alarm," in *Judas Maccabæus*. Madame Clara Novello sang splendidly; Miss Dolby won golden opinions by her chaste and expressive singing; and Madame Lemmens Sherrington, in the duet with Madame Clara Novello, her only performance of the day, was perfect in every way. Signor Belletti and Mr. Weiss are no less entitled to a strong word of commendation for their powerful vocal aid, more particularly in the popular duet, "The Lord is a man of war," which they declaimed with such stentorian lungs, as to elicit a loud and general encore.

We may state, in conclusion, that the National Anthem was performed by the full choir and principals, before and after the performance, Madame Clara Novello taking the solos; that the members of the Royal Family were enthusiastically cheered on their entrance, and at their departure; and that, when all was over, a cry arose of "Costa" from the mighty multitude; and that the zealous and indefatigable conductor came forward to make his acknowledgments, and was received with deafening acclamations.

(From the Times.)

SECOND DAY.

That the Dettingen "Te Deum" would prove attractive we predicted all along; and after the magnificent performance of yesterday scarcely a doubt can remain that it is one of the most effective, no less than masterly of Handel's numberless productions. The fifth and last setting of the "Te Deum Laudamus," the Dettingen anthem, is, perhaps, the noblest piece of Protestant church music extant, and derives a special interest from the fact of its having been written to commemorate the last occasion recorded in history of an English king commanding an army in the field. It seems probable that Handel composed it, not to order, but in compliment to his steady patron, George II., inasmuch as it was begun (July, 1743) almost immediately after the news of the victory had arrived, and completed before His Majesty's return to England. The general style of the "Te Deum" presents a felicitous blending of the heroic and devotional; military instruments are allotted a prominent position in the score, and the warlike and religious aspirations go everywhere hand in hand. In short, it is just what a thanksgiving for victory should be, and may be cited as one of the many examples of Handel's extraordinary power of identifying himself with the subject he had to treat. That some of the themes of the choruses were borrowed from a forgotten anthem by Francisco Urio (a Venetian composer of the 17th century) detracts nothing from the merit of Handel, who, like Shakespeare, turned everything he touched into gold. The evidence of genius is manifest from the first chorus, "We praise Thee, O God, we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord," to the last, "O Lord, in Thee have I trusted, let me never be confounded"—either of which is fully worthy to occupy a conspicuous place in any work of the composer. The Dettingen "Te Deum" was a wise choice on the part of the Festival Committee, not only on account of its intrinsic musical excellence, but because, just now, it is admirably suited to the temper of the times. The executants seemed to be conscious of this, if we may judge by the enthusiasm with which they performed their tasks. The anthem made a profound impression, and no wonder, for, often as it has been given in this country, no previous essay can bear the slightest comparison with the present truly grand performance. The only instances of unsteadiness exhibited by the multitude of singers and players were in "Thou didst open the kingdom of Heaven"—a florid and difficult chorus, which might give some trouble even to an ordinary

choir—and "We worship Thy name ever, world without end"—a five-part fugue, written with wonderful clearness, but demanding the utmost promptness in taking up the points. The opening of this chorus, "Day by day we magnify Thee," moreover, was taken so quickly as to disconcert in some measure both the singers and the trumpeters, at the head of the latter being Mr. T. Harper, whose playing in the bass solo, "Thou art the King of Glory," and elsewhere, was the theme of universal praise. All the rest was superb, and most superb of all "To Thee Cherubim and Seraphim continually do cry," which stands only second to the "Hallelujah," although much less extended in plan and much less elaborate in detail than that incomparable piece. The effect of the passage in which the measured and majestic sentence, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth," alternately given by altos, trebles, and basses, is mingled with the incessant reiteration of the phrase (so essentially Handelian) "continually do cry," was nothing less than astounding, the decision and sharpness with which either point was delineated being as remarkable as the dignity and grandeur of the whole in combination. The semichorus for altos, tenors, and basses, "Thou sittest at the right hand of God," was sung with exquisite delicacy, and afforded particular occasion to note the strength and efficiency of the "alto" department, usually the least satisfactory in the choral orchestra. Here the improvement on the festival of 1857 is undeniable. The division into male and female voices (contraltos and altos), and the admixture of boys from the cathedral choirs, is a manifest advantage where Handel is concerned. In modern compositions the contralto or second soprano almost invariably suffices; but in Handel's oratorios and church music the co-operation of the male alto is indispensable. The solos in the "Te Deum" were entrusted to Signor Belletti, who delivered them all in a most artistic manner, especially distinguishing himself in the prayer, "Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin," evidently the source whence Mendelssohn derived that pathetic inspiration, "O God have mercy," in *St. Paul*—identity of key being accompanied by similarity in style and expression that could not possibly have been accidental. To conclude, the Dettingen "Te Deum" was an unquestionable success; and though we might feel disposed to quarrel with Mr. Costa for certain liberties taken with the score (as for example when he adds a bass, where Handel did not intend one—in the symphony at the end of the chorus, "Thou sittest at the right hand of God," &c.), we cannot but thank him heartily for so fine an execution of a composition which, frequently as it has been heard, has never till now been given with a degree of correctness and effect at all proportionate to its excellence.

Our correspondent, "One of the Choir," who, objecting to applause at concerts of sacred music, apparently entertains a notion that those who attend them are doing nothing less than taking part in an act of worship, must have had his sensibilities greatly shocked by the demonstrations that accompanied the second part of yesterday's performance. Never, even at a theatre, was the delight afforded by beautiful music and admirable execution expressed with more unfeigned heartiness. One piece after another was heard with rapture and applauded with enthusiasm. A happier selection could not have been made, four of the richest oratorios—*Belshazzar*, *Saul*, *Samson*, and *Judas Maccabæus*—respectively contributing some of their choicest treasures. From *Belshazzar*, (composed two years later than the *The Messiah*) we had the long accompanied recitative "Rejoice my countrymen" (well declaimed by Mr. Weiss), in which Daniel expounds to the people Isaiah's prophecy of deliverance, followed by the very fine chorus, "Sing, O ye heavens; for the Lord hath done it," terminating with the "Hallelujah!—Amen," to which due tribute was paid in the report of Saturday's rehearsal. Never, perhaps, was this chorus better executed, never more warmly received. From *Saul* (an oratorio which directly preceded *Israel in Egypt*) two masterpieces were chosen: the chorus, "Envy! eldest-born of hell!"—a masterpiece of profound expression and elaborate treatment, and the Dead March which precedes David's lamentation for the deaths of Saul and Jonathan—a masterpiece of unaffected simplicity. That the last—in spite of (or possibly in consequence of) the imitation of cannon, so zealously accomplished by Mr. Chipp on those gigantic drums—should elicit a unanimous encore was not at all surprising; it is a march familiarly known to the whole world of musicians and amateurs, and calculated to enlist the sympathies (for very different reasons) both of the initiated and uninitiated. But that the same honor should be paid, and with equal unanimity, to the choral apostrophe to "Envy," set by Handel in one of his severest as sublimest moods,

was a signal triumph for good taste. The execution, it is true, was so perfect that whatever the great musician had imagined was thoroughly realized; but this, while conferring distinction on the performers, vocal and instrumental, took nothing from the credit due to a vast assembly ready to admire and able to appreciate music wherein the highest and purest ends of art are attained. The oratorio of *Samson*, which came immediately after *The Messiah*, as *Saul* came immediately before *Israel in Egypt*, and stands much in the same relation to *The Messiah* as *Saul* to *Israel*, was taxed for some of the most attractive features in the miscellaneous part. The magnificent chorus, "Fix'd in his everlasting seat"—in which Israelites and Philistines contend for the supremacy of their respective deities, and the jubilant hymn, "Let their celestial concerts all unite," constituted the Alpha and Omega of this rare selection. Both were grandly executed, and both created an unmistakable impression. The solo pieces were not less happy. "Return, O God of hosts"—a song for contralto, evidently modelled on the plan of "He was despised" (*Messiah*)—was given to perfection by Miss Dolby, whose reading was as chaste as her vocalization was correct; and the effect was enhanced by the emphatic delivery of the chorus, "To dust His glory they would tread," which forms an inseparable pendant to the air. Another encore was obtained by "Let the bright Seraphim," in which it was not easy to decide whether to award the palm to Madame Novello, the singer, or to Mr. Harper, whose execution of the very difficult accompaniment for the trumpet surpassed even what was remembered of his father, renowned at one time as the greatest performer on the instrument. While recording the success of "Let the bright Seraphim," however, we must protest against the custom of omitting the repetition of the first part, and equally against the prolongation of the cadence for voice and trumpet, which, if not of comparatively modern origin, is more likely the work of one of Handel's copyists than of Handel himself. In one instance the design of the composer is frustrated, in the other the purity of his text is injured. After all these fine pieces one might have thought a long selection from *Judas Maccabæus* superfluous. Not so the audience. The first chorus, "O Father, whose Almighty power," was somewhat grave under the circumstances; but the famous war-song of *Judas*, "Sound an alarm," preceded by the recitative "My arms!" and followed by the stirring chorus, "We hear, we hear," created a new excitement. Perhaps no other singer than Mr. Sims Reeves could have raised such enthusiasm at so late an hour, and after a feast of music ample and varied enough to satiate the most exorbitant appetite; but there was a vigor, fire, and animation in his performance which nothing could resist; and, however unwilling, Mr. Costa was obliged, in the end, to yield to the general desire, and repeat the air and chorus. "From mighty Kings," by Madame Novello; the duet, "O, never, never bow we down" (Madame Rudersdorff and Miss Dolby); the chorus, "We never, never will bow down," with its *canto fermo* and fugue on the words, "We worship God, and God alone" (another colossus); and lastly, the trio, semi-chorus, and chorus, "See the conquering hero comes,"—than which Handel never wrote anything the freshness of which is more perennial or the popularity more universal—brought to a termination with undiminished brilliancy one of the most varied and interesting performances of sacred music ever listened to. The beginning was worthy of the end; the trio was admirably given by the three ladies already named; the semi-chorus (of female voices) was charming in its brightness and purity of intonation; and the full chorus was overpowering. Thus another martial piece, a song of triumph,—made a suitable climax to a concert which had set out with a thanksgiving for victory.

Mozart—Child and Man.

(Continued from page 132).

No. 22.

Mozart the elder to M. Hagenauer.

The Hague, December 12, 1763.

Alas! our dear Wolfgang has had an equally sharp attack. A high fever has reduced him to an equally wretched state for several weeks. Patience! What God sends must be accepted. I can do nothing at present, but until his strength allow him to travel. There is no need to trouble about the expense. The devil may take the money, so that he leaves us our bones! Without altogether a special grace from God, my children could never have surmounted these two serious illnesses, and we could not have borne up through these three mortal months. Pray have said, as soon as possible, ten masses in

our behalf. The illness of our children has greatly afflicted all our friends; who these friends have been I could not enumerate, for you would take me for a braggart.

Although during our stay at Amsterdam all public amusements were strictly interdicted on account of the fast, we were authorized to give two concerts, because (these are the terms of the pious decision given on the matter,) the knowledge of the marvels which God is working through my children redounds to the glory of the Lord. Nothing accordingly was played but the instrumental music of Wolfgang.

No. 23.
The Same to the Same.

Paris, May 16, 1766.

After not writing to you for a long time, and only supplying you with intelligence of us through friends, I again take up the pen.

We returned from Amsterdam to the Hague on the 11th of March, for the anniversary of the Prince of Orange, and there our little composer was requested to write six sonatas for the piano, with violin accompaniment, for the Princess of Nassau Weilburg. They were engraved forthwith. In addition to this we have had to compose something for the Prince's concert, besides airs for the Princess, &c. I send you all these things, and, among others, variations which Wolfgang had to write all in a hurry—first on an air composed for the coming of age and installation of the prince; and secondly, on a melody which in Holland everybody sings, hums, or whistles. They are mere trifles. You will find, also, my instruction book for the violin in the Dutch language. It was translated to do me honor, dedicated and presented to the prince on the celebration of his installation. The edition is a very fine one; the editor (from Haarlem) came and presented it to me in the most respectful manner, accompanied by the organist, who invited Wolfgang to come and play the celebrated Haarlem organ, which he accordingly did the next day. This organ is a superb instrument, with sixty-eight stops; it is entirely of tin. In this damp country wood will not last.

We made an excursion to Malines, where we found our old acquaintance the archbishop, and a lodging all prepared, through the attention of our friend Grimm.

To return just now straight to Salzburg would be too hard a matter for my children and for my purse. More than one will have to contribute to our expenses who little suspect it at this moment.

No. 24.
The Same to the Same.

Paris, June 9, 1766.

Next week we shall return to Versailles, where twelve days ago we spent four entire days. We had the honor of receiving in our house the hereditary Prince of Brunswick. He is a very agreeable man, an amiable and handsome gentleman; immediately on his entrance he asked me if I was the author of the violin method.

No. 25.
The Same to the Same.

Munich, November 19, 1766.*

We stayed four weeks at Lyons. We did not enter Geneva, which was in a great state of agitation. At Lausanne it was our intention to stay only a few hours, but alighting from the coach we found the servants of Prince Louis of Wurtemberg, who invited me to remain five days. The prince accompanied us to the coach, and there I was obliged, being already stowed in my place, to promise, as I shook hands with him, that I would write to him often and give him an account of how matters stood with us. I will not here impart to you all the reflections which suggested themselves to me on the diversity of opinion which is the result of the weakness of the human mind. From Lausanne we went to Berne, where we stayed a week, then to Zurich for a fortnight. This last stay was rendered very agreeable by the presence of two savans, MM. Gessner; but, on the other hand, our parting was painful. We carried away with us valuable memorials of their friendship. Thence through Winterthurn to Schaffhausen, with another agreeable stay for four days. Thence to Donauschingen. The prince received us with extraordinary graciousness. There was no necessity to announce our arrival. We were being looked for with impatience, and the musical director, Counselor Martelli, came directly to bid us welcome and invite us. We stayed there twelve days. Every evening from five to nine there was music, and each time new. Had not the season been so far advanced we should not have been allowed to depart. The prince gave me twenty-four louis, and a diamond ring to each of my children. He shed tears in bidding us

adieu, and all of us were in tears. He also begged that I would write to him often. We then took leave and passed through Moskirshen, Ulm, Günzburg and Dillingen, where we stayed two days, bringing away two rings, presents from the prince. The day before yesterday we reached this place. Yesterday we paid a visit to the Elector during his dinner. He gave us a gracious reception. Wolfgang had immediately to compose, at a corner of the prince's own table, a piece the first bars of which the Elector sang him. After dinner he was made to play it in the prince's closet. The astonishment of every one at seeing and hearing all this may be easily conceived.

No. 26.
The Same to the Same.

Munich, November, 22, 1766.

It is of importance that at home I should have a mode of life suitable to my children. God (that God who is so good to me notwithstanding my evil disposition) has bestowed on my children talents which, leaving paternal duty out of the question, would impel me to sacrifice everything for their education. Every moment lost by me is lost for ever, and if ever I have felt how precious is time in the season of youth, it is at the present moment. You know my children are accustomed to work. Should they be able to find any excuse for self-neglect or the habit of idleness in the existence of outward hindrances with respect to lodgings or anything else, the whole of my edifice would crumble. Habit is an iron road, and you are not unaware yourself how much Wolfgang has to learn. Now who can say what is in store for us at Salzburg? May we not perhaps be received in such wise that we may quickly again take up our traveller's staff? I shall at least have brought my children back, with God's assistance, to their native land. Should they not be wanted I shall have done my duty. They shall not, however, be had for nothing.†

No. 27.
Vienna, September 22, 1767.‡

I have nothing as yet to inform you of, unless it be that we are well. Thank God! and this alone is worth the postage.

Hasse's opera is very fine, but the singers are not worth much. Signor Tibaldi is the tenor; Signora Raucini, from Vienna, is the best contralto here; prima donna Signora Deiberin, daughter of the Viennese violinist, attached to the Imperial musical corps. The dances are perfect. The principal personage is the celebrated Vestris.

Her Imperial Highness, the Princess Josepha, betrothed to the King of Naples, has just been seized with small pox, which makes a hitch in our reckoning, and prevents our playing at the court for the present.

No. 28.
The Same to the Same. October 17.

The royal betrothed one is henceforward the betrothed of the celestial bridegroom.

Forget not to pray for us, for did not God watch over us we should be in the worst possible plight, as you will learn in his good time.

No. 29.
The Same to the Same. Olmütz, November 10, 1767.

Te Deum laudamus. Wolfgang has happily triumphed over the small-pox. Where? At Olmütz. At whose house? At the residence of His Excellency Count Podstatsky.

You will easily conceive the commotion which reigned in Vienna after the death of the princess; but I have to relate matters to you which only concern ourselves, and which will show you how Divine Providence connects one thing with another, and how in resigning ourselves entirely to its guidance, we cannot fail in our destiny.

A son of our host in Vienna caught the small-pox just as we arrived, so we learnt a few days later. In vain I sought with all haste another lodging. Everywhere you heard of nothing but the small-pox. Nine children out of ten seized with it died. You may imagine my anguish. I could not sleep of nights, and in the day my wife had not an instant's repose. Immediately after the death of the princess I determined to proceed to Moravia, and there await the end of the first period of mourning; but we were not allowed to depart, because the Emperor frequently spoke of us, and had the wish taken him to see us, it had been vexing that we should have been absent. But directly the Archduchess was seized, I was no longer to be detained by anything; I could scarcely tarry till then to tear Wolfgang away from the thoroughly tainted air of Vienna. We repaired with

all haste to Brünn, where I awaited with my child, Count von Schrattenbach and the Countess Herberstein. But I was inwardly impelled, by I know not what power, which I could not resist, to go on to Olmütz, and put off the concert till our return to Brünn. The Count consented to this.

Immediately on our arrival Wolfgang fell ill. I sought out the dean of the cathedral, Count Podstatsky, who is a canon of Salzburg. Scarcely had I mentioned Wolfgang's illness, and my fear that it was the small-pox, than he pressed us to come and lodge with him, saying that he was in no way afraid of that disease. He gave his orders to his steward, and sent us a doctor. Accordingly we alighted at the deanery; the disease declared itself. It was the small-pox.

* They had left Paris on the 7th of July, and had stayed a fortnight at Dijon, where the Prince of Condé, holding the States of Burgundy, had invited them to take their residence. † The Mozart family remained quietly at Salzburg during more than a year. Wolfgang devoted his time to a searching study of Emanuel Bach, Handel, Hasse, and of the best Italian masters.

‡ Mozart commenced a fourth tour with his wife, his son, and his daughter. He set out from Vienna on the 11th September, 1767, and returned in December, 1768, to Salzburg.

(To be continued.)

Music in New Orleans.

(From the Piesyune.)

We have another instance of the gross ignorance, or else the willful persistence in misrepresentation, which characterizes the New-York press, when speaking of the opera in what they so flippantly call "the provinces," by which they profess to mean Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis and New Orleans. One of them, a few days ago, alluding to "the popularity of the opera" in New York, and the "consequent progress of musical taste," said that this popularity and this progress "are not confined to the metropolis." This astute and lofty critic added what follows:

"The provincial campaigns last season proved that it has extended throughout the country, and penetrated from the shores of the Atlantic to the banks of the Mississippi. It appears, too, that the provincial city wherein the most advanced taste and appreciation of musical matters has been observed is St. Louis, where there was the most hearty and cordial support of the opera, and a discriminating opinion of the merits of the artists."

Can it be possible that the writer of that paragraph is ignorant of the fact that years before the journal in which he writes was thought of, for years before any one of the theatres or opera houses, in all the cities he has named, were built, there has been a regular first class opera house in New Orleans, open from November till May, inclusive, and in which a good standard company have performed all the operas, as fast as they have been produced, within that time, by Rossini, Bellini, Meyerbeer, Auber, Halévy, Boieldieu, Donizetti, Verdi, Adam, and other contemporary composers, together with the master works of Mozart?

While itinerating companies have been going from place to place, New York included, giving short and fitful seasons, of a few weeks duration, at extravagant prices, at Castle Gardens, Astor Places, Broadways, Niblo's Gardens, and Academies, with questionable satisfaction to the public, and almost universal loss to the managers, the Theatre d'Orleans, here, has been pursuing "the even tenor of its way," with a double company of artistes, both in grand and comic opera, besides a full comedy, tragedy and vaudeville corps. At this moment there is in course of erection here an opera house, which, when completed, will vie with the best in the world, in every respect, and for which a company is now forming, in every department of the opera and the drama—a regular, not a peripatetic company—that will compare favorably with any "the Metropolis," that so vaunts itself, ever saw.

Some of the singers whom New York audiences have shown great delight in hearing, and whom New York critics have praised without stint, have been stock singers in the theatre we have named. Among these we may name Mme. Devriès and Mme. Colson, of whom New York never heard, until they had made a Paris and New Orleans reputation, and we could name many celebrated French and Italian singers, who had made their mark here, before "the metropolis" had an opportunity of hearing them. The chef d'orchestre of our Opera, Eugène Provost, came from Paris to this city more than twenty-five years ago, with a reputation not only as a musical conductor, but as a composer, that was enviable high, and that he has maintained to this day and still maintains.

The writer we have quoted tells in an amusingly easy going style of the popularity of the opera and

the progress of musical taste penetrating from the shores of the Atlantic, (that is, of Manhattan Island) to the banks of the Mississippi; and cites our sister city of St. Louis as displaying the most admired taste and appreciation of musical matters, and giving the most hearty and cordial support of the opera, and discrimination as to the merits of artists, that is, with the exception of New York.

Now to any intelligent sojourner for a season in New Orleans we can, with the utmost confidence, appeal to corroborate our avowal that there is no other city of the Union where there is so marked a taste for, and so enlightened an appreciation of, music, as this. In proportion to our population, there are more well educated musicians, professional and amateur, better vocalists, instrumentalists and teachers, than in any other city of the Union. We have a Classic Music Society here, composed of professional and amateur artists and of musical connoisseurs, who perform the loftiest compositions of the great masters fully equal to any, and far superior to some of the boasted Philharmonics, and other societies, so equivocally supported in "the metropolis."

Music Abroad.

London.

The excitement of this Handel time, we understand, is to be prolonged elsewhere in London than in the Crystal Palace. The promoters of the Handel College, not long ago announced as in contemplation, meditate, as a commencing appeal to the public, a performance on the largest scale in *her Majesty's Theatre*; to which it is more than possible that Madame Goldschmidt will lend an aid by singing. They intend also, it is said, to organize a series of similar performances in the principal provincial towns.

There is only one musical event to be dwelt on this week; all other minor performances (be they ever so superior) dwindling into insignificance before the glory of the Sydenham Festival. Yet a concert or two must not be altogether passed over. *M. Halle's Second Recital* (given yesterday week) was equal to its predecessor. The *Harp Sonata*, as it has been fantastically called, of Beethoven, Op. 29, No. 1,—the Chromatic *Fantasia* and Fugue, of Bach, in D minor,—and the *Scherzo* and *Finale* from Weber's *Sonata* in A flat,—were only a part of the attractions of the morning; and were all "recited" (the verb, nevertheless, is a trifle affected) with as much feeling as finish. Besides this, *Mrs. Anderson* has taken her annual benefit; and that pleasant composer of light Italian music, *Signor Campana*, has received his friends. Of some of this gentleman's newest compositions we have a word to say when matters shall have subsided. *Mr. H. Leslie's Glee and Madrigal Choir*, too, was "up and doing" the night before last. The opera-houses have been crowded, principally by visitors from the provinces,—our foreign friends (as has been elsewhere said) not having cared to come over.

Madame Miolan-Carvalho has arrived in London. —*Athenæum*, June 25.

(From the *Athenæum*, July 2.)

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.—After the excitement of last week, a lull in music might naturally have been expected during the present one. Nothing of the kind, however, has been the case. A livelier concert week than the one concluded to-day rarely comes round in London. Possibly after this the storm of music may begin to abate. Yet there has not been much to call for separate notice. To begin with the five concerts of Monday. The three in the morning were given by that fashionable pianist, *M. Blumenthal*, by those estimable professors, *Madame Bassano* and *Herr Kuhe* conjointly, and by *M. Horace Poussard*, a violinist of some merit, less known than the above. In the evening the last *Popular Concert* for the season was made up of master-pieces of classical music, executed by no worse artists than Miss A. Goddard, Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Santley, Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti. Older and more hacknied in point of programme the fifth Philharmonic Concert could hardly have been, with Madame Schumann as solo player in Beethoven's G major Concerto, and Miss L. Pyne and Madame Czillag as singers. The long suffering of an English public has hardly ever been more signally displayed than in the case of this same Philharmonic Society, once the glory of Great Britain. If its directors, by their present apathetic proceedings—curious as an oscillation after their distracted attempt to force on this country the vagaries of young Germany—succeed in utterly destroying it, no blame can, assuredly, be laid at the door of British forbearance.

The "last subscription concert" of the *Vocal Association*, given on Wednesday evening, was advertised as in aid of the funds of the Handel College, thus amounting to the first move made by the promoters of that establishment.

As a choir, the *Vocal Association* has some very fresh and tuneful voices; but they sing undecidedly: nor can it be otherwise under such ceaseless change of conductors, Mr. Benedict being compelled this season to delegate his duties now to Herr Goldschmidt, now to Mr. C. Horsley. There were some good things at this concert: a romance for the violin by Beethoven, played to perfection by Herr Joachim; some clever singing by Mlle. Artot, who, with that voice and execution of hers, ought to become more than a clever—a first-class—singer; and a meritoriously steady rendering of the dancing shadow song from M. Meyerbeer's new opera by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington. It loses meaning, though, by the absence of the glimmer and gloom of the stage.

On Thursday, *M. M. Lefort and Engel* gave a chamber concert in company, the programme of which comprised one of those drawing-room operettas which of late have become the fashion in Paris. *Madame Lemmens-Sherrington*, too, took her benefit; also *Miss Armstrong*; and *M. Halle* gave the last of his choice and attractive *Recitals*.

The *Musical World*, in concluding its notice of the "Monday Popular Concerts," traces back their history, as follows:

The idea seems first to have originated in the early part of December, 1857, when the Cattle Show visitors were regaled with concerts of no higher pretensions than those formerly projected by Mr. Stammers at Exeter Hall, although supported by artists of the first ability. To Miss Arabella Goddard are we indebted for the first infusion of the classical element in the shape of Mozart's *Air Varié*, which was so well received as to justify the idea that it was not necessary to dose the public with trivialities and commonplaces, as they were capable of appreciating better things, and so at length a classical series was inaugurated on February 14th, 1848, by an entire programme of Mendelssohn; February 21st and March 9th were allotted to Mozart; February 28th, to Haydn and Weber; March 7th, 21st, and 28th, were absorbed by Beethoven; and April 4th was consigned to Bach and Handel, in all, eight concerts. During this series—besides a large number of vocal pieces, solo and concerted—were heard the following important works. *Quintets*—in B flat, Mendelssohn; in G minor, Mozart; in C major, Beethoven. *Quartets*—in D major, Mendelssohn; in C major, Mozart; in C major ("God save the Emperor"), Haydn; in F major, ("Rasounowsky"); C minor (Op. 18) and E flat (No. 10), Beethoven. *Sonatas for Piano and Violin*—in F minor, Mendelssohn; in B flat and D major (Nos. 14 and 7), Mozart; in G major (Op. 30), and A ("Kreutzer"), Beethoven. *Trios*—in G major, Haydn (piano, violin, and violoncello); in E flat, Mozart (pianoforte, clarinet, and viola); and in G minor, Weber (piano, flute, and violoncello). *Sonatas for Pianoforte alone*—in C major (dedicated to Haydn), and in C minor (*Pathétique*), Beethoven; besides Mozart's *Tema con Variazioni*, in D, for pianoforte and violoncello; a selection from Weber's "Chamber Duets," for two performers on one pianoforte; Bach's *Fuga Scherzando* and Grand Fugue in A minor, for pianoforte *solus*; Handel's *Suite de Pièces* in E major, ditto; Bach's Pedal Fugues in E flat and G minor; Handel's Concerto, No. 3, and Prelude and Fugue in F minor (*Suite de Pièces*) for organ *solus*, &c.

A second series was commenced, April 18th, with a fresh selection from Mendelssohn. The 25th gave us a specimen of English composers, comprising G. A. Macfarren, Henry Smart, Pinto, J. W. Davison, Sir Henry Bishop, E. J. Loder, Howard Glover, Barnett, Sterndale Bennett, and Balfe; May 2d, more novelties of Mozart; the 16th, Schubert and Spohr divided the honors; the 30th, Beethoven reigned supreme (those who heard the "Kreutzer" are not likely to forget it); while the 14th and last brought the series to a most brilliant close with the choice programme to which we have already adverted. Not only has the general character of the selections been marked with the utmost taste and discrimination, but the choice of artists to whom the execution was entrusted has been equally felicitous. Among the instrumentalists we have had Miss Arabella Goddard, Charles Hallé, Benedict, Lindsay Sloper, Joachim, Wieniawski, Sainton, Blagrove, Doyle, Ries, Piatti, Lazarus, Hopkins, Best, &c.; while the vocalists have included Mr. Sims Reeves, Wilbye Cooper, Thomas, Santley, Fedor, Mesdames Enderssohn, Dolby, Palmer, Jefferys, &c., with many others whose names want of space alone compels us to omit.

Paris.

The following edict has come from the office of the Minister of State in Paris, date May the 31st: "1. Every example of the *Normal Diapason*, appointed by the ministerial decree of the 22th of February, 1859, must be distinguished by an oval stamp of verification, two millimètres in breadth and ten millimètres and a half in height, representing a lyre, with two letters, D and N, 'Diapason Normal.' Only the tuning-forks thus stamped can be considered as exact, or of official authority. 2. The verification and the affixing of the stamp will take place (without expense) under the superintendence of M. Lissajous, Professor of Physical Science in the *Lycée Saint-Louis*, especially appointed for this purpose, and in a locality belonging to the Imperial Conservatory of Music and Declamation, where the model Diapason is deposited. 3. Only tuning-forks in soft steel, with parallel branches, conforming to the model in the Conservatory, are to be thus stamped. 4. The present decree will be registered in the General Secretary's office." Who shall answer that these forks, audited, seen, and approved, and stamped by M. Lissajous, shall keep their normality, if one goes to Algiers and another to La Rochelle? Mr. Hullah distinctly told the meeting at the Society of Arts that two of his forks, precisely identical when tried in the same temperature, varied sensibly when exposed to different heats, and more, that they did not recover easily, if at all, from such variation. The whole matter, we suspect, may prove a scientific amusement rather than a practical improvement.—*Athenæum*.

Germany.

The German Opera season, at Vienna, untouched, apparently, by Magenta or Mincio matters, has, by this time, commenced. Herr Schönbrück, formerly a lieutenant in the Austrian army, was to make his appearance on the occasion, oddly enough, not in a German opera, but in "Zampa," a French opera translated. Herr Stuntz, one of the valuable, but somewhat mediocre *Kapellmeisters* of Germany, whose ponderosity has been the one excuse for the outbreak of Wagnerism, and who held office at Munich, has just died, at an advanced age. The son of Carl Maria von Weber is about to issue a new edition of the literary works of his father, preceded by a biographical notice. This, if well executed, should be full of interest; Weber's life having been full of vicissitudes.—*Ibid*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 30, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Cantata, "Morning," by FERDINAND RIES.

Festival of the Schools.

The sixty-sixth annual festival of the public schools of Boston was held last Wednesday afternoon, and was essentially a second trial, with improvements, of the admirable plan initiated last year, of making it a Singing Festival, in the Music Hall, twelve hundred children's voices joining in unison in some fine old chorals, as the central exercise and point of interest.

Happy were the hundreds who could gain admission to so rare a feast of eye and ear and soul! Of course the audience room was very limited, after providing as was necessary for the 350 medal scholars and their parents, for all officially concerned, for educational citizens and visitors; of course there could be no other plan than that of invitation through members of the Festival or School Committees, and therefore no complaint. But happy they who saw and heard! It did one good to be there. It was an experience of raised community of feeling, of high and beautiful suggestions, of promise of a better future, of all in fact that childhood in its purity and hopefulness and freshness; that education, revealing the beauty and the wisdom of its still and year-round processes in one of its annual blossoming times;

that Music, type and language of all spiritual and social harmonies, the only universal language and best type of unity, could offer in a favorable hour. It was a joyful, a religious season. The arrangements were essentially the same as last year. There was the same flower-pyramid of bright-faced, happy children, rising in ranks from the stage to the upper balconies, into the ends of which the heads of small boys overflowed like berries overheaped. There were the same fairy white dresses of pretty girls, innumerable, relieved with all prismatic colors, and fans fluttering like butterflies, filling the great central and receding spaces, with an opening to the bronze Beethoven, flower-crowned, in the centre, while the boys formed the outer wings (in sombre shadow) in front: the whole in shape and variety of color resembling a huge parti-colored pansy blossom. The whole number of children was *twelve hundred and thirty-six*. Of these more than two thirds were girls, a great majority, yet hardly great enough to balance the overwhelming strength of the boys' voices. The stage end of the hall, besides such living decoration, was furthermore enriched by fine portraits of Washington, Franklin, and other venerated personages, from the Athenæum. The auditorium, as before, was decorated by flags and wreathed inscriptions, bearing the names and dates of the schools, of their founders, of the mayors of the city, &c.

After a good organ voluntary by Mr. J. C. D. PARKER, the exercises opened with prayer by Rev. Dr. GANNETT; and then, under the direction of Mr. BUTLER, one of the music teachers in the schools, the great choir of children chanted in unison the Lord's Prayer, to the same old Gregorian Chant on three notes as last year. It went as one voice, precise and impressive; but falling as the three notes do on just the strong part of the boy's alto register, their loud and *blatant* voices nearly drowned the girls. Would it be possible, by directing constant effort to the point, to train boys not to shape all their notes in this way —, breaking off at the extreme of loudness, but to round the tone gently off, which is the difference between singing and shouting?

Dr. J. B. UPHAM, chairman of the Festival Committee, and originator of the plan, then rose and, in behalf of his associates and of the city, welcomed the audience, as follows:

REMARKS OF DR. J. B. UPHAM.

It becomes my duty and pleasure, in behalf of my esteemed associates and of the city, to welcome you all to this recurring festival and jubilee of the public schools of Boston—the last, as it is also the brightest and best of that long series of literary festivities of which, at this season of the year, our favored city is the centre.

To be sure, it has become a question which arises anew and in full force to-day—Why this carnival of letters and of learning must, of necessity, come in the very heat and high noon of summer! But that is a matter, perhaps, neither for you nor me to attempt to solve. There may be, and for aught I know, there is a significance in this fiery trial of our faith in the institutions planted by our fathers amid difficulties and dangers. And—if so—when I look around on this large and intelligent and interested assembly, I hazard not much in saying that *faith prevails*; the great legacy, now in the hands of the children, is safe.

Seriously, however, the present is an occasion of which we may well be proud. It is peculiarly and above all others the day of rejoicing and of triumph to our good city, for it commemorates that on which her glory and her prosperity mainly rests—the success of her large and liberal system of popular education. Suffer me, in prefacing the time-honored exercises which belong to the hour, to dwell for a single moment on this familiar theme.

We read, in the early chronicles of our Puritan forefathers, this record:—That after God had carried them safe to New England, and they had builded their houses, provided the necessities for their livelihood, reared convenient places for religious worship, and settled the civil government, the next thing they longed for and looked after was to advance learning and perpetuate it to posterity. So did our pious ancestors. So, also—to their honor be it said—do their wandering sons and daughters, in whatever distant land they take up their abode. Thus, in the very infancy of the New England colonies, was founded and established, by our fathers, a well considered system of public instruction—for, with them, “to long for and look after” was speedily to accomplish. This system it is which, essentially the same in its elements, has come down to us unimpaired in the lapse of more than two hundred years. How well it has fared at our hands, let the friends of education and virtue in this and other countries attest.

I cannot forbear to quote, in this connection, the words of the learned and accomplished Lord Ellesmere—to whom all the scholars of England and America are indebted for his masterly exposition and classification of the multitudinous tongues of those races that speak a language either directly or remotely kindred to our own; and who, a few years since, it will be recollected, chanced by a happy coincidence to arrive in Boston on the day of the annual School Festival in Faneuil Hall. Said this noble and distinguished representative of Great Britain, on the occasion I have referred to, in graceful allusion to the influences of this system of universal education, in perpetuating our institutions, and our name and existence as a nation—“If, in the Providence of God, England shall one day become like the land of Egypt and Assyria, *non omnis moriar* is the exulting thought; for I feel that the history, the language and the intellectual feats of my country will still survive on this side the Atlantic.”

But while, with an honest pride, we glory, as it is our privilege to do on such an occasion as this, in our present prosperity, and rejoice in its just appreciation and acknowledgment in the high places of the earth—let us not be unmindful of what yet remains to be done. It is a maxim, as true now as when the great Roman Orator first gave it utterance—“a difficult thing, indeed, it is to attain to eminence—harder still, to keep and hold it when gained.” The foundations of this fair fabric have, it is true, been laid deep and sure—and the superstructure reared ready to our hands. Be it ours to guard and sustain it—to consolidate, and strengthen and perfect—to enlarge, to beautify and adorn.

But I must turn abruptly from these considerations, on which I would gladly linger. The last year witnessed the inauguration of a change in the mode of conducting these festivities. Instead of the old Faneuil Hall, with its patriotic memories and associations, this ample arena, reared and dedicated to Art, opened not less appropriately its friendly portals for your reception; and, for the grosser materials of the feast, were substituted the choral strains of this vast choir of unison voices, which you have again before you to-day. It has been determined by the School Board—I think wisely—to attempt a repetition of the experiment on a similar scale; and, although I hope soon to see established a *separate and distinct* exhibition of the musical department of the public schools, I also trust that the beautiful and impressive scene before us now may henceforth and forever form, if not the prominent, at least a considerable, feature of this most interesting anniversary.

As may reasonably be supposed, to fitly furnish forth this portion of the feast has involved no little amount of care and preparation; and I take this opportunity, in behalf of the Committee of Arrangements, and the School Board they represent, to extend their heartfelt thanks to the worthy Superintendent of the Schools—to the masters, who, in this season of their most arduous labors, have so generously coöperated with him and with us—to the faithful and efficient corps of instructors in music, and to these chorister pupils, one and all, for their earnest and patient endeavors in bringing again to so happy a consummation this most difficult, as it is also the most delightful, of all the exercises and duties that are crowded into this one eventful day. For this, I say, in behalf of my valued associates and in their names, I sincerely, cordially thank you. The whole audience, I am sure, joins with me in this feeling and expression.

These forms and semblances of the great, the wise, and the good—though their lips be sealed—look down their approbation upon you from the canvas. And, great master! presiding genius and High Priest in this Temple—standing never more appropriately than now, crowned and garlanded in the midst of this garden of fresh young life, who in himself embodyest all

of that divine art this day thus dignified and ennobled—I seem to hear from the breathing, speaking bronze thine approval and benediction.

And may you all find your full reward in the consciousness that you have yourselves participated in, and shared in giving to this vast and sympathizing audience a foretaste of that pure enjoyment which, we are assured, enters into the happiness of heaven.

The good Doctor, who has certainly made himself very popular with the children and their parents by his unwearied efforts in this cause, was repeatedly cheered; the Germania Band, (with reeds and softer instruments as well as brass, for a refreshment), played with exceeding delicacy and fine blending of the tone-colors, a very pleasing piece, and the Rev. Dr. ROLLIN H. NEALE, was introduced to the audience, who commenced as follows:

REMARKS OF REV. DR. NEALE.

There was a German gentleman among us a few months since who was without a breast-bone. His heart, like that of a true, honest man, lay exposed. Our friend Dr. Upham, who pushes his researches in science in every direction, seized this opportunity to sound more fully the depths of the human heart, and by an exquisite contrivance, ascertained and measured its beatings with scientific accuracy. By some telegraphic apparatus he is able not only to put its spontaneous operations upon paper, but to set them to music and the ringing of bells.

I think he must have been adjusting a similar machinery in our schools. His singing comes from the heart. It reminds one of the time when those precious words, “I know that my Redeemer liveth,” came not from the lips merely, but from the heart of the Swedish songstress in notes almost divine.

Not only the hearts of the children, but the heart of nature herself seems open and smiling on us to-day. The clouds and mists of the morning are removed, and all is light and cheerfulness and love, and though we have no ocean telegraph, yet good news comes to us, just in time, across the sea. As when the star of Bethlehem arose, the temple of Janus is shut. Street music fills the air, and angels are singing, “Glory to God in the highest, Peace on earth and good will towards men.”

I have no wish, I am sure, to mar the beauty and symmetry of this our mortal frame. But I have sometimes thought the breast bone was an annoyance. You meet it on “Change; you find it too often in the social circle, and in the sphere of progressed friendship. Many a heart is like that of Daniel's image, partly iron and partly brass.

Hence we become alienated from one another, when we ought to move and breathe in one atmosphere of love,

Where each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
Where sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.

It is the heart which more than all agencies combined, contributes most to the beauty, the comfort, the efficiency of man in every department of life.

The Rev. gentleman proceeded, in his own hearty manner, to illustrate his point by anecdotes of the heart eloquence of Webster and the lamented Choate, and concluded happily with telling the children to make the most of their vacation and not to waste it in anxious studies.

Next, Mr. CARL ZERRAHN stepped to the conductor's stand, and the children sang, with organ and orchestral accompaniment, the beautiful plain Choral: “Let all men praise the Lord;” the first stanza by girls' voices only, whose soft, sweet quality of tone, well modulated, swelled and diminished, was in great contrast with the *blatant* boy blasts as above. Then the boys joined with them, adding a reedy strength and richness to the tone-mass, like the coming in of the trumpet stops and mixtures upon the flutes and diapacons in an organ. Chorals, so sung, by so many hundreds of fresh, youthful voices, fall on the ear and on the soul like a broad, rich, soft, refreshing rain; the heart is glad and grateful the while, and one is inly strengthened. The

chairman then introduced RICHARD WARREN, Esq., President of the New York School Board, and formerly of Boston, who spoke at great length, earnestly and well; only a *long* speech from the very angel of eloquence would have been too much for a time so full otherwise. We have room for but a portion of his remarks.

REMARKS OF MR. WARREN.

* * * The glory of America should be—in that she, in theory, at least—claims to provide every child with a good education. The pride of your city, sir, is in her public schools. The true theory of Christianity is, that all men are children of God,—the true theory of the Fathers of our Country, was that all men are equal. But, in only one institution of our land, do I really see the attempt to make that theory practical. Not in the church, as yet; not in the halls of legislation, as yet; not in social life; but only in the Public Schools. There indeed the poor and the rich meet together; there is universal brotherhood; there the child of the most gifted, either in money or in talent, and the child of the day laborer, however poor, sit on equal terms; there alone fidelity finds a sure reward, regardless of the position in outward circumstance of the student; there the children born here, or in another land, meet on common ground; and in your city, Mr. President, the privilege is granted to those who have a darker skin than is usually to be seen to elevate themselves as human beings; to cultivate the talent entrusted to them by Him, who is no respecter of persons.

What but the education of the whole people, is to preserve to those who shall succeed us, the glorious freedom and the free institutions, which we have inherited from our fathers? That education must be large, liberal, expansive. We must embrace all subjects that the past has offered—and it must be ready to receive all new light that science shall reveal. That education must be free to every child: it must be provided for every one, by no mean appropriation of the public funds, but by a generous outpouring; so that, whatever is imparted shall be of the best kind, and given through the best instructors who are to be found. Sir, the office of a school teacher is to stand hereafter in greater honor, than it has done heretofore. I place the teachers of the youth of our land, be they of either sex, on a pedestal height above politicians, or legislators. They, surely are to form the hereafter of this country. Did they fully comprehend what a mighty power each one of them can wield; did they see how they are training up for all after time, men and women, who are to be rulers, who will in mature years look back on the instruction they are now receiving, and know then whether it were right or wrong; did they all feel what a tremendous responsibility rests on them, they would labor more earnestly than they even now do. I can have but little respect for the teacher who labors only for the support to life that is afforded. That should be liberal; it is the best tax a man pays; that should be sufficient to compensate for daily labor; for head work; for hard work; but yet none should enter the list to rear an immortal soul, without a high idea of the magnitude of the office, nor without feeling that, great as is the task undertaken, greater is the responsibility attached to it. I place, as I remarked, the school teachers on a high elevation—for without them where will the great and mighty men come from? Behind the colossal intellect of your Webster; ere the splendid scholarship and the beautiful thoughts of your Everett shone out; before Choate could electrify the multitude; ere your Sumner learned the great lessons of man's right and man's duty; ere Prescott could write with power to move multitudes, or before your Winthrop, your Phillips, your Hillard, or your thousand others could make their mark in the world; before a Banks could rise from the shop to his governor's chair, or a Wilson could leave the humble seat of the shoemaker to take his seat in the senate chamber—precedent to all these, there labored, with each one of them, the teacher. Into their young minds was cast the seed that took root and sprang up to bless the world, and to prove man's capacity. So is it today. On the benches, in your schools, in the schools of my city, and in every city and town where such institutions are, there are giant intellects now being fed and nurtured by the teacher; and the future of our country shall be guided by the scholars of our public schools more than the past has been, and beyond what the present is. Honor then from every one to the faithful teachers! Let sympathy be extended to all of them—and gratitude too. And in particular to woman. I base the future welfare of my country on her *faithfulness*. Never, in this land, had she such an opportunity as now. Her influence is immeasurable. In her hands is the destiny of all coming time. She is to mould

by her teaching, by her example, those ruder natures which come under her influence now. She is to make the State and the nation great. Be she teacher; or be she scholar; or in whatever position she is, by

"Those graceful acts,
Those thousand decencies that daily flow
From all her words and actions,"

she will mould the men of the coming generation to a high idea of truth and right, or to a low standard of mere political expediency. The female teacher, in our public schools! I bow, in reverence, to such as are faithful to those who are in their charge. Nearly one thousand are engaged in the duty in the city where I live, and could you, sir, have looked upon five hundred of them gathered together, last week, all arrayed in robes of white, as they met for their annual gathering, you could almost believe they were a company of the angels come down to earth to take care of the little ones,—the lambs of the flock.

Has not the scene we have this day witnessed been sufficient to gratify even the misanthropist? How beautiful is the feature of music introduced into our schools! Music than which nothing is more elevating. What gladness it sends into every heart, especially when it ascends from these hundreds of little ones! I would advise any one, if he rises in the morning in a melancholy mood, dissatisfied with the world, disposed to complain, and find fault, to enter one of these school houses when the children are, like the birds in the trees, sending out their notes, as they sing their morning song. It is an ennobling service, as well as a pleasant variety; and I cannot conceive it possible for any one, who has heard this exercise in the schools, to make complaint of it, and in an unkind spirit speak words of condemnation of it. I don't know, sir, how far you carry this exercise of the schools in your city, but in New York every school is opened with prayer and with song, and in nearly 200 rooms, from 50,000 voices at the same moment, rise the glad notes of our children. All evil desires are by this checked; ill-feeling is subdued, and the little ones go with cheerful faces and kindlier hearts from such a service to their studies. It has come to be an indispensable part of popular education. The future generations shall be much more a musical people than any of the past have been, and thus this beautiful science shall elevate the people; from the school benches children and youth shall enter the true church of God, and sing His praises there, mingled with prayer and teaching.

So, Mr. President, a true education in our public schools should include all that is beautiful as well as the useful; all that will make the child happy as well as learned; all that shall elevate the mind that is being instructed. There is time for all this.

Next rose the girls of the High and Normal School, who occupied the lowest seats in the pyramid, and who, after a rich instrumental introduction, sang, (in harmony, in three parts) a very beautiful and impressive *Sanctus*, which bore testimony to the superior special training which that school has enjoyed for some months under Mr. Zerrahn. The richness of this piece was in fine contrast with the choral unisons. Then was sung the best of all the Chorals: "A strong castle is our Lord," by Martin Luther, with admirable effect, by all, the contrast of loud and soft passages, and other shades of expression being quite successfully secured. But the most popular piece, which had to be repeated, was an adaptation of the prayer from "Moses in Egypt," with orchestra, but sung in unison; the High and Normal girls singing the *sol*, answered by all the girls in chorus, and the boys also joining where the minor changes to the major, with an inspiring effect. This was well for a variety; but give us still the Chorals for the staple of the programme.

A brief and pertinent address was then made by his Honor, Mayor LINCOLN. We let the *Daily Advertiser* tell the rest:

Then came the prettiest feature in the active part of the proceedings. It was first necessary to marshal those of the medal scholars who were among the chorals from their elevated seats upon the platform, into the corridors, where they were presently joined by their associates in the honors of the day, who had been sitting in the front seats of the first balcony.

This having been effected, the procession started in its progress across the front of the platform, ascending and descending by temporary staircases erected for the purpose;—the band meanwhile discoursing splendid music. The procession was led by a beautiful girl, from the Bowdoin School, we believe, who marched with a truly queenly step, and well might any queen be proud of such a following as hers. As the procession crossed the platform, the medal scholars were each separately introduced to his Honor the Mayor, by their masters, who accompanied them for the purpose. The fair and gallant recipients of the medals were greeted by his Honor with a smile, a cordial grasp of the hand, and received from him a bouquet. The masters, also, received bouquets, expressly designated for them by name by cards thereto affixed. The members of the school committee, likewise, we believe, receive still more magnificent bouquets, which, lest they should waste any of their sweetness on the desert air of a public room, are delivered to them at their private residences. This small piece of comparatively harmless impropriety, is perpetrated, we suppose, that the Scripture may be fulfilled which saith that no ceremony however simple, innocent and charming in itself shall be performed under the auspices of any municipal government, unless there be somehow a taint of jobbery attached. The flowers were fresh and beautiful. They were furnished by Mr. John Galvin, Superintendent of the Common and Public Squares. There were three hundred and fifty separate bouquets, and after the medal scholars and masters were all supplied, a few remained which were very appropriately distributed among some of the young ladies of the Girls' High and Normal School.

The procession returned to the balcony, where a second row of seats was cleared of spectators by the ushers, in order to show room for the whole number of medal scholars, now reinforced by those who had at first sat upon the platform. "Old Hundred" was sung, the audience joining by request in the last stanza, which was given with literally tremendous effect,—organ, orchestra and perhaps five thousand voices uniting in the peal. A benediction from Rev. Dr. Gannett closed the proceedings; the children were dismissed for their summer vacation, and the audience dispersed at about a quarter to seven o'clock, having been most agreeably entertained for two hours and a half.

So ended a most successful Festival. Further comments we must reserve; only adding that the Committee of Arrangements of the School Committee consisted of the following gentlemen: Dr. J. Baxter Upham, Hon. John P. Putnam, Rev. J. C. Stockbridge, Farnham Plummer, Esq., Rev. S. K. Lothrop, Dr. T. M. Brewer, Dr. William Read, Rev. W. H. Cudworth, E. B. Dearborn, Esq., and Dr. Le Baron Russell. These gentlemen are certainly eminently entitled to the thanks of this community.

Musical Chit-Chat.

The want of smaller music halls, for chamber concerts, &c., in our city, is likely to be well supplied. The Messrs. Chickering, in their new building now in the course of erection on Washington St., will have a gem of a hall, that will seat comfortably 400 persons. Another building, just commenced, at the foot of Bumstead Place, is to contain a fine hall which will seat at least 500, and will serve for concerts, balls, and for a supper or retiring room for great Festivals in the Music Hall, with which it will be thrown into connection by an arch-way. Then the place of the old Melodeon will be made good by a new hall in the building to be erected on the same site by the Hon. C. F. Adams. . . . Messrs. A. and S. Nordheimer, in Montreal, have opened a magnificent new Music Hall, which was inaugurated by the Strakosch company a few weeks since. A card, signed by the members of the company. (Messrs. Junca, Amodio, Squires, Strakosch, Mollenhauer, and Mmes. Colson and Strakosch) speaks of it as "containing acoustic qualities of the highest order, elegance of construction and comfort for the audience, as well as performers, which render it, in our opinion, the most perfect Music Hall in America." Size not mentioned.

The noble Organ for the Boston Music Hall will probably be finished and set up early next summer. The actual works lie virtually completed now in the manufactory of Herr Waleker at Ludwigsburg. The delay has been owing to the difficulty of obtaining an entirely satisfactory design for the case. A most chaste and beautiful design by HAMMATT BILLINGS has at length been accepted, with the full approval of the builder of the organ. It will be constructed here, under the eye of Mr. Billings. The architecture of the organ provides a noble central position for the Beethoven statue.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, JULY 25. — The Jones's Wood Musical Festival was a catch-penny concern, and has done little to popularize out-door musical entertainments among respectable people. The music itself was very good — too good for the audience — which was composed of the lower classes of Germans, of Irish and New York rowdies. Intermixed with the music were circus and pyrotechnical exhibitions, swings, revolving horses, and such attractions.

The Palace Garden, a pleasant place of resort in a fashionable part of the city, offers the only opportunity of hearing decent music in the city. ARTHUR NAPOLEON, the young pianist, is the "star" piece, and with BAKER's excellent orchestra draws full houses.

STRAKOSCH has gone to Europe to get artists for his next opera season. He means to produce Verdi's "Sicilian Vespers," with COLSON as the prima donna — CORTESI is also engaged. GAZZANIGA, it is said, intends to return very soon to Europe; GASIER and MORELLI, the two best baritones we have, are both in this city. FREZZOLINI, I hear, returned to this country without any definite engagement, and as yet has made none. She has however received an offer, securing her twenty thousand dollars for a single season in the West Indies. She is under treatment for her voice and does not intend to sing till late in the fall — perhaps not then.

The Mendelssohn Union recently had a moonlight excursion on the Hudson, to which the music of the society, of DODWORTH's band, and of MILLS the pianist, lent its charms. The excursion was so successful that an encore is contemplated.

No other musical news. TROVATOR.

WORCESTER, MASS., JULY 20. — The spring term of the FRENCH INSTITUTE closed on Tuesday, the 12th inst., with an examination which we were unable to attend, but which is highly commended by all who were present. In the evening a festival was held in Mechanics Hall, where, notwithstanding the extreme warm weather, a large audience were assembled to witness the success of the commendable efforts of the principals of the Institute to introduce a complete system of physical education. The "French Cadets" were reviewed by their drill-master, Col. Goodhue, acquitting themselves exceedingly well, especially in the newly-introduced "bayonet-exercise." The Cadets, and a large number of young lady-pupils then joined in calisthenic exercises, under direction of Mrs. Moore. The appearance of the school was exceedingly fine; the young masters wearing their tasteful uniform, and the misses sashes of tri-colored silk.

A very pretty French divertissement — *Le Corbillon* — tested the facility and quickness of the pupils in speaking the French language; and the exercises were pleasingly varied by the solo-singing of two young ladies and the class singing of the school under the direction of Mr. STOCKING, who has had rare success in training his young chorus. The singing of the children showed unusual attention to perfect intonation, and careful study of the different registers of the voice, the want of which almost invariably mars the efforts of juvenile performers. Mayor Bullock presided upon the platform, upon which were seated several distinguished gentlemen of our own city and from abroad. Messrs. Churchill and Eames, of the Governor's Council, made acceptable speeches, the latter dwelling upon the importance of blending Art-culture with other culture.

The occasion was one of deep interest to all who love children and youth, and who would see them acquiring treasures of knowledge amid such refining influences as cluster around the excellent institution formed by the FRENCH INSTITUTE and the ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS. A.

LEIPZIG, GERMANY, JUNE. — It is late in the season for an account of the performances of the Gewandhaus Concerts, yet I cannot pass them by without some notice. The orchestra, than which there is not a better in Europe, has played unusually well. The course consists of twenty concerts, which are invariably given every Thursday evening. Beethoven's Symphonies are more largely represented than any

other; Mozart next; Haydn, Mendelssohn, Gade and Schumann following in regular order. Of "star" singers we have had Mad. GARCIA, DEVRIENT, and others, but I am sorry to add, all, to speak truly, have been rather "unbestimmt." Garcia's voice is hard, wiry, and sharp; nevertheless she is popular with the Gewandhaus directors; Mme. Dervient is too old to sing in public. In the rehearsal she attempted to sing a difficult cavatina, but being unable to go through it was obliged to substitute some ballads in its place for the concert. For piano virtuosi, we have had DREYSCHOCK, BUELOW, DUPONT, and others. The former is by far the greatest of the three; he is in point of execution, astonishing. In his playing "God save the Queen" with variations, for the left hand alone, the whole audience rose up on their feet, that they might the better be able to see his magical impossibilities. He was three times encored, which was glory enough for one night before an audience with whom he is not particularly popular. Dreychock is unlike any other pianist in this respect: he never fails to bring out new novelties on every occasion at which he appears. Bülow is a rising star; he possesses more poetical feeling, which makes him such a favorite just now in rendering classical music. Dupont is decidedly Frenchy in his style — his music will not bear comparison with that of Herz.

The other pianists have been younger candidates for public favor; among whom, as being the most worthy of notice, I will mention Mr. S. B. MILLS, now in New York. I have seen so many flattering notices of his playing in America, together with some very ridiculous and laughable stories in regard to his romantic marriage, that I cannot refrain from saying a word. He possesses a remarkably good execution, which he has acquired through diligent and laborious study. What he plays he plays surely and well, but his number of pieces is limited. That he possesses the talent which the New Yorkers have awarded him is not strictly true. The professors here have expressed much surprise at the notices which he has received, as they think him no musician, but simply a player of a few difficult pieces.

Of violinists we have had JOACHIM, STRAUSS, and others. The latter pleased me very much; his tone is rich, full, and musical, combined with great execution. He is a young man and is destined to be heard from. He lives in Vienna. The choral performances have been sung by the Pauline choir and the choir connected with the Thomas Church. I have heard the same choruses much better sung in Boston.

The Conservatorium have had two examination concerts this season. They were both fully attended and the music, which is always of the highest order, was creditably performed. The second was honored by the presence of Dr. LISZT, JAELL, and FRANZ. The programme consisted of Trio in A, from Henselt; Duet for piano and violin, from Schubert; two songs and a duet, (vocal); A Violin Trio; a stringed Quartet, from Mendelssohn; Duet for two pianos, from Moscheles; and the great Sonata in A, of Weber's, for Piano. The piano scholars of Prof. PLATON did the best, which, by the way, I am told is usually the case. He is a strict disciplinarian and a most thorough teacher; his scholars must always study lessons well or he does not go to them, consequently they are usually very diligent and get their lessons perfectly. Prof. DAVID's violin pupils, too, are notoriously good. Harmony has the largest number and perhaps the best teachers in the Conservatorium; PAPPENITZ, RICHTER, HAUPTMANN and RIETZ.

Of all the branches, the vocal is the poorest taught. I do not know the reason why it is so, but I do know that every young lady that has attempted to sing in our concerts (every Friday evening) has made a decided failure. It may be owing to the materials, but I think it is deeper seated. No American, I am sure, will come here to learn vocal music; if they do, I pity them on their appearance in public after their return home. English is spoken by all the principal teachers in the Conservatorium. I say this much because I have had several letters of inquiry in regard to it, but I would advise those who are intending to come here to learn the language before leaving home. By so doing they will avoid many inconveniences; and I must add, being cheated, too, for so far as my experience goes, the Leipzigers have few scruples in this matter, and especially towards Americans whom they look upon as possessing pockets full of California rocks. J. M. T.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 383.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1859.

VOL. XV. No. 19.

Translated for this Journal.

A Musical Cenacle.

(Concluded from last week.)

But it is not only by Cantatas for grand orchestra that the greatest of pianists, having become the painfulest of composers, seeks to enlighten opinion. Precise as are the harmonic combinations employed by Liszt to express all and explain all, the pianist, in order to place himself more readily upon a level with all intellects, is soon about to publish, as we understand, in simple prose, a pamphlet which is to cover with confusion all the melodists of all the schools, and prove to folks who do not like Liszt's music that they are confoundedly unjust. On the same occasion, the celebrated reformer means to administer a severe rebuke to his old friends of France and Germany, whose timorous ears have, in these latter times, in such a cowardly way abandoned him after the hearing of some pantheistical cantatas and humanitarian symphonies. The illustrious pianist, who is also a man of *esprit*, wishes to unmask the conduct of all these poltroons of harmony by making known the symphonic, astronomical, and other relations he has had with them.

Let us hope that, when Liszt speaks, it will not be as if he sung, and that his pamphlet will not lack the quality of being agreeable.

Some of the journals have announced Liszt's entrance into the religious order of St. Francis. This news is at least premature. What may have helped to propagate this false report, is in the first place the well known disposition of the great pianist for the monastic life, and then that manifesto inserted in divers German journals, wherein some of Liszt's friends make known the programme of his future labors. Here it is:

"At the request of Liszt, the poet Ottone Roquette has just written a legend in six tableaux on the life of St. Elizabeth. This legend is destined for the inauguration of the Wartburg hall, recently finished in the palace of the landgrave of Thuringia. After Liszt has composed this legend, he intends to write a new mass; then an ecclesiastical cantata, which shall illustrate, poetically and musically, the eight glorifications of the Sermon on the Mount; and an oratorio, *Christ*, of which the text will be by Frederic Rückert. Then will come a Symphony on the *Battle of the Huns*, after Kaulbach's picture, and finally another, a Schiller-Symphony, entitled *The Ideals*."

Liszt, who has the honor to be the friend of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, has the high hand in the musical direction of the ducal theatre of Weimar. This theatre is the tribune to which the members of the *cenacle* come in turn to sing after their manner. On the days of any extraordinary performance the celebrated pianist directs the orchestra in person.

In deference to the Grand Duke, who never fails to be present at any of the first representations, Liszt seats himself in such a manner as not to turn his back entirely either to the stage or to

the Grand Duke's box. In this mixt, ingenious, but uncomfortable position, the great pianist can divide his attention. His physiognomy, it is a strange fact, does not always remain the same on both sides of his face. It sometimes happens that his left eye expresses happiness and confidence in resting on the Grand Duke, while his right eye casts looks of rage and of anxiety upon the orchestra and stage.

The task of the celebrated pianist is not an easy one; far from it. It imposes on him an active surveillance and constant warnings to the orchestra and to the singers to avoid cacophony in the execution of works, where for the most part there is neither melody, nor rhythm, nor musical logic, nor even harmony, to guide one.

As for the public, it plays a very secondary part at Weimar. They tolerate it, because a public is required in public sessions, but they make small account of its opinion.

The *cenacle* has long judged the Weimar public at its true worth. The greatest beauties escape it. It remains cold before Wagner. It remains cold before Schumann; cold before Liszt himself, when the latter ceases to play the piano to make his orchestral and vocal compositions heard. It is a public to feed with thistles and with cavatinas of Rossini, so ignorant is it, of the earth earthly, and so sensual in music.

In the time of Schumann, and a fine time it was, they held a reunion at Liszt's house, to talk musical philosophy and search after the mysterious laws which bind the art of sounds to universal nature.

There sat, according to the occasion, the greatest personages of the nobility side by side with the musicians we have named. In one of the most memorable sessions of the musical *cenacle*, where the Grand Duke was represented, they say, by a noble courtier, Liszt, by his lyric eloquence and by the grandeur of his ideas, soared to the height of his vast projects of reform, if we may credit what has been related on the subject.

— If it be true, said he, with a voice calm, but convinced and firm, that in the natural order the strong drag after them the weak; that the social equilibrium, like the equilibrium of the universe, rests wholly on attraction and expansion combined; that thought is a vital fluid, all emanations from which are received by the soul which is eminently impressible; that love, like the infinite, has no limits, and is nothing but a reflected consciousness: if it be true, in fine, (and this in my eyes is the strongest argument), that, after decapitation, the individual consciousness continues to exist some instants in a man, then I am right, and the universal laws altogeth have their principle in attraction and in the passionate resolution of the chord of the seventh of the second species, third inversion, with major fourth, augmented third, superfluous fifth, minor seventh, resolving upon a chord of the eleventh, as I have done in my last Cantata to express the words: "Order reigns in Nature!"— Do you

not think as I do, Schumann? added Liszt, demanding of his friend the most intimate approbation of his system.

— I am seeking, replied Schumann.

— And you, Wagner, inquired Liszt, what do you think about it? Answer frankly, truth alone must guide us; we are her passionate lovers.

— Well then! replied Wagner, that being the case, I will answer Yes and No.

— I would say like Wagner, said the baron * * *, the Grand Duke's envoy; those words Yes and No convey my thought completely.

— Would M. le Baron have the goodness to give us his ideas with still more completeness upon this important question? added Liszt.

— Why not, resumed the envoy of the Grand Duke. And I am even not averse, now that occasion offers, to telling on this subject the very bottom of my thought; or rather I leave this task to Wagner. We have always thought alike. Say, Wagner, say what you think about the proposition raised by Liszt.

— Since it seems to be demanded, I will speak, said Wagner, and without pretending to make myself in all points the interpreter of M. le Baron, I will say that, if the first conclusions of my learned friend are luminous, if for instance it appears incontestable that, in the natural order, the strong draw the weak, yet the last conclusion relative to vital fluids seems to me forced, and I do not hesitate to declare myself against such a theory.

— Great God! exclaimed Liszt, but if Wagner is right, what becomes of my last compositions, based on the system of vital fluids?

— I reject this system, and this is the reason why, continued Wagner. I believe that the vital fluids, brutally persecuted, with the soul, in the phenomenon of decapitation in man, subsist only in an enfeebled state, without harmony, and independent in their action. For the rest, decapitation, for which people of all times and countries seem to have an instinctive repulsion, proves nothing to my eyes. Man reigns over the earth by virtue of two contrary powers which seem antipathetic, but which nevertheless lend each other mutual support: you will perceive that I allude to the power of action and the power of inertia. Now if the power of action disappears when a man finds himself, in consequence of decollation, deprived of his head, one of the essential organs of life, the equilibrium between the two primal powers is gone, inertia alone subsists. What then becomes of the passionate law, vanquished, effaced, by repose, the antipathetic element *par excellence* of movement? . . . Ah! I avow, this theory, based on the vital fluids after decollation, was seductive and ingenious, and was able for a moment to subjugate the imagination of our Liszt, who has written his last Cantata under this false impression. But, if I have made myself understood, the very basis of the system is erroneous, and the universal laws entire have not consequently their principle, as my learned friend

believes, in the passional resolution of the chord of the seventh of the second species in its third inversion, with major fourth, augmented third, superfluous fifth, minor seventh, resolving upon a chord of the eleventh; such a use of harmony is not justified by the words: "Order reigns in nature."

An instant of silence succeeded these words, which appeared to produce a lively sensation in the learned assembly.

The Baron was the first to break the silence.

— Well, said he, very well, and just what I should have replied to Liszt.

Crushed by this overwhelming answer, Liszt made no reply. Who could know in what ideal sea his soul then floated? At length, recovering his consciousness, according to the same narrators, but like a man enamored of a system which he can not abandon without pain, he addressed himself to Schumann, whose concluding words were to convince him.

— And you, Schumann? We wait for your opinion. Your word, so precise, so full of sense, must enlighten us all. . . . Do you not hear?

— I seek, replied Schumann.

— The fact is, added the Baron, Schumann is a great seeker. I am actually astonished that he has time to find anything, his whole life is so taken up with seeking.

— Truth, Baron, wishes to be won at that price, answered Schumann, gravely.

— It is very well, my friends, added the Baron, breaking up the session; seek, seek always, and when you think that you have found the truth, set it to music as you have done thus far; the singers of my noble master, his orchestra, his theatre, you know, are all at your disposal.

And these great musicians, so divided in their particular theories, but with one great end in common, separated to resume their labors, swearing as always, hatred for all melody.

Their latest works are evidently the consequence of such an oath.

OSCAR COMETTANT.

The Diarist Abroad.

BERLIN, MAY 11. — Cars at 8 1-2, after all the usual parting blessings from old and young — especially the boys — for Breslau, in Silesia. Pretty girl from Jüterbogk for a companion as far as Liegnitz — told me about her former musical studies — how she was gradually getting command of a fine voice of wide compass — when the throat became affected — and "now, *Ach Gott!* I can not sing a note!" She was pretty, well — well! There too was a pretty young Jewess, with her child and maid, and they spoke English, but not cockney — and this assured me that she did not belong to the great Moses family of London; and so it proved; she was from New York, and after leaving Liegnitz, we were very conversable. Reached Breslau at 7 P. M., and found the good Professor's carriage awaiting me.

There! that's a specimen of the materials which I have collected with which to keep up my repute with diaristical friends. Brickmaking without straw — fishing without hook, line or sinker, and bait wanting — shoemaking without leather, wax or pegs — not even birchwood for *sabots* — criticizing without a topic, and without ideas if I had a topic, like Bobus's articles on music in the "Morning Sunbeam" — punch-brewing without rum, sugar or lemons, or even

the materials for that happiest invention since nectar, compounded of milk, nutmeg and sundries — these things are nothing to the task before me here in this room, away at the distant extremity of the huge caravansary, known as the Erzherzog Stephan Inn, and Hotel Garni, which, beginning on the Horse Market — a splendid street some 300 feet wide, with a fine city gate at its upper end — extends back, back, back to somebody's garden, where, in the noble locust and walnut trees, endless legions of sparrows and other birds chatter twenty hours of the twenty-four. And lo! the city is Prague — old Prag — queer Prag — quaint Prag — the Prag where they used to throw the minority in the city and other councils out of the windows, a happy way of deciding tough questions — whether the questioners themselves were tough or not — it seems they were not always — ancient Prag where old Jan Ziska fought, and where Huss taught, — where 500 years ago 25,000 students from all the known world, Englishmen among them, came to study — grand Prag of Wallenstein — bigotted Prag of St. Johann Nepomuck, and the Lord Noesoo.

And here I stop to take breath, and in taking it am carried back by the pneumatic (isn't it?) pressure to Breslau again, wafted thither on a wing of the wind of memory and fancy.

First day in Breslau. I find it recorded thus in my memorandum book:

"Antiquarianizing and loafing about town all day."

No, this will never do! Such a diary — pfui! Jean Paul wrote a book on the life of the (imaginary) author of the *Bienrode A B C Book*, for little children — "The Life of Fibel" — a book to make one laugh and — think too. He gives a list of Fibel's other works — great old folios in divers tongues — one of which unluckily was printed before Fibel was born. It appears that the blessed Fibel bought old works of anonymous authors and printed his name in their title pages. Two or three will serve as instances:

Fibelii catalogus Bibliothecæ Brücklane, Fol. Dresden, 1750.
Etat abrégé de la Cour de Saxe sous le Règne d'Auguste.
Fibel. 1734.

not to mention the German works to which he thus laid claim.

The temptation is strong to follow the example of the great Fibel on a smaller scale — give a few pages of "*Utilissime musicales regule necessitate plani cantus simplicis contrapuncti, &c.*" — translated (with the aid of a dictionary); or make up a chapter or two from anonymous John Murray about Breslau. Perhaps I shall. It is the more excellent way — one I certainly heartily commend — to write original letters from Europe for country newspapers, and some not country, for fame and for two dollars a letter (nominally). It is easy for the writer, and if he has the last edition of red-bound John, his information may in general be trusted. It is indeed a very twopenny way of playing the Great Fibel, to merely copy out passages under one's own name, instead of printing that name in full upon some sizeable old anonymous folio. But what can a poor fellow of a correspondent do, with the thermometer rising, rising, rising, as though its food and drink were yeast? Especially a musical correspondent, weary with ringing the changes upon a peal of but four or five bells?

Second day in Breslau. "Antiquarianizing and not much else." So stands the record. Courage, we may yet hit upon something. And if we, do all Prag's bells shall ring — they will, whether or no. Longfellow tells me "the old Lombard, Matteo Maria Bojardo, set all the church bells in Scandiano ringing merely because he had found a name for one of his heroes." Yesterday morning, as the hundred bells upon the Catholic churches — the protestants are allowed no churches here, — only "prayerhouses" — nor bells, like the Catholics in Berlin, a modern example of the *lex talionis*, which being interpreted is 'tit for tat' — as the hundred bells began to ring, deeper and deeper toned ones setting in from all quarters, until that mighty one not far from my open window sent his huge voice deeply vibrating under and through all the rest, I fancied it all a rejoicing that I had found an idea, — though more probably the bells rang to call people to church.

Had Longfellow not told me of the old Lombard, I had never known of him; which reminds me of a topic on which I mused the other day; namely, that books abounding in learned quotations are, to the ordinary reader, like railroads to the traveller — you can get over a great space in a short time — half see a great deal and know precious little of it all afterwards. You travel the Rhine for instance, by railroad, so far as it is completed, the rest of the way by steamboat, (down stream, of course). You watch the shore with your Murray in your hand. There are Bing-en [Americanicé, Bin-gen] with the ruins of the old Castle Klopp above it, and opposite hangs Ehrenfels on the side of the mountain; then Bishop Hatto's tower on the island. Ruin after ruin, and delicious little vallies opening upon the great Rheintal; and you pass delightful, quaint little old Bacharach, with exquisite Werner's Kapelle on the shelf of the hill, and the Lörlei Rocks and huge old Rheinfels, and so on all the way until by and by, after some sixty miles, you emerge between Rolands-Eck and the Drachenfels into the broad and beautiful Rhine Valley wherein lie Bonn, and, twenty miles farther, old Cologne. Yes, you have seen all, and all lies a chaos of unformed matter — like the stuff of which Ovid makes the earth — in your memory. No, you must take your knapsack and foot it down the Rhine, or up as you will, stop in the little village guest-houses; wander up the ravines, which are fairyland; climb to the old castles; drink milk and wine at peasant inns; sit in old ruins and muse; take your time and enjoy yourself; and so you will know the Rhine, and so only. So with your literary railroads. They carry you through broad fields of literature; make known to you the names of many authors; give you a thousand apt quotations with which to exhibit your learning — as jolly old Burton to Sterne — but after all, you know none of their charms — their cool poetic shades — the rare old ruins of thoughts and ideas of foregone ages; you drink not their milk and wine; you have nothing of their richness, self-found and laid up in the storehouse of memory.

The parallelism holds good to a certain degree also in Art. If Art be not a mere copying of nature, but a creation of forms, groups, scenes out of the materials derived from careful study and observation of nature, making the statue, group, historic painting or landscape but the vehicle of

conveying to the beholder the poetic feeling and sentiment of the artist, it is clear that the beholder must be able, either through a naturally deeply poetic nature or through study and reflection to sympathize with the artist, to be able to fully appreciate his work. I must confess — and it is a misfortune too — that in the case of sculpture, and in that of most poetry, my feelings and sympathies are not touched — but that is no ground for ridiculing the earnest admirer of both.

Those who have the gift of feeling them from nature are a happy class — they have a deep source of enjoyment from which I am shut out. But — the rushing from gallery to gallery on a six months visit to Europe, by men and women, who never before saw a good picture or statue in their lives, and going into raptures over works, whose main excellence is their marvellous expression of the poetic side of Catholicism, a poetry of which they have and can have no conception — this is a railway method of travelling in Art. The Romish church has its deeply beautiful, poetic side, else it could have no such hold upon the human race; and not until this can be felt, do I believe that many of its miracles of Art can be other than splendid specimens of workmanship to the visitor. How many there are, whom I have seen in Dresden before the Madonna, to whom that celestial being was but a magnificently beautiful woman, but not so beautiful as the "Madonna in the chair" at Florence! The real triumph of Raphael's art had quite escaped them. So in music. He who cannot sympathize in the religious feelings of Handel in the Messiah, Bach in the Passion, Mozart and Cherubini in their Requiems, and Beethoven in his great Mass in D, — or, as the common expression is, cannot enter into the feeling of the music — must necessarily hear it, judge it by the simple standard of the ear. Too few of us unhappily have more than a railroad knowledge of music. Shall we ever be able to combine so many in a society in any of our cities, really filled with the desire to go deeply into the art, to meet often and fear not a small annual expense, for the purpose of knowing what the great men of the art in past times really did create? It takes time and money to get a good knowledge of any branch of literature — time and money are necessary to enable us to penetrate into the deepest enjoyments of music.

The record of Day III, in Breslau is as important as the preceding. Still there is little doubt in my mind that all the twenty-four hours were occupied. Men and women eat and drink, chat, sleep, walk, ride, pay and receive visits in Breslau as well as in Boston. Children cry too, but not so much — a fact that struck me in 1849 and in 1859 alike. Now here is a chance for a medical discussion. Ring, bells of Prag, for the conception of an idea; for a Musical Journal, though? No. Yet are not children music of Nature? and that often in more senses than one? And would it not be a blessing to Mrs. Boston Smith to explain to her why her children cry more than those of Mrs. Breslau Schmidt?

It is recorded above, under head of Day II., that I "loafed" about Breslau. Such was the fact. At divers times I made Maske's Antiquarian Bookstore a loafing place, for there was deposited the historical and theoretical portion of Mosevius's musical collection. The old gentleman was for many years Professor of Music in the

University and conductor of the Breslau Sing-Akademie.

Four years ago I heard his society sing Mozart's *Requiem* in the University Hall under his lead, and it went finely. He has written a good deal upon music, and his analyses of some of Bach's principal works gave him a high reputation. Though not at all ranking with Winterfeld, Kiesewetter, Schmid, Dehn, and their like, as an authority, still he was among by far the better class of musical writers. His library proved to be a very fair one; good in musical Lexica, and in works upon the history of church music. That it had a complete set of Mattheson's works, as stated by the London *Athenæum*, is an error; the collection of that author was by no means so complete, nor, in fact, was the library in hardly any respect so complete as that of Dr. Mason. I found nothing there to purchase for our Boston Library, or very little — a few books which I would have taken were already away.

But I enjoyed loafing about the quaint old streets; in the market-places; in the old churches; in the University building, once an Austrian palace of great extent; on the bridges, whence one gets extraordinary views of the strangely constructed house-rears, with balconies and outside passages, and long flights of steps down to the water, generally all weather-beaten, dirty, and when the canals are dry, more offensive than is easily described, but when the water flows freely along, all together making long lines of odd, characteristic picturesqueness of which we Americans know and can know nothing, unless we cross the ocean.

Breslau was of yore, like Hamburg, Bremen, and in fact, nearly all other important cities save Berlin, surrounded with a huge wall and ditch. Through the ditch, a broad and deep canal in fact, the small river Ohlan was made to flow. One side of the city was defended by the Oder, the others by the walls. In process of time, the Prussian government gave up the idea of holding Breslau as a fortress and gave the walls and land they occupied to the city.

Alas, it is a sight now, which would make the heart bleed of that one apostle, who seems to have had any common sense or ordinary prudence in pecuniary matters, notwithstanding the ill success of his last speculation has left him but a sort of scapegrace reputation for a couple of thousand years or so, — poor St. Judas! The Breslauers have been no wiser in their day and generation than the Hamburgers, Leipzigers, Frankfort-am-Mainers, and all the rest of them. Instead of filling the ditch with the gravel and earth of the lofty bastions at the eastern corners of the town, and laying out the hundreds of acres of land thus obtained in lots, they have filled the moat with lilies and flowering plants, established great colonies of swans and ducks, graded the banks and covered them with a beautiful garment of grass and trees and shrubbery. The site of the wall, save at the two principal corners, is leveled like a floor, laid out in walks and gardens with fountains and seats, and all sorts of inducements to idleness. Thousands of the rarest flowering plants from all countries and zones are placed in the garden plots and along the borders of the walls. Trees from all countries are set out with their botanical names inscribed upon them. There I saw the Asiatic and the American planes (the Buttonwood and Sycamore of our

popular speech) cheek by jowl; the Lake Superior Arbor Vitæ in contest with that of the Caspian Sea, which should fill the air with the most delicious perfume. Our sugar maple stood like a lord among its cousins of Europe. Our Rhododendrons and Azaleas, with the Fuchsias of South America, stood around the fountains, speaking of the beauty of American shrubbery. All is open and undefended, save by the popular good taste and love of flowers. Two of the old bastions, as I intimated, have been preserved, and in the dead level of the city they rise like small hills. They are planted to the top with shrubbery and trees, and winding walks lead up to their flat crowns, where seats in the shade invite to rest and the enjoyment of the views they offer. Coffee and milk gardens abut on the broad promenade on the East side of the old city, where often of an evening some band of the garrison will discourse most excellent music. Oh, short-sighted people of Breslau! "Go to the ant, thou sluggard!" Go to American cities, ye short-sighted, and learn the worship of St. Judas! learn to make every inch of land available! Go to the "Land of the free and the brave" — the land where all men are [supposed poetically to be] born free and equal. Go to the only pure democracy on earth, and learn that gardens, and shade trees and flowers, and fountains, beds of roses and couches of velvet grass are for the rich; that for the poor, cellars and garrets, hot dusty streets, a small open common or two, a thousand rum shops and dance houses in Five Points and Richmond Alleys, are for dwellings and enjoyment. Learn that your mistaken policy is one that draws off an evening twenty per cent of your population of the poorer classes from their hot, stifling abodes — men, women, and children — into the fresh air, amid the singing of birds, the fragrance of flowers, and the whisperings of the soft evening wind in the tree tops, to spend their six, eight, or even ten cents in coffee, milk, or wicked, sinful small beer, to the waste of time and the neglect of cobbling, nail-making, patching and mending, and the thousand and one other vocations provided for them by a merciful Providence.

Oh, foolish Breslauers! can ye not see that by thus giving so many hundreds of "lots" to the use of the poor, ye are sadly diminishing the bills of infant mortality, and burdening the community with a (possible) double number of paupers in future years, who in Boston, New York, yes, in any large town of democratic America, would be out of harm's way (under the sod) before their infant years were over?

Nor is this all. Ye have moreover deprived agriculture of that fine park at Scheidnitz, just far enough from the city in fact to become almost exclusively the resort of the wealthier classes able to ride in their own equipages or in hired vehicles. Here have ye erected neat buildings for innocent amusement, and for the sale of coffee and other refreshments, — and everything is sold according to a tariff made by the city government, and here, of an afternoon, the best society of the city is to be found with children and their 'bonnes,' enjoying themselves about the tables in the cool shades, rambling in the dark walks, playing games on the green sward, or listening to music. And as if this was not enough of waste, ye have on the other side of the town a similar though smaller garden, with a concert hall and restaurant; the hall, though cheaply

finished, yet done with such exquisite taste and beauty, that our own Music Hall looks bare and cold, our Library hall tawdry and tasteless in comparison.

However, I am an American — therefore glory to the name of St. Judas, who carried the bag — the first of sub-treasurers.

Now, though I feel all an American's proper indignation at the Breslauers, for treating the great god of speculation and money-getting with such want of respect, I must confess to having found the promenades and gardens most delicious loafing places. I think as we grow older and the snow begins to fall and collect on our heads and hearts, — snow, which, alas, will never melt away! — that our hearts open more to children; our own, if we have them, those of others if we "wear the willow all round the hat" — in short, not to put too fine a point upon it, if we are old b—, b—, bachelors. The hundreds of these domestic organs, family blossoms, (or whatever be the appropriate image) from the splendidly-dressed infant-bankers, merchants and professors down to shoeless, dirty, half-clad, lively little rogues and roguesses, playing about all day long, some even in the nurses' arms, were a never failing source of amusement. A sickly looking child was a phenomenon. And so was a crying one.

A. W. T.

(Conclusion next week.)

Mozart—Child and Man.

(Continued from page 140.)

You perceive already how my motto is realized: *In te, Domine, speravi, non confundar in aeternum.* You will confess that the manner in which we have been brought by destiny to Olmütz is miraculous, and that it is no less astonishing Count Podstatsky should have been inspired with the idea of taking into his house a child threatened with so malignant an illness. I will not particularize all the kind and gracious things that are done for us, the abundance in which we live; I would only ask how many people there are who would have thus received, of their own accord, an entire family, with a child sick of a contagious malady, into their own homes. This fact, which I shall record in the history of my little one, which I intend to publish in due time,* will certainly do honor to the good Dean, for from this time forth commences in some sort a new era in the life of my child.

The upshot of all this is that I shall return sooner than I imagined to Salzbourg, not to expose Wolfgang's life to any further danger. Meanwhile, pray have six masses repeated at the two usual altars.

You will have seen in the letter from M. Grimm, which you sent me opened, what he writes me of the court of Russia and the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick. You will besides have seen how all has gone wrong. And it was at the very time when things were at the worst that God granted us the greatest favors in rescuing our Wolfgang from the perils of the small-pox. This danger surmounted, all else I account nothing. As we are not earning a single obolus, I have several times used my credit. Basta! who knows what God hath in store for each?

No. 30.

The Same to the Same.

Vienna, January 28, 1768.†

On the 19th we went to the Empress, where we remained from half-past two to half-past four. The Emperor came into the antechamber, where we waited till coffee had been taken, and ushered us in himself. Prince Albert and all the Archduchesses were there. Besides these there was not a soul. It would take up too much space to tell you all that was done and said. It is impossible to conceive with what a famil-

iar air the Empress treated my wife, inquiring after the health of our children, asking particulars of our journey, caressing her, pressing her hands, while the Emperor conversed with me and Wolfgang on music and all sorts of subjects, and several times made poor Nanerl blush. I will tell you all by word of mouth. I do not like writing of things which, gossiping around the stove, many a long head in our country would treat as lies.

Do not, however, conclude that the positive and chinking favors with which we are honored are in proportion to this extraordinary and intimate kindness.

No. 31.

The Same to the Same.

Vienna, January 30, 1768.

It is time I should give you some news of our position. Is it fortunate or unfortunate? I cannot tell. If gold constitutes happiness we are certainly to be pitied, for we have spent so much of our own it will be difficult for us to pick ourselves up again. If, on the contrary, health, talent, and knowledge constitute the true wealth of man, we are, God be thanked, still in good case. The moment of the greatest danger is past. We are all in good health, thanks be to God, and not only have my children forgotten nothing, but as will be seen they are making day by day astonishing progress.

Nothing will seem to you more incomprehensible than the small success attending our affairs. I will as well as I can explain this to you, omitting at the same time that which prudence forbids me to write. It is known, and their theatres show it every day, that the Viennese in general are not curious of serious and reasonable things, that they have little or no idea of such, that they will hear of nothing but follies, and take no pleasure but in silly trifles, dances, devilries, phantasmagoria, sorceries, harlequinades, pasquinades, apparitions, and decorations. You may see any day a fine gentleman all bespangled with orders applaud some coarse pleasantries, laugh at some obscenity of harlequin until he is half choked, while during the most serious, beautiful and touching scenes, in the midst of the most eloquent burst, he will chatter so loudly as to prevent his honest neighbors from hearing a single word. This is our chief rock a-head.

The second lies in the administration of the court itself, which I cannot here describe to you, but it is attended with very sorry consequences for us. All is there dependent on chance and blind fortune, or again on barefaced charlatanism, often on abominable villainess, which, fortunately, is not given to all men. To all these causes have been joined, as far as regards us, all kinds of vexations. On our arrival, our sole care was to procure access to the Court. Now it so happened the Empress had no longer any music at her residence. She therefore sent us to the Emperor. But as his Majesty detests everything that entails expense, it required a good deal of time ere he could come to some decision. Then befel the death of the royal betrothed.

On our return from Moravia, we were received, not at all expecting it, by the most illustrious houses. Hardly had the Empress been informed what had happened at Olmütz, and that we were returned, than it was intimated to us on what day and at what hour we should be admitted. What hoisted so astonishing a mark of kindness? What was the upshot of it? Nothing; that is to say, a medal, a very handsome one, no doubt, but not worth the trouble of converting it into money. The Empress leaves the rest to the Emperor, the Emperor is careful to inscribe it in the book of oblivion, and it is very certain he imagines he has abundantly paid us when he has abundantly entertained us!

What do the nobles in Vienna? All as much as possible restrict their expenses in order to please the Emperor. So long as the carnival lasts, none think of aught but dancing. There are balls in every nook and corner, and the charges are always jointly defrayed. Even the routs at Court are paid for ready money. All who receives the profit thereof? the Court; for all dances, routs, balls, and plays are farmed, and the profits divided between the Court and the farmers. Consequently, whoever goes to these renders the court a service. And these constitute the political and official expenses of the nobility. We have, among our patrons, some of the greatest personages. The Prince of Kaunitz,† the Duke of Braganza, Mdle. de Guttenberg, the Empress's right hand, the Master of the Horse, Count Dietrichstein, all powerful with the Emperor, are our friends. But think of our bad luck! Again we were prevented from speaking to the Prince of Kaunitz, for he is weak enough to be in such fear of the small-pox that he even avoids people who have only a few red marks left on their faces, as is the case with Wolfgang. He contented himself with informing us, through our

friend Langier, that during Lent he would watch over our interests, for while the carnival lasted, none could succeed in bringing the heads of the nobility all under one bonnet.

I puzzled my head to concert measures, and I reflected with terror at all the money I had already spent, when I learned that the pianists and the composers of Vienna were conspiring against us, except Wagenseil,§ who was ill and could do little or nothing. The fundamental maxim adopted by these people was carefully to avoid all occasions of meeting us, and being convinced of the science of our little Wolfgang. And why? In order that whenever, and it was of frequent occurrence, they might be asked if they had heard the child, and what they thought of him? they might answer, they had never heard him, and what was said of him was impossible, that it was only a dazzling trick and harlequinade, an affair of confederacy; that he was taught beforehand the music he had to execute, and it was ridiculous to believe he could compose at his age.

They were careful, therefore, to avoid him, for whoever has seen and heard him can talk thus no longer under pain of incurring dishonor. I made one of these good people, however, fall into a trap. I had agreed with a person, that I should be secretly advised whenever he should present himself. He was to bring thither a very difficult concerto which Wolfgang was to be made to play. We came theré, and our friend was obliged to hear Wolfgang execute his concerto as though he had known it by heart. Our composer and pianist was astonished to such a degree, that in his admiration he let fall expressions which revealed to me all that I have pointed out to you above. At the last, he added: On my honor, I cannot say otherwise than that this child is the greatest man that has ever lived in this world; without seeing him it would be impossible to believe in him.

In order to convince the public of the real state of the matter, I resolved to furnish a test of altogether an extraordinary nature. I determined that he should write an opera for the theatre. What think you all these people said, and what a hubbub made they? What! shall we seek Gluck to-day seated at the piano,|| and shall tomorrow a child of twelve succeed him and direct an opera of his own production! Yes, and despite of envy, I have even drawn Gluck upon our side; at least, if he be not so in heart, he cannot show as much, for his patrons are also ours. And to make sure of the actors, who in general cause the most discomfort to composers, I have placed myself in immediate connection with them, according to the directions I received from one of them.

† Born in Vienna, 1711; died, 1794; signed the treaty of Aix la Chapelle in 1748; was Ambassador in Paris in 1756, where he signed a treaty of alliance between France and Austria.

§ The former music master of the Empress Maria Theresa. || At that period directors of orchestras did not wield a bâton as now-a-days, but presided at the piano.

(To be continued.)

The Handel Monument in Halle.

(From the Lower-Rhine Musik-Zeitung.)

HALLE, JUNE 1, 1859.

To-day, the statue of George Frederick Handel was solemnly uncovered to public gaze, the ceremony being conducted in the manner previously announced in the programme. After the chorale, "Lobet den Herrn, den mächtigen König der Ehren," had been performed at seven o'clock in the morning, from the Hausmannstürme, the students set out, at half-past nine o'clock, in festive attire, and with waving banners, from the buildings of the University to the Market-place, where they took up their position in such a manner as to leave a clear space round the monument. They were followed by several local *Liedertafeln*, also with their flags. At nine o'clock, the grand procession of the festival committee, of the artists who had been engaged in the completion of the statue, of the municipal authorities, of the officers of the Royal University, &c., put itself in motion, and, looking towards the Town-hall, ranged itself in the space left clear round the statue. When the various bodies had thus taken respectively their proper places, the chorus, "Seht, er kommt mit Preis gekrönt," from *Judas Maccabæus*, was performed from the upper balcony of the Town-hall. After this, an address was delivered by Herr von Voss, upper burgomaster of the town of Halle. In the midst of the music which then burst on the ear, with a chorale, the covering of the statue gradually fell, and the likeness of the great master looked down, in the glittering sunshine, on the multitude, who, deeply moved, and filled with admiring astonishment, joined enthusiastically in the three cheers given by the speaker of the address for the artists engaged on the monument. Of course, on such a day, a musical performance was necessary worthily to complete the

* The elder Mozart never realized this intention. On the materials collected for this purpose, however, was based the biography of W. Mozart, written by M. de Nissen, who married the composer's widow, and whose work is the source from which all the lives of Mozart that have ever been published are compiled.

† The Mozart family had returned to Vienna in the beginning of January. The Emperor Francis I. had died in 1765, and was succeeded by his son Joseph II., elected King of the Romans in 1764, and Emperor 1765. Maria Theresa reigned in reality until her death in 1780; Joseph died in 1790.

festival, and Handel's oratorio of *Samson* was selected for the purpose. Mesdames Johanna Wagner and Köster, royal chamber-singers, from Berlin, Herr Tichatscheck, of the Royal Opera house, Dresden, and Herr Sabbath, of the Royal Domchor, Berlin, undertook the solos. The performance, under the direction of Robert Franz, assisted by Herr David, *Concertmeister*, and several other well known artists from Leipzig, began, at eleven o'clock, in the Markt-Kirche, the choruses being executed by the Singacademies of the town. The air from the *Messiah*, "Ich weiss dass mein Erlöser lebt," sung by Mad. Johanna Wagner, concluded the musical ceremony, and, at the same time, ended the festival in an impressive manner. The statue—the work, as is well known, of Heidel—represents Handel in the costume of his time. From the rich flowing wig, the curls of which, by a peculiar shake, were accustomed to express the wearer's content or dissatisfaction to his orchestra, down to the silk clock-stockings and the shoes, all is the purest *rococo*. A rich gold-embroidered coat clothes the master's imposing form, the quiet, commanding posture of which is also imposing, like that of some field-marshal. The left hand is firmly planted on the side, near the sword-handle, while the right rests upon a music-desk, and holds a roll open at the *Messiah*. On looking up into the massively formed countenance, we meet the commanding, vigilantly anxious glance of this "proposer and disposer" of tune, who seems as if on the point of giving the signal to strike up the "Trüste Zion." The reality of the moment is unconstrainedly combined with the importance of the man. The more characteristic this figure is of itself, the less does it require any allegorical additions on the pedestal. At one period the *Athenæum* strongly advocated these additions, but the sculptor always strongly opposed them, the more strongly, indeed, because he had taken advantage of the music-desk, conceived in the rich Renaissance style, to express himself allegorically in the usual way. While the back of the desk displays St. Cecilia, we see, on the three-sided base, King David playing the harp, and the virgin, who, by the power of song, enchains the unicorn and tames the lion. On the front side, immediately under the open oratorio, is the date 1741, being that of the first performance of the *Messiah*, when the composer turned from opera and devoted himself to oratorio. The monument stands in the market-place, the face of the statue looking towards the Marienkirche, where the celebrated musician was baptized in 1685.

Schubert.

Those who admire German and despise Italian music, those who love Italian music and think German a "bore"—without forgetting all the varieties of amateurs included between these two extremes—are agreed as to the merits and beauties of Schubert's songs. They are thoroughly popular, but not in the slightest degree common, "familiar, but by no means vulgar;" and they are out of place in no concert, whether devoted to facile, unpretending pieces, or to the most severely classical compositions. "In his melodies," says a German biographer of this great musical poet, "we meet the following peculiarities in rare perfection: First of all, great originality; then deep poetic feeling, surpassing truth in expression, novel rhythm, delicate apprehension of the meaning of the poet, vivid force of the imagination, subdued, however, by a certain tendency to melancholy and by a sort of religious unction, graceful and simple turns, easy elegance of modulation, and an inexhaustible novelty of accompaniment." Altogether, Schubert set more than three hundred ballads or poems to music, besides composing a great quantity of waltzes, marches, airs with variations, sonatas, rondos, overtures, and trios; concerted music, psalms, choruses, and cantatas; numerous quartets, and twelve grand symphonies, with as many operas. After such a list as the above—which might be largely added to—it need only be mentioned that Schubert died when he was thirty-two, to show that he was indeed one of the most prolific, if not the most prolific, of composers. One thing to be specially remarked, in connection with Schubert's operas and songs, is the taste he has shown in selecting what in most countries is called poetry, but which in England we have got into the habit of denominating "words." Göthe, Körner, and Heine are the authors of Schubert's "words;" and in these marriages of "music to immortal verse," it is difficult to say whether the verse or the music is most full of life and beauty. "He had but to read a poem over once," we are told, "to improvise music to it and invent beautiful melodies." That these melodies were appreciated and loved by the poets who inspired them, is a matter of literary as much as of musical history. Heine, who wrote for Schubert many of the charming little poems collected under the title of the "Book of Songs," was the first to

carry his fame to Paris, as he was (naturally) the first to denounce the false Schuberts, who arose to profit by the reputation of the composer of the "Adieu," and, above all, the false Heines, who published wretched imitations in French of the most ethereally witty, if not truly poetical, of all song writers. Jean Paul Richter was also a fervent admirer of Schubert's songs, and, after he was afflicted with blindness, knew no greater pleasure, to the end of his days, than that of listening to his friend's enchanting melodies.—*Daily Telegraph*, (London.)

Music Abroad.

London.

Mr. BENEDICT has had his annual "monster concert," with the usual success, and the usual enormous length of programme. This time the multifarious medley embraced thirty pieces. Here is an account of it from the *Musical World* (July 9):

The band on the present occasion was, as usual, select and efficient, and executed, under the able direction of Mr. Benedict himself, the overture to *Der Freischütz*, and Benedict's "Triumphal March," the pieces with which the entertainment respectively commenced and terminated. A selection from Rossini's *Stabat Mater* was one of the chief vocal attractions. This included "Cujus Animam," sung by Signor Ludovico Graziani; "Quis est homo?" by Madame Catharine Hayes and Madlle. Artot; "Pro peccatis," by Signor Badiali; and the air with chorus, "Inflamatus," Madame Catharine Hayes taking the solo part. There was also a selection from Signor Verdi's operas, commencing with a duo from the *Vêpres Siciliennes*. This introduced to the London public Mademoiselle (why not Miss?) Anna Whitty, a young lady who has lately been creating a considerable sensation at some of the principal theatres in Italy. Miss Whitty was evidently nervous when she began the duet with Signor Mongini, whose powerful voice was enough to make any *débütante* timid. Subsequently, however, in "Bel raggio," Miss Whitty appeared to have resumed her self-possession. Here the young artist displayed capabilities of no common order. That her voice is powerful and agreeable in quality, and that she exhibits remarkable proficiency in her art, is to say no more than the simple truth. Moreover, she gave evidence of vigor of style, energetic expression, and true dramatic feeling. At the termination of the air Miss Whitty retired from the platform overwhelmed with plaudits. Signor Mongini was encored in "La Donna è mobile;" Mdle. Sarolta and Signor Graziani (with chorus) gave the "Miserere" from *Travatore*; and Mdle. Guarducci sang "Te Romeo t'uccise un figlio," from Bellini's *Capuletti e Montecchi*, with unsurpassable beauty of voice and the most genuine expression. Mdle. Victoire Basse, nothing daunted by these Italian displays, came forward with the Irish ballad, "The last rose of summer," which she sang with so much unaffected sentiment and such true simplicity as to elicit a loud and genuine encore. Mdle. Artot followed with the *rondo finale* from *Cenerentola*, a very brilliant performance. *The largo*, "Nacqui all' affanno," had many fine points, and showed the young artist a mistress of *cantabile* no less than *bravura*. Herr Reichardt sang "The Troubadour's serenade," a pleasing composition by Mr. Benedict, in his very best manner. Into the merits of the other vocal performances—which were many—we cannot enter, merely naming Madame Enderssohn's execution of her own song, "The laurel," and Miss Stabbach's of "Scenes of my youth," from Benedict's *Gipsy's Warning*, as worthy all consideration.

The instrumental performances, besides those of the band already mentioned, were varied and excellent. Herr Engel played a *pasticcio* on the harmonium, introducing the serenade from *Don Giovanni*; Miss Arabella Goddard executed Hummel's "Rondeau Brillant," in B flat (on a Russian theme), and, with Herr Leopold de Meyer, the "Concertante" for two piano-fortes, composed expressly for Mr. Benedict's concerts, by the great Austrian pianist; Herr Joachim gave Spohr's "Dramatic Scene," for the violin; M. Pague performed Batta's *romanza*, "Seul sur la terre," on the violoncello; Mdle. Marie Moesner executed Godefrid's fantasia, "La Danse des Sylphes," on the harp; and last, not least, Mr. Benedict played his own fantasia for the piano-forte, on "Where the bee sucks." Hummel's "Rondeau Brillant," magnificently played by Miss Goddard, was applauded enthusiastically; the duet for two piano-fortes by Herr Leopold de Meyer, one of the most difficult pieces ever composed for the instrument, and executed by both artists with extraordinary

brilliance and finish, was applauded with acclamations; and Spohr's dramatic scena, in which Herr Joachim displayed all the wonders of his execution, although coming so late, created a *fièvre*.

The chorus sang "Rataplan" from the *Huguenots*, and the "Hunting Chorus" from *Der Freischütz*.

As appendix we may state, that Madlle. Vaneri, from the Drury Lane Italian Opera, gave the Scotch ballad, "Annie Laurie," with excellent effect. Nor should Mr. Santley be overlooked, not merely for his impressive singing in Beethoven's "Farewell," but for his volunteering to act as substitute for Sig. Fagotti, and giving "Non più andrai," in such a spirited manner as to make the audience perfectly satisfied with the change. To terminate the "appendix," let us pay a just compliment to Sig. Marini, for his admirable execution of "Madamina."

The post of orchestral conductor was shared between Mr. Benedict and Signor Arditi; that of accompanist at the pianoforte between Mr. Benedict and Mr. Lindsay Sloper.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—There were several attractions at the fifth concert, on Monday evening, in the Hanover-square Rooms, when the following was the programme:

Symphony in C minor.....	Haydn.
Air (Orfeo).....	Haydn.
Concerto in G, pianoforte.....	Beethoven.
Scena (Der Freischütz).....	Weber.
Overture—Jessonda.....	Spohr.
Symphony in B flat.....	Beethoven.
Duet (Figaro).....	Mozart.
Overture—Euryanthe.....	Weber.
Conductor—Professor Sternale Bennett.	

The occasionally frigid patrons of these exclusive entertainments were moved to an unwonted degree of excitement by Madame Clara Schumann's striking, original, and highly colored reading of Beethoven's pianoforte concerto—the one to which Mendelssohn was so partial, and which he played in a style which no other pianist has since been able to approach. In the first movement Madame Schumann frequently reminded us of that unequalled performer, whose fire and animation the gifted lady continually emulated, if she seldom attained that subtle delicacy which distinguished Mendelssohn, even when most impetuous and most entirely carried away by his ardent and indomitable temperament. The slow movement, with less of *reverie* than Mendelssohn used to throw into it, was, at the same time, interpreted in a truly poetical spirit; and the *rondo finale* was given with extraordinary vigor, though, perhaps, less thoroughly finished, in a mechanical sense, than the preceding movements. On the whole, the performance was masterly, and deserved all the applause bestowed upon it. At the end, Madame Schumann was unanimously recalled.

Miss Louisa Pyne sang the air from Haydn's *Orfeo e Euridice* with less effect than we anticipated, for, though somewhat cold and unimpassioned, it is exactly suited to her style of execution. Madame Csillag (of the Imperial Opera at Vienna) gave the grand scene from *Der Freischütz* with extraordinary energy—as if, in short, she had been singing before the lamps, instead of in a concert room. She entered so thoroughly into the spirit of the music, however, and gave such genuine dramatic expression to every phrase, that the strong sympathy of the audience was elicited, and the applause was hearty at the conclusion. Rarely has a first appearance at the Philharmonic Concerts proved more successful.

The entertainment was altogether a good one, and the clear, intelligent, and unobtrusive manner in which Professor Bennett directed every piece, from first to last, was the theme of general admiration. It is as impossible to misunderstand this gentleman's "beat" as to detect him in a single fantastic or mistaken reading. A more strictly "classical" conductor never held the *bâton*.—*Times*.

NEW PHILHARMONIC.—The series of five concerts, under the direction of Dr. Wylde, has been eminently successful, and proves how much can be effected by individual enterprise and energy.

The last concert was one of the most interesting of the series. The programme comprised Beethoven's *Eroica* symphony and choral fantasia; Dussek's pianoforte concerto in E flat (No. 12); Spohr's dramatic concerto for the violin; a fugue by Bach for ditto solo; and overtures by Cherubini and Weber. Everybody was surprised at the performance of the band, taking all things into consideration. With the exception of an unaccountable slip in the last movement of Beethoven's symphony, the execution was irreproachable. The concerto of Dussek created a profound impression, and Miss Arabella Goddard was complimented in the most flattering manner for her very masterly performance. The choral fantasia, too, as far as regarded the pianist, was inimitably given. The dramatic concerto of Spohr was grandly

performed by Herr Joseph Joachim, and the fugue of Bach exhibited his perfect mastery over the instrument in a different way. Madame Lemmens-Sherington was the vocalist, and sang an air by Pacini with great brilliancy.

Italy.

FLORENCE.—Signor Bazzini, the violinist, is giving at present concerts for the benefit of the Italian movement. In recording this the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung* says: "Nothing can surpass the ingratitude of the Italians against their monarch;" to understand which remark it should be stated that Signor Bazzini is a Milanese, and two years since was appointed *Kammer-Virtuose* to the Emperor of Austria.

TURIN.—A Turin paper writes as follows:

"There is now in Turin, free of any engagement, the charming *prima donna*, Enrichetta Camilli, who has already sung with great success at Cagliari, and was secured for the current season at the Teatro Alfieri, which has since been obliged to close. Madlle. Camilli possesses a beautiful voice of extensive compass, and is thoroughly practised in her art. She has also a personal appearance attractive enough to make the fortune of a theatre. For this reason we can recommend her to our far-seeing *impresarii*, who are certainly not likely to allow her to remain in idleness."

The young lady of whom the Piedmontese journal speak so highly is an Englishwoman—Miss Camilla Chipp, daughter of Mr. Chipp, our own great musician of the drums.—*Musical World* (London.)

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 6, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Continuation of the Opera, "Don Giovanni."

Uniform Musical Pitch.

From the report of the discussions in the London Society of Arts, which we have recently copied, there would seem to be a pretty general tendency in England to fall in essentially with the movement in France, which has resulted in the adoption of a Normal Diapason by Imperial decree. It is agreed on all hands that the pitch has got strained up to an unnatural, uncomfortable height; that the now reigning concert pitch is the terror and the death of singers. But how much shall the pitch be reduced? The French decree says to the standard of A at 870 vibrations per second, or C (middle C) at 522 vibrations. This, it is agreed, will be a very considerable alleviation of the grievance; and therefore, for the sake of unity, for the sake of getting some convenient pitch established through the world, the English musicians seem quite willing to concur, without much question, in the Imperial "Normal Diapason."

But if, instead of any arbitrary standard, there can be found one based on simple, general, unitary principles of science; if Nature herself, and the Mathematics, point out some clear system for the measurement of musical vibrations, which shall be in perfect correspondence with other normal scales of measurement, as those of time and space, would it not be far better, and in the long run far more practicable to adopt that.

Sir J. F. W. HERSCHEL has addressed an important letter on the subject to Dr. Whewell, chairman of the Musical Pitch Committee at the Society of Arts, — a letter which shows more scientific grasp of the subject than anything which has yet appeared. He proposes to reduce all to the simplest unit, supposing *one* vibration in a second as the foundation (far below all audible

depths of bass) of the whole great scale or diapason of tones. This he supposes to yield a note C, nine octaves below our middle C. There is also a good natural reason for this: for since "middle C" lies just about equatorially between the extreme highest and lowest tones of the whole range of tones of the human voice in all its registers, so too it is natural enough to suppose some deeper octave of this same C to lie at the imaginary bottom and beginning of the whole ascending scale of tones. Let C therefore be the unit; let our lowest imaginary C stand for *one* vibration; doubling the number nine times we get for the "middle C" 512 vibrations, which differs by only *ten* from the new French standard. What a pity Herschel was not in the counsels of the French Commission, when by the suggestion of so slight a difference the thing might have been put at once upon a simple, unitary basis!

But we give the letter, which is clearer than any abstract we can make of it. It is valuable also for its suggestion of a natural *cause* for the rising of the pitch, found in the very nature of harmony.

Collingwood, June 14.

Sir,—I regret that it was not possible for me to attend the meeting of the Society of Arts on the subject of a fixed musical pitch or diapason; but understanding, from the reported proceedings of the meeting (as, indeed, might have been reasonably expected) that a Committee has been formed to consider the subject more deliberately than could be done in a general meeting, I beg leave to offer my opinion in the form of a letter.

The subject is extremely simple in itself. All are agreed that the present pitch is inconveniently high and *must* be lowered. All are desirous that when once lowered it should be kept from rising again, to which there is a continual tendency, arising from a distinct natural cause inherent in the nature of harmony, viz., the excess (amounting to about eleven vibrations in ten thousand) of a perfect fifth over seven-twelfths of an octave, which has to be constantly contended against in upward modulations, whenever violins or voices are not kept in check by fixed instruments. But perhaps all are not aware that the evil of fine ancient vocal compositions having thus been rendered impracticable to singers in their original normal key is a very great one, inasmuch as transposition to a lower normal key involves the sacrifice of the adaptation of the peculiar character of the key (a character intended and felt by the composer), and the substitution of a totally different incidence of the temperament on the series of notes in the scale, and goes, therefore, to mar the intended effect and injure the composition, as much as an ill-chosen tone of varnish would damage the effect of a fine Titian.

Since, however, all are agreed that the pitch must be lowered, the only remaining question is, how much? Now, if there were any prospect that this operation which has now to be performed, and which our French neighbors consider themselves to have performed, could be repeated some twenty years hence, I should be disposed to acquiesce, for the mere sake of acquiescence, in the conclusion they have come to, viz., to fix A (for the present) at 870 vibrations per second, which is equivalent to fixing c at 522, looking forward to a future step in the same direction which should bring it to 512; there to remain henceforward invariable. Such a c, being the ninth octave of a fundamental note corresponding to one vibration per second, has a claim to universal reception on the score of intrinsic simplicity, convenience of memory, and reference to a natural unit, so strong that I am amazed at the French not having been the foremost to recognize and adopt it, when it is remembered that their boasted unit of length, the metre, is based on the subdivisions of a natural unit of space, just as the second (a universally used aliquot of the day,) is of time; the one on the linear dimensions, the other on the time of rotation of the earth.

But as there is not the least chance that the present move will be otherwise than final, I confess myself disposed in this matter to be more French than the French themselves; to act once for all; to adopt the c of 512 vibrations, and so to carry out this as part and parcel of a complete natural metrical system, which would recommend itself to all nations on its own merits, while possessing the additional

and not inferior merit of meeting more fully than the half-measure proposed, the wishes of the singer, and the requirements of that most perfect and charming (because most naturally affecting the feelings) of all instruments, the female voice: which I consider, in any discussion of the kind, ought to be held paramount to any possible claim on the part of wood, brass, wire, or catgut. It is clearly the interest of any lover of music that the pitch should be such as can be maintained by a vocalist, not merely in her highest vigor of youth, but up to an age when the voice, though still perfect, and, in fact, improved and mellowed by time and practice, is yet unable, without painful effort, to reach the extreme elevation it could accomplish without difficulty at an earlier period.

If a change be made, I do not believe the instrument-makers would find their interests at all more or less affected whether the pitch were lowered to, and permanently fixed at, 522 or 512. In either case, they would stand disembarassed at once and for ever of the necessity of consulting the varying convenience and caprice of their customers in different places, and it must (assuredly it ought) to be to them a matter of perfect indifference what the requirements of the public in that respect may be. As to what is alleged of the superior brilliancy and sonority of instruments pitched a comma or two higher than others, I regard it as mere professional jargon, unworthy of the slightest consideration.

I will add only one further remark. The 512 c is independent of any standard of length or of the velocity of sound. It has nothing to do (as seems to have been assumed in one of the letters read to the meeting) with 32 feet as the length of an organ pipe, supposed (but very erroneously) to yield its fourth lower octave. If we would introduce extraneous considerations of this kind, we might take as a fundamental unit, on the French metrical system, a wave-length of one metre, or its binary multiples or sub-multiples. This would give (taking the velocity of sound in dry air at the freezing temperature at 1,090 feet) an E of 664.4 vibrations for the nearest approach to the new French E, corresponding to an A (tuned as a fourth above it) of 886 vibrations, the difference between which and the French standard lies in the wrong direction, and which coincides exactly with the Bordeaux pitch, as stated in the reports of the French commission. Again, if we take the velocity of sound at the British standard temperature (62°) at 1,124 feet or 342.6 metres, we shall be led to an F of 685.2 vibrations, corresponding to an A of 856, and a c of 514, a very near approach indeed to our own proposed c.

Or again, if we combine the British standard yard as a wave length, with a velocity of 1109.6 feet per second, corresponding to the mean temperature 49° 27 Fahr. at Greenwich, so as to get a purely British fiducial note, we are led to an F sharp of 739.7 vibrations, corresponding to a c of 526, which, though nearly approximating to the French c, lies above it, and is on that account objectionable. As the origin of a musical system, moreover, it would be an anomaly to take as the fundamental (or, more properly, fiducial) note of the diatonic scale the sharpened fourth of its key-note. And a similar objection, *mutatis mutandis*, lies against both the former modes of derivation. Theoretically speaking, also, as the mean velocity of sound varies in different climates, all such modes of humoring or cooking a fundamental note into conformity with a predetermined result must be condemned.

I am, &c., J. F. W. HERSCHEL.

The School Festival.

We had only room, last week, to give a brief description of that most interesting and successful experiment. The lesson to be derived from it is mainly this—made obvious that day to all who had the privilege to be present: that nothing can unite a great mass of children more happily, or place them in a more agreeable and hopeful attitude before teachers, parents and the world, than teaching them properly to sing plain but appropriate melodies together, and so blend their voices and their hearts in a beautiful and universal language of thoughts pure and sweet and holy. To which add, that as a means of order among a thousand restless and impatient ones—order, which is as good as gone when cheerfulness is lost—music in the schools is the very best of modern inventions. So much at least was fully illustrated in the Festival and the musical prepa-

ration for it. The question whether children (almost without an exception) *can* be taught to sing, was long since settled in the affirmative. But there were two or three special points suggested by that Festival, which we will briefly hint.

1. We were more than ever convinced that the directors of the music-teaching in our public schools have begun with the right method, in making the vocal exercises to consist mainly and principally of the singing of plain, substantial Chorals, in long notes, and in unison. Pieces of more flowing and varied melody, like that Prayer from "Moses," are well enough for occasional variety. But it is not by any singing of lively or sentimental *tunes*, readily caught by ear, that children really learn to *sing*. The first thing is to acquire the art and habit of forming true musical tones; of delivering the voice rightly, of sustaining, rounding, swelling and diminishing a tone, so that it shall be singing and not shouting, nor hum-drum drawling, nor mere humming. Serious as these old hymns may be, and slow, yet there is something grandly refreshing in the uniting of a mass of fresh young voices, in pure, full-voiced, musical utterance, upon such long swelling tones, which cheers as well as solemnizes, like the ocean or a boundless landscape. They who sing, as well as they who hear, are cheered and strengthened by it; whereas the singing of lighter and more "taking" melodies, popular tunes and airs, is sure to become a promiscuous, listless, wearisome affair, expressive of nothing and answering no useful end. To be a part in a grand and sublime effect, in a great beautiful whole, must be an inspiring experience to a child; and so by joining in this act, (which implies systematic, strict instruction) he learns a nobler life-ideal, has experienced the joy of being lifted above mean and individual feelings.

2. Holding on, then, to the Chorals as the foundation of vocal training, as well as the chief feature in the public performances, we would still entertain the question, whether the teaching cannot yet be carried some steps further in the direction of artistic culture. Cannot an advanced portion, at least, of the scholars be taught to sing in parts, as well as in unison? Cannot the charm of harmony be added to that of melody? In a similar Festival at Cincinnati, last spring, where twelve hundred children also sang, we are told that the four parts of harmony were fairly represented, the bass being of course limited to a comparatively few older boys—older, we fancy, than are found in the Boston schools. And at our Festival we had one good instance of three-part harmony, of female voices, in the beautiful *Sanc-tus*, sung by the girls of the High and Normal School. Of course simple unison or plain-song must be the first and the essential thing; for that takes in the whole; that only suits all voices, and is level to all capacities. But on the basis of this general rudimentary culture, should we not rear something higher? It soon appears that some, a goodly proportion doubtless, out of the 1200, have a more decided aptitude for music. Is it not a duty which we owe to their natures, to their culture, to lead them some steps farther on in the acquirement of an art in which they may be so useful to society? Why should not large choirs grow up in this way, from our public schools, of youths and maidens competent to sing in churches and in oratorios and public festivals, and to furnish members for permanent choral so-

cieties, which shall be a public blessing, and give us a true musical character in the world? We would not hurry or force matters; but a little well-directed effort made in this direction may result in making this a musical community.

3. If we are to have more such Festivals, as there is every cause to hope we shall, let us take one lesson from these two first experiments. Let us trust to Music *more entirely* for the interest and inspiration of the hour. No more long speeches! It is a wearisome infliction even on the audience, and a cruel exaction on the patience of the children, who have industriously prepared themselves and kept themselves so admirably in order, through long hours, for this our pleasure, to make them sit another hour vainly trying to listen to educational discourses, which, however excellent in themselves and in the right time, cannot possibly begin to utter the true, live word of this occasion with the eloquence and the effect that their own music utters it. A brief introduction, like the happy one by Dr. Upham, and the Mayor's few remarks in preface to an official act, would be quite enough. Let Music say the rest, and there will be nothing said that is irrelevant.

Musical Chit-Chat.

Our friend THAYER (the "Diarist"), after passing the year past in Berlin, with brief visits to Hamburg, Leipzig, Halle, Breslau, Prague, &c., diligently pursuing his great object of writing a life of Beethoven, and at the same time doing great service to our Boston Public Library, and to music and the friends of music generally by purchasing musical collections, has arrived in Vienna. Here he has to make a few last researches, which will complete his materials for the Life, after which we trust the book will soon appear. Mr. Thayer found many letters of the great composer in Prague, and he has, or is to have, copies of them all. We understand that a searching review from his pen of Marx's Life of Beethoven will presently appear in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

The following, which we find anonymous in a newspaper, contains true and genial philosophy for these hot times, and for all times:

Laughter and Music are alike in many points; both open the heart, wake up the affections, elevate our natures. Laughter enables, for it speaks forgiveness; music does the same, by the purifying influences which it exerts on the better feelings and sentiments of our being. Laughter banishes gloom; music—madness. It was the harp in the hands of the son of Jesse, which exorcised the evil spirit from royalty; and the heart that can laugh outright does not harbor treasons, stratagems and spoils.

Cultivate music then, put no restraint upon a joyous nature, let it grow and expand by what it feeds upon, and thus stamp the countenance with the sunshine of gladness, and the heart with the impress of a diviner nature, by feeding it on that concord of sweet sounds which prevails in the habitations of angels.

Mr. GEO. WM. WARREN, the genial and popular musician and teacher in Albany, N. Y., has had the pleasant surprise of an Honorary Membership in the Philharmonic Society of Florence, Italy. The Albany papers publish the correspondence, of which we copy the following "Letter from the Conductor":

FLORENCE, JUNE 8th, 1859.

SIR—The praises often times repeated by Miss Isabella Hinkley, find full justification in the excellent manner with which you have conducted her musical education.

The merit which is your due as her teacher, and your skill as a composer, (of which the words of Miss Hinkley render us certain) merit our attestation of praise and esteem on the part of the Florence Philharmonic Society, which appreciates and admires the musical worth of your young pupil; and this attestation the same Society have wished to give you, by writing, at my proposition, your name in the roll of its honorary members. Of this act, official information will be given you by the Secretary of the Society, who will contemporaneously send you the relative Diploma.

Florence, mother of the Fine Arts in Italy, and Capitol of the ancient cradle of European Civilization, remembers with pride, that the beautiful part of the world which you inhabit, and which in such brief time, has known how to elevate itself to such a height of civilization, is called by the name of one of its citizens, whence it is, that we, admirers of your civil virtue, welcome with pleasure, every circumstance that presents us an opportunity of offering you a certificate of brotherhood and esteem.

Accept the sentiments of my most profound esteem, and believe me,

Yours, most devoted,

LEO PULITI.

To Mr. GEORGE WM. WARREN, Albany.

ADELAIDE PHILLIPS has received large offers for the next opera season both from Maretzek, for Havana, and from Strakosch, for the Academy (i. e., the three Academies) of Music. . . . Mr. C. JEROME HOPKINS, of New York, has introduced the novelty of an "Organ Matinée" at Saratoga. We have organ matinées and mid-days and soirées here in every street. . . . We copy on another page an account of the Handel Statue festival in Halle, the composer's birthplace. A bronze statue of Handel has also been erected at Berlin.

MADAME JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT is to visit Ireland in the autumn, for the purpose of singing in oratorios. She intends giving the "Messiah," for the benefit of the Mercers' Hospital, in Dublin. . . . CARL FORMES, the celebrated basso, recently passed through London, en route to the Rhine, where he intends remaining for a short time to repose after his arduous tour through America. . . . Mr. BALFE, the composer, recently took a benefit at Drury Lane, at which "La Zingara" was performed with Miss Balfé in the part of the heroine. . . . A symphony, oddly entitled in these days of odd titles for symphonies, "The Marriage of Alexander the Great and Statira," has just been produced at Berlin, the composition of Herr ZOBEL, who is announced as a pupil of Dr. Liszt, and as writing in his manner.

LISZT has composed the eight Beatitudes in the Sermon on the Mount for a baritone solo with mixed choir and organ obligato. . . . On the 19th of June a Mass by A. ANDRE was performed in the Thomas church at Leipzig, and seems to have given great satisfaction. . . . FLOTOW's new opera, *Der Müller von Moran*, has been given with success in Königsberg. . . . BERLIOZ is said to be meditating a dreadful project; it is no less than the setting to music of the entire twelve books of Virgil's *Aeneid*. . . . Handel festivals have been held in Königsberg and in Brunswick. . . . ROGER, the famous French tenor, is said to have retired from the stage; his voice has suffered greatly.

The *Picayune* says M. Boudousquie has succeeded in making some excellent engagements for the coming operatic season in New Orleans.

Among these are Mlle. Geismar, a singer of high reputation, her rôle being both soprano and contralto, and another Prima donna, whose name is not given. These artists will replace Mlles. Bourgeois and Lafranche. Also Mons. Melchisedec, a baritone, from the Rouen Opera, who has attained a great fame there, our old friend and favorite, Mons. Genibrel, primo basso in grand opera, who, since his departure from the New Orleans lyric boards, has been achieving great success in some of the principal French theatres; Mons. Valair, first comic opera bass, in the place of Mons. Vila, a good actor and singer, with a fine voice and good comic powers; M. Patte, *chef d'orchestre* for the drama, comedy and vaudeville. He has also secured two exceedingly talented and celebrated principal artists. One of these is the young and beautiful St. Urban, one of the stars of the Italian Opera in Paris, where she has created the rôle of *Martina*, in Flotow's popular opera of that name. This elegant prima donna will sing in most of the operas of the Italian composers and those of the French comic school: "L'Étoile du Nord," "La Fille du Régiment," "Le Pardon de Bloemmel," the last great success of Meyerbeer.

The other new engagement that Mr. Boudousquie has made, is that of Mlle. Fanny Fettingler, a chanteuse légère of high reputation. Her forte is the opera comique. She is young and beautiful, and has filled brilliant engagements in Bordeaux, Marseilles, Brussels, &c. Mr. Boudousquie, at last accounts, was in negotiation, that promised to be successful, with one of the best of the *tenors robusts* in France.

Musical Correspondence.

BERLIN, JULY 12.—The war excitement during the past three months has been very unfavorable to musical as well as to many other interests. After a series of fruitless efforts, the Royal Opera, already greatly in decline, saw itself compelled to close several weeks earlier than usual. Johanna Wagner was married about the beginning of that time, and the other principal singers received a very early leave of absence, their places being supplied by "star" performances. Only indifferent singers from foreign theatres were heard during this time at Berlin. One of the best of them was Herr BETZ, of Rostock, as Wolfram in the *Tannhäuser*. His voice has compass, power and volume; a bass voice in its character, it yet has good sound in the highest baritone region. His intonation is at times uncertain, owing to a thick-

ness of tone, by which also the purity and distinctness of enunciation are affected.

The most distinguished "guest" was the tenor, ANDER, from Vienna, who sang in *Martha*, *Fidelio*, *Lohengrin*, *Robert*, *Masaniello*, *Belmont*, *Oberon* and *Lucia*. Ander was too eminently a lyrical tenor not to find the part of Lionel in *Martha* a brilliant one for him, and therefore we (exceptionally) greeted Flotow's opera with joy. In the delivery of the *cantilena* especially, Ander excelled, and in the tenderness and richness, as well as ease and certainty, with which even the highest passages were uttered. In his acting we meet an intelligence, which always moves within the bounds of moderation and repose. Ander is still a model for our German singers; especially in the present decline of dramatic song. In short, the memory of his engagement, terminating with the rôle of Masaniello, will still, in spite of the fact that his voice has long since lost its first fresh bloom, remain richly satisfactory, since the lyrical element, of which he is the best interpreter at present, takes root deeper and longer in the heart, than the most transporting impersonation of a hero.

One of the most unfortunate attempts to secure a full house during these hard times was the selection of Verdi's *Ernani*. When we compare the faults and excellences of this work, and weigh its claims to representation on the German stage against those of many much neglected classical German works, we find them exceedingly small. The text is a poor dilution of Victor Hugo's famous drama, a senseless putting together of Hugo's striking situations, without artistic consistency, more wretched even than the working over of *Lucrezia Borgia*. The German translation is the most ridiculous caricature and distortion of language that exists in this kind; but the music is the strangest mixture of imitation, originality, triviality, and traces of unmistakable talent. The treatment of the voice parts, although going far above the modest pretensions of the good Italian school of singing, is yet less violent than in the new French and new German operas (of "the Future"). Although the work was brought out with the best talent now available, and with much splendor, still, it was easy to foresee, the impression of an opera, whose effects rest purely on the Italian and French manner of singing, was in the German performance but the shadow of the success it has had on the Italian stage.

A representation of Gluck's classical *Iphigenia in Tauris* suffered sensibly under the hot summer temperature. FRAN KOESTER gives you something almost perfect in this part, so far as pure plastic representation and a noble style of singing, free from modern sentimentality, are concerned; but this time neither she nor the other female artists, female chorists included, were free from false intonations, which to the hearer often made harsh discord with the orchestra. HERR KRUEGER and HERR PFISTER were satisfactory in the lyric passages as Orestes and Pylades, but they will never rise to classic declamation; the high baritone part of Thoas was assigned to our accomplished veteran, HERR ZSCHIESCHE, — one of the many inexplicable blunders of our present regime. The constant struggle with the highest register of his voice excluded all regard to the representation and made his bearing angular and constrained. The royal chapel (orchestra) alone gave (with the exception of a few mistaken tempos) a clear image of the sublime and glorious score.

As I mentioned before, owing to the war troubles, the military enrolment of the most useful portion of the male world, and the consequent depression felt in all relations, even the Royal stage, after several vain attempts and the abandonment of new works in course of preparation, was compelled by thinner and thinner houses to close on the second of July and take a vacation of several months. On the other hand the Königsberg Opera Company of Woltersdorf is rendering a service, on the small and acousti-

cally very unfavorable stage of Kröll's winter garden, by the production of musical farce and comic opera; and in the "Barber of Seville," in "Aschenbrödel," and in the *Domino Noir*, Fraulein POLLAK has distinguished herself as a graceful singer, and Herr KNAACK as a genial comedian.

The beautiful Song Festival which STERN'S Gesangverein holds every year in Treptow on the Spree, near Berlin, was this year devoted to a benevolent object and was well countenanced as in past years. Many gondolas, with gay streamers gleaming in the sunshine, covered the Spree, and far away resounded merry or pensive songs from the mouths of many graceful ladies, united with the fine male voices of this richest Gesangverein perhaps (so far as vocal material is concerned) in all Germany.

Of the virtuoso performances of strangers the most interesting have been those of the concert-master and violonist MAX WOLFF of Frankfurt on the Main; of the piano virtuoso LEOPOLD DE MEYER, from Vienna; and of the sisters FERNI, from Italy. WOLFF, who is still a very young, but much distinguished man, partly no doubt on account of his very winning exterior, has a neat technical execution and a brilliant coquetry in his playing, but lacks fullness of tone and deeper conception. He seldom rises to the point of entering with feeling and discrimination into the intentions of the composer. The thing he played in the most honest, solid manner was a Sonata by Rode, while he wholly missed the spirit of the beautiful Adagio in Mendelssohn's Concerto.

With LEOPOLD DE MEYER it is the elegance of his passages, his airy, gently breathing *pianissimo*, and the sweet expression of his melody, that lend peculiar charm to his playing. Otherwise he too belongs to the superficial artist natures, a characteristic sample of our external age; his compositions deserve no consideration, being mostly trivial, planless potpourris.

The most electrifying thing was the violin playing of the FERNI sisters. It has not altogether the Italian character, and resembles the French school of Sivori and Bazzini. A very thin-strung violin; a sweet, elegiac tone of utmost tenderness; a soft breath of sadness even in the most lively themes; eminent facility with the left hand; and noble carriage of the bow. On the other hand, the heroic side of the violin, its sensuous tone-coloring, is undeveloped. But the youthful grace of the blooming sisters, their charming emulation, forbids the feeling of monotony, even in many trivialities. The Milanollos were more important, certainly; but they unfortunately were homely little maidens, while the Fernis excite enthusiasm by their outward grace and beauty. The passages which they execute together seem to proceed from a single instrument, while in playing separately they betray a considerable difference of temperament.

At the end of the season, Dr. ZOPFF produced his latest work before a brilliant audience, in which learning and diplomacy were numerously represented. It is called "The Wedding Feast of Alexander the Great," founded on Mäcker's *Alexandrea*, and was performed by pupils and members of the Opera Academy. A cheerful, lifesome work, a fervent glorification of love, even to its most earnest, tragic meaning; the main features are solemn and majestic, even reverential; but the work is seasoned, on the other hand, with a Southern fire carried to a bacchanic pitch of joy in life (in the drinking song).

Frau BURCHARDT, in her last concert, introduced the "Medea" of Euripides, with TAUBERT's music to the choruses. If a Mendelssohn found it impossible to subdue this abstract poetry to music, so much the more must Taubert, the happy composer of the "Kinderlieder." (Children's Songs), have been wrecked upon the problem. He could scarcely command a breath from the antique world. *ff.*

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 384.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1859.

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To the Mocking-Bird.

Carolling bird, that merrily, night and day,
Tellest thy raptures from the rustling spray,
And wakest the morning with thy varied lay,
Singing thy matins—

When we have come to hear thy sweet oblation
Of love and joyance from thy sylvan station,
Why, in the place of musical cantation,
Balk us with pratings?

We stroll by moonlight in the dusky forest,
Where the tall cyprus shields thee, fervent chorist!
And sit in haunts of Echoes, when thou pourest
Thy woodland solo.

Hark! from the next green tree thy song commences:
Music and discord join to mock the senses,
Repeated from the tree-tops and the fences,
From hill and hollow.

A hundred voices mingle with thy clamor;
Bird, beast, and reptile take part in thy drama;
Outspeak they all in turn without a stammer—
Brisk Polyglot!

Voices of Killdeer, Plover, Duck, and Dotterel;
Notes bubbling, hissing, mellow, sharp, and guttural;
Of Cat-Bird, Cat, or Cart-Wheel, thou canst utter all,
And all-untaught.

The Raven's croak, the chirping of the Sparrow,
The scream of Jays, the creaking of Wheelbarrow,
And hoot of Owls—all join the soul to harrow,
And grate the ear.

We listen to thy quaint soliloquizing,
As if all creatures thou wert catechizing,
Tuning their voices, and their notes revising,
From far and near.

Sweet bird! that surely lovest the noise of folly;
Most musical, but never melancholy;
Disturber of the hour that should be holy,
With sound prodigious!

Fie on thee, O thou feathered Paganini!
To use thy little pipes to squawk and whinny,
And emulate the hinge and spinning jenny,
Making night hideous!

Provoking melodist! why canst thou breathe us
No thrilling harmony, no charming pathos,
No cheerful song of love without its bathos?

The Furies take thee—
Blast thy obstreperous mirth, thy foolish chatter—
Gag thee, exhaust thy breath, and stop thy clatter,
And change thee to a beast, thou senseless prater!
Nought else can check thee!

A lengthened pause ensues—but hark again!
From the new woodland, stealing o'er the plain,
Comes forth a sweeter and a holier strain!—
Listening delighted,
The gales breathe softly, as they bear along
The warbled treasure—the delicious throng
Of notes that swell accordant in the song,
As love is plighted.

The Echoes, joyful from their vocal cell,
Leap with the winged sounds o'er hill and dell,
With kindling fervor, as the chimes they tell
To wakeful Even—

They melt upon the ear; they float away—
They rise, they sink, they hasten, they delay,
And hold the listener with bewitching sway,
Like sounds from heaven!

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Diarist Abroad.

(TRIP TO BRESLAU, (CONCLUDED).)

Another feature of these promenades and gardens is the multitude of birds; and so tame. Cowper makes Alexander Selkirk say the tameness of the fowl on his lonely island was shocking to him, on the principle, put in another form, of the English sailor cast away on an unknown shore: "Hallo, Jack, we are in a civilized country—there's the gallows!" I do not remember myself to have ever been shocked by the tameness of wild animals, save in the everlasting forests of Lake Superior by the mosquitos. That *was* dreadful! But the tameness of the birds here is delightful, and many a pfennig-worth of bread have I scattered to the sparrows and finches which came hopping about under our very tables.

Speaking of birds. Frau Professorinn gave me a large room on the lower floor, the windows opening into a fine garden. There, with my window open, I could lie and hear a nightingale piping away deliciously, and in the morning such a chirping and twittering from the multitude of sparrows and finches you never did hear! But my favorite songster lived with his wife, somewhere on the town side of the principal bastion, among the thick shades and shrubbery there to be found. Others noticed him too. He used to sit—the little snuff-colored scamp—upon a twig—with his eyes half shut, like an affected Italian vocalist, occasionally deigning to cock an eye towards— and pipe as if the existence of all things depended upon his industry. He sang from the tip of his bill to the tip of his tail. He sang all over and all through; and when a dozen passers-by stopped to listen, he seemed to feel bound to do a little extra, and would wind up with *such* a flourish! But generally his aspect was that of one who was only bent upon trying just for his own amusement to see what he could do, and enjoying every note with his whole soul. The variety of his notes, their loudness and clearness, their softness and delicacy, was amazing. Still, I cannot say that his music upon the whole was more delicious and perfect than that of the thrush, which the two schoolmistresses and I heard on our way home from Thayer's rocks last year, in Massachusetts. But then you must go out into the woods to find the thrush, while here nightingales live in the gardens of the city. Nor does his song strike me as beyond that of the mocking bird—but we do not have him often so far North as New England, I believe. Taking the habits of the nightingale into consideration, we have near Boston no bird to make his place good. Why do all the poets—not all, but nearly all—talk about the nightingale's plaintive notes, as Beattie's "sad strain of lone Philomel," and so on? I took pains to recall to memory the allusions to the bird, so far as I could, in my poetic readings (in the school books, when I was a boy), and could think of but one in which his song was represented as cheerful, namely, in Cowper's Nightingale and Glowworm—

"A nightingale that all day long

Had cheered the village with his song." &c.

The rest all made him a sad, melancholy, broken-hearted little fellow, just on the point of "giving out," with all the enjoyments of life at an end, and his last hope faded. So when the Professor told me already in Berlin about the nightingale in his garden, I prepared my handkerchief with a red pepper that I might worthily sympathize with him—the bird, not the Prof.—in his grief. I had to have the handkerchief washed without using it, for I could not detect a single minor third in all the little fellow's warblings. And as to that little "cock of the walk" behind the bastion, he was the very soul and spirit of jolly gaiety and cheerful song incarnated.

At length I took the case with my doubts to the Professor. I pro- and he ex-pounded.

"All these, which you have heard," said he, "have their wives and families. But if you could hear them, when they first come North in the Spring and go courting."

"Say no more—say no more, professor,—nothing short of funeral marches of the wretchedest cast—yes, yes, I understand. I was myself—once—in—!!" So I suppose the poets are after all right.

The fourth day in Breslau was a Sunday and was musical. At nine A. M. to the Bernardin church, where the music director (protestant church) celebrated the close of fifty years of service! The organ loft was hung with wreaths and the old man was received with all due honor. But as I sent the slips from the newspapers containing an account of the whole affair home, I will not tarry on it.

Thence to the Catholic cathedral. Some four years ago I sent you an enthusiastic account of the boy choir here, together with some original anecdotes of Mendelssohn, by a personal acquaintance of his, and the letter miscarried. I was prepared now to expect much, but not too much. I wanted some friends to listen with me to the strange old chants of the priests—from the aged, gray-headed man down to the young fellow just tonsured, who had better be in our great West fighting nature, rather than here combatting his own natural instincts—who with the men and boys of the choir, went in solemn procession round through the grand old aisles of the church, now stopping at some chapel, while the choir fell into a gloriously beautiful melody, with equally fine harmonies sustained by superb bass voices, and then moving on again to the sound of the old Gregorian tunes—and so alternately.

By and by the procession ended; the array entered the choir, and the singing men and boys made their way up into the organ loft. Their number appeared to be eight or ten boys and as many men, but all select, choice voices. The mass was not grand music, but exceedingly pleasing, and the character of the various phrases of the text well given. I was so much pleased with it as to stop one of the men afterwards and ask him about its author. From what he told me and

what I have since learned I make a paragraph:

The composer was Robert Fuehrer, an illegitimate son of Wittasek, who fifty years ago was one of the musical notables of Prague, and perhaps one of the best church composers of the time. He was music director at the church of St. Veit. This son, Fuehrer, had a true genius for music, and it was cultivated to the highest degree. In course of time he reached his father's place as Director at St. Veit, and was also professor in the very fine organ school at Prague. But his habits were very bad, excessively so, and he became very lazy about composition. At one time he made a contract with a publisher to furnish several masses, suitable for such choirs as this at Breslau, — I think ten was the number, — and soon ran deeply in debt to the publisher. There was no getting anything from him, and after waiting a reasonable time the creditor clapped him into jail and kept him there — not long though — until he had finished the manuscripts. Finally, poor Fuehrer ran all down and had to leave Prague. He is, or was recently, in Gratz, having another position as music director, but his compositions have lost nearly all their originality. Pity, for he had a truly beautiful, though not grand and sublime, original style. On some occasion — it was in Salzburg — there was a great meeting of musicians. Among other pastimes they collected in a church and each was to show his powers on the organ by an extemporaneous prelude and then by working out a theme to be drawn from a hat. Some mean fellows had taken pains to make poor Fuehrer intoxicated, and when he was taken up to the organ he could hardly sit upon the seat. A friend who was with him and felt for him, aided him for a few minutes with the registers, until he saw that he was not too far gone to play and then left him. His performance proved to be the masterpiece of the occasion.

It was one of the jail compositions of this poor fellow which, exquisitely sung with organ and a small orchestra, so much delighted me.

Three Sundays during my stay in B. I attended the mass, and each time had the old longing desire for the introduction of good music into our congregational worship. This thinking of home on all such occasions, with a silent comparison of what is and what might be, is becoming a millstone around the neck of almost every such musical enjoyment. So it was, on the evening of May 17th, when I went to the theatre to hear opera. A small, neat and excellent room, acoustically, have the Breslauers. The machinery and scenery is, as in all German theatres, half a century in advance of anything which our cities can show, as any American who has had opportunities to observe will tell you. Those good fellows in Dresden, C. particularly, discussed this matter with me the other day, and this idea was expressed in much stronger terms than I have used. The theatre not being very large, good voices of much less power and strength than are necessary in Berlin, tell well. Hence you can often hear performances by singers, which you will feel to be of more beauty and grace than those of many a great singer in a large theatre. The latter would be rough and unpleasant in a small room, the former hardly audible in a large one. I remember how differently that exquisite vocalist and actress, Fran Bürde-Ney, prima donna at Dresden, struck me on her own stage, and in the much larger house at Berlin. Well then, I found no

great singer at Breslau, but all were sufficiently good to make their parts pleasing and interesting. All seemed to enter into the spirit of the thing, and the pieces were exceedingly well put upon the stage. It was a quiet little evening of simple operative enjoyment; there had been no fuss made, no display, no addresses to the public by the manager, no flaming notices in the papers; simply an announcement of the pieces to be performed. These Breslauers are of opinion that the support of an opera — small, but complete, and in the native tongue — is a great means of refining and cultivating the public taste, especially in music, and conceive it a matter of public importance. So whether the houses be full or not, they pay their regular troop of performers their salaries and keep the opera going. The city does this as it does other things, which I have recorded as proving their benighted condition. Will you believe it, they have a large gallery in the cock-loft, where the poor people can see and hear quite well at an expense of some 12 1-2 cents!

On this evening the performances opened with a neat little operetta — in fact a farce idealized and refined by music, which was by Flotow. Very funny and very well done too. The music capital. Then came Offenbach's "Betrothal by the Lantern," to which I say ditto, only intensified. And at the close Mendelssohn's First Finales to "Lorely," with a fine Rhine scene of rocks and crags and flowing waters and nymphs and water spirits of both sexes. Now all this I enjoyed exceedingly, for the singers were good, their acting very fair, the orchestra small but elegant, the chorus, both vocal and tripping-fantastic-toe-sical, very fair, and well drilled — and all for 37 1-2 cents of our money.

Then the old grief — why can't we have this at home.

The next evening I went again, but this time to hear Father Haydn's "Seasons." The stage was fitted up to receive both chorus and orchestra. In front sat about twenty-five women, then several lines of boy soprani and alti, then the tenors and basses, and behind all, so that their notes should support the vocal forces and pervade the voice parts — not come out into the house with the voices lagging behind, a large orchestra was arranged. The perfection with which that boy chorus executed the sometimes difficult music of the oratorio, would have been a lesson to any chorus which I know at home. Why does no Society with us ever sing the "Seasons"? It is one of the most enjoyable works ever written. There is music in it for every auditor; from the simplest song and ballad up to some of Haydn's grandest instrumental and choral productions. It is so fresh and beautiful, so *youthful*, that one can hardly believe the testimony of history that it is the production of an old man nearly seventy years of age.

I spent another evening at the opera. "Tell" was given, with Ander, the deservedly famous Vienna tenor. Of course the piece was somewhat short of its dimensions, but the omissions were judiciously made and the result highly gratifying.

"Blessed is he that expects nothing, for he shall get it and not be disappointed"; a beatitude which long experience has proved true. Yet the rule has its exceptions, as I found in Breslau.

Now the thing was upon this wise:

My general antiquarianism made me acquainted with a Professor, who is also one of the Librarians of the great University Library, with its 3 to 400,000 volumes, and his accomplished wife, a fine musician, told me of Ernemann and the wife of a banker — the former a director of a musical society in B. and a teacher, the latter a lady of high culture especially in music, at whose house I should find a large collection of musical autographs. I called on Ernemann, and found a small, gentlemanly man, now advanced in years, but who retains a most lively recollection of his visit to Beethoven more than 35 years ago. It was delightful to listen to him as he spoke with all the enthusiasm of a young man of the great master, and of his intercourse with Franz Schubert. But his narrative is not for this place.

At the house of the banker Landberg I was received with the utmost kindness and politeness, by the lady, and found a rare collection indeed. The history of it is this: a brother of the banker devoted himself to music, and having plenty of means at his command determined to make a great collection of musical autographs. He succeeded admirably. Hardly a great composer of recent times is unrepresented. Of Beethoven there are seven musical sketch books and nine letters. The collector spent several years in Rome and died there a year or two since, and thus his manuscripts came to be with his brother in Breslau. There was some talk, as I learned, of selling the collection at auction in Berlin; I urged the keeping it together, and went so far as to try to get some intimation of a price for the whole; but neither the present possessors nor any of their friends in Breslau, seem to have any more idea of the value of the collection in money than I have myself. Have I not cause to be thankful? for the lady gave me correct copies of all the letters.

Perhaps the name Carl Reinecke is familiar to you as one of the younger class of composers in Germany. He has been called to Breslau to fill the vacant place of Mosevius. I found him looking younger than I expected, some 30 or 35, an enthusiastic musician, and not carried away by modern vagaries.

Here in Breslau I had occasion to notice again, what I have often spoken of in my letters, the real musical culture of men known to the world as men of science and literature. One professor, who has a wide fame as a naturalist, plays with his wife symphonies and other music for four hands, arranged or written. The wife of another is a leading member of the Sing Akademie; and so on. Sometimes I find such a man with whom painting is a passion, and the passion is indulged at leisure hours. They go on the principle that any artistic gift is to be cultivated, that it is no waste of time to give a boy a thorough musical education, even though destined to science or one of the learned professions. And is not the principle a sound one?

A Paris correspondent of the *Transcript* writes: The Grand Opera is keeping on its old track with the *Herculanum* and the *Sicilian Vespers*. Last Monday the *Prophete* was given for the 232d time. Vestvali is said to be preparing to appear there. Bellini's *Capuletti e Montecchi* is now being translated into French, and will soon be in rehearsal for her first appearance.

The Twaddle of Business.

There is, to our ear, no twaddle so insufferable as that which has begun to be so rife in large cities like New York, where money is the chief end of man, and where, therefore, only so-called business (or those peculiar and distinct Wall street operations by which money is, more or less honestly, made) is considered the legitimate sphere of occupation. Why, these people have come to consider everybody who occupies himself with anything else than merchandise, or shaving notes, or speculating in stocks, as a sort of fancy people, who live by their wits, in a hand-to-month, shiftless kind of way! At least is this true as to literary and art persons, who are nothing short of an equivocal, dreamy, useless kind of folk, that live and die in a garret; and who, being of no money account in Wall street, are of no account anywhere.

And yet this very merchant or capitalist who struts Wall street—what would he do without his daily paper, and how would his up-town house look without a book, a picture, or an engraving in it?—albeit, the book be never opened—the picture, directly before his eyes on the wall, never seen!

Even regarded from a money point of view, one would think that an artist who paints in a year a picture like Church's "Heart of the Andes," for which he promptly refuses ten thousand dollars, expecting, justly, to realize twenty before he parts with it; or an author like Dickens or Thackeray, to whom twenty thousand dollars a year is no very extraordinary pay for scribbling; or a composer like Meyerbeer or Verdi, whose earnings are similarly grandiose; or even a poor devil of a singer, who makes his thousand dollars or more a month, clear money—that such people would command the respect of old Firkin. But no, his eyes are blinded to such results. He thinks there must be some *hocus pocus* in the matter, and that it can never be clear money in hand—at all events, the method in which it was made was not legitimate.

Legitimacy of occupation, in the Wall street sense, includes in its signification (with much that is noble, and elevated, and admirable) not a little that is mean and sordid, and avaricious, and contemptible—not to say dishonest and positively criminal.

We often look at these so-called hardworking "business" folk, too, and contrast their ideas of hard-work with those of a writer, a painter, a composer, or any of the so-considered fancy tribe. Your writer, who sits in one spot three, or four, or five, or even six hours on a stretch, not exercising a merely inferior mechanical power of calculation, but that far higher power of actual invention, which so wrings and exhausts the brain—your artist, who stands before his canvas till he is ready to drop there—your composer, whose musical score, with its myriads of notes, blinds the eyes and wears out the life—even your poor technical student of music, who is training his fingers into those miracles of rapidity and combination by the eight hours (as we have known them to do) consecutively: these are mere idlers—according to Firkin's ideas.

But now look at Firkin himself, and his salesmen and clerks. Bounding our vision to the New York horizon, see them sailing down the cool side of Broadway on a fine Summer's morning (the cool side of an omnibus containing a large portion of them), snuffing the breeze that sweeps up from the bay, over the battery, and throwing open their light summer coats to catch it, perhaps smoking their aromatic Havana weed, and altogether in a state of great delectability. See them arrive at their spacious and cool warehouses, or at their comfortably-furnished and luxurious counting-rooms, seat themselves in leather-cushioned arm-chairs, put their feet up, peruse the morning papers, the while their clerks outside, behind or beside the dry-goods boxes, absorb themselves in "What will he do with it," or "Love me little, love me long," or Lord Dufferin's "Yacht Voyage." This, or the like of it, we protest we have time and again seen them do—aye, within these few weeks, during a chance perambulation through the "business" quarters of New York. Perhaps customers come in: perhaps (particularly during the summer solstice) they don't. Twelve o'clock brings the saunter to Downing's or Delmonico's, and thereupon the claret cobbler, or the mint julep, with Delmonico's newly-contrived beef or lobster salad—perhaps the pastry, with which half Young America is ruining its stomach. From lunch to dinner-time is a pleasant and luxurious amalgam of a saunter on "Change, cigars, chat, a stroke or two of business—and et ceteras. Then flows the tide of these hard-worked, and over-worked business men up-town again to luxurious dinners, drives, and evening entertainments.

Business?—twaddle! Let many a representative of the so-called fancy people give them the first idea of the true significance of that word—if the sense of

it have any affinity with industry!—*Willis's Musical World.*

OPERATIC MATTERS.—No official report has yet been issued in regard to the prospects for the approaching fall and winter seasons of Opera. The public is left to form its own impression in regard to the novelties to be produced, and the new singers who are to be brought across the Atlantic for our amusement. All that is known is embraced in the statement that the Directors of the New York Academy have liberally subscribed to assist Mr. Ullman in making engagements, and that twenty thousand dollars, (which means about ten,) have been placed in his hands for the purpose of securing the best talent that can be induced to risk the perils of the deep, and the trying effects of an unsettled climate like ours. Mr. Ullman and Strakosch have united their forces, Maretzek having previously joined Strakosch, and the gentlemanly Maurice has gone to Europe with Gassier and Ullman, these three being banded in the search for celebrated prime donne and irresistible tenors. It is also understood that the indomitable Max is to be Ullman's orchestral conductor, Anschütz having left with Formes and Caradori, a trio that has been inseparable for many years. Formes has quarrelled irreconcilably with Ullman, therefore the splendid Carl is to be eclipsed by the big basso, Ziegler, or the Socrates-faced Susini, one of whom is to be introduced to the American public under the banner of Ullman. Formes is not willing to be blotted out by either of these formidable rivals, nor will he consent to let Ullman possess the entire field of Opera in the United States; therefore he is forming an entirely new company, headed by Jenny Paur, Cesaro Badiali, and the distinguished Theodore Formes, for whose magnificent tenor voice Richard Wagner originally composed the world-renowned "Tannhäuser," an opera that we may hope to hear given by this German-Italian troupe.

Ullman has obtained the lease of the New York and Boston Academies; he has not secured that of the Philadelphia House, and will not be able to do so, the Board of Directors having learned by experience, that it is infinitely more profitable to rent the building by the week or month, than by the year.—*Fitzgerald City Item.*

Art Items.

The following is a description of the "National Monument to the Pilgrim Forefathers," the cornerstone of which was laid at Plymouth last Tuesday: The design—by Hammatt Billings—consists of an octagon pedestal on which stands a statue of Faith. From the four smaller faces of the pedestal project buttresses, upon which are seated figures emblematic of Morality, Education, Law, and Liberty. Below them, in panels, are alto-reliefs of "The Departure from Delf-Haven," "The Signing of the Social Compact in the Cabin of the May Flower," "The Landing at Plymouth," and "The First Treaty with the Indians." Upon the four large faces of the main pedestal are large panels, to contain records of the principal events in the history of the Pilgrims, with the names of those who came over in the *May Flower*, and below are smaller panels for records connected with the Society and the building of the Monument. A chamber within the pedestal, 26 feet in diameter, and well lighted, is to be a depository for all documents, etc., relating to the Pilgrims and to the Society. In this chamber will be a stairway leading to the platform upon which stands the Figure of Faith, from which may be seen all the places of interest connected with the history of the Forefathers. The whole monument will be about 150 feet high, and 80 feet at the base. The Statue of Faith rests her foot upon the Forefather's Rock; in her left hand she holds an open Bible; with the right uplifted she points to Heaven. Looking downward, as to those she is addressing, she seems to call them to trust in a higher power. The sitting figures are emblematic of the principles upon which the Pilgrims proposed to found their Commonwealth. The first of these is Morality. She holds the Decalogue in her left, and the Scroll of Revelation in her right hand. Her look is upward, towards the impersonation of the Spirit of Religion above. In a niche, on one side of her throne, is a Prophet, and in the other, one of the Evangelists. The second of these figures is Law. On one side of his seat is Justice; on the other, Mercy. The third is Education. In the niche, on one side of her seat, is Wisdom, ripe with years; on the other, Youth led by Experience. The fourth figure is Freedom. On one side, Peace rests under his protection; on the other, Tyranny is overthrown by his prowess. The monument is to be entirely of granite, with the exception of the panels and alto-

reliefs; these are to be of porphyry, serpentine, and white marble. The figure of Faith is to be seventy feet in height; the sitting figures are to be about forty feet in height. The monument is to be placed upon a hill a little way from the heart of the village, in a northwesterly direction, and its foundations are already laid. In addition to this structure, a canopy of granite is to be erected over the Rock itself, near the water's edge; the Rock has been raised a few feet from its bed, and has been surrounded by a setting of solid granite, upon which the supports of the canopy are to rest; the Pilgrim Society have purchased and removed several old buildings which pressed closely upon the Rock, and an open square is to be preserved about it. The canopy, as was before said, is to be of granite, and is to rest upon four pillars, thus at the same time protecting the Rock and yet leaving it open to the gaze of all. The canopy will be soon completed; the monument will not be finished till much more money is subscribed, the estimated cost of the whole being about half a million dollars, and about fifty thousand dollars having been already collected.

The following is from the London *Athenæum* of July 16th: "Mr. Page, another of the skilled American artists who have studied and sojourned in Rome, has brought with him from Italy a picture of Venus on the Sea, attended by two Loves. The work is treated, in some respects, with that ideal disregard of proportion in detail which is permitted to the sculptor. The shell on which the Queen of Love moves forward is as small as a coracle in a dream; the doves in the immediate foreground, too, are perhaps also liable to the same criticism. If these conditions are to be accepted, the picture is thereby placed in the lists for such honors as belong to the most ideal Art. We are not prepared to assert that Mr. Page altogether reaches this high standard; but his ambition is more than commonly honorable in days like these, when realism in painting is thrust on us as the *Alpha* and *Omega* of its excellence. His *Venus* has the haughty and triumphant beauty of her whose fascinations could bring the sword and the firebrand among men, as well as gentler sensations, and excitements not less potent, but less fierce. Her bust, arms and lower limbs are well modelled, with perhaps, a trifle too much anxiety as to exactness of articulation. A nude figure, however, ought not to suggest the fancy of any past constraint or compression. Mr. Page's *Venus* hardly escapes this charge. His coloring, with a certain tendency towards sombre-richness (such as time had brought over the carnations of Giorgione and Palma), is solid, attractive, and harmonious. The picture, in short, is a fine one: in no respect to be made light of—one which, whether it be taken for better or for worse, with agreement or with disagreement, cannot be looked at, without interesting suggestion and remembrance being excited,—which cannot be recollected, without sincere respect for the aspiration and the performance of him who has painted it."

The Cousins; or, Who Chose Best.

(From the Pittsfield Musical Transcript.)

BY A PUPIL OF THE M. M. INSTITUTE.

Jennie.—There, I have blotted my notes—that is too bad! I meant to have written them so nicely! But "accidents will happen."

Clara.—Oh! I am so glad I am not obliged to write notes, and study and practise as you do, Jennie. Why, Monsieur S—— has never troubled me with anything of the kind, and instead of drumming through that odious instruction book, as you are doing, I have taken a great many waltzes, polkas, and songs.

Jennie.—Perhaps the time spent on that "odious instruction book," as you are pleased to call it, may, in the end, be of much more value to me than all your fantasies, although now you seem to have the advantage.

Clara.—Do you mean to have me believe that you like to practise those tedious scales and five finger exercises?

Jennie.—No! I cannot say I really like it, but then I know it is best for me, and I am willing to do disagreeable things that good may come.

Clara.—Well, there is no use in talking to you, Jennie; we shall never agree about music, I fear. By-the-bye, have you considered grandmother's proposal, and decided what branch you will take in addition to music?

Jennie.—Yes; and think I shall commence drawing.

Clara.—Well, I must say you are a dunce! What good will it ever do you to make trees, houses, and cows? I intend to take dancing lessons.

Jennie.—I think I may safely call you foolish, and ask what use dancing can be to you?

Clara.—Why, it will make me graceful in my movements, improve my figure, and—and—ever so many things! Oh, it will be perfectly delightful!

Jennie.—On the other hand, drawing will—

Clara.—Oh, fie on your drawing. I won't hear another word; good bye.

Thus spoke two young girls of nearly the same age, whose course we design to follow. Two years previous to the opening of our story, their grandmother, who was very wealthy, had offered to give these girls a thorough musical education, and allowed them to choose their teachers from among the many who instructed in that art in the city of C—. Jennie selected for her teacher a man—no professor with a long foreign name in place of talent and taste, but a plain Mr.—whose whole soul was imbued with music; who loved it as an art, and treated it as something worthy of man's highest regard; who considered it sacrilege to speak lightly of so holy a thing; in a word, he was a man who understood the art, and endeavored to instill into his pupils a love and reverence for it, and who performed his duty faithfully before God and man. Clara chose for her teacher Monsieur S—, who could play such "lovely polkas and schottisches," and not only could play them himself, but taught his pupils to do so in a very short time. She thought Jennie very foolish to go for instruction to a man whose pupils progressed so slowly, and if the truth must be admitted, so thought all her friends. But Jennie was firm. At the end of two years, their grandmother permitted them to receive instruction in one other accomplishment, in addition to music, though in opposition to the advice of her son, an eccentric old bachelor, who thought the time and money spent on ornamented branches wasted. But the old lady was determined to carry out her plan. We have heard of the choice each made, and which was duly reported to Uncle George. From that time he resolved to watch the progress of his nieces, and in that kind heart of his (for bachelors have hearts, and often good ones, however much they may wish it to appear otherwise,) he formed a plan to reward her who had chosen the best way. During these two years Clara had learned many pieces, and had gained great applause from her teacher and friends. Jennie had gone patiently and slowly on with her instruction book and exercises, following implicitly the directions of her teacher, in whom she had perfect confidence. But when she heard Clara so much extolled for the rapid progress she had made, and felt the sneer bestowed upon her when she answered all invitations to play with a quiet "I have learned no pieces," her heart almost failed her. But at the beginning of the third and last year of their musical tuition, Jennie began to receive her reward. One morning her teacher placed before her a beautiful Sonata of Mozart, saying, "There, Jennie, you have practised faithfully thro' what may be termed the drudgery in the study of music, now you shall enjoy the fruit of your labors." She learned the Sonata much sooner than she expected. She went rapidly on now, taking next a "song without words," by Mendelssohn, then a Fugue by Bach, and she also studied some of the noble works of Beethoven. She had now entered a glorious field, and as she advanced her soul expanded; her ideas of the beautiful in art became elevated; her habits of thought more systematic and correct. And with this internal change came a corresponding outward one. Her manners were more quiet, dignified, and lady-like. She was kind to all, yet could not join in the trifling pursuits of her companions as she had formerly done. The consequence was that they admired, but heartily disliked her, for mankind forgive everything sooner than superiority. Clara continued much in the same manner as she had done, making but little progress, as the capacity of her teacher had long since exhausted itself. Jennie, during this year, had learned to sketch from nature, and to paint very prettily, which tended also to refine and elevate her emotions; incited a love for Nature, which affords an unlimited field for the study of the beautiful, and forces the mind to the contemplation of the Great Creator, and compels man to bow in reverence, awe, and adoration to him. Clara could tread the light fantastic toe very gracefully, and had acquired in the dance room a capacity for saying little nothings in a most charming manner. But these light pursuits produced their full effect in moulding her character. Jennie's teacher, being a highly educated man,—having a very high standard for female education,—had endeavored to cultivate in her a taste for reading those works that strengthen the mind, refine and exult the taste. Clara's teacher, having no mental culture, was incapable of assisting others to attain it in any degree, and thus her faculties, naturally good, were wasted and ruined by trifling and thoughtless gaiety. But

the last year was completed, and the girls were called home. Jennie felt, as she placed her foot upon the threshold of her home, that she had left behind her the happiest and most peaceful part of her existence. Clara left school with a happy laugh, saying—"Oh, Jennie, I am so glad my education is finished, and I have nothing to do but enjoy myself, and get married as soon as possible. Do you know that next month we are eighteen, and grandmother intends giving us an elegant party?"

Their eighteenth birth day came, and with it much expectation and excitement. Clara made great calculations on the sensation her handsome dress, graceful manners, and many accomplishments would create upon this, her first entrance into that elysium of the school girl's imagination—fashionable society. Uncle George had for the past six months taken more interest in the progress of his nieces than he would willingly have admitted, even to himself, especially in Jennie, who quietly labored with so much earnestness. He could not understand her. She was greatly changed, but whether for better or worse he had yet no opportunity of judging. On this eventful morning he might have been seen to enter a fashionable jewelry establishment, and after remaining an amazingly long time, to emerge from it thrusting a morocco case into his pocket. From thence he slowly pursued his way until he came to the residence of an eminent composer, whom he requested to select for him a musical composition, the reading of which would test thoroughly the skill and knowledge of a performer. Having procured this, he wended his way to the beautiful home where he resided with his mother.

Night came at last, and a crowd of elegant and fashionable people filled their splendid rooms. Eyes shone brightly—smiles played charmingly around coquetish lips—the lively jest flew in rapid succession from one to another, and all went "merry as a marriage bell." But now a murmur of "how beautiful" was heard, as the two cousins entered led by their affectionate Uncle. And indeed they were beautiful. They were immediately surrounded by friends, congratulating them on having passed from slavery to freedom, and wishing them much happiness on their entrance into life. Soon Clara was requested to give them some music, and after many foolish apologies and excuses, she complied, and performed in what some thought a brilliant style, a selection from an Italian opera. She made many mistakes, paid no regard to touch or expression, and with foot pressed hard upon the pedal, exerted all her strength, and after making the poor piano groan and moan for some fifteen minutes, rose amidst exclamations of applause, although during the latter part of her performance the conversation had been general, and the strife seemed to be as to whose voice should overcome the noise of the suffering instrument. Jennie was now invited to play, and without any foolish excuses, but with modest reluctance, she selected the Adagio from Beethoven's Sonata Pathétique, and performed it so correctly, with so much taste and feeling, that very soon every voice was hushed, all listened with breathless attention to the end. When she left the instrument none ventured to pay her the commonplace compliments of the hour, but their silence and attention was more gratifying to her than any words could have been. After a few moments "Uncle George" advanced, saying: "Well done, my good girl, you have made me happier to-night than I have been before in many a long day. I have one favor to ask of Clara and you. Many of our friends are acquainted with the circumstances of your education, and I am now anxious to show them which has pursued the best method of instruction. Here is a piece selected expressly for this purpose, and I wish each of you to play it, and let us judge which can do so correctly. Come, Clara, you may try first." Clara looked at the music rather doubtfully, but was determined to make the attempt. She tried the first two or three measures, and then left the instrument, saying: "Why, Uncle, no one can possibly play that without practising it a month, and I very much doubt whether I could then. I have never learned so difficult a piece."

Uncle.—"Well, Jennie, will you try it?" Jennie took the music, and after carefully looking it over, said: "I think I can play it, not without some mistakes certainly, but it is not more difficult than many things I have played." So seating herself at the piano, she went through it with very few mistakes, giving the correct expression to every part, much to the astonishment of the company. As she was rising from her seat, she felt something thrown around her head, and on looking perceived it to be an elegant chain, to which was attached a very neat and beautiful watch. On opening it she read, "presented to his dear niece by Uncle George"; she also found a little note, which proved to be a receipted bill for a

costly pianoforte, and at the bottom written: "Will she who has chosen best accept this from her affectionate Uncle." Jennie's friends crowded around her to express their pleasure at her good fortune, and Clara among others, saying, "Dear Jennie, the time spent on that 'odious instruction book' has indeed proved to be of more value to you than my fantasies and polkas are to me. But I am determined to begin anew, if you will afford me your assistance. I hope yet to study music as it deserves to be studied." "I am happy to hear you speak so, my dear Clara," said her grandmother, "and glad that instead of feeling angry at this public proof of your mistaken choice, you have behaved so nobly. Your Uncle had no intention of causing unpleasant comparisons to be made, but felt that he must openly reward that one of the cousins who chose best."

MARTIN LUTHER'S OPINION OF MUSIC.—Music is one of the best arts. The tones give life to the text. She drives away the spirit of dejection; see king Saul, for instance. Some of the nobility and courtiers think they have saved for my royal master three thousand florins per annum in music; while, in their stead, thirty thousand florins are spent without any use whatever.

Kings, princes, and noblemen, must support music for it is the duty of great potentates and regents to preserve the good fine arts: for although single individuals may like them and practice them, yet they cannot uphold them. I have always held music dear. Whoever is master of this art, is of good quality, and fit for everything. Music must necessarily be taught in schools. A schoolmaster must be able to sing, or I do not think him worth anything. Young men also ought not to be ordained as preachers of the gospel, unless they have well practised it in the schools.

Music is a fine, excellent gift of God, and near in importance to Theology. I would not part with the little music I know, for a great deal. The youth ought to be instructed in this art; for it makes fine, able men.

BACHIANA; "select pieces (preludes and fugues) from the miscellaneous pianoforte works of John Sebastian Bach, not included in the *Clavier bien Tempéré*"—as performed in public by Miss Arabella Goddard—(Duncan, Davison & Co.) The first series of six being now complete, we may recapitulate its contents. These are *Fuga Scherzando* in A minor; *Prelude and Fugue* in B flat (on the name "Bach"); *Fantasia con Fughetta*, in D major; *Fantasia con Fuga*, in B flat; *Preludio con Fuga*, in A minor; and two fugues in C major. The two fugues in C major (No. 6), besides their wonderful clearness in a contrapuntal sense, and the attractive character of their themes, may be pointed out as most useful studies for equalizing the touch and for the attainment of fluency in execution. The fugue in A minor (No. 5) is one of the most interesting and masterly of all the minor fugues of the composer. Altogether this selection may be recommended as the most serviceable introduction to the most difficult and elaborate works of Bach that could well be contrived; and the student who is zealous and industrious enough to master it, will approach the *Clavier bien Tempéré* and other great works with double confidence. Messrs. Duncan & Davison may be reminded, by the way, that there is plenty of material for another series of *Bachiana*; and it is to be hoped they may have found the first issue sufficiently remunerative to encourage them to proceed. The revival of such vigorous and healthy music cannot be otherwise than productive of good. *Lond. Mus. World.*

A Musician's Jubilee.—Fifty Years in Office.

The following is the article referred to by the "Diarist" in his notes, which we print to-day, of his recent visit to the quaint old Silesian capital, Breslau. We translate from the *Breslauer Zeitung* of May 17.

FESTIVITIES AT G. SIEGERT'S JUBILEE AFTER FIFTY YEARS IN OFFICE. On Saturday forenoon, (May 14), in the Bürger-school zum heiligen Geist, in which Herr Music-Director SIEGERT teaches singing, but formerly taught in other branches, Herr Director Kämp arranged a festival in honor of the old man; and in the evening at half past six o'clock there assembled at the same place the Fest Committee, the pupils of the Catholic School Teachers' Sem-

inary, led by Herr Battig, a number of teachers, and an orchestra of wind instruments, in all some 160 persons. About 7 o'clock the procession moved across the seminary street to the great courtyard of the St. Bernhardin hospital on the rear of Siegert's dwelling. After the choir and orchestra had taken their positions, F. W. Berner's beautiful and powerful hymn: *Der Herr ist Gott*, a strikingly effective composition, was performed under the lead of the royal music-director, ADOLPH HESSE; whereupon the latter shouted out a three-times "*Hoch*" to his colleague SIEGERT, in which all present joined enthusiastically amid the crash of drums and trumpets. The "*Jubilar*" (recipient of the jubilee) expressed his thanks in a speech of some length.

On Sunday morning early (half past eight) there appeared in the house of the *Jubilar*, the upper-bürgermeister, privy councillor Elwanger, accompanied by the town councillor Herr Seidel. The former addressed hearty words of congratulation to the *Jubilar* and decorated him, in recognition of his services from "the powers that be," with the red eagle order of the fourth class. Shortly before the beginning of divine service he was accompanied by Herr Probst Schmeidler and town councillor Seidel (the first in his canonicals, the latter with his golden chain of office) to the choir, where a strong vocal and orchestral force was already collected. He was conducted to the director's desk, which was hung with wreaths, where the Herr Probst wished him joy in a few hearty words. After the morning hymn, a Cantata of Siegert's composition was performed, which made an edifying impression. At the close of his regular sermon Herr Schmeidler made mention of the festival occasion, and invited the congregation to take part in the church official jubilee now about to commence.

During the prelude on the great organ the church-collegium, festival committee, &c., gathered with the *Jubilar* about the altar, and after the singing of the majestic hymn: *Lobe den Herren, den mächtigen König der Ehren*, which resounded powerfully, accompanied by both organs and by trombones, the Herr Probst ascended the steps of the altar. In a noble address he exhorted the *Jubilar* to praise God for this day, to which it had been vouchsafed to him to live in full activity and health of body and of mind; he then alluded to the manifold services of Siegert in a most appreciative and emphatic manner. After the last verse and concluding voluntary they repaired to the sacristy, where the *Jubilar* made a speech, calling to mind living and departed friends and patrons, and expressed his thanks in heart-felt tones for the inspiring festival.

Returning to his house, the *Jubilar* received the congratulations of various deputations. 1. An address from Herr Ober-Regierungs-rath Solr, in the name of the Vaterlands Association; 2, from Herr Weigelt in behalf of the *Stadt-verordneten-Collegii*; 3, from the gymnasium director Wimmer in behalf of the Fest Committee, with the presentation of a document as a festival gift; and 4, from a messenger in the name of the Grand Lodge. The *Jubilar*, who is a man of high intellectual culture, able in speech, made pertinent reply, without sign of exhaustion, to all that was addressed to him. Many good wishes from the various Silesian Gesang-vereins were received in writing; in short, the greatest proofs of love and high esteem were continually offered to the unassuming, modest man.

At seven in the evening a supper was held in the great hall of the King of Hungary, at which about 150 persons sat down. Innumerable toasts were offered. Herr Councillor Seidel proposed the first, to the health of his majesty the King, and to the welfare of the prince regent and of prince Friedrich Wilhelm, and alluded to the very serious aspect of the times. Herr Consistorialrath Heinrich now addressed the *Jubilar* and proposed his health (*lebe hoch!*). Music-director Hesse referred to the intimate, hearty,

never once disturbed beautiful relation between the *Jubilar* and himself, his nearest colleague, and offered another "*Hoch*" to the man they met to honor. The high teacher Scholz spoke in the name of the older teachers' union, and Herr Director Dr. Kletke in the name of the *Real-Schule*, in which Siegert is an efficient teacher. Professor Cohn eulogized Siegert as the great and widely known botanist; and Dr. Körber, after a genial address, handed to the *Jubilar* a plant from the Höllengärten in the Riesengründe, which had been named after Siegert. The latter in response spoke inexhaustibly about science, music and botany, developing not seldom a very enlivening humor. Between the toasts and speeches, songs, both serious and playful, by Kämp, Gabriel, Kittil, by his botanical friends, Battig and Grosser, &c., were sung by the teachers Letzner and Battig. Great merriment was excited by three very humorous songs by Kämp, Battig and Grosser, (the last in the Silesian dialect,) which were sung in chorus. These songs expressed a very wholesome wit, which kept the risible muscles in continual motion. The Fest was a beautiful, cheerful, genial affair. May the "*Jubilar*" long live and work as actively as ever!

SIEGERT was born May 17, 1789, at Ernsdorf near Reichenbach. Destined by his parents for the profession of a teacher, he went first to the town school, where under the guidance of his colleague Scholz and the Cantor Rieger he got his first musical instruction. In 1802 he obtained the place of discantist (soprano) in the church of St. Bernardin in Breslau, with free lodging, free tuition at the St. Magdalen gymnasium, and an annual income of 30 thalers. His scientific culture was indeed well provided for, but not his musical (in the then poor condition of church music). Fortunately a new field was opened to him. The Breslau theatre at that time was in want of an alto-singer for Mozart's *Zauberflöte*. Siegert was selected, and, his voice finding favor, was engaged for all the operas. This secured him a good increase, and enabled him to provide for his further culture. Placed now in a sphere, where for seven years he made acquaintance with the best of the then known operas, and impressed then ineradicably on his mind by frequent rehearsals and performances, he could not fail to develop a lively sense for Art. He became acquainted with Vogler, and was highly regarded by Ebell, Carl Maria von Weber (then at the age of nineteen kapellmeister in the Breslau theatre), and Bierey. His earlier desire, to become a teacher, grew more and more strange to him; in 1808 he left the gymnasium, and for a long time was in conflict with himself, until his old instructor, the director Reiche, decided him to remain true to his early resolution. He left the theatre, studied educational works industriously, but still entertained an anxiety lest he should be drawn away by music from the path which he had entered, and in 1810 he left the church, for which as choralist he had written several compositions.

In 1811 the cantor, Kellner, at St. Bernhardin, died, and Siegert, after passing examination, in 1812, became his successor, receiving at the same time the teachership in the *Bürger-Schule zum heil. Geiste*, which was connected with this office. In the then neglected state of church music the grand effect of a fine performance was unknown to him; and he was much surprised by several such which he heard in the Singakademie founded by the well-known theatre kapellmeister and composer, Bierey. This was dissolved in 1816. Stimulated by Bierey, Siegert composed in 1816-18 two cantatas, a *Te Deum*, and several other church pieces. But his zeal was not crowned with the desired success, since at that time the place of cantor at St. Bernhardin was poorly endowed, and the musical resources at his command were small; but his income was increased at the three hundredth jubilee of the Reformation. This was a new spur to

Siegert's exertions; he founded a Sing-verein for church music, which existed more than thirty years and counted a great many members. Siegert did much for music on the Sabbath, and every year at carnival brought out some music on a grand scale on a large platform built before the altar. This generous, unselfish man advanced what was wanting for this music, seeing that the fund provided did not exceed seven thalers, out of his own means. In 1831 ADOLPH HESSE, then 21 years old, after officiating four years as second organist at St. Elizabeth, was called to the place of upper organist at St. Bernhardin. As a church ceremony was connected with his induction into office, together with the rebuilding at a great expense of the fine great organ, Siegert honored his new colleague by the performance of a Cantata for choir and a strong orchestra by Hesse. Siegert met him altogether with love and confidence, and stimulated his zeal in the cause of church music by the performance of his works.

In 1832 Hesse started the idea of a grand evening performance, which took place in the church brilliantly lighted. Things by Handel, Schneider and Hesse were given, under Siegert's and Hesse's direction, with grand chorus and orchestra; and between these church pieces were played organ pieces of Freudenberg, Hesse and Köhler. The church was very full, the idea found favor, and the concert was repeated several years in succession. Works of Handel, Schneider, Spohr, Beethoven (among them the Symphony in C minor and the *Eroica*), Köhler and Hesse were executed under the direction of Siegert, Kahl, Pohsner, A. Schnabel, Hesse and Köhler, with a large force. What our Siegert has been to the Silesian Singing and Musical Festivals, and how much they owe to him, is well known. A brilliant festival was the great one arranged by Siegert in celebration of the 25th year of the Silesian Festival, when the Schiesswerder Hall in Breslau was dedicated. In 1847 Siegert was named royal Music-director. Siegert's compositions for the church, of which the number is not insignificant, breathe a genuine religious feeling; his Mass, especially, makes a fine, edifying impression. — (From the Silesian *Tonkünstler-Lexicon*.)

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 13, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Continuation of the Opera, "Don Giovanni."

When Greek meets Greek, &c.

In the absence of any thing new, exciting or instructive in our own provincial quarter of the world musical, now while the dog-star rages, we think we cannot better amuse and edify the languid reader than by treating him to a brilliant specimen of the way in which leading musical critics serve each other up in the great London press. Mr. CHORLEY, of the *Athenæum*, who writes a great deal about music, often exceedingly well, often with dogmatic prejudice, yet for the most part instructively and entertainingly — Mr. Chorley, the author of that pleasant book, "*Modern German Music*," the record of several musical tours, has taken advantage, it seems, of the interest excited by the late Handel Festival, to issue two parts or numbers of a book called "*Handel Studies*," in which he commences to give to the world the results of his life-long studies and reflections on the "Messiah" and other master-works of the great German musician, claimed with pride by all England as her

(adopted) own. Mr. Chorley begins with the work best known, with the "Messiah," and we cannot doubt—nay some of the very specimens below cited in a satirical spirit prove it to our mind—there is much good matter in his comments, which is worth considering. But not so seems to think the editor of the *Musical World* (supposed to be Mr. DAVISON, who also "does the music" for the *London Times*). This gentleman devotes a series of articles to a satirical running commentary, or general "showing-up," of the *Handel Studies*, plainly with the intent of paying off old scores, so far as the two critics are concerned, but richly to the amusement of us who live at an humble and disinterested distance from this war of Titans.

After some flings at the title, general style, and dedication of the book, the *Musical World* proceeds:

In his analysis of *The Messiah* Mr. Chorley sets out, in the oracular style which usually distinguishes him, by demolishing a mare's nest:

"It has been the fashion to complain of the overture or prelude to *The Messiah* as wanting and weak. I AM NOT IN THE FASHION."

The last sentence would have speedily put matters to-rights had the case been as Mr. Chorley states; but, unfortunately for him, it has always been the exact contrary—musicians and amateurs, without exception, rating the overture to *The Messiah* as Handel's finest, and therefore neither "wanting nor weak," but full of interest and strong. If, however, Mr. Chorley had been aware of this fact, we should have lost an exquisite bit of criticism, debuting thus:

"To me there is something grave, muscular, and relishing in Handel's preface in E minor," &c.

In mere "freak" like this, however, the author of *Music and Manners* is rather diverting than otherwise; but when he deals out assertions in which the taste of the most musical of nations and the credit of the greatest of musicians are arraigned, with a self-complacency bordering on impertinence, the risible feeling gives way to one of honest indignation. Here is an example, in which Germany and Bach are both brought under the lash:

"The Germans make light of the songs of Handel, as tiresome, antiquated, &c.; but this may not be so much the fault of their pedantry as of their poverty. Such unmeaning chains of notes as their profound men admire in the cantatas of Sebastian Bach, having no more reference to the words than have Rode's variations to the pence-table, are by Handel informed with a pertinence, a vocal brilliancy, and an elevation of style," &c.

First, it is neither more nor less than ludicrous to talk of the musical poverty of a country that gave birth to the grandest musicians the world has seen, including Handel himself. Secondly, the Germans do not "make light of Handel's songs"; and thirdly, the comparison between Bach's "chains of notes" and "Rode's variations," is as irreverent as it is absurd. The sentence regarded as a whole, moreover, even admitting the insinuations it contains, is sheer nonsense. To "inform" with pertinence and vocal brilliancy "unmeaning chains of notes," is a task, we apprehend, not merely beyond Handel but beyond even Mr. Chorley, who has recently applied himself to the composition of songs, from which we hope, when time permits, to furnish an example or two for the edification of our readers. With another assertion that "ever since Germany shook itself loose, in music, of Italian tradition," she has been sparing of great singers, we have no inclination to deal, being rather anxious just now to shake ourselves loose, in "*Handel Studies*," of Mr. Chorley; to whom, meanwhile, we dedicate what "may" follow, for three reasons, to be explained hereafter.

To resume:—Amid common-places lavishly distributed, and announced with as much pomp and circumstance as if they were discoveries, the *Handel Studies* contain paradoxes, of which a specimen or two may serve to afford our readers some amusement. The great songs of *The Messiah* have never yet been sung "up to their height," because no singers have possessed the qualities indispensable to their perfect delivery. We have not room for the whole of Mr. Chorley's description of these qualities, one of the most important of which is "a devotional temper of mind, which, if it do not imply an act of worship, in-

dicates the mood of a worshipper," but we cannot resist citing the means by which alone such qualities are to be ensured. These are, not only:

"—a happy combination of natural endowments and technical accomplishments, but also such general loftiness of tone in life, manners, and conversation, as shall make it impossible for the singer to conceive aught meanly or deliver it meagrely."

But even thus much, which would already make saints of our singers (or, to put Mr. Chorley's proposition to the test, sinners), is not enough. To sing the *Messiah* songs "up to their height," the singers must further be endowed with:

"—a breath of that noble simplicity which, totally distinct from arrogance or theatrical solemnity (!) has given so much charm of persuasion, and authority of teaching, and power of retaining love, to some of our divines and poets, the least intent on vulgar arts for producing effect."

So that the singers in *The Messiah* must be not only saints immaculate, but inspired and eloquent preachers! Now we respectfully put it to Madame Viardot, Mr. Chorley's *beau idéal*, and the only one whom he has "ever heard approach the heart of 'He was despised'" (*Handel Studies*, No. 1, page 32), whether even she can lay claim to all or any of these supernatural attributes? We put it to Mr. Chorley himself, who has occasionally written sanely, whether what we have quoted is any thing better than rhodomontade, to be matched only by the *coda*, which, nevertheless, involves an admission that the author of *Handel Studies* has for once at least been loquacious to no purpose:

"Let us, in place of complaining over inefficiency, rather thank God that these great works of inspiration are in no respect more inexhaustible than in the room, and verge, and attraction which they afford to all real artists, 'for ever and for ever.'"

Presuming the above to have a meaning, all that precedes it is superfluous. In future our singers, not excepting Mr. Sims Reeves, will tremble in their shoes when they see the author of *Handel Studies* enter Exeter Hall, on an oratorio night. Let them, however, in the interim, when Mr. Chorley has set forth, in a ship, to criticize the continent, and denounce "such bit-by-bit reading as makes German setting and singing of words so stiffly distressing to the nice ear" (No. 1, page 32), let them, we say, look to their "tone of life, manners, and conversation;" so that, when he has returned, in a ship, to resume the throne and sceptre of English musical criticism (of which, in his own imagination, and that of some deluded foreigners, he holds undivided possession), having learnt to conceive nothing "meanly," they may deliver nothing "meagrely." Thus alone can they propitiate the critic of critics, who, after "ten years of light and knowledge" never had to reverse or modify an opinion, the only upright critic on the London press, notwithstanding the temptations to which he has been at various periods exposed, by Sig. Biletta, Professor Bennett, Mr. Henry Leslie, Mr. Lindsay Sloper, whom he furnished respectively with *White Magic*, *The May Queen*, *Judith*, and *The Birthday* (four precious masterpieces), and the temptation to which he is about to be exposed by Mr. Costa, to whom, "for three reasons," he has dedicated *Handel Studies*, and for whom, for one reason (—*s. d.*), he is said to be preparing the book of an oratorio, Mr. Bartholomew henceforth being doomed to pine in seclusion, as ex-poet to the Autocrat of all the Orchestras.

We have, alas! advanced but a short way into the impenetrable jungle of Mr. Chorley's *Studies*, which, like "the only contemplative oratorio which has won a universal popularity," (No. 1, page 13), "in place of being worn out, is only too full of matter, to be tractable; and this not matter for poetical speculation" (do-do), but for unceasing diversion. "In enjoying works so sublime," to employ Mr. Chorley's own language, "rhapsody has no limit."

Let us proceed by picking out a plum or two from Mr. Chorley's analytical pudding, which, had it come forth "pie" from Mr. Pickton's press, would in many respects have scarcely been less intelligible.

The chorus, "And the glory of the Lord," is admired as a "signal illustration of the power of resource and of reticence in combination"—which Mr. Yellowplush must interpret. "It is strong without surprise; it is emphatic without excitement;" remarkable in one instance for reiteration "without pedantry;" and generally, for "Progression without effort." It would be downright cruelty to ask even Mr. Yellowplush to translate this; but we may simply define it as verbose without meaning, and stupid without precedent. Even were we, as Mr. Chorley proposes, to "lean for a moment to the side of the transcenden-

talists," we could find neither "reason nor apology for such" nonsense.

"BUT HERE MAY BE AN INSTANT'S PAUSE."
—(No. 1, page 19).

And so say we of these delicious extracts, which we shall continue.

Musical Chit-Chat.

Music on Boston Common is now administered twice every week by divers Brass Bands in rotation. These "free concerts" commence (Wednesdays and Saturdays) at 5 P. M., and last till the sun sets, or longer. The hour is one at which few of the laboring classes, those who most need such refreshment, can attend. But the music, judging from the one occasion on which we chanced to find ourselves within ear-shot of it, is certainly excellent of its kind, as good, at least, as brass can make it. We heard that time what seemed to us to be a piece from *Lohengrin* or *Tannhäuser*, a grandiose and brilliant movement; a long selection from *Les Huguenots*, including the Consecration of the Swords, if we mistake not, with tenor aria, recitative, duet, &c., and winding up with the "Orgy" of the first scene; Schubert's "Serenade," &c. The first two pieces were well suited for brass music, very effectively arranged and capably played. Gillmore's Band still give evening Promenade Concerts in the Music Hall.

The "*Pittsfield Musical Transcript*" is the title of a neat little sheet, of eight pages, published once in three months, as an organ, apparently, of the "Mendelssohn Musical Institute." The devoted and intelligent principal of the Institute, Mr. E. B. OLIVER, is editor of the new *Transcript*. Its object, as editorially stated, is "to extend a knowledge of musical art, in order to render its cultivation attractive, and to induce those who have attended to it but superficially, to enter more earnestly into the study of its wonderful science, and to become intimately acquainted with its great masters." A worthy object, truly, and one which, judging from the tone and spirit of the articles which fill the present number of the paper, it will do not a little to promote. We have copied from it on another page a tale with a good musical moral by a pupil of the Institute. We also clip from it the following programme of a Soirée given this week by the young ladies of the Institute, which shows that Mr. Oliver means that his pupils shall know something of good music and great masters:

1. Rondo Agreeable, 4th Kuklaur.
2. Song—Summer Robert Franz.
3. Mai Glockchen (May Bells) Fritz Spindler.
4. Vocal Duet—"Welcome thou fair light of Heaven" Curschmann.
5. Gondolier, Lied ohne Worte Mendelssohn.
6. Song—Aspiration E. B. Oliver.
7. L'Esperance (Hope) 4th Alexander Fesca.
8. Sonata in Bb. 4th Mozart.
9. Song—Auf Wiedersehn (We meet again) Mendelssohn.
10. Sonata in G minor Beethoven.
11. Vocal Trio—Hope Rossini.
12. Sonata in B flat Clementi.
13. Cavatine, Soave imagine Mercadante.
14. Grand Fugue, upon theme from Don Juan Schwaab.

The music-lovers in Burlington, Montpelier, and other places in Vermont, have been enjoying some miscellaneous concerts given by Messrs. S. C. MOORE, pianist, and H. ALLEN, violinist, assisted by Miss GERTRUDE SCOTT, vocalist, and Mr. GEO. ALLEN, violoncellist. The lady is said by the Burlington *Free Press* to have "a contralto voice of altogether uncommon richness, compass and power" and to have sung Schubert's "Wanderer" finely. The instrumental performances come off with glowing praise in the same quarter.

We are glad, says *The Buffalo Commercial*, to learn that our townsman, Mr. John N. Pattison, who is in Europe, studying music, has been distinguished for his attainments in the melodic art. Mr. Pattison had the privilege of playing before the Prince Regent of

Prussia last May in the Kink's Conservatorium. An overture composed by Mr. Pattison, performed at Prague and Berlin, has been highly complimented.

The New Orleans *Picayune* learns that Mr. Placide Canonge, manager of the old Orleans Theatre, has made, in Paris, the following engagements for next season :

Mlle. de Latournerie, leading prima donna in every style (Stoltz and Falcon). She has appeared with great success on the principal theatres of France.

Mlle. Bourdais, second dugazon, soubrette, &c. She filled lately the part of first dugazon at Rouen.

Mlle. Legaigueur, leading rôle in drama and comedy, an important acquisition for our French theatre. Mlle. Legaigueur is said to unite great talent to great beauty and elegance of manners. She is described as having been greatly applauded in Paris.

Mme. Bertbal, jeune première.

Mme Julian, ingénue; the musical journals speak well of her brilliant appearance at the Gymnase theatre, in Paris.

Mlle Carolina Thelur, first dancer in all styles. Her artistic career is said to have been a series of triumphs. She excited the greatest enthusiasm at Bordeaux, Marseilles, Lyons, Bruxelles and Paris. She is classed in the first rank of chore-graphic celebrities.

Mlle Helene, second danseuse; a charming young lady, 18 years old, who created quite a sensation at her debut.

Mr. Predigan, leader of the orchestra (of superior talent).

Mr. Gilles, leader of the orchestra for the ballet.

Mr. Wiethoff, first dancer and leader of the ballet. He has been very successful on the boards of the Theatre Porte St. Martin and of the Grand Opera, in Paris. Mr. Grossy, serious mimic, second ballet leader.

Mr. Dobels, primo basso of grand opera; powerful and deep voice; excellent musician. He has filled with great success the rôle of primo basso at Marseilles, Toulouse and Bruxelles. An artist of great repute.

Mr. Berthal, baritone of the Lyric theatre, Paris, where he created the most important rôles of the repertory.

Mr. Bourdais, second light tenor; a singer of the best school. His departure is much regretted at Rouen.

Musical Correspondence.

LONDON, JULY 10.—In reading the Journal of Music for the past few weeks, I have looked with much interest for the appearance of some article relating to the great "HANDEL FESTIVAL," from the pen of some one who might have been present thereat, but I notice that all accounts have been copied from London papers. As I was one of the fortunate ones who were present on the three great days of this musical feast, I thought it might perhaps be interesting to some of your readers to have an account from a Bostonian.

In commencing, I must remind our friends that the oratorio in England is quite a different thing from what it is with us. Here it is an institution, and not an occasional thing as with us. Oratorio societies are found in various parts of the kingdom and are all in a flourishing condition. Members of these various societies enter into the performance of a work with great spirit, and the result is visible. The people of London crowd to Exeter Hall, whenever the Sacred Harmonic Society announce the performance of an oratorio, and pay such prices for tickets as would astonish the good people of Boston, who complain at the high prices of seats at the opera. What would they say if they had to pay such prices to hear the "Messiah," "Eli," "Israel in Egypt," &c., and go early for tickets at that? The result of this love of oratorio and the great father of it, was visible in London, on Saturday before the Festival, to any unlucky wight who chanced to arrive without having previously ordered his rooms. Full everywhere and people waiting to take rooms which might be vacated by chance, and when the reason for this was asked, the answer generally received was, "The Festival takes place next week." The writer was obliged to go to two hotels, and was then fortunate enough to find one little six by eight room in the top of the house, which was the only one unoccupied. So much for preamble.

On Monday morning I started at half past nine

for the depot at London Bridge, thinking to take an early train and secure a good seat. The doors were advertised to open at eleven and the performance to commence at one. Like a prudent Yankee I had some weeks previously procured tickets for the three days at five shillings each. These did not secure me a seat, but surely I could manage that by being in good season. Unfortunately for my plans, all who held those tickets reasoned in the same way, and the consequence was that, on arriving at the depot, I found a large crowd assembled who were all determined to get the best seats. In due time I arrived at Sydenham and struggled up the half mile passage leading to the main building. There was no trouble about losing the way; we had only to go straight on, and we were sure to be challenged in due time by a policeman or usher, so that finally I found myself near where I belonged. Here was a prospect indeed.

It was only just eleven o'clock, but every five-shilling seat was occupied. But even had I found the first seat vacant I doubt much if I should have occupied it, for I felt that I might just as well be outside the building as far as hearing to advantage was concerned. I then decided to change my ticket if that were possible, but nobody could tell me where it could be done. Finally I succeeded in procuring a ticket of the right sort and took my place. Nothing could be better. My position was such that the sound must concentrate in and about my vicinity.

The chorus entered, 710 sopranos, 714 altos, half of whom were males, 652 tenors, and 657 basses. What an array of voices! How is it possible for such a chorus to sing with precision! The orchestra appeared, 459 in number. The sight was magnificent. Nearly all the ladies were dressed in white, or rather wore white shawls and mantillas, and the contrast between these light garments and the dark clothes of the gentlemen was very striking. The time had finally arrived, and Madame CLARA NOVELLO rose to sing the solo of the National Anthem, which opened the feast. Her voice ceased, and the mighty chorus was heard, rolling out, "God save the Queen." But this passed rather as a matter of course and none thought of how it was sung.

But now commences the overture to the "Messiah," and people look at each other to see what effect is produced by the magnificent body of instruments. Then comes the song "Comfort ye my people," sung in exquisite style by SIMS REEVES; but so immense was the building and so great his distance, that it seemed rather like a whisper of consolation than a performance. But presently the huge body of singers rises, and with a firm tread, the altos enter upon the chorus "And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed." And what was the effect? I can hardly tell—I felt full to overflowing. I have heard this chorus often, but never before with such an effect. There was no dragging, but every note was as crisp as could be. I was amazed and delighted—amazed at hearing so large a body sing with such precision, and delighted as I could not fail to be, at hearing such music sung thus. The solos amounted to less than usual of course, but the chorus "And he shall purify," came soon, and was also performed in masterly style. "For unto us a child is born," was deservedly encored. This and the "Hallelujah" were of course the gems, and were sung as I never expect to hear them again.

Miss DOLBY sang "He was despised," in most beautiful style, but Madame Novello made but little of "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Even had she the power of doing it justice in so large a place, she has not the true soul of a great oratorio singer, but sings entirely for effect. I think she is greatly over-estimated as a singer. But Londoners are peculiar. If a singer once gains a standing in the popular favor, she is very sure to retain her position for a long time. Whether Clara Novello was ever finer than now I know not, but she is far from realizing

my idea of a faithful oratorio singer; and I do not form my judgment on the Festival performance merely, but after hearing her to best advantage at Exeter Hall. Her best performance on this day was the song "Rejoice greatly." She also sang that sweetest of pastorals, "Come unto me," but not in a way to please me. But the choruses formed the main attraction, and those were all given in masterly style. What would Handel have said had he heard his great "Hallelujah chorus" rendered as it was then and there! He might then have well thought that he saw the heavens opening and the angels of God praising their maker. But the end approached, and after Signor BELLETTI's solo, "The trumpet shall sound," in which he was finely accompanied by Mr. Harper on the trumpet, not on the cornet, the great chorus "Worthy is the Lamb," rolled forth in thunder tones, followed by the "Amen," which was sung in masterly style. To me it was wonderful to hear such figures sung with such precision by so vast a multitude. The feast for the day was at an end, and from the glories of Handel we must descend to common life. Twenty thousand people must be got back to London, and this was accomplished with apparent ease, owing to the excellent arrangements which had been made. All arrived in safety at London, and no accidents were heard of, and so ended the first day of the Festival. W. H. D.

Music Abroad.

London.

THE OPERAS. Since the Handel Festival, the two opera houses have gone on with pretty much the usual round of repetitions. At the Royal Italian Opera *Don Giovanni* has had its crowds; *I Puritani* was given July 2, with Mme. Penco, and Signors Gardoni, Graziani and Ronconi. The remarkable feature was Ronconi's acting as the old Puritan general. Mme. Penco is said to have made her greatest "hit" as Elvira. Next followed the *Huguenots* again; and, on the 9th, *Il Giuramento* was taken from the shelf, for the first time in London since 1845. It does not seem to be much of a favorite with the Londoners. The *Musical World* calls the music "ineffably dull," and here are the remarks of the *Athenæum*:

Change of place does not change the value of music. The opera pleased only tepidly when given at Her Majesty's Theatre, nineteen years ago—not at all the other evening, when it was executed at Drury Lane; and may not keep its hold at Covent Garden. Why should this be? Signor Mercadante is not poor in melody; not halting in science. His voices are carefully handled, his orchestra is discreet, if not inventive; yet there is no denying that his operas "hang fire," while those of Signor Verdi "go off"—and that among the fifty (we believe there are fifty), not one, save perhaps 'Elisa e Claudio,' has gained an European reputation. So, too, Signor Pacini, who has written some of the best *cavatins* in being, can keep no permanent footing save in Italy, and hardly that, even there. The story of 'Il Giuramento,' a dilution of M. Victor Hugo's 'Angelo,' is not a happy one for opera; being originally too intricate and too violent, and, as arranged, too intricate and too weak. It contains, however, three good acting parts—those of *Elisa* (Madame Grisi), who stands for the original *Tisbe*—of *Bianca* (Madame Nantier-Didiée) in the French tragedy, *Catarina*—and of *Viscardo* (Signor Mario). The due justice denied to these at Drury Lane was done, so far as *soprano* and *tenor* are concerned, at Covent Garden. Madame Grisi has been rarely seen and heard to more advantage of late years, or in any recent part. Her voice was under wonderful control on Saturday last. Madame Nantier-Didiée sang her great air, "Or la sull' onda" (a lovely air it is), with brilliancy and finish. In the first act, she looked very handsome, and acted throughout with some sensibility; but the artist is not to be envied when called on to perform a task which shows distinctly where the limits of his powers lie; and such weight and fervor and persistence as are demanded in 'Il Giuramento' from the *contralto*, whose duties are important, both vocally and dramatically, are not possessed by Madame Nantier-Didiée. Her voice, agreeable and peculiar as it is, is not equal to the demands of grand opera: her conception of acting ends with gracefulness. Signor Debassini, as that truculent husband (always a *baritone*) whose tiresome and tyrannical behavior in modern opera almost replaces the "heavy paternity" of past epochs of musical drama, did his best to be sinister and slow,—his great effort being in the interminable *scena* in the second act, with its symphony

of wondrous length. But he makes no way here: this not so much because he is here too late in his career—as because his career has never been a true one. Signor Badiali (to illustrate) is in every respect his senior, and has only appeared in England since he was a veteran. Till the last, however, he will tell:—and be welcome to a London public. The opera went with all desirable ripeness, allowing for the absence of the military band, which had been unexpectedly “commanded” to Aldershot. The players in the orchestra were displayed to great advantage by the number of symphonies *obbligati* with which Signor Mercadante has varied (must we not say retarded?) the interest of his score. The stage appointments and scenery were liberal and picturesque. A word, however, on the latter subject. How is it that in England we can never escape from the patchings of wings—side scenes, sky borders—which totally destroy illusion; and of which the French (far inferior as scene colorists to ourselves) know how to get rid, be the stage ever so small, be the composition ever so complicated? The rich and fanciful architectural night-scene in the second act of ‘Il Giuramento’ was entirely spoiled by the obtrusive pale blue lines across the stage, cutting off arch and vault in a manner alike arbitrary and impossible.

At Drury Lane the pieces have been *La Figlia*, *Don Giovanni*, *Norma*, and on the 11th *La Zingara* (Bohemian Girl) for the benefit of Mr. Balfe, Miss Balfe being the Arline. The same critic says:

Drury Lane Theatre has been crowded nightly to see the pretty ways of Mlle. Piccolomini, and to hear the grand voice of Mlle. Tietjens,—the other *prime donne*, (among them Miss Balfe) having been laid aside. In one respect the public is wise to take Time by the forelock,—since it is too evident that the German lady’s “golden age” is rapidly passing. No voice, were it twice as fine, twice as strong as hers was originally, will bear misuse, consequent on false production of the tone, without losing its quality. This is the case with Mlle. Tietjens; whose intonation, moreover, is no longer unimpeachable. When will singers learn that if they would sing long they must sing properly? Either heard *per se*, or as taken in contrast with Signor Mongini, Signor Glingini improves; while the third tenor, M. Bélat, in ‘*La Figlia*,’ carries off the honors, by his singing, from the entertaining behavior of the Siennese lady. This artist has not been “made enough of” by his managers. As a brilliant tenor he is almost the best on the stage.

Now that Mr. Smith’s subscription season is virtually over, we may ask how far he has fulfilled the following promise of his advertisement, already extracted in this journal as a curiosity: “During the present season, of the following nine operas, five (at least) will be produced, viz., Verdi’s grand opera, ‘*Macbeth*,’ for the first time in this country; Mercadante’s opera, ‘*Il Giuramento*,’ lately performed with such *éclat* at Paris; Rossini’s opera, ‘*Guglielmo Tell*,’ Flotow’s opera, ‘*Martha*,’ Rossini’s opera, ‘*La Gazza Ladra*,’ with a powerful cast; Mozart’s opera, ‘*Nozze di Figaro*,’ Gluck’s opera, ‘*Armida*,’ Verdi’s opera, ‘*Les Vepres Siciliennes*,’ and, should time permit, Petrella’s new and successful opera of ‘*Ione*,’ ossia, ‘*L’Ultimo Giorno di Pompei*,’ with new and extensive scenery and decorations.” The above reminds us of that never-to-be-forgotten programme of an extinct opera-house, in which, besides four or five other novelties—a new work by M. Meyerbeer among the number—there was advertised the cast of Mendelssohn’s coming ‘*Tempest*,’—an opera which Mendelssohn had expressly refused to write. When will managers only announce that of which they are secure? A series of twenty performances to come is announced at Drury Lane. Possibly during this some of the new operas promised may be produced.

CONCERTS, of all orders, from the Bach Society and the Philharmonic down to Christy’s Minstrels, have continued to abound. Herr Molique, a master violinist and composer, has had his annual concert, at which he produced a Trio (piano, violin and cello) and other compositions of his own; and at which Mlle. Anna Moligue played Beethoven’s *Thirty-two Variations on a theme in C minor*. Mr. George Lake has produced his oratorio, *Daniel*, followed by vocal and instrumental miscellanies. Mr. John Thomas has given a Harp concert; Mr. Howard Glover, a “monster concert” of no less than fifty pieces (!). The Royal Academy of Music has had a benefit concert by the associates (its former and present pupils,) remarkable for the fact that it presented but one

work by an academician, namely Macfarren’s overture to *Don Quixote*. Among the other pieces was Beethoven’s *Choral Fantasia*, played by Miss Linley, a pupil; a chorus from Meyerbeer’s *Pardon de Ploërmel*; vocal pieces from Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn and Mercadante; a selection from the Earl of Westmoreland’s opera *L’Eroe di Lancastro*; and the finale to the first act of *La Clemenza di Tito*. Since its foundation in 1822 the Academy has had 1,149 pupils, of whom 106 were educated gratuitously, and 256 at reduced terms. The Academy is handled without gloves by the critics; thus the *Athenæum* reads the following lesson from this concert:

The programme, too, illustrated another error of this body so pompously designated, so chary of results. Why must we once again say that the one educational establishment which England possesses has other duties than to minister to the self-occupation of amateur composers? The royalties and nobilities of other countries, who exercise themselves in counterpoint, or melody, or *dilettantism*, maintain, as part of their pleasure, chapels, or quartet-parties, or resident pianists,—or if, as happens sometimes, they write operas, such operas are presented in the theatres which they subsidize. Here, the price paid for aristocratic patronage seems to be that the students—present or former,—associates or foreigners pressed in,—must “do suit and service” by preparing and performing music which no professor can declare as meriting a place in a collegiate concert that includes specimens by Haydn, Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer. The *Amateur Society* is the proper arena for such attempts. It is their recurrences and the influences which they symbolize which have reduced the Academy to its present unsatisfactory state.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The last concert of the season, though the longest, was also the best. The programme is worth quoting:

Symphony in E flat.....Mozart.
Cavatina, “*Sorgete*” (Maometto)—Sig. Belletti....Rossini.
Concerto in F minor (No. 4), pianoforte—
Miss Arabella Goddard.....Sterndale Bennett.
Air varié (Les Diamans)—Miss L. Pyne.....Auber.
Overture (Struensee).....Meyerbeer.
Sinfonia in A, No. 7.....Beethoven.
Aria, “*En vain j’espère*” (Robert le Diable)—
Miss L. Pyne.....Meyerbeer.
Concerto in D minor (No. 9), violin—
Herr Joachim.....Spohr.
Duetto, “*La ci darem*”—Miss L. Pyne and Sig.
Belletti.....Mozart.
Overture (Jubilee).....Weber.
Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus. D.

THE BACH SOCIETY gave a private performance at St. Martin’s Hall, on Tuesday evening, the 21st ult., when the following pieces were performed under the direction of Professor Sterndale Bennett: Choral, “*Jesu, meine Freude*,” from the Fifth Motet; double chorus, from the Fourth Motet, “*Come, Jesus come*,” a copious selection from the *Passions-Musik*; Concerto in C minor, for two pianofortes, executed by Messrs. W. Dorrell and G. Russell; Chaconne, for the violin, played by Herr Joachim; and solo fugue, for pianoforte, by Mr. George Russell (in D major—*Clavier bien Tempéré*). The performances were received throughout with loud applause, by a densely crowded and thoroughly musical audience. Mr. E. J. Hopkinss presided at the organ.—*Mus. World*.

Paris.

The news from Paris is small, this week. M. Rota, the composer of *ballets*, has brought an action against the management of the *Grand Opera*, for breach of engagement. The composer at the *Académie des Beaux-Arts* who has this year carried off the grand prize, is M. Giraud. Honorable mention, too, was made of M. Paladilhe, whom we have named, in former years, as a prodigy from whom much was expected. A young tenor, M. Peschard, has been singing very well at one of the concerts of the *Conservatoire* in ‘*Le Comte Ory*,’—no easy task, the part demanding accomplishment as well as voice. The opera by Prince Poniatowski, for the *Grand Opéra*, seems delayed, because not completed. MM. Méry, and Reyher have been improvising another “*Victory*” *Cantata*, which was executed in the state theatre. Complimentary music of the same kind, by M. Cohen, has been produced at the *Théâtre Lyrique*,—and a *Cantata*, ‘*Solferino*,’ at the *Vandeville Theatre*. It is said that at or shortly after the re-opening of the *Théâtre Lyrique* in Paris (the management of which is not about to change), Madame Viardot will appear in Gluck’s ‘*Orphée*.’ We hope that this will prove only the first revival of his five superb operas.—*Athenæum*.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Darling Sister Kate. Ballad. G. W. Stratton. 25

A sweet and pretty song for the drawing room; a most welcome gift, we should think, to the numerous friends of the Composer.

You may win him back by kindness. Song. W. T. Wrighton. 25

Fare thee well; we part forever. Song. J. B. Livingston. 25

The merry maiden. Song. S. Glover. 25

Dear Mary, wake from slumber. So. F. Romer. 25

I am a pretty gipsy maid. Song. Julius Metz. 25

Welcome home. Song. W. T. Wrighton. 25

A sparkling wreath of vocal gems, in which it is difficult to point out the finest. Each song has something which distinguishes it favorably. It is an assortment from which all tastes would be suited.

The Irish Emigrants. Duet. Stephen Glover. 25

Let us gather bright flowers. Duet. “ “ 25

Over the waves we float. Duet. “ “ 25

Glover still furnishes the English singing public with new duets, and all find more or less favor. The above three are liked more than ordinary, the last two more so perhaps than the first one, on account of their sparkling, lively melody. All are easy.

The two Nightingales. (Die zwei Nachtigallen.) A. Hackel. 30

A charming duet from the German, for two female voices. It deserves unqualified recommendation. There is real, genuine poetry in both words and music. Singers of cultivated taste should not neglect to take a look at the score of this duet; it must please them highly.

Instrumental Music.

Il Polito Galop. F. R. Helmsmuller. 25

The sensation galop at Newport, appearing without exception on the programme of every hop at the “Ocean” and tumultuously redemanded. Melodies from “*Il Polito*,” (The Martyrs), Donizetti’s opera, form the groundwork of this spirited piece of dance-music.

The Alarm Clock (Die Wecker) Polka. Chr. Spintler. 25

This is the original of the favorite polka, so often performed by the Germanians, Gilmore’s, and the Brigade Bands under its original German title, “*Wecker Polka*.” The trio of this polka is founded on a melody popular all over Germany, in a similar manner as our “*Jordan*” and “*Few Days*” were here some years ago.

March of the absent. L. Belanger. 10

A sweet miniature Romanza, more tender than heroic.

Books.

THE MAY QUEEN. A Cantata. Words by H. F. Chorley. Composed by Wm. Sterndale Bennett. \$1.00 In Cloth, 1.25

This excellent work by an eminent composer, whose productions are characterized by sterling merit, will prove a valuable acquisition to the collection of individuals and societies. It is published in good time for early fall practice, and will no doubt be produced in good style in public by musical Societies in various localities during the ensuing winter.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 385.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1859.

VOL. XV. No. 21.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

How the D—* went pleasuring.

Some wise man once remarked, that all things human have an end. That was his opinion and it has obtained extensive currency. Now though my observation shows me that many things human have *not* come to an end, still I am not disposed to dispute the proposition. Take the human race, for instance; I know that it still exists this side the ocean, and have faith that it holds its own on the other. Yet why should not man die out finally, like the dodo? And after the earth has undergone divers transformations and is again fitted to be the habitation of intellectual beings, why not a new race occupy her surface, slowly developed in the lapse of ages, say, from the bat, — a race like the common notion of angels or Peter Wilkins's flying islanders? I see in fancy, that in those days it shall come to pass, that some future Whitney, studying the new strata of the earth's crust, finds a clavicle and possibly a lower jaw — the strong point in so many men — of the extinct animal; his contemporaneous Hall describes and classifies the fossil; Hill discusses its curves and angles mathematically; and a new Wyman folds the drapery of his wings about him and lies down to the pleasant dream of reconstructing the entire animal from the fragments. What a glorious joke it would be, could a feminine specimen of the (human) animal — one of those, whose circumference is such that it takes two omnibusses to hold her — be preserved in some bed of limestone, like fossil shells — nothing but her form, her outer superficies (tautologically speaking)! What a subject for discussion in the new earth's "Association for the Advancement of Science" — what a topic for a volume of the new earth's "Smithsonian" contributions to knowledge! Especially if a male specimen in tights happened to be fossilized near her; — the disparity between a queen bee and her mate would be nothing to it.

I dare not pursue the topic farther in a paper devoted to "Literature and Art" to the exclusion of science — but hope that these few lines may be admitted. Though to some things human the end is not yet, my visit in Breslau did come to a close; on Monday the 13th of June; but not my visit to my friend the professor, for he took me out for a week among the Silesian mountains — the Riesengebirge — Giant Mountains — the abode of yore of Rübezah, or, as somebody has Anglicized his name, Nummernip, — that is to say, the turnip counter.

"Pfingsten war der Fest der Freude,"

*Twas Pentecost, the feast of gladness,

and a little after noon we were in the long train filled to crowding with people of all classes and conditions, bent upon a few days of country air and enjoyment, running southwardly, the towers of Breslau sinking, dim and misty, behind, and that blue mass of mountain, with its chapel on the summit, the Zobten, which for weeks had looked so invitingly to me in the distance, rising,

* Diarist.

and exchanging its blue garment for one of green forests and fields as we drew nearer. We left it however upon our left, where it veiled its face with a heavy thunder cloud. Hardly an hour on the way and already in Freiburg? Yes, but this is only a short road of twenty-odd miles to connect the mountain district with the Silesian capital.

Speaking of railroads — I must indulge for a moment in an episode — an indulgence easily justified, if need be. And that too by the principles of musical composition — as thus: One does not always feel in the mood, either auditor or performer, for musical compositions regular in form, of perfect logical construction, in which a theme with counter-subject or subjects is wrought out according to the strict rules of the schools. One does not at all times and places demand a Bach fugue upon the organ, or a strict sonata upon the pianoforte. In this hot weather, with the dog-star raging, the player likes to sit down in the cool of the evening and give his fancy free range, and draw forth from his instrument groups of tones and melodic passages, whose connection has no other logic than the course of feeling in his own breast; and we sitting, or rather stretched upon the sofa or carpet, where the evening breeze has full sweep across our heated brows, just give ourselves up to our friend's inspiration and ask of him no Beethoven, no Mozart, no Bach. We go to the lecture room and hear Emerson discourse of deep things. That is one thing. But on such an evening we sit and enjoy — if talk takes the place of music — the conversation of one whose mind is rich in power, fancy, experience and observation, demanding of him no other sequence of thought and expression than that arising from the mood of the speaker. We follow him without labor as he passes from maxim to anecdote, now touching us with some delicate sentiment, now awaking a smile by some sparkle of wit, now shaking our sides by broad farcical humor. Our talker is not *discoursing*, lecturing, stating an argument; he is giving us a conversational *fantasia*. But this fantasia must be rigidly under the control of at least common sense. Mere talk, an everlasting, wisby-washy stream of words will never do; nothing can be more tedious.

So in music, a mere flying of the fingers over the keys, a stringing together of pianoforte passages, runs and trills, with skips and leaps, and whisperings and thunderings — all this is naught. There must be common sense too in music. One of the greatest of jokes to me is to hear one of your finger-gymnasts play his own "Grande Fantasia sur les themes de" — any opera you please. He gives you three or four or any number of melodies out of this and that opera, strung together by the same connecting links, enveloped in the same groups and runs of notes; in short, he has a framework into which this evening he sticks this picture, to-morrow that. Fantasia — fudge! Such compositions are like parson Nollcum's sermons. Every Sunday he had two new texts and two different sets of quotations from

Scripture; but all his own talk interspersed was nearly word for word the same.

A real fantasia is a piece in which the artist gives his fantasy — his fantastic fancy — free range. Hence before the musician can write a fantasia he must have a fancy — which a majority of fantasy manufacturers do not seem to know.

Now, one of the main "peculiarities" of a real fantasia is its episodes; and as it is too hot weather to write articles, I am trying my hand at an epistolary fantasia, wherein episodes are perfectly justifiable.

Quod erat demonstrandum.

The Episode. Speaking of railroads. Within a year, said the D — to himself, I have travelled some 15 to 18 hundred miles on these German roads and have been but once or twice even slightly annoyed by smoke, dust, jarring and jolting, or by thunder of the train such as to interfere with conversation. Whereas at home —! Does my quondam fellow-traveller remember the ride from Detroit, west, when she not only had to bear the horrors of that middle passage in her own person, but very soon had the additional burden of all the whims and caprices of a total stranger — the frau Bishopess — and that too throughout all the dreary, weary hours of that horrible day? That was American railroad travelling! And does she remember too, how, next day, when the great lady was refreshed and costumed and sat in state, with "great folks" about her, that she could not even cast a common "good morning" to us "little folks"? Certainly it was reward enough for you, that she had condescended the preceding day to allow you to make yourself a living sacrifice to her! When my friend Charles brought home his beautiful and altogether lovely European wife, they landed at Boston, and her first experience of American railroad travelling was from that city to Albany. She had full faith in the superior excellence of everything American, but was obliged in the course of the day to express some slight misgivings in this matter. It was only by firmly keeping before her mind that certain oddities which she observed, were to be viewed merely in the light of proofs of the glorious political and social freedom of her new countrymen, that she was able, during this first day's ride, to be quite pleased with the difference between American and German railroad travelling. Of these "oddities," one was the entrance into the car of a constable with two malefactors, handcuffed, who were placed in the next seat — a glorious example of the equality which reigns among our free and enlightened citizens — for in Europe they would have been shut up in a car by themselves like a pair of oxen; another was her first opportunity of forming a conception through her eyes, nose, stomach, and dress, of the fascinations of "fine cut" and "cavendish"; and a third that in such a land of liberty, no provision is made by which a small party of friends can, if they please, have a small separate room in a car by themselves; but every reasonable person sees, as she did very

soon, that liberty and equality mean that Pat O' Donnegan, having dined on bread, onions and whiskey with a dudeen for dessert, has a right to the other half of the seat in the car in which your sister or your wife is sitting, but not that she has any right to be so exclusive as to purchase a separate place where Pat cannot enter. But I am digressing in my digression — which is rather too much. To return to the point, which is that of the smoke and dust and jar and noise of our roads compared with the general absence of them on these.

I am patriotic — as patriotic as Topsy was wicked. I could discourse upon my patriotism by the hour, now and then turning somersets, like that heroine, by way of punctuation. But with all my patriotism, I could not but confess that a railroad ride at home in a hot day of summer is something to make a stout heart quail, while here, even in the third class, it is in general a positive enjoyment — certainly to me. Now as everything at home is better than here — because every thing there is American, but here it is not, — of course there must be good reasons, excellent reasons, reasons as plenty as blackberries for the smoke and dust and all the et ceteras of our roads. I ruminated long on this subject; in fact, nearly half my way from Prague to Brünn, the other day, it was the subject of my thoughts, and not until I was able to cry with Archimedes, "*Eureka!*" was the mind at ease. But the question was solved! *Ecce.*

We are an eminently religious people. We, as a nation, are clad in godliness, as a porcupine in quills — it sticks out all over us. With us the only passport to public honors and the favor of the community is immaculate purity of daily walk and conversation. Not the greatest, perhaps, in all cases, but the best of men become the servants of the commonwealth, so that as we rise in the scale, our public bodies — a New York common council or a Congress at Washington for instances — are indeed assemblies of the saints. Accidents happen sometimes, as in the case of Sumner, but then exceptions only prove rules. This godly spirit, so eminently conspicuous in our legislative halls, pervades all ranks and classes — if such a phrase may be used where in fact exist neither ranks nor classes — and railroad companies are no exceptions. In their case, however, the ruling idea is a sort of missionary spirit — the roads are constructed with a view to impressing divine truth upon such as ride; thus the journey between New York and New Haven, upon a hot summer's day, gives a Catholic no faint idea of purgatory, while that from Albany to New York along the river, gives the Calvinist the most felicitous human imitation of those regions which lie beyond. Since evil communications corrupt good manners, communication is made generally difficult, oftentimes impossible; and care is taken that accidents shall occur often enough to keep the passengers in mind of the truth: "in the midst of life we are in death."

To this point my reflections led me and I felt how much superior our system is to that of Germany — not so comfortable indeed, but so improving!

And so my mind was at ease and the episode ends. The episode serves another good purpose; for, meantime, the Professor has talked with the officials, great and small, at the (Silesian) Freyburg railroad station, and made up his mind as to

routes and plans for to-day and to-morrow, all which particulars are spared the reader, who will, at this moment, find us at Hiller's hotel, at the corner of the Freiburg market place; on "the Ring," as they call the principal market-places, in Silesian towns.

Dame Nature is one of the best of old ladies, pleasant and well-disposed; not merely willing to give us the necessities of life but putting herself out to add to its enjoyments and delights. She has two abhorrences; the one, a vacuum, in which all the children of men agree with her, at least to the extent of pocket and stomach, if not the head; the other, straight lines, wherein mankind in general disagree with her. Here too are exceptions; when she works in the dark darkly, as in the manufacture of crystals or in stratifying rocks, she indulges in straight lines, and now and then a Hogarth discovers the line of beauty and grace. A great while ago, I suppose in the time of the Saurians or a little later — not the Sawins, for they are a modern Massachusetts family, and built the first corn mill for Eliot's Indians at Natick — the old lady heaped up the mountains between the level countries, now Silesia and Bohemia. She in process of time rounded their summits, curved the lines which unite them, and used the surplus earth for various ends; among them that of spreading a noble table land at the foot of the chain on the side opposite the great Silesian plain. She then collected the water which fell upon the mountain tops or which gushed in springs from their sides, and with it cut deep ravines and gorges through the table land, opening out into broader and most beautiful valleys. The mountain sides and the broad fields, the beds of coal, the veins of minerals and the healing springs of this region she gave man for his necessities; but these ravines are for his delight and recreation. One of them, the Fürstensteiner Grund, we are just now, between two and three in the afternoon, leaving Hiller's hotel to see. So the professor leads the way down the street, to the little river, and here we turn up the valley, following it, noting the proofs of enterprise and industry all along, in the neat comfortable cottages, with their gardens, fruit trees, flowers, and singing birds, in the mills, which the little river is dammed to turn, and in the occasional dwelling of some wealthy proprietor.

In Breslau I had seen no beggary, hardly any proofs of poverty; during the ride hither, I have seen the palatial residence of a man who began life with nothing and now has an income of 50 to 60,000 dollars per annum; all along the twenty-odd miles, which we have traversed since noon, nothing but the most smiling picture of prosperity and happiness; and so now in our walk along this little river, on each side, the road is lined with neat, clean (wonderfully so for German peasantry) cottages, many of them, in fact, regular American log houses, only nicer than ours, and many of them having additions in brick equal in extent or even greater than the original dwelling — everything betokening prosperity, nothing anywhere during our walk speaking of poverty. By and by, it began to cloud up and a shower came on, of which we caught a few drops before we could reach a small peasant inn, away up towards the end of the long straggling street, a place of resort, no doubt, for the mechanics and laboring people of Freyburg on a Sunday or other holiday. For on the other side of the

street was a bit of garden with arbors and coffee alcoves, and a covered place for bowling, where a party of young men and maidens were amusing themselves, on this Pentecost holiday.

Was it not Swift, who wrote to this effect?

"How I want thee, humorous Hogarth,
Thou, I hear, a pleasant rogue art."

He wanted the painter to draw for him, so I want some one to give my friends (the seventeen persons who will really read all this — if Dwight prints it), a nice drawing of this little peasant tavern, outside and in. From the broad paved or tiled passage, passing through the house, the rear door opening into a courtyard devoted to horses, cows, pigs, geese, ducks, chicks, and et ceteras, opened to the right the door of the "guest-room" — a quite large apartment. As we entered, on our right, occupying the corner of the room, was a sort of bar, on our left a place for cooking built up precisely like a blacksmith's fireplace with us. Two or three great dressers or beanfats, or whatever you please to call them, held the crockery and glass, and along the window sides of the room unpainted tables with settees to match, clean and neat as sand, soap and water would make them.

A bustling, lively landlady was ready to receive us and to make us the coffee and give us the glass of milk with which we strengthened ourselves to await the return of sunshine. As to landlord, whether there was one? An old granddaddy-looking body sat still in a corner and took ten minute looks at us now and then, as if we were a little beyond his experience. But he could not have been the "Wirth."

Two or three boys in Sunday's best — not of very finest quality though — apparently "coming the swell" on a minute scale, drank beer, ate black bread, and that sort of cheese, which sends off a whole laboratory complement of sulphuretted hydrogen — not musk by any means — and, I believe, smoked. They finally "paid up," I noticed, with an air of "darn the expense", just as I have so often seen at home. And at still another table two or three men were playing cards. So we sat by ourselves, sipped our coffee and milk, made our remarks and chatted in English, doing, as to the weather, as they are said to do in Spain, let it rain. Here come a guest or two. One is a woman, whom they all seem to know, and every face brightens up; the landlady kisses her; the card players greet her with brightened faces, old grand-dad looks happy; and even the professor and I feel her influence. A common peasant woman, strong and muscular, but blithe, straight, quick in motion; face, which no delicacy of rearing would have made regularly handsome, no exposure, no hard labor could render ugly; a woman not made of fine porcelain, like the "upper ten," but of common clay, which had been lying absorbing sunbeams, Lord knows how long. And now she radiates them. There is no lack of jokes and repartees. She overlooks the card-players and laughs at their mistakes. They challenge her to a game. She accepts, talking and joking all the time, and wins. Now why is it, that in all this peasant woman does and says, we discern a certain air of refinement and delicacy? How does she avoid crossing that invisible line beyond which lies the common, the vulgar? As well ask how Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart, Handel give us melodies, which the change of two or three notes would deprive at once of their del-

icacy and refinement, and yet they always avoid those notes.

Here are some new comers, a couple of musicians; there was to have been band music somewhere up the "Grund," but the rain which has dashed their coats dashed their hopes too. So they stop here to soothe their disappointment with a seidel of beer.

By and bye the rain was over and we went on our way; but previously the Professor had roguishly told the Wirthin that his companion was a "born American"! That was great news — you should have seen them look!

"Why have I said so much about the peasant woman?"

Simply because I thought her another illustration of the value of sunshine.

At length we turned to the left, crossed the little river, passed by a linen mill or two, and then into the path leading to the Schweitzerei — a little house of entertainment, at the foot of the hill, on the edge of as lovely a bit of meadow as is often to be seen — lying between two ridges and bounded at the farther end by woods. A beautifully kept path led along the valley, and where it struck the woods turned abruptly again to the left, and we were in the "Fürstensteiner Grund."

On either hand an exceedingly steep slope, sometimes rocky precipices, covered with dense forest, a lively, noisy brook dashing along down its stony bed, the best of paths leading the way along its course — all cool, quiet, fragrant and dreamy — birds chirping and piping, trout playing in the pools — dear me, it was so delicious! So we wound along — there being no straight lines — and crossed the brook on a rustic bridge. Then suddenly it grew lighter in the gorge, for on the other side the forest was cut away, and there on a point of land where the Grund makes an angle, on a precipice higher than Bunkerhill monument, stood the grand castle — partly old, it was a strong-hold in the time of the Hussite wars, partly new, in the fine French Chateau style of a century since — of prince or count somebody, the owner of all these meadows, and gorges and forests. I believe the owner is a Count Hochberg — but not having occasion to correspond with him, I was not particular as to name, title and address. Whoever he is, he is a *noble* nobleman in the best sense, but a most un-American one. Suppose for a moment that I owned this establishment. Being an American, overflowing with patriotism, believing the glittering generality that all men are born free and equal, that one man is just as good as another and a great deal better, my first step would be to enclose all this part of my property with a high fence. At the mouth of the Grund I should put up warnings to all trespassers, that if caught on these grounds they should be prosecuted. For what under heaven is the use of owning such a lovely bit of nature if I can't keep it to myself? If Rag, Tag and Bobtail, and all their brethren of the mob, can have as much benefit from it as I, and yet I be at all the expense?

No, no. We Americans are cute. We know divers things. We charge admission fees into all our caves. We have to pay twenty-five cents to see the falls of Montmorency, or to cross to Goat island at Niagara — of course it is worth it, and that quarter of a dollar saves us democrats from contact with many a poor person to whom 25 cts. is a day's food.

But Hochberg still holds to the antiquated, ridiculous

notions of his European ancestors, — belonging as he does to the aristocracy of a monarchy and not being a free and enlightened citizen of our glorious country. So he has had the most perfect paths possible constructed all along the Grund, both below and above, with tablets directing the stranger to the finest points of view, where the precipices jut out over the gorge; has built the Schweitzerei in the meadow below, and fitted up the old castle to which we are coming presently, as places of entertainment, with a tariff of prices, so adjusted as to be within the means of the poor, and near the new chateau a fine hotel for the accommodation of guests of higher rank. It is but natural that he and his family should not wish to be constantly intruded upon by everybody, and so, while the grounds are perfectly free to prince and peasant alike, the peasant is induced by difference in expense to "patronize" the Wirths of the two lesser 'Guest-houses,' rather than him of the hotel. Having enjoyed the view of the Castle long enough we went on now rapidly ascending — until I was brought to by the path ending against a barrier on the brink of a precipice — not high enough to injure one much in falling therefrom, but so lofty as to make alighting on the rocks below a dangerous termination of the fall. After enjoying my surprise a moment the Professor called me back a few feet and took me through a narrow passage cut in the living rock, whence the path rapidly ascended, and brought us in another quarter of an hour to the 'old' castle of Fürstenstein. The old castle, for there are two, on opposite sides of the gorge; this one having been in the good old days of robber dens, a sort of outpost to the other. It was once mostly in ruins, but has been restored, and is now a small but very good specimen of the castle of romance. Of course there are changes.

The moat is a garden. The drawbridge a solid one. The Lord of the castle, the landlord; the high-born lady, the landlady; the maids of honor are maids of all work; the chamberlain, a chambermaid; the cupbearers, bearers of cups. Instead of the donjon, demijohns; the visitor cries not to the Warder, "Blow your winding horn" — but takes a horn himself.

To illustrate.

THEN. — The Lady Guldikunda sat by the open window occasionally casting her glance into the beautiful vale below; but mostly with her eyes fixed upon the altarcloth, which she was embroidering in golden and silver threads, in pursuance of the vow she had made in praying protection for the loved one now far away fighting the infidel in defence of the holy sepulchre. Why does her color heighten, and her gentle heart go pit-a-pat? Lo, she hears the sound of the clatter of hoofs as two horsemen come winding up the steep ascent, and now announce their approach to the castle by sound of trumpet. The highborn dame, her mother, draws near and in gentle but lofty accents accosts her beauteous daughter thus:

"Thou art sad, my daughter. But sadness be-fitteth not the daughter of the Fürstensteins. Lay aside thy embroidery and come with me into the hall of audience, that we may fittingly receive these 'two horsemen,' who perhaps, having wandered in all the lands of Romance, may now, by the grace of James, bring us tidings from the holy Land."

The Lady Guldikunda, &c., (the rest anybody can supply.)

Now. — Gretel stood just outside of the window, now and then looking down into the valley, but mostly with her eyes fixed upon the beer glasses which she was washing, in pursuance of the promise she had made to do all work for a certain stipendium, amounting with Christmas gift to about \$30 American money per annum. Why does her color heighten, &c. She hears a party of students coming up the path and announcing their approach by a loud song and still louder laughter, and, as she knows she is pretty, she expects not a few kisses and as many groschen as kisses. The landlady, her mistress, now calls sharply to the pretty maiden: Gretel, let the glasses be, wipe your hands and come in, for a party of students are calling for beer." Wherupon Gretel, &c., —

I like Now best.

The Professor and I crossed the bridge, passed under the arch, where no portcullis now threatens, to the castle, turning into the Grand Saloon — that is, the main public room. Somewhat weary, out of breath and a little wet, I needed something — or, to give the idea in its exact shade of truth, *wanted* something. As my memory on all occasions like this turns homeward with an ardent longing for old friends to share my pleasure with me, so now my thoughts wandered to Cambridge, and the association of ideas brought to mind just the medicine wanted; of which I give a recipe, for happily I found all the materials, save one, in the Castle.

"Fresh sweet milk, 1 pint.

Pure Cogniac, 1-2 gill.

Sac. Alba, quant. suff.

Mix and imbibe slowly."

(The ingredient wanting was a nutmeg for flavor.)

The Lord of the Castle was a disappointed man. The rain had reduced his visitors on this feast of gladness from hundreds to dozens. But he took his misfortune bravely and chatted with us kindly — as landlords do — or ought to. He told us how the Graf v. Hochberg, having had the old buildings thoroughly repaired — whether the present Graf or a predecessor matters not — had made them the receptacle of divers curiosities in the antiquarian and military line. We saw them — for a heavy shower kept us under shelter. A collection of ancient goblets and other glass ware proved very curious indeed, and would be a treasure to the gentleman, who shall finish the history of the Lady Guldikunda begun above; so too a quantity of queer old furniture, tables, chairs and the like, much of which has its history and is good as a novel when it rains; there was a camp bed of Frederick II, Carlyle's hero, a narrow, low, short iron stead, with a hard mattress and tentlike hangings. It reminded me of the remark which Wellington, "they say," made when he overheard the woman say of his: "Lor' — 'tisn't wide enough to turn in!" — Madam, when you begin to turn in your bed, it is time to turn out!"

In a sort of tower room above — not the tower of the Castle — were ranged the ancient arms, a small but very choice collection, cross bows, the springs of steel and so stiff that a winch was necessary to bend them; specimens of the earliest firearms, two of which, with the stocks inlaid with exquisite ivory work, are finer than any which I saw either in the Tower of London, the Zwinger at Dresden, or in fact any of the many collections which I have visited. Fine specimens of the weapons of the Turks in the days when they

were the terror of Europe; of the Christian ingenuity of the middle ages in devising horrible instruments for hand to hand slaughter; various styles of defensive armor, of different periods—these form the bulk of this little museum. In another room was a remarkably fine writing-desk, some seven feet in height, of ebony and tortoise-shell—a gift from some royal or princely somebody, to some royal or princely somebody-ess—ever so long ago. And so forth, to say nothing of that long, long string of portraits, which hang in the passage way to the little chapel, and which in part are either very queer specimens of painting, or paintings of very queer specimens of men. But then they belong to the very babyhood of Art.

A party of eight or ten peasants, most of them young fellows and girls, went through the rooms with us, and showed much appreciation of the artistic and historic interest of what we saw. There is no established fee, and from the poorer classes a groschen or two apiece from such a party is all that is expected. From others more. "So, after all, your old castle with its curiosities is a mean, money making concern!"

Not so fast, Obadiah. If Count Hochberg wished really to make money out of the concern, he has but to let it to some city hotel keeper to become a place of summer residence for fashionable people. It would be full all the time.

But it is not so. Men of his station are proud to show a noble and princely generosity to the poorer people. The small rent, which such a place pays, hardly covers the interest of the money expended upon it, with the expense of keeping all in order and repair. For a tourist, who is traversing Europe, this little nest would certainly not be worth going out of the way to see. But for the dense population of this region, few of whom have the means or time to travel, especially for children of the poor, the little old castle, with its illustrations of past ages, has a very great value. Suppose it could be transported by some Aladdin's Genie to a hilltop in old Massachusetts; would it not be worth a whole library of chivalrous romances, as a historic picture of an age of which our country can have no monuments? No; the same feeling which causes the Count to throw open his beautiful grounds with all their rare and valuable trees, shrubs and flowers, to the full enjoyment of prince and peasant alike, has led him also to gather the relics of the olden time, collected by his ancestors through ages of chivalrous warfare, into the rooms of the old castle, for the entertainment and instruction of all. It is a glorious feeling, and meets its reward in the respect and affection in which the Count and his family are held by all about them. There is no revolutionary spirit among the people of such parts of Germany—there can be none.

A triangular precipice jutting out into the gorge—the base of the triangle defined by the moat—along the base and up one side, the ranges of buildings—at the apex, the tower, within which is the chapel—the remaining space, forming an irregular quadrangle, a court planted with trees, with a delicious prospect to the West—the West, I guess, for the cardinal points of the compass had become, in spite of the huge 'humps' of locality, which nature, or rather the phrenologists, have given me, as twisted, confused and incomprehensible as those of any Theology with which I am conversant. Not a very lofty tower,

but high enough to give a clear view along over the tree tops—and what a view! To the North and East (guess work again) the range of mountain tops—not Alpine, vast and sublime, but of forms of exceeding beauty and just far enough away to wear the mysterious garment of blue in which mountains delight—hitherto, from their bases the table land, rolling, and undulating, occasionally sinking into vallies, cultivated to the extreme, waving with golden harvest fields, enlivened by villages and towns; at our feet the Fürstensteiner Grund, dark with firs, and so deliciously and invitingly cool and shady; then the grand old Chateau, over on yonder broader point, with its outbuildings and its park; and away in the distance such a glorious reach of country!

I ascended the tower two or three times. The first time I was driven below by a thunderstorm, which came rolling down in huge masses of blackness from the mountains, with the lightnings playing along its front; the last time, the storm was vanishing in the distance, its huge voice but a mighty murmur, its blackness now silvered by the sunbeams and enlivened by the rainbow. I was in the mood for enjoyment after so many months in the weary monotony of the North German plains, and I did enjoy to the full—to the full; and by and bye a sentiment of reverent gratitude came welling up from the fountain of feeling—Ach, der lieber Gott! It is indeed a goodly heritage which He has given his human children for a dwelling place!

Then we went on our way again; looking once more at the 'Lists' on the other side the moat, where the Silesian nobility held the tournament in 1802, after the restoration of the old Castle, the then young King Frederick William III. and his beautiful wife Louise, being present; few of the merry makers of that day, but had more serious battles to fight in the next fifteen years, and with other weapons, than the lances and banners, which still hang in the museum that we saw an hour since; down into the Grund and past those groups of fir-trees—the finest I ever saw and which are among the beautiful things that memory will retain—over the bridge and up the more than 300 stone steps to the other side—broad paths through the groves, where not only indigenous but a great variety of foreign trees grow luxuriantly—turning down to the favorite points of view, "table rocks," jutting out over the edges—and so on to the gardens, with their flower plots, and stretches of green sward, and clumps of flowering shrubs, azaleas, rhododendrons, roses &c., and avenues of noble lindens, to the chateau, where we went into the narrow court of the old part, where in the Hussite wars a siege was successfully resisted, and into the grand gala dining hall adorned with frescos and oil paintings in the French style, which prevailed all over the continent a hundred years ago—into the range of new apartments, one of which is to be the *silver*, another the *gold* room, those metals only to be used in the finish—but the war has scattered the workmen and their labors have ceased—out upon the iron balcony where is the exquisite view into and up the Grund, to the old castle and to woods and hills beyond—again through the gardens and down the long, long avenue to the little river where we entered the road again and, in the cool of the evening, returned to Miller's hotel in Freyburg.

And so ended the D's first day of pleasuring.

"Handel Studies" Reviewed.

(From the London Musical World.)

(Continued.)

We are really obliged, being somewhat out of breath, paradox after paradox, *non sequitur* after *non sequitur*, absurdity after absurdity, crowding and jostling each other in this infinitely strange production, this confused jumble of words, this motley crowd of sentences, which, under the name of *Handel Studies*, Mr. Chorley has put forth to the world, and which, on the three days of the Handel Festival, was exposed for sale in the Crystal Palace, mortifying purchasers, who (like the keen reporter for *The Daily Telegraph*) sought wisdom and information in its pages, and found nothing they could clearly make out, except that Handel was "the son of a substantial surgeon sixty-three years of age at his birth." Take, for instance, a paradox which is neither more nor less than an outrage upon common sense:

"And, leaning for yet a moment longer to the side of speculation, let us consider, whether in the groupings of voices and keys which separate *The Messiah* from other of Handel's works" (!) "*any imperfect suggestion of the four Evangelists* may have been present to the great master* in arranging his work for its four recitants; and this without gainsaying the fact, that, as a whole, the oratorio may have been (to repeat Zelter's epithet) 'accidental' in its contrivance."

Putting aside the wildness of this "speculation," its reckless audacity is made more evident by the fact that the words of *The Messiah* are chiefly taken from *Isaiah* and the *Prophets*—that the *Psalms*, *Lamentations*, and *Job*; the *Acts*, the *Epistles* to the *Hebrews* and *Corinthians*; even the *Revelations*, are largely borrowed from; and that one of the Evangelists, Mark, is altogether overlooked. Mr. Chorley must have been indulging in what he terms (No. 1, page 46), "*a personal dream*," † whatever that may signify? As a paradox-proper, it is "without peer or paragon" (p. 22).

To pass, however, from paradox to plumb, here is a plumb, an antithetical plumb, of the "sublime without whiskers" species (p. 25):

"What was possible after such a close to what may be called the introductory portion ‡ of the oratorio? Merely contrast; and contrast without contradiction is attained in the highest possible degree in the Pastoral Symphony."

"Contrast without contradiction" is about as good as the "*affectionate suavity*" (page 25), which, according to this singular writer, distinguishes the Pastoral Symphony of the *Messiah* from the introduction to the Christmas Anthem of John Sebastian Bach, who, with the flippancy that rarely deserts him when alluding to that incomparable musician, and the incoherency that rarely deserts him under any circumstances, Mr. Chorley declares to be "often *pertinent* than *attractive*." With reference to the recitative, "And lo! the angel of the Lord," we are informed that, "the modulation of the *aspetgiato* accompaniment of violins enhances the placidity of the effect by the introduction of a quiet, *not a stagnant*, radiance." Had the writer been here in his antithetical humor, "*Quiet without stagnancy*" might have served his turn. And now, to conclude for the present, "let us, for a moment," once again "lean to the side of the transcendentalists," and extract, for the more profound among our readers, a passage about music, more hopelessly obscure than any thing of the same length in the late Thomas Taylor's translation of Aristotle's *Ethics*:

"There is no fixed alphabet of sounds, forms, keys, rhythms, or phrases in music, imaginatively considered, *no inexorable distribution of what is empty and what is full, of what is animate and what is inanimate*, such as unmusical, and uninventive and unscientific musicians have, of late years, thought it proper to *NAIL* as a condition, *by way of requisition and of self-defence*, on the body, ON THE SOUL, of their art.

"What then?" (What then? indeed!) "Has music no ascertainable purpose? no definite meaning? Is it merely an unknown tongue, without a possible dictionary?" (If the tongue is unknown, it would be hard to make a dictionary). "Not wholly, 'Yes,' not altogether, 'No,' might be the reply; though to trace the limits of affirmative and negative would baffle the power of the most subtle definer."

"By way of requisition and of self-defence," we should like very much to "nail, as a condition, on

* Mr. Yellowplush might suggest that the "suggestion" instead of being "present to the great master," would have presented itself to the great master.

† Yellowplush!—what is a "personal dream"?—and what would be an *impersonal* dream?

‡ It may be so called, without offence—being neither more nor less.

the soul" of Mr. Chorley a clear statement of what the above sentences may happen to signify; but as to drive a nail into a soul (perhaps a sole, not the fish, but the sole of a boot, is meant) would be a hopeless process, we are compelled to put up with the mystification, and regard the whole passage as an "inexorable distribution of what is empty" of meaning, "and what is full" of conceit, a specimen of jargon only to be compared with the ravings of Ancient Pistol.

"Come we to full points here; and are *et cetera* nothing?"

In falling foul of Zelter, the friend of Goethe and instructor of Mendelssohn, Mr. Chorley is oracular beyond the average. Zelter was for placing the Pastoral Symphony between "The people that walked in darkness," and "For unto us a child is born," instead of where it really stands in the score. This affords the author of *Handel Studies* an opportunity of letting out all he knows about keys, "a subject," he tells us, "which has engaged many fanciful persons." Mr. Chorley, as "fanciful," at least, as the most "fanciful" of his predecessors, lays down the law in a foot-note, which embodies among other pretty things an anecdote:

"This very chorus* reminds me of a session of a musical society at which it seemed agreed by all and sundry sitters, among them competent men who did not talk for the sake of talking, that no grand composition had ever been written in the key of G major; till a speaker from a corner cited this chorus, and 'See the conquering hero comes,' from Handel alone."

That the erudite pundit "from a corner," who thus opportunely enlightened the "competent men who did not talk for the sake of talking," was Mr. Chorley himself, may be gathered from the complacency with which the anecdote is narrated. Nevertheless, were the story told by any less "pertinent" authority we should have given it small credit, and have felt inclined to set down the "competent men" as a set of incompetent noodles, and the voice "from a corner" as the voice of one not better informed than themselves. A list of remarkable compositions in the key of G major could readily be furnished to exhaust a page of our smallest type. At the head of it might stand Beethoven's piano-forte concerto No. 4, surely a grander piece, if not a finer in its way, than "See the conquering hero comes," unless the term "grand" have no other signification than what may happen to suit at a given moment any particular "freak" of the author of *Handel Studies*. To the concerto might be added a piano-forte sonata (No. 1, Op. 31), from the same pen, which has every right to be denominated "grand." Then, if Beethoven's quartet (Op. 18) be rejected, that of Mozart, in the set dedicated to Haydn (one of the "grandest" of whose "grand" symphonies, by the way, is in G major), will assuredly not. Spohr's orchestral symphony, No. 6 (*The Historical*), is in the same key, besides very many more instrumental compositions by that master (illustrious in spite of Mr. Chorley), all unexceptionably "grand." Without advancing further, however, or passing on to choral music, enough has been adduced to show that the "all and sundry sitters" (including the gentleman "from the corner"), at the "session," the memory of which Mr. Chorley has immortalized, were by no means overburdened with a store of knowledge on the particular subject they were discussing.

The "anecdote" is followed by one of those platitudes, pompously enunciated, that distinguish the author of *Handel Studies* from his contemporaries:

"Convenience† in keys is another affair; one to be ruled by a master's experience of his materials."

The common-place, however, is sufficient, unless illustrated; and so ("to complete the whimsy") we have the following:

"All tenor songs must now (to suit the fashion of the day) be written in the key of D flat, for the sake of the A flat above the line, which is a charming note on the vocal instrument. One might, again, be struck with the small amount of choral music written in the key of E major, if one did not recollect the height to which its position on the scale must necessarily drive the voices."

The first sentence may be met by a flat denial, supported, if necessary, by a whole catalogue of modern tenor songs not in D flat. This reckless habit of generalizing is as much a peculiarity of Mr. Chorley as the pompous enunciation of platitudes, and leads him at times into egregious blundering. With respect to the "small amount of choral music written in the key of E major," the reason put forth is absurd. The same would apply to E minor, a favorite key with

composers; and still more strongly to F (another favorite key), because the latter is half a tone higher on the scale. By what process of reasoning the author of *Handel Studies* can have reached the conclusion that the key of E major is calculated to "drive the voices" higher than that of E minor, we are puzzled to guess.

After having enlightened the world in the matter of keys, Mr. Chorley administers two or three smart finger-taps on the cheek of the "feu" Zelter, whose "ingenious analysis of *The Messiah*, for the instruction of Goethe, is as interesting as it is far-fetched," but, though "ingenious" and "interesting," not at all calculated "for the instruction of" Mr. Chorley. The innovation suggested by Zelter (already mentioned) is thus summarily discussed:

"The people that walked" is in B minor; 'For unto us' is in G major; and the propriety recommended by Zelter is to intrude a movement in C major betwixt the two; a fancy somewhat cacophonous in point of sequence."—"The lengths to which the pedantic desire of exhausting a subject by over-appreciation will lead a superior man, have rarely gone further than in this instance."

Now we have no wish to advocate the cause of Mr. Zelter; but we must enter a very strong protest against mere shows of words, which, having no absolute signification, can be translated into nothing. If Mr. Chorley lived under the Inquisition, and that august tribunal, apprehensive that his words involved some mystic thrust at their true faith, were to place him on the rack until he could explain precisely what "the pedantic desire of exhausting a subject by over-appreciation" is intended to convey, he would probably remain "stretched," until not a joint was left unloosened, not a bone unbroken. This would be a lamentable catastrophe; but really such mock-profundity is intolerable, and makes the act of reading a book a nuisance, instead of an agreeable diversion. Mr. Chorley is up to the eyes in it. He cannot, or will not, state even a plain fact (when, at rare intervals, he has one to state) plainly; but must turn and twist it about, until the meaning becomes completely enveloped in a mesh of words, as a fly in the trammels of the spider, Chorley-fied, in short, so thoroughly, that no one but the octonocular manufacturer himself can get at it. Mr. Chorley may, "without reserve, as without offence" (Chorley) be entitled a word-spider; since he wraps up his meaning in a film of verbosity, as uninviting as it is impenetrable.

(To be Continued.)

Unwarrantable Criticism of a Nobleman.

(From the London Musical World.)

SIR: Have you seen (and if so, why have you not noticed) the abominable onslaught committed by some free pen (morally equivalent to "booster") in the *Daily Telegraph* upon a recently exposed musical tableau of the Earl of Westmoreland? Let your readers judge of its malicious intent, and decide upon the punishment which should be the writer's due:

"ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC."

"A grand concert, for the benefit of the Royal Academy of Music—the one great musical school possessed by England—was given yesterday afternoon, at the Hanover Square Rooms, 'under the immediate patronage of her Majesty, his Royal Highness the Prince Consort, and the Royal Family.' All the vocalists and instrumentalists were associates or pupils of the Academy; but, with the exception of Mr. G. A. Macfarren's overture to 'Don Quixote,' the programme contained no compositions by Academicians, unless the noble patron of the institution be considered one. However that may be, a large portion of the concert consisted of pieces signed by the Earl of Westmoreland; and the audience, which as usual on these occasions comprised a number of well-known musicians, had thus an opportunity of judging how far the works of the composer whom the Academy delighted to honor are calculated to influence the students for good or for evil. If, as has been often publicly stated on good authority, the compositions of the Earl of Westmoreland are constantly executed by the pupils, it is certain that they must either utterly disregard their models, in which case a great deal of time and trouble are evidently thrown away; or they must, to some extent, imitate them; and, to tell the plain truth, the music of Lord Westmoreland is something not to imitate, but to avoid. Yesterday, after pieces by Haydn, Mendelssohn, Mozart, &c., had been sung by various pupils and associates, a selection from Lord Westmoreland's opera of *L'Eroie di Lancaster* was performed, the principal parts being taken by Miss Laura Baxter, Miss Bankes, Miss Palmer, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Allan Irving.

The execution was sufficiently good, to say the least, and, as the noble earl, who from his seat in the stalls directed the singers by means of manual gesticulations, applauded the performance on several occasions, we may conclude that the music of the *Hero of Lancaster* was rendered in accordance with the intentions of the noble diplomatist who wrote it. To say that the ex-minister at the Court of Vienna is incapable of writing an opera, that he does not possess the gift of melody, nor the science of harmonic combinations; that his *Hero of Lancaster* is as dull as it is noisy, and as noisy as it is dull, is to state what every one who heard the selection from that work, already knows. There is nothing really offensive in saying so. Composition is not Lord Westmoreland's 'career.' Probably Dr. Sterndale Bennett would make no very creditable figure at Schönbrunn, and in the same way the ex-ambassador cannot shine at the Hanover Square Rooms. But there is a difference; Dr. Bennett never attempted diplomacy; and it would have been well for Lord Westmoreland, and better still for the Academy of Music, if he had never attempted composition. Or, if the noble earl's taste lies in that direction, why does he not have his works performed privately, or for the benefit of a small circle of acquaintances? There are liberties which a man is allowed to take with his friends, but which by common consent are forbidden in connection with the public. Thus, amateur quartet parties and amateur glee-clubs are suffered in private life, either because the various members have some remarkable moral qualities, or because they give good suppers, or for some other valid reason. But their performances would not be tolerated by the public; and if Lord Westmoreland would give his *Hero of Lancaster* at Covent Garden or Drury Lane, or any where but at a concert of the Academy, he would find that that too would not be tolerated. The mere production of a few pieces of weak operative music would not have elicited from us such violent expressions of disapprobation as we feel called upon to put forth when those pieces are known to be stock performances at an institution where it is supposed that our future composers are to be formed. A 'Battle Symphony,' a chorus with soli, and a quartet with harps, were the specimens given yesterday of this terrible *Hero of Lancaster*. The quartet, though thoroughly common-place, was, perhaps, a little better than the other pieces. The 'Battle Symphony' was a fight between the various instruments, in which the drums generally get the best of it; indeed, drums and harps seem to have peculiar charms for Lord Westmoreland, though it is fair to add that he does not forget the trombones, and the brass family in general. There is one instrument, however, which has been unaccountably omitted in the orchestration of the *Hero of Lancaster*, we mean the Lancaster gun. A little heavy artillery is all the 'Battle Symphony' required to make it perfect.

"After the Lancasterian affair, Misses Van Noorden, Baxter, and Palmer sang some popular songs." Now, Sir, let every honest and independent man speak out. ANTI-PLEBS.

Church's Heart of the Andes.

The London *Times* of July 27 says that it is fortunate that the British public have the opportunity, in Mr. Church's picture, of judging of American Art under more favorable circumstances than if the painting were exhibited in a crowded gallery, like that of the Royal Academy. Of the painting itself it is said that in it equal power is shown with that displayed in the 'Niagara.' As an example of the literal and minute style of landscape painting, which some critics call "representative," others "historical," and others "topographical," it has never been approached for scale and elaborateness by any work of art yet shown in England. The *Times* goes on thus:

"The study and labor that must have been expended on Mr. Church's picture deserves to be called 'colossal.' Few men, indeed, would have ventured to grapple with a subject which announces itself as the representation of one of those vast table lands of Southern America out of which rise the majestic masses of the Andes. The picture is, in a certain sense, a generalization. The painter has ventured to bring into the compass of his large canvas objects which in strict topographical truth it could not have embraced. In order to present at once to the eye one of the enormous mountain spurs which shoot out across the valley that lies between the ranges of the Chimborazo on the west and Cotopaxi on the east, together with the snow-crowned summits of one of their giant peaks, the breadth of the space that separates the central pile from either of these mighty mountains has been diminished. We are thus enabled to embrace at a glance, in the middle distance, the table land intersected with its river, falling from level to level by a succession of cataracts; in the

* The sole way of eluding the dilemma.—"YELLOWPLUSH."

† "For unto us a child is born."

† The italics are Mr. Chorley's.

further distance the central mountain, made of up-piled hill on bill till the receding uplands are lost in bars of fleecy cloud; and far away on the extreme right of the composition, the eye reaches the topmost height crowned with a half-formed rainbow; and on the left the snow-capped domes and pinnacles of Chimborazo himself, glittering in sunlight under a canopy of cloudless blue.

The spectator is supposed to be standing at a considerable elevation, looking down on the river, which after cutting its way between banks of rock, thickly clothed with such tropical vegetation as is found at the height of the tableland between Quito and Guayaquil, plunges into an abyss immediately under his height of observation. Before its plunge it forms a broad and glassy pool. Along its left bank runs the high road from Guarando to Hambato, which brings the produce of Quito to the port of Guayaquil, and conveys the foreign goods from the latter place of shipment to the interior of northern Ecuador. The scale of objects is given by a couple of figures, resting at the foot of a cross on the bank of the river. The whole foreground is a marvel of elaborate study. The banks of the river are clothed with forest trees, bright with parasitic orchids, their limbs matted with the green cordage of the lianas and wild vines, and rising from a dense undergrowth of ferns and lichens. Among this luxuriant greenery glow the gorgeous blossoms of the equatorial Flora, and the iridescent splendors of tropical birds and insects. Wandering sunbeams strike here and there, on tree trunk and lichen, pierce the fern-clad hollows of the cliff, or kindle into foam-bows in the spray of the waterfalls.

Perhaps it is in the representation of these sun freaks, and of all the incidents of the river's course, that the great pictorial skill of the painter is most strikingly manifested. But he has not sacrificed for any such details, however brilliant or tempting, the grandeur of his great whole. In so far as this is susceptible of representation by the 'minute' or 'topographical' method which Mr. Church follows, he seems to us to have done well-nigh all that can be done by the combination of close study, a keen eye and a most patient hand.

But many will be of opinion that no possible combination of these can re-produce the impression of a scene combining so many incidents in so colossal a whole, and that the 'suggestive' or 'imaginative' method can alone re-create for the spectator what the painter saw and felt under the shadow of Chimborazo. Be this as it may, Mr. Church's picture is not less a grand and a unique work. No landscape painter of our old world has ventured to grapple with such a range of nature as Mr. Church has boldly addressed himself to."

Music Abroad.

Paris.

At the Grand-Opéra Madame Caroline Barbot continues her appearances in the *Vêpres Siciliennes* and the *Huguenots*. Madame Borghi-Mamo and M. Roger have taken leave for the season in *Le Prophète*; there is a report that M. Roger's engagement will not be renewed. Bellini's *Montecchi e Capuletti*, translated by M. Nutter, into *Romeo et Juliette*, is in rehearsal for the *début* of Madame Vestvali, and will, it is expected, be produced in a fortnight or three weeks. Gluck's *Alceste*, also, it is said, will be revived. M. Calzadò is busy making arrangements for the opening of the Italiens. Mesdames Alboni, Penco, and Borghi-Mamo are already secured, and Tamberlik is engaged for at least twenty representations. The great tenor has been offered tempting conditions to go to Rio Janeiro for four months next summer, but has not yet decided. *L'Ambasciadore* was announced this week at the Opéra-Comique, for the *début* of Mdlle. Cordier, but has been postponed. Auber is writing a new opera with M. Scribe for this theatre—good news for the musical public. The Théâtre-Lyrique is treading fast upon the heels of the elder houses in the Rue Lepelletier and the Rue Favart in point of energy and determination. The current bills announce the production of Gluck's *Orphée*, with Madame Viardot as Orphée, and Madame Carvalho as Eurydice; and *Don Giovanni* with Madame Viardot as Donna Anna, Madame Miolan-Carvalho as Zerlina, and Madame Ugalde as Elvira. Who is to personify the hero has not transpired.

His Excellency M. de Sabouloff, director of the Imperial Theatre of St. Petersburg, has refused to accede to Mario's demand of 120,000 francs for the season, although that included the services of Madame Grisi.

As appendix to the news that Auber is composing an opera, I may inform your readers that Rossini continues writing for the pianoforte. Whether he in-

tends publishing what he writes, or composes merely with a view to keep his mind occupied, I cannot say. I have heard some of the pieces spoken of in the highest terms.

The Sisters Marchisio, who have been creating so great a sensation at Florence and elsewhere, are engaged at the Grand-Opéra, and are coming out, it is said, in Rossini's *Semiramide*, which is about to be produced on the French stage for the first time.—*Corr. London Musical World*.

The Paris correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune*, writes (July 14):

Prince Poniatowski has his new grand opera nearly ready; he has gone to Saint Germain, where he has a country seat, to complete it; four acts are already composed and copied; he is at work on the fifth. Mons. and Mme. Gueymard-Lanters have been re-engaged at the Grand Opera for four years, at 140,000f. for eleven months, one month of the twelve for which they receive this enormous sum of money being leave of absence. I believe the Opera has refused to renew M. Roger's engagement. His voice is completely gone. He will be obliged to follow M. Duprez's example, and open a singing school—not for the sake of the lessons at 20f. each, for he has saved quite a decent fortune out of his emoluments, but to kill time, and to maintain a court of flatterers around him. Your old friend Vestvali is to make her appearance at the Grand Opera next winter in "I Capuletti," by Bellini, patched by Vaccai, and done into French by the Lord knows who.

Mme. Rosati has quarreled with the Opera; she found Mlle Livry too powerfully "protected;" she has gone to Russia, where the Italian Opera will have Mmes. Charton, Didie, Bernardi, Fabrica and Lagna, with Messrs. Tamberlik, Mongini, Calzolari, Ronconi, Dehassini, Marini and N. Rossi. Your old acquaintance, Montaubry, is even increasing in favor; he is the tenor of the Opéra Comique, and finds hearers even in the heat, which is more than most theatres can say. At the Vandeville, last Sunday week, they had not, beside the *claque*, a single spectator—not one single one; and at the Varieties they had but one. Musard has an open air concert-yard in the Champs Elysées, which is always full. No lady is admitted unless accompanied by a gentleman—quite a novel rule in Paris, and deeply resented by the frequenters of Mabilie. The "Pardon de Ploermel" has been played at the Opéra Comique thirty-two times; it made 195,200f. Mons. George Kastner has been elected a free member of the Academy of Fine Arts.

They say a fine tenor has been discovered among the Austrian prisoners in France, and they tell the story of one of the Paris managers trying to find out where the man is, saying: "Now do, my dear fellow, please tell me where the fellow is to be found. Never mind if the man be gloomy—I'll order pieces appropriate to his situation; and if he desire it, I will insert an article in his engagement providing that he shall be called upon to sing nothing gay. Come, my dear fellow, give me his address." Is it not a good joke to think of guaranteeing a *super flumen Babylonis* to artists? The Grand Opera talks of giving us the Duke of Cobourg's new opera, "Diane de Solanges," this winter. Why in the dence cannot Dukes and Princes amuse themselves without tiring the public?

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 20, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Continuation of the Opera, "Don Giovanni."

Musical Chit-Chat.

There is no music to be heard—at least none worth discussing, or which has not had all the discussion it deserved to have over and over again; the artists and the habitués of opera and concert are all finding themselves happier without their art by seashore and among mountains; all, except a few restless Italian troupes of gold-hunters who go *Trovato* operating about in the Western States, and some groups of singers or of players who contrive to do a little business with their recreation at some watering place or mountain house; and except, of course, those who never rest or let us rest from the everlasting auricular purgatory of brass, and drums, and barrel organs. Yes, and except again a few useless sentinels who may

not leave their posts, but who must grind and grind, whether there be anything to grind or not: for such is the melancholy lot of those called musical editors and critics; being "nothing if not critical," how can such live and cease from criticizing, in season and out of season, the year round? Who edits a musical paper must keep the mill a-going; but it does not follow that he must always turn out flour, at least when nothing has been put in. He may be permitted then to grind perfunctorily, mechanically, in the most cool and tranquil manner, while his thoughts wander free among the mountains and the pleasant summer haunts, or realms of Fairy Land, taking vacation like the rest of the world. Speaking of musical critics, HECTOR BERLIOZ has written a new book, a very light and sometimes silly book, full of musical gossip and anecdote, which he calls *Les Grotesques de la Musique*, offered, as he says, in answer to a petition from the poor Paris opera chorus singers that he would give them something to amuse and console them amid their wearing labors. In it he has a chapter of "Lamentations of Jeremiah," setting forth the miseries of the poor musical critic in Paris, who always has something to criticize, and who is sure, wherever he may go, to be summoned back by the announcement of a brand new opera. It is indeed a doleful chapter, and this strain recurs at intervals:

"Too miserable critics! for them the winter has no fires, the summer no cool places. Always on the go, and always in a glow. All the time listening, all the time enduring. All the time in fact executing the egg dance, trembling lest one break a few, whether it be by praise, or whether it be by blame, when all the time one would so like to come down with both feet upon the whole mass of owls' and turkeys' eggs, with very little danger to the eggs of nightingales, so rare are such in these days. . . . And, after all, not to be able to hang up one's weary pen upon the willows by the river of Babylon, and sit down on the bank and weep at leisure!"

Of the travelling *trovato* operators above referred to we find three troupes noticed: one recently in Rochester, N. Y., "PARODI's celebrated Italian Company, of forty performers," including, besides herself, Signora Alaimo, Signors Sbriglia, Guone, Barilli, &c., who have been Verdi-fying the verdant ones with *Traviata* and *Ernani*; besides giving (in Buffalo) *Norma* and *La Favorita*; and two in San Francisco, Cal.; an English troupe, singing *Trovatore* and "Bohemian Girl" (Misses Durand, Hodson, and King, and Messrs. Lyster, Trevor, and Boudinot), and an Italian troupe (Signor and Signora Bianchi, Miss Kammerer, and others), singing *Norma*, and what else is easily imagined.

These reports come like hot South winds; a breath of fresher, purer air, and more soul-strengthening salutes us from North Conway, where our Mendelssohn Quintette friends are quartered amongst the happy hundreds of seekers for the beautiful in nature. They gave a *matinée* on Monday, which was crowded; the programme including the Quintet with clarinet, by Mozart; songs without words, from Mendelssohn; the Adagio from Beethoven's *Sceptet*, and another from Mendelssohn's second Quintet; "Il mio tesoro," arranged; and a song, Cherubini's *Ave Maria*, sung by a young lady of musical voice and feeling. The music was keenly enjoyed; and such concerts must add much to the attraction of the mountains. The Club have also performed at the Glen and Alpine Houses, and we hear they are highly appreciated wherever they go, both for the music which they bring and for themselves.

One bit of news the papers give us; one little glimpse of music in the immediate future for ourselves. Manager Ullman has flitted through town, leaving the impression that the Boston Theatre will be opened in the latter part of September for a few performances of opera, namely, *Saffo* and *Polinto*

(the Martyrs), with CORTESI and BRIGNOLI as principals. . . . The *Evening Post* tells us :

Susini, the basso, who sang here with Grisi and Mario, has received from the King of Piedmont a medal for his valor during the late war. It appears that he left the stage when the war broke out, and joined the famous corps of the *Cacciatori delle Alpi*, where he performed such feats of bravery that he was promoted to the rank of Major. Strakosch is after him, as an offset to Carl Fornes, who will find a worthy rival—

Deigno nemico d'Attila—

in the valliant Major Susini. The *Eco d'Italia* of August 12th has the following item :

"It has been rumored in lyrical circles in this city that the editor of the *Eco d'Italia* and the baritone Asseni will be managers of a new Italian opera company, to perform in this city in opposition to the troupe at the Academy of Music. *Nihil volenti difficile.*"

Some sad news withal! One piece that is very sad—the sudden death (and it is feared by his own hand) of Signor CORELLI, our well-known singing teacher, the master who has done more than all others in Boston to train voices after the true Italian method. He was a man of much intelligence and very earnest in his work; one of the most artistic of tenor singers in his day; a man of a most excitable and nervous temperament. He had been suffering from a complication of diseases for more than a year past, and much of the time his mind wandered. He went to New York, in company with his friend Signor Monti, intending to embark for Italy; but ere the day of sailing came his friend lost sight of him, and, after some days of anxious suspense, the news came of his death, which took place on Long Island, on the 9th instant. Signor Corelli had many friends here, who will greatly mourn his loss.

ROGER, the famous French tenor, having just retired from the stage, has met with a sad injury. The accidental discharge of his gun, while he was out shooting in a park, has rendered the amputation of an arm necessary. . . . It is rumored that Mme. RISTORI has "nearly or quite" made up her mind to visit the United States, for the purpose of giving a series of dramatic matinees. . . . Mons. JULLEN, who has been a prisoner in Clichy (Paris) since the beginning of May, has been set at liberty by a decree of the Imperial Court, reversing a judgment of the Tribunal of Commerce. A correspondent of the *New York Express* thus amusingly alludes to the great Mons. and his misfortune :

"Julien, the unapproachable, the quondam rival of the original Musard, the prince of the polka, the king of the mazurka, the emperor of the waltz, and the god of the quadrille—Julien languishes this hour in durance vile. You who remember the spotless brilliancy of his vest, the matchless smoothness of his cravat, the irreproachable curl of his shining tressen locks, the bounteous profusion of his shirt-ruffle, the gilt studs covered with devices dear to every patriotic American heart, the faithful representation of Broadway meandering down one side of his pantaloons, and an equally exact bird's-eye view of Wall street adorning the stripe of the other; you who remember the graceful bend of his body as he hushed his hundred serfs into the pianissimo passages, and the terrible rush of his baton through the air, as he spurred them to the final crash—you will drop a tear of commiseration over the fall of the mighty, especially when you consider that Clichy is never remarkable for airiness or luxury, and here we are in the middle of the dog-days."

In Dr. Leone's *Memoirs of Artists*, the late Prince METTERNICH is mentioned as an amateur musician. We are informed that he caused the composition of Donizetti's "Linda di Chamounie," and that at his suggestion Rossini made use of the song "Life let us cherish," in "Semiramide." Metternich considered as the best of the three operas "Don Juan," "Il Barber," and "Linda." Rather a wide interval between the first and the last of these three! A London weekly paper alludes to the same subject :

To the world at large the late Prince Metternich is known only in his character of the greatest diplomatist of the age; but those who enjoyed the honor of his acquaintance are aware that his intellectual powers were by no means absorbed in diplomacy. He was a man of singularly versatile talent, and remarkable alike for his elegant tastes and varied attainments. In several branches of science the extent of his knowledge frequently occasioned surprise in those whose studies had been specially directed to such pursuits. Mechanics, architecture, botany, and horticulture formed the favorite amusements of his leisure hours. Prince Metternich loved to assemble around him men eminent for their talents and attainments, and his social intercourse with such persons helped

him to store his mind with the vast fund of knowledge he possessed. Metternich was a lover of all the fine arts, and to music he was passionately devoted. He was fond of conversing with musical composers, and of discussing questions in connection with what the Germans term "Tondichtung."

Rossini visited Vienna in 1822, and remained there about three years. The brilliant operatic company then assembled in the Austrian capital, comprised Mesdames James Fodor, Colbran, Mombelli, Signore Rubini, David, Lablache, Tamburini, &c., and "Zelmire," "Tancredi," "Otello," and "La Gazza Ladra," were performed in admirable style. The "Gran Maestro" was the frequent guest of Prince Metternich, and, as the latter himself declared, "he was an ornament of his salon." One evening, during a conversation on music and operatic composition, the Prince expressed to Rossini his ideas in reference to the characteristic difference between German and Italian music; he remarked that German character and feeling are forcibly reflected in some of the old national songs and popular melodies, as, for example, in the song "Life let us cherish":

Freut Euch des Lebens,
So lange noch ein Fünkchen glüht;
Pflücket die Rose,
Eh' sie verblüht.

The Prince then hummed the air of the song, and asked Rossini whether he did not think it might be possible to interweave such a pure German melody into an Italian opera? Rossini smiled, took a very long pinch of snuff, and then asked the Prince to hum the air again.

The next opera which Rossini composed was "Semiramide," and who that has ever heard the air, "Freut Euch des Lebens," can fail to recognize it in the four first bars of the introduction?

A musical critic in a German journal thus expresses his disapproval of the recent Monster Concerts at the Sydenham Crystal Palace: "No musician can listen with anything like satisfaction to a concert in which the performers are numbered by thousands. In oratorios and symphonies the number of the performers has its limit; but seven thousand persons cannot be said to form either an orchestra or a chorus. They are merely a disconnected mass. The sounds they produce, whether vocal or instrumental, have no musical meaning, and the result is nothing but mere deafening noise. One may imagine a mob singing a song or hymn in *unisono*, and one may imagine the effect to be grand and imposing; but when a mob attempts to sing a chorus in parts, and, above all, a fugued chorus, certainly their efforts must produce anything but music."

The success which has attended the production of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg's opera of "Diane de Solange," has, it is rumored, induced the director of the opera at Paris to enter into arrangements for its performance, and it is said that the principal part will be filled by Madame Stoltz. The plot of the opera is not very new, much the same idea belonging to the play of "Plot and Passion," and the younger Dumas's novel of "Un roman d'une femme." The heroine is one of those beautiful female spies who are employed to coquette with and betray their admirers. She, of course, falls in love with one of them, and betrays her employers instead.

Between the 1st December, 1858, and Easter, 1859, six new operas were performed in Germany—"Diane de Solange," by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg; "The Barber of Bagdad," by Cornelius; "Anna of Landskron," by Abert; "Alfred of England," by Chemin-Petit; "The Forest of Hermanstadt," by Westmayer; and "Carlo Rosa," by Schultz.

Musical Correspondence.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Aug. 15.—On my journey from the East to this place, a few days since, I was detained over one night in Pittsfield, Mass., among the Berk-hire hills, where by chance I accompanied an acquaintance to a "closing soirée of the Mendelssohn Musical Institute," which has been established there, I understand, for some few years.

The performances seemed not to be intended for show or exhibition, but the pieces were all refined and classical in their nature, and given with an exactness and purity of execution that quite delighted me. Some little gems by Spindler, (Mai-glöckchen), were played with a charming sweetness of expression and delicacy of touch. Two beautiful songs were given from Mendelssohn, the one with, the other without words: "Auf Wiedersehn," with its sad yet delightful melody, and "Gondoline," also sad, yet

with a strange fascination in its harmonies. A vocal duet by Carschmann, "Welcome thou fair light of Heaven," and a vocal trio, "Hope," by Rossini, seemed to charm the audience as well as myself, and were richly deserving of the eloquent, though silent applause they received. I would like to speak of each piece separately, but my time is too short. "L'Esperance," by Fesca, for 4 hands, and Sonatas by Beethoven, Mozart and Clementi, were not the least attractive among them. The last piece, a Grand Fugue for 4 hands upon a theme from *Don Juan*, afforded opportunity for the exhibition of much skill in its execution, and also displayed to advantage the rich tones of the fine Grand Piano upon which it was performed.

After the completion of the programme, perfect silence reigned, and all seemed to desire something farther. Not knowing what they expected, I was delighted to see Prof. OLIVER, the Principal of the Institute, seat himself at the instrument. A breathless stillness reigned in the room during some fifteen or twenty minutes, while he improvised a most delightful Fantasia upon a favorite melody, by which every ear was charmed. Beauty of expression, roundness and purity of touch, a perfect and flowing smoothness of Adagio passages, together with brilliancy of inventive genius, and originality of thought, distinguished his performance, as I am told is always the case, when he consents to favor his friends in this way, though it is seldom. Before leaving, some beautifully executed drawings in black and colored crayons, by the pupils of the Institute, were pointed out to the audience, which proved not only greatly worthy of examination, but whose artistic merit was such as need not fear the closest scrutiny. I was told also that some prizes were distributed to those who excelled in the study of musical theory, at the close of a strict examination on the previous day. Having heard, in reply to my inquiries, of the faithful and thorough instructions given to pupils at this Institute, and also on account of circumstances that have come under my notice since reaching this part of the country, (which in some future letter I hope to communicate,) I am led to desire earnestly that its patronage may be widely extended, and that many of its enlightened pupils may be sent abroad as teachers, to shed light upon the more than musical twilight and ignorance which reigns outside of our large towns, in country and village. VOYAGER.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 16. Nothing at all yet stirring in music. In about a month, however, affairs will be much changed, and we shall probably have two opera companies in full blast. They say that CARL FORMES has engaged Niblo's Theatre and will open with a first-rate company, including himself as basso, his brother THEODORE as tenor, BADIALI as baritone, and one JENNY PAUR as prima donna. They will branch out of the usual Italian repertoire and give us the operas of Flotow and other modern German composers. In the meantime the preparations at the Academy of Music promise us CORTESI, COLSON, PATTI, BRIGNOLI, AMODIO and other old favorites; but as yet the novelties Mr. STRAKOSCH may receive abroad, are not known. It is quite certain that PICCOLOMINI will return with him, as she is found to draw better than many superior artists. Perhaps another effort would be made to engage GRISI and MARIO, who would now be better appreciated than on their former visit. Mario is as good as ever, and Grisi can still electrify her listeners by occasional bursts of lyric grandeur that no other living artist can attain.

It is noticeable that a great number of the artists who came to New York, like the place so well that they stay here. The German troupe imported here a few years ago, failed to do well, but on disbanding the members all settled here, and one of the *prima donne*, Mme. Von BENKEL is now singing at the Palace Gardens. The Italians like it here too—LA GRANGE was delighted with the place, and PARODI and GAZZANIGA appear as much pleased. Why should Frezzolini and Fornes and Piccolomini return if they did not understand the great advantages of New York as a money-giving, and music-loving place?

It is, of course, too early to learn anything about the concert prospects of the next season. The Philharmonic will continue as usual, and it is probable that Mr. EISFELD will resume his delightful classical soirées. There can be no doubt, however, that the opera will be the great musical feature of the season, for opera is constantly becoming more popular here. Verdi's *Sicilian Vespers*, it is expected, will be a success second only to Verdi's other favorite operas, *Trovatore* and *Traviata*. Halévy's *La Juive* is a rather heavy affair, and I fear it will not be popular here. However, both of these operas will be next season presented to a New York public.

TROYATOR.

LONDON, JULY 12.—I have already given you an account of the performance on the first day of the Festival. Profiting by my experience on that day, I took care to procure good seats for the remaining concerts, and consequently, when the second day arrived I quite luxuriated in going out to Sydenham very deliberately indeed, and was in just the right frame of mind to enjoy the rush which took place at the depot among the anxious individuals who did not have secured seats. Having been once over the ground, I made my way with ease and strolled into the Palace in quite a different direction from the one leading to my seat. I had some time to spend and wished to see all that was possible. During my wanderings through the building, I saw a very battered old anvil, which bore an inscription which declared it to be the veritable anvil used by the "Harmonious Blacksmith," and as such it received much attention. In due time I made my way to my seat, and again beheld the vast array of the chorus and orchestra spread out before me.

The selection for this day was the "Dettingen Te Deum," to be followed by choruses selected from different oratorios of Handel. But the "Te Deum" was the great attraction. This work, which is almost unknown in our country, is the last and greatest of five hymns set to the "Te Deum Laudamus" by the great composer. It was produced for the first time in 1743, on the occasion of the rejoicings for the victory gained at Dettingen that year, over the French army. It is nearly all chorus, the only exceptions bass solos, which are three in number. Throughout the hymn the sopranos are divided into two parts. The effect may hardly be imagined and can certainly not be described. The appointed time for commencing arrived and the vast multitude rolled forth the magnificent opening chorus: "We praise thee, O God." It is nearly all solid chorus, with but little fuguing, and the effect was wonderful. I had never heard the music before, except by getting what effect I could on the piano, but had expected something very grand. The first hearing more than fulfilled my expectations. The praise of God seemed to roll forth in tones of thunder. I did not now listen as on the first day, to see what were the capabilities of such a chorus. Having already experienced its strength I felt confident that all would go smoothly, and resigned myself to the spirit of the music. The chorus ceased, but almost at once, after a short prelude, the magnificent body of altos opened the next chorus in majestic style: "All the earth doth worship thee." In this chorus is introduced one of Handel's masterly specimens of word-repetition. As in "Israel in Egypt" he dwells, in the chorus: "But the waters overwhelmed their enemies," on the passage: "Not one, not one, there was not one of them left," thereby giving great force to the passage, so in this chorus the word "all" is often repeated for great emphasis. The great chorus "To thee cherubim and seraphim" was rendered grandly. But this might be said of all the choruses, so why should I particularize? The bass solos: "Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ," "When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man," and "Vouchsafe, O Lord," were rendered finely by Sig-

nor BELLETTI, who is a remarkable instance of an Italian being a truly appreciative oratorio singer. But this gentleman is a thorough artist and never attempts anything which he cannot do satisfactorily. If one chorus could be said to have been better sung than any other, I think that one would be the last, "O Lord, in thee have I trusted," which was sung to perfection, if such a thing can be.

But now the concert came to a stop for about an hour, to allow the hungry visitors to descend from the heights above, to more terrestrial pursuits. Remaining in my seat, to hear what my neighbors might say about the past glories, I was horrified at the criticisms I heard. The remarks I then heard confirmed the impression which had been gradually making its way into my mind, that the Londoners are not really so well capable of appreciating great works as Bostonians, but they certainly patronize them more.

The recess was finally at an end and the second part commenced with two recitatives and the air: "Thus saith the Lord to Cyrus his anointed," from "Belshazzar," sung by SIMS REEVES. This was followed by the chorus "Ring, oh ye Heavens," from the same. Then came the glorious chorus from "Saul," "Envy, eldest born of Hell." Right splendidly was this sung, and deservedly was it encored. Then came the immortal "Dead March." Would it not be folly for me to say that it was played finely? I shall only say that the number in the orchestra was 459, and all fine musicians; surely that will convince you better than I could do, that it was never so performed before. This was followed by the double chorus from "Samson": "Fixed in his everlasting seat," and the eight parts of the choruses came out distinctly. Madame CLARA NOVELLO sang the air "Let the bright seraphim," very finely, and set the dotting Londoners into ecstasies of delight. The fine chorus from "Judas Maccabæus": "Oh Father, whose almighty power," which was given with effect, was followed by the air "Sound an alarm," which rang out like the notes of a clarion from the magnificent voice of Sims Reeves. This was his greatest triumph during the Festival, and the greatest triumph of so great a singer is something of note — of course it was encored. To appreciate his power of lungs you must understand that I was three hundred feet distant from him, yet heard his voice ring out as clear as a trumpet.

The song: "From mighty Kings he took the spoil," was finely rendered by that true artist, Miss DOLBY. This lady is one of the few singers who try to render the composer's meaning without making themselves too prominent. Her voice is somewhat worn, but it is a real source of satisfaction to listen to her. The duet: "Oh never, never bow we down," was sung by CLARA NOVELLO and Madame RUDERSDORFF. The latter lady has a voice of most beautiful quality and sings with far more taste than Madame Novello — and I have wondered much that she was not more thought of. Finally came the chorus: "See the conquering hero comes," right splendidly sung by the ponderous body of voices. The Queen had announced her intention of being present on this day, but was prevented, owing to the sickness of her mother, so that the National Anthem was not sung as laid down on the programme. The concert of the second day was at an end and had proved thoroughly satisfactory in all respects. I speak of its apparent effect on the majority of the audience. For myself the word *satisfied* seems tame. I was more than satisfied. Had I not heard the glorious "Dettingen," the one work of Handel's for a hearing of which I had longed for years! Had I not heard Sims Reeves when he *surpassed himself*? Had I not heard what could never be forgotten to my dying day? Satisfied! Indeed I was fully, deeply satisfied. It was with a heart full that I turned towards London, where with the multitude I arrived in safety, and so ended the second day of the Festival. W. H. D.

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Of the same set with Oesten's much played Huguenots Fantasia. Although the piece looks rather difficult, any player, who has got but a little ways into his or her "Richardson," will readily go through it.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 386.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1859.

VOL. XV. No. 22.

The Treasure-Seeker.

FROM GOETHE.

Poor in purse, and heavy-hearted,
Drudging on so melancholy,

O, this poverty is folly;

Riches are the real good!

And to end my pain I started:

"Show me where to dig a treasure,
Show, and claim my soul at pleasure;"—
And I signed it with my blood.

So I first two rings constructed,
Strangest plants and bones collected,
And a magic blaze erected,
And pronounced the charm aright;—
All in learned wise conducted.

Then I dug for treasures hidden
In the spot where I was bidden.
Black and stormy was the night.

Lo! an unexpected token!
Light afar, like planet glancing,
Out from deepest deep advancing,
Ere the clock's twelve strokes were o'er!
All my incantation broken!

For a dazzling light was breaking,
From a goblet brimful, shaking,
Which a boy toward me bore!

And most welcome eyes addressed me,
'Neath a rustling rose-wreath beaming;
Heavenliest light around him gleaming,
As he stepped into the ring!

And to drink he kindly pressed me;
And I thought: "This youth so pleasant,
With this fair and lustrous present,
Surely can no evil bring."

"Drink the soul of pure enjoyment!
Learn of me, nor longer languish,
Nor such witch-charms, bought with anguish,
Muttering on this spot be heard.
O, forsake the curs'd employment.
Day for labor! Night for pleasure!
Weary week-days! Lighter leisure!
Be henceforth thy magic word."

J. S. D.

Translated for this Journal.

Extracts from "Les Grotesques de la Musique," by Hector Berlioz.

I. THE SEASON.—THE CLUB OF NIGHTMARES.

There is a moment in the year when, in the great cities, especially in Paris and in London, a great deal of music, such as it is, is made; when the walls are covered with huge concert posters; when foreign virtuosos flock together from all corners of Europe to enter into rivalry with the native artists or with one another; when these new sort of pleaders rush upon the poor public, take it violently aside, and would even pay it willingly to get a first hearing, and so carry off the advantage from their rivals. But auditors, like witnesses, are dear, and there are few who like to serve.

This terrible moment, in the language of musical artists, is called *the season*.

The season! that explains and justifies all

sorts of things which I would fain call fabulous, but which are only too true.

Critics at such times find themselves assailed by eager people who have come from very far to make their reputation in the great city, who want to make it quickly, and who try to bribe them with Dutch cheeses.

It is the season!

They give as many as five or six concerts a day, all at the same hour, and the organizers of these fêtes are very much disturbed that the poor critics should attract attention with any of them by their absence! Then they write very curious letters, full of gall and indignation, to the absent ones.

It is the season!

An incredible crowd of people who pass in *their own place* for men of talent, thus come to acquire the proof that they are not so away from their own place, or that they have only the talent for rendering the frivolous public very serious and the serious public frivolous.

It is the season!

In this great number of musicians of both sexes, treading on each other's heels, elbowing and upsetting one another, sometimes treacherously tripping up their rivals, one remarks occasionally, by good luck, some talents of a taller growth which rise above the mediocre people, like the palm-trees above tropical forests. Thanks to these exceptional artists, one may then hear from time to time some very fine things, and so console himself for all the detestable things he must submit to.

It is the season!

But, this epoch of the year once passed, if, after long abstinence, the victim of an ardent thirst, you seek a cup-full of pure harmony to drink; impossible!

It is not the season.

They tell you of a singer; they boast his voice, his method; you go to hear him. He has neither voice nor method.

It is not the season.

A violinist, preceded by a certain fame, arrives. He calls himself a pupil of Paganini, as is customary; he executes, they say, *duos on a single string*, and, what is more, he plays always true and sings like a swan of the Po. Full of joy you go to his concert. You find the hall empty; a bad upright piano supplies the place of an orchestra for the accompaniments; the gentleman is not only capable of executing a solo properly upon his four strings, he plays false as a Chinese and sings like a black swan of Australia.

It is not the season.

During the long soirées of chamber music (in winter for the English, in summer for the French), the announcement of a musical fête organized with splendor in a neighboring city suddenly pricks up the ears of a society of passionate amateurs of grand chefs-d'œuvre, for whom individual singing and the pianoforte do not suffice. At once they send to secure seats: on the day fixed they flock to the place. The hall of the

festival is full, to be sure, but with what sort of audience! . . . The orchestra is composed of ten or twelve artists and some thirty ale-house musicians; the choir is made up of recruits from among the laundresses of the place and the soldiers of the garrison. They give you a symphony of Beethoven drawn and quartered, they bray out an oratorio of Mendelssohn. And it would be quite wrong to complain.

It is not the season.

You see announced, by way of exception, in the great city, a new work by an old master who has become bleached in the harness, sung by a prima donna whose name, long ago popular, has preserved a great éclat. Alas! the music of the new work is colorless, and the voice of the cantatrice has not shared the good fortune of her name.

It is no longer the season.

How few countries can we count that have a season!

Know'st thou the land where the orange and myrtle? &c. . . That country, for a long time past, has ceased to have a season.

If you have lived in the plains of Iberia, you must know that there is no season yet.

As to the sad countries where there flourish only firs and birches and snow-drops, they from time to time have seasons, but lit up, like polar nights, by the aurora borealis only. Let us hope that if the sun appears to them at last, they will have seasons of six months, to regain lost time.

A season were quite out of the question in those remote countries where business is all in all and all are busy; where all are grumbling, all are fumbling; where the thinker, meditating, passes for an idiot; where the poet, dreaming, is a do-nothing fit for hanging; where all eyes are obstinately fixed upon the earth, and nothing can force them to lift themselves for an instant to the heavens. These are the Lemnos isles of modern Cyclops, whose mission is a great one, it is true, but incompatible with that of Art. The musical *vellétés* of these laborious giants, therefore, will for a long time be as useless and as contrary to nature as the love of Polypheme for Galatea, and altogether out of season.

There remain three or four little corners of our little globe, where Art, cramped, galled, infected, asphyxiated by its crowd of enemies, still persists in living and may be said to have a season.

Need I name Germany, England and France? In thus limiting the number of countries with seasons, and in indicating these three central points of civilization, I hope to be exempt from the still cherished prejudices of each of the three peoples. In France they think, in all simplicity, that there is no more music in England at this day than there was in the time of queen Elizabeth. Many Englishmen think that French music is a myth, and that our orchestras are a thousand leagues behind the orchestra of Jullien's concerts. How many Frenchmen despise Germany as the tedious land of harmony and counterpoint alone! And if Germany will be frank,

she will confess that she despises France and England both.

But these opinions, tainted more or less with puerile vanity, ignorance and prejudice, change nothing in the real existence of things. That which is, is: *E pur si muove!* And just because it moves (music) like the earth, like everything in the world, precisely because its seasons are of a variability which we remark more and more from year to year, must national prejudices more and more promptly disappear, or at least lose a great deal of their force.

Fully recognizing the sweetness of the seasons in a great part of Germany, we still maintain our right to regard as considerable and very important, although often rigorous, the seasons of London and of Paris.

In Paris, *la belle saison* only commences about the 20th of January and finishes sometimes on the 1st of February; rarely does it last until the 1st of March.

We have known seasons not to end till April. But these were trisextile years; several comets had appeared in the sky, and the programmes of the society of the Conservatoire had announced something new.

Such, by exception, was the season of the year 1853, in the course of which we heard for the first time, at the concerts of the Conservatoire, the "Walpurgis Night" of Mendelssohn, and nearly the entire "Midsummer Night's Dream" of the same master. Mendelssohn wrote the "Walpurgis Night" at Rome, in 1831. It took then twenty-two years for this beautiful work to reach us. It is true, the light of certain stars only comes to us after a journey of myriads of years. But Leipzig, where the scores of Mendelssohn have long since been published, lies not at a distance from Paris at all equal to that which separates us from Saturn or from Sirius.

The Conservatoire makes it a principle to proceed slowly in all things. Yet we always must acknowledge, in spite of this want of agility and warmth, explained by years, it still preserves a green old age.

It has made its hall a museum for a great number of chefs-d'œuvre of the musical art, which it shows us every year in their true light: hence its glory. Some persons reproach it with not being willing that others should expose their works there when the museum is empty and has no exhibition. These persons do it great injustice: it possesses a good hall, the only good hall in Paris for music on a large scale; it has wished to have the monopoly thereof, and it is right; it has obtained it, it keeps it, and is right again. It cannot, doubtless, favor competition by leaving this field open. If it staid out, that others might stay in, it would very naturally feel that these others let it catch cold at the door; and it is plain that it appreciates the good sense of the precept:

"We should not do to others what we would not have others do to us."

Still, it is perhaps time that it should think of varying its repertoire, before the weary public comes to make a poor play of words upon the title of the harmonious society (*Société des Concerts*) in calling it "*Satiété des Concerts*." Which, with certain people, might not seem entirely out of season.

* * * * *

Paris is not the only point in France where one may signalize an important movement. There

are every four or five years seasons at Lyons, at Bordeaux; every eight years there is, a magnificent one at Lille; there are excellent ones at Marseilles, where the fruits of the musical art ripen quicker than elsewhere.

But after the seasons of France, "the London season! the London season!" is the cry of all the singers, Italian, French, Belgian, German, Bohemian, Hungarian, Swedish and English; and the virtuosos of all nations repeat it with enthusiasm while setting foot upon the steamboats, like the soldiers of Æneas, who, as they went aboard their vessels, cried: *Italiam! Italiam!* The fact is there is, not a country in the world where so much music is consumed in a season as at London.

Thanks to this immense consumption, all the artists of true talent, after some months employed in making themselves known, necessarily find occupation there. Once known and adopted, they are expected every year; people count upon them as they count in North America on the passage of pigeons. And never, to the end of their lives, do we see them disappoint the expectation of the English public, that model of fidelity, which always welcomes them, always applauds them, always admires them,

Sans remarquer des ans l'irréparable outrage.

One must witness the eager rush, the whirl of the musical life of artists liked in London, to form any just idea of it. And it is much more curious yet when you study the life of professors who have been established for long years in London, such as Mr. Davison, his admirable pupil, Miss Goddard, MM. Macfarren, Ella, Benedict, Osborne, Frank Mori, Sainton, Piatti. Always running, playing, directing, here in a public concert, there in a private musical soirée, they have scarcely time to say good day to their friends through the window of their carriage as they cross the Strand or Piccadilly.

When at last the seasons of Paris and of London are finished, think you the musicians are going to say to themselves: Now let us take some rest, it is the season. Ah! yes indeed. See them all running to devour each other in the sea-ports, or at the waters of Vichy, of Spa, of Aix, of Baden. This last point of union is sought by them with an especial eagerness, and from all corners of the world, pianists, violinists, singers, composers, seduced by the beauty of the country, by the elegant society they find there, and more yet by the extreme generosity of the director of the games, M. Bénazet, wend their way thither, crying: To Baden! to Baden! to Baden! it is the season.

And the seasons of Baden have for some years been organized in such a way as to discourage all competition. Most of the celebrated men and the illustrious beauties of Europe make there their rendezvous. Baden is about to become Paris *plus* Berlin, Vienna, London and St. Petersburg, especially when it gets known what a measure M. Bénazet has adopted, and which I am going to tell you.

All is not done when, to charm the elegant public, they have gone so far as to place it in contact with the men who have most mind, with the most ravishing women, with the greatest artists, and there give it magnificent fêtes; it is still necessary to guaranty this flower of fashion against the approach of individuals disagreeable to sight and hearing, whose very presence is enough to tarnish a ball, turn a concert into discord; it

is necessary to remove the ugly women, the vulgar men, the fools of either sex, the imbeciles, in a word the nightmares. This is what no impresario before M. Bénazet has thought of doing. Now it appears certain that Mme. * * *, so silly and so ugly, Mlle. * * * whose ways are so ridiculously eccentric, M. * *, who is such a mortal bore, M. * *, his worthy rival, and many others not less dangerous, will not appear again at Baden for a long time. After pretty difficult negotiations, and by means of considerable sacrifices, M. Bénazet has secured their absence for three seasons.

If this fine example is followed, and it will be, we doubt not, I know of people who will gain much money by it.

Every year now, in the months of August and September, these nightmares, eager to get rich, will establish a club in Paris, where they can mutually felicitate each other.

"You are engaged, we are engaged," they will say, "by the directors of Baden, of Wiesbaden, of Vichy, of Spa. Let us hide ourselves, let us keep dark; let no one suspect our existence.

"We are engaged; it is the season!!!"

"Handel Studies" Reviewed.

(From the London Musical World.)

(Continued.)

We have already, more than once, caught Mr. Chorley in the act of demolishing a mare's nest. Here is another instance of his pertinacity in that practice (No. 1, page 24):

"Trying this chorus * by tests more technical and less sublime, the distinctness and vivacity of its musical subject set us face to face against another party of critics—the persons who, now-a-days, object to everything like *figurative* music for the voice, conceiving it as something false in expression: figures (they say) in music having passed into the orchestra. Which of the most daring of these strange persons has over protested against the division, or piece of volubility, that makes the life and spirit of this chorus?—*preparatory*, leading up by *preface*, *excitement*, and *climax*, to the explosion on the words—'Wonderful!'—'Counsellor!'"

Unhappily "these strange persons" are "brain-crotchets" (Chorley) of the writer's own invention. None such really exist; nor are there many, we hope who (even if they did maintain the doctrine imputed to them by Mr. Chorley) would be so curiously ignorant as to apply the word "*figurative*" in the manner above cited. Shall Mr. Chorley again be placed on the rack until he explains himself? Or will he consent to substitute "florid" for "*figurative*?" "*Figurative music*" is simply nonsense: so is "*preparatory*, leading up by *preface*, *excitement*, and *climax*;"† and eminently so the subjoined, referring to the same unprotected chorus (page 24):

"Observe, again, the variety imparted by the employment of three different voices of the chorus, introduced successively in the same *figurative* passage, before, on its fourth repetition, the concord of the entire body of singers wrought into it, brings about a *crescendo* and a termination, so forcible, so vigorous, as to transcend almost every climax and *crescendo* which have followed them."

"The concord of the entire body of singers wrought into it," is, we repeat, nonsense—ineffable nonsense.

Another platitudinous teratologically set forth is worth quoting for its "tag," which reveals Mr. Chorley in a momentary paroxysm of hashfulness, a condition so rare with the Critic of Critics, that it is amusing to contemplate him under its influence—

PLATITUDE.

"So that if Music be not inexorably bound, she is as little licentiously free, and must and will be subject to laws of association, period, example. A March must have its tread, a *Tarantella* its whirl, a *Pastoral Symphony* . . ."

TAG.

" . . . and yet, while I write, the first movement

* "For unto us"—about which Mr. Chorley "spins" indefinitely.

† "Climax" does not lead up to, but is led up to.—YELLOW-PLUSH.

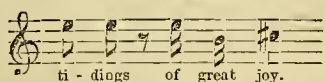
of Beethoven's symphony, a pastoral in 2-4—*rises up to remind me of the danger of definition.*"

We know nothing about "the danger of definition," but we heartily wish the author of *Handel Studies* would now and then favor us with a slight touch of *definiteness*. The first movement of Beethoven's Symphony, by the way, can hardly regard Mr. Chorley with a friendly eye, or, in its "rising," it might have reminded him of something besides "the danger of definition;" it might have reminded him that the term "pastoral" in its own instance related solely to the subject illustrated, and had nothing whatever to say to the adopted musical *form*, which bears no more resemblance to a "pastoral," properly speaking, than a windmill to an egg, or Mr. Chorley to a phoenix; it might have informed him that *il y a* a pastoral *et* pastoral, a pastoral poem as well as a pastoral tune, a bucolic as well as a dance; ‡ it might, in short, with half a sentence, have helped him out of one of his self-created dilemmas, and thus, by defeating in some measure the flashy plasm of his critical organ, have "risen" to some purpose. But alas! the First Movement of Beethoven's symphony "rose" with no such charitable intent. Why it should have come, any more than the Second Movement, the Scherzo or the Finale, to remind Mr. Chorley of his sins, is a puzzle; but that, apprehending the purport of our author's speculations, it vanished as soon as it appeared, may be inferred from the fact that it left him in a "fix"—a quandary—doubtful for one entire second of his own infallibility. How speedily Mr. Chorley was restored to himself, and again became oracular, may be seen in the very next page, where he first styles the Pastoral Symphony of Handel "a piece of night-music;" and further on, where he corrects the singers who correct Handel, and then proceeds to correct Handel himself—for which one would have imagined even "the most tepid witnesses to Handel's gigantic predominance in music" would scarcely applaud him. But let Mr. Chorley furnish his own arguments, with that combination of placidity and magniloquence for which he is unapproachable:

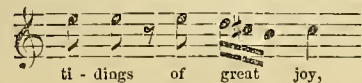
"Here §—to change the field of comment—let it be noted that Handel has overlooked a false accent, which renders the declamation of the words, 'tidings of great joy,' difficult, and has led to the introduction of a traditional *gruppetto*, on the word 'great,' to my ear singularly unpleasant. Seeing that vocal declaimers are by right prescriptive allowed to hamper themselves in recitative, they might do worse than for this frivolous change to substitute a single transposition of the two notes."

In order that our readers may understand the immensity of the boon conferred on Handelians by Mr. Chorley, we must cite all three versions of the passage in question:

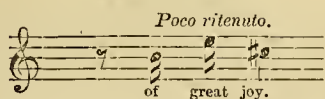
HANDEL'S VERSION.



VERSION OF THE VOCAL DECLAIMERS.



CHORLEY'S VERSION.



Now, "let it be noted," that the whole of the third version is Mr. Chorley's including the Italian words "poco ritenuto"; the addition of which (emulating the sham-antithetical slang of the author) may be pronounced ingenious without paradox, and convenient without hyper-utilitarianism. And yet we cannot help a preference for Handel's version, both over that of the "vocal declaimers," which is superfluous, and that of the author of the *Studies* (which is topsy-turvy); in saying which we hope we may be considered (again resorting to sham-antithesis) bold without brassiness, and polite without

"To resume," Take an instance of vague declamation:

"According to modern taste in construction, which has in it too much of the carpenter, too little of the artless artist," &c.

The above, and some hundred more sentences of

† The respective positions, with regard to each other, of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony and the bag-pipe tune of the Roman *Pifferari*, which Handel has made immortal by adoption.
§ The recitative, "And lo! the angel of the Lord!"

the kind in *Handel Studies*, appear to aim at something; but what that something is must be left to the imagination, like the "something" threatened by the mole upon King Cole's cheek:

"A mole in the face
Boded something would take place,
But not what that something might be."

But never was book so crowded with fancies, whimsies, freaks, and sciomachies. In sciomachy Mr. Chorley is uncommonly strong, for ever combating a non-existent enemy, fighting with a shadow; and just as he defends the overture to the *Messiah* from detractors of his own creation, and comforts those "strange persons" who object to "figurative" music for the voice ("strange" enough, for nobody ever heard of them), so he takes up the cudgels (against some more "strange persons"?) for "Rejoice greatly," which no one in the world ever thought of attacking, or regarded as anything else than a magnificent song precisely fitted to the sentiment it has to express. Having no real antagonists, however, Mr. Chorley makes some for himself, and then proceeds, with exquisite swagger and complacency, to annihilate them. He first knocks down a certain "Young Germany," for sneering at what he calls the "Handelisms" in "Rejoice greatly," as if florid divisions were more peculiar to Handel than to any other composer of his day. "They are worth dwelling on for a moment," says our oracle, "in order that we may trace out the real worth and bearing of the modern disdain of florid vocal ornament." Now, as there is no "modern disdain" of anything of the sort, the task is one of some difficulty; and this is soon made apparent by the singular manner in which Mr. Chorley proceeds to account for the said "disdain." Let him, however, speak for himself:

"This is simply an expression of the cant and foppery which spring from antagonism. 'The fiddlers against the singers.' If execution and embroidery be not part and parcel of the material for musical expression, why should not the violins as well as the voice be tied to plain notes?"

So barefaced an assumption is quite enough to show the absurdity of the position which Mr. Chorley has voluntarily taken up. No such antagonism ever existed. No one ever dreamed of maintaining that "execution and embroidery" (embroidery and execution would have been more apposite) were not "material for musical expression." No one ever imagined such an argument, until Mr. Chorley raised it himself, to demolish, among the multitudinous mares' nests of *Handel Studies*. Another "fancy" with this author comes under the head of what he denominates "grouping." At the outset—or at least until one has met with the expression three or four times—it is not easy to guess what is intended. The first striking example of its use—where "the groupings of voices and keys" are interpreted by Mr. Chorley into an "imperfect suggestion of the four Evangelists"—was treated ("ante"—page 436), as such a monstrous paradox deserved. Here (page 29) we have a more shadowy application of the term:

"Some suggestion of grouping—to return on what has been said—may be found in the soprano song, 'He shall feed his flock,' which follows the *bravura*—this as tender and gentle as that was buoyant and triumphing—in the same key."

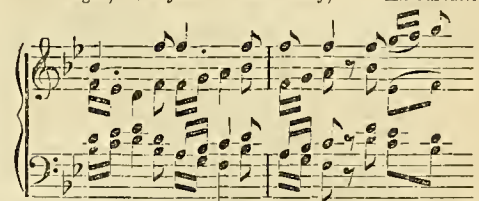
Now, for the life of us, we cannot get at what Mr. Chorley means, in this instance, by "some suggestion of grouping." If simply the uniformity of key to be found in the two airs and choruses with which the first part of the *Messiah* terminates, such a discovery may be likened to the discovery of an added egg, or an empty bird's-nest, and hardly warrants the appearance of self-satisfaction with which it is revealed. "Here let it be noted" that Mr. Chorley rates this splendid chorus ("His yoke is easy") as—

"the weakest and least inspired in the oratorio: a piece of transformed music, and in which (as in 'All we like sheep') Handel seems to have read his words carelessly, 'in a canting fashion,' to use a heraldic phrase."* "It may have been to relieve himself during a piece of exercise-writing (and, truth to say, the words suggest EXERCISE RATHER than music), that Handel drove his voices in this chorus to heights where he rarely bade them sing. The trebles must mount to B flat above the line."

What "a piece of transformed music" may mean, and what need there was to insert "a piece of exercise-writing" in the midst of the sublimities of the *Messiah*, Mr. Chorley alone can explain. We shall neither put him on the wheel this time, however, nor invite the co-operation of Mr. Yellow-plush, for we disagree *in toto* with our author's estimate of the chorus, which—not to use any "heraldic phrase"—is admirably expressive of the words. Nor can we

conceive more inconceivable nonsense than the apology made for the extremely bright and effective point in which the voices go up to B flat:

light, His yoke is ea-sy, His burthen



—a point essentially Handelian and magnificent. If such music be "exercise writing," all we can say is that we wish for nothing finer in its place. The paradox about the words of "His yoke is easy" suggesting "exercise rather than music," were it not unmeaning, would trench upon ribaldry. As a tail-piece to this extraordinary "grouping" of sentences, suggestions, and opinions, which terminate the first part of the *Messiah-Study*, we have the subjoined:

"This portion of the story has been condensed, on purpose or accidentally, that ample room might be given to Calvary and Golgotha—to the Hall of Pilate—the Cross and the Sepulchre. Such a distribution of the subject would have been truly most hazardous, had the poet approaching it in art been ONE FIBRE more feeble, more fearless, more deeply (not pedantically) devout, than Handel."

Had Mr. Chorley been "one fibre" less engrossed with the notion of his own infallibility, he would perhaps have omitted the words "or accidentally," remembering that what is done by accident is not done with a purpose.

* "If ease and lightness"—he pursues—"however, under the government which was to be on the shoulder of the Son of the Highest, were to be expressed, the master, for once, pitched his thought too low. The leading phrase says little, and thus sounds old-fashioned and mechanical." A beautiful *non sequitur* is entailed by the particle "thus"—which we need not point out to our readers.

Mozart—Child and Man.

(Continued from page 148).

Mozart the Elder to M. Hagenauer,—(Continued).

The truth is, the first idea of making Wolfgang compose an opera was suggested to me by the Emperor, who asked him on two several occasions if he would not compose and direct an opera himself. The little fellow of course answered yes; but the Emperor could add nothing further, seeing that operas concern Signor Affligio.

I have, therefore, no longer to regret the money I have spent, for it will return to me to-day or to-morrow. Nothing venture, nothing have. We must conquer or die, and it is at the theatre we shall meet either death or glory.

It will not be an *opera seria*; they are not played here, the taste is not for them; it will therefore be an *opera buffa*. Not a little opera, for it will last full two hours and-a-half or three hours. There are no singers of *opera seria* here. The tragic opera of Gluck, "Alceste," even was sung by the *buffos*. There are some excellent performers in this kind, Signori Caribaldi,* Caratoli Poggi, Laschi, Polini, Signore Bernasconi,† Eberhardi, Baglioni.

What say you to it? Is not the glory of having written an opera for the theatre of Vienna the surest road to obtaining credit, not only in Germany but in Italy?

No. 32.

The Same to the Same.

Vienna, March 30, 1768.

We are all in good health, and, thank God, in a good position of affairs. The ice is broke, not only on the Danube, but as regards our business. Our enemies are conquered—at Vienna, be it understood. Nothing is to be done by a single stroke. My phlegmatic humor has changed beasts into men, and I have left them to their own shame.

Last week there was a grand concert in our honor at the Russian ambassador's, the Prince of Gallizin. Our opera is going forward to satisfaction, but it is probable the return of the Emperor from Hungary will be waited for ere it be performed.

No. 33.

The Same to the Same.

Vienna, May 11, 1768.

I have received the following letter from our Grand Majordomo:

"Per espresso comando di S. A. Rma. devo far sapere a V. E. qualmente il clementissimo principe Padrone niente abbia in contrario, che il Sign. Mozart so ne possi restar fuori a suo piacimento sin tanto che vuole, et inoltre gli passerà ancora

questo mese di Marzo il suo salario; ma innavvenire quando non se' attualmente presente in Salisburgo, sarà ben sì mantenuto come prima nel suo servizio, ma durante la sua assenza non gli lascerà più correre il solito salario."

Do you note, what a favor! I may remain absent, at my choice, provided I do not ask to be paid. I can at least stay away altogether, without incurring any reproach in the future. I am indeed written that by the intercession of the brother of his grace the Prince Bishop, I could claim the salary of professor of violin and first violin in the Episcopal chapel. The brother is acquainted with all this fine story; I told him while here. But how could I go and beg for what I do not deserve, as my gentlemen, the courtiers of Salzburg, would have it, since I do not perform my duty there? Where would be justice, honor? It is exactly this which will facilitate my journey to Italy, a journey which I am prevented by every motive from deferring, and for which the favor of the Emperor will throw open for me all the gates of the imperial cities of Florence, of Naples; or ought I, on the contrary, to remain esconced in Salzburg, sighing in vain for a better lot, letting myself be led by the nose with my two children, reaching an age when a journey to Italy would be a difficult matter to me, and seeing Wolfgang grow up and take on years which will diminish, in the eyes of all, the marvel of his precocious talent and his premature knowledge? Shall he have taken the first step in his career by the opera at Vienna, and not proceed with rapid strides on a path that lies so broadly open?

No. 34.

The Same to the Same.

Vienna, June 27, 1768.

I might entertain you with a multitude of tricks that have been played us, abominable persecutions, whereof we have been victims. But I am too weary to awaken the reminiscence of them. I reserve them till I can recount them orally. We are in good health, God be thanked! despite envy, which has let loose its tempests against us. I still return to my old motto: *In te Domine speravi; fiat voluntas tua.* That which God desires not, I desire not either.

* The best buffo singer of his day, born in Rome, 1743.

† Antonia Bernasconi, daughter-in-law of a skilful composer (André Bernasconi, born in Marseilles, 1712), made her debut in Vienna, in 1764, in the part of Alceste, which Gluck composed for her.

Ary Scheffer.

The exhibition of the collected works of Ary Scheffer, which was opened at Paris early in May, has perhaps occasioned some disappointment to those of his admirers who believed that his entire career had been glorified by works equal to the essays of his latter time—those on which his reputation rests. He deprecated during life a posthumous collection and exhibition of his productions, having seen among the pictures of Delaroche some which neither enhanced, nor even sustained the fame of the painter. But an exhibition of this kind is not entirely understood by an enthusiastic public, as being the revelation of a student to a student,—the analysis of a being, of which the life-springs are not patent to the many. The collection, as to dates of production, comprehends a period of thirty-eight years, with a selection of subject-matter more widely excursive in religious and poetic, than in historical narrative, and in the early years of the painter limited to incidents of every-day life. The labors of every earnest artist evince vicissitudes which look sometimes much like caprice; but the differences shown in Scheffer's pictures are all experiments, many, it is true, failures. But from all something has been learned; or, at least, difficulties have thence become intelligible, a first step in painting towards their subjugation. Having no resource but his art, Scheffer was an early competitor for fame. He produced in 1810 "The Oath of Hannibal," and "The Death of Pliny the Elder," of course in the feeling of the time, that of the school of David; and these were the only two subjects of this class that he executed, for he diverged at once into that which the French call *genre*, a signal dereliction of "high Art," when it is remembered that his master was Guérin, the painter of "Eneas and Dido," a picture by which so many have been fascinated. But Scheffer was painting for bread, and could not afford to illustrate the Greek and Roman virtues, a kind of Art which, although not domestically popular, was yet considered an auxiliary of the governments of those times. One half hour's visit to the galleries of Paris suffices to demonstrate the part that painting and sculpture have played in the politics of France during the last sixty years. The faith of the Catholic Church, analyze it as you will, resolves itself always into the worship of that beautiful which has its only representation in Art-forms; and with a full recognition of the influences of painting, each succes-

sive government has invoked the aid of painting to popularize its creed. But to be effective, such essays consisted necessarily of scenic declamation, to the utter exclusion of simple and forcible recital; and hence very much of the vicious extravagance of the French school. In the two pictures mentioned, Scheffer believed he had deferred sufficiently to the "grand style," and in remembrance of Gréuze, and those following him, he entered upon a series of ordinary *genre* subjects, the material of which was drawn from current literature or imagination. The works exhibited number one hundred and one, of which three are sculpture, being a bust of his mother, a monumental effigy of his mother, and a bust of the Countess Krasinska. The earliest date in the catalogue is 1819,—it is affixed to a portrait—that of M. Victor Tracy; and as there are numerous portraits in the collection, it may be well to turn to this department, as these works claim less attention than the poetical and sacred compositions. The number of portraits, then, is about thirty-nine, of which those of Lafayette, the Duke of Elehingen, Odillon Barrot, Cavaignac, with that of himself, are among the best. Of this class of Scheffer's works there is one composition to which strongly marked exception may be taken. It is entitled "Laissez venir à moi les petits enfants," and contains an agroupment of the Saviour and the three children of the Duchess Fitz-James. In reference to this it is not now necessary to consider what the old masters have done in this way, nor in what spirit they have done it; to say the least, the taste of the association is very questionable. Many of Scheffer's best productions are not here; but the hundred and one open to us the whole heart of the man, and the entire craft of the painter. Scheffer, to the last day of his life, was an eager and devoted student—his maturity was that of a "latter summer." Excellence was long withheld from him, but no man merited his ultimate triumphs more worthily than he, because none more laboriously earned distinction.

As a portrait painter he never would have signalized himself, for, from the first to the last his heads want roundness, force, and argument. The heads of his male sitters have not been lighted in a manner to bring them out advantageously, and in the female heads we are reminded rather of the paint than the life. Of his early pictures there are, "La Veuve du Soldat," "La Famille du Marin," "Le Baptême," "La Mère Convalescente," "La Tempête," and "La Sœur de Charité," compositions founded upon a class of incidents which, in France as well as England, has for cabinet pictures superseded historical narrative. In none of these works is there promise of great future eminence. In all of them much of the accessory is painted without reference to the proposed forms or surfaces, with a result either unduly hard or loosely sketchy. The manner of these small pictures resembles that of the English school of the corresponding period, more than any deduction from feeling antecedently or contemporaneously popular in the French school. Scheffer always lamented that he had not the gift of color, a deficiency singularly conspicuous throughout the series; and having been driven to portrait painting by early necessity, there is in his drawing an absence of that facility and precision which are attained by a regular course of academic study. The crude and unsympathizing color is strikingly shown in "Marthe et Marguerite." Here the importunate red petticoat of Margaret harshly dissociates itself from the entire composition, a hard, dry, uncompromising surface; and so it is with other red dresses or petticoats that appear in the series. He seems to have been extremely partial to bright vermilion, but his employment of the color was always very infelicitous. Scheffer's infirmities of drawing are specially evidenced in his two unfinished works, "L'Ange annonçant la Resurrection," and "L'Apparition de Jésus-Christ à la Madeleine après la Resurrection."

Scheffer had been struggling onward for nearly twenty years before he entirely relinquished that ideal *genre*, in which he essayed domestic sentiment. He rose to poetry, and in poetry and sacred history developed a depth and force of expression in which, though we look back through centuries, even to the revival, we shall find that his equals are not numerous. Before he was so thoroughly penetrated by exalted sentiment, and master of the motives of expression so perfectly as to subdue the heart by the pathos of his eloquence, like all earnest painters who are yet immature in the most penetrating accomplishment of the art, he sought to impress the mind by action more or less violent. "La Bataille de Morat," "Léonore," "Les Femmes Suliotes," "Episode de la Retraite d'Alsace," and "Le Giaour," are works in this spirit, though in the last he hits, peradventure, on the golden mine, of the existence of which within him, he never knew. Here is a consummation of intense expression and violent action, the last in which strong movement is expressed, as from this time

(1832) he devoted himself entirely to the language of expression. All the works which he executed under this influence are of ordinary merit. Even the two pictures which belong to the Luxembourg collection, "Les Femmes Suliotes," and "Le Larmoyeur," from a ballad by Schiller, are not distinguished by much of interesting quality. His first subject from "Faust" is "Marthe et Marguerite," that which has been already mentioned to instance the red petticoat. This was painted in 1830, and is one of these small pictures, in the execution of which Scheffer never succeeded. Another small picture, painted in the same year,—"Léonore," from that passage of the ballad which describes her as borne off by her spectre lover,—shows that after twenty years of study and practice Scheffer was still casting about for a manner. It is the most sketchy of all the exhibited works; and the figure of Léonore, as she rides behind the ghost, is timid and unsatisfactory in drawing. Neither by his portraiture nor his small pictures would he ever have acquired his present reputation; but at once, on entertaining poetic and religious subjects of the size of life, he shows himself possessed of a capacity which he had never before manifested. "Faust dans son Cabinet" is one of the first of his larger works, and its weakness in comparison with those that follow is obvious; besides, Faust is a misconception. He is represented here as even a younger man than in subsequent scenes after his rejuvenescence: there is, moreover, an absence of the firmness of feature that appears in any of the other impersonations of the character. He is here soliloquizing in the opening scene—

"Habe nun, ach! Philosophie,
Juristerei und Medicin,
Und leider auch Theologie!
Dnehaus studirt;"

and he confesses himself aged, but the features here are those of a young man of thirty. A comparison of this head with that in "Faust à la Coupe," or "Marguerite sortant de l'Eglise," shows two things, of which the first is the artist's amelioration of his conceptions by sustained study; the second is, an immediate development of power, showing that this was the class of art which he was best constituted to cultivate. Thus we find him, after 1830, and for eight or nine succeeding years, entirely given over for the passionate and mystic poetry of Byron and Goethe. The change is sudden and absolute. Such transitions are common phenomena in artist-life, but at a period of life so advanced, a change is rarely other than a marked decadence; for it occurs, too, frequently, that, after a career of early and too facile success, artists cease to be students. But Scheffer, to the last, was a laborious student, and, perhaps, not the least precious of his rules of practice, was his concentration of his subject. The whole of his works show us that they were prefigured in his mind before committed to the canvas—a conceptive faculty which always yields pictures of great force and reality. Allusion has already been made to "Marthe et Marguerite," the scene in which Martha invites the latter to come often to her. This is the first of the Faust series which Scheffer painted; it is a small picture, with many of the foibles of his minor works. The next year, 1831, produced "Faust dans son Cabinet," the first of the large pictures, and which has also been spoken of. The same year brought forth "Marguerite au Ronet":—

"Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer;
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmer mehr."

But that work, like "Faust dans son Cabinet," is not comparable to subsequent impersonations of the character; the face is insignificant—a disqualification that is confirmed by the eyes being so close together. This picture was, we believe, the property of a member of the Orleans family, and, falling into evil hands, the head of the figure was cut out; but subsequently repaired by M. Scheffer, the marks of the restoration being plainly discernible. In 1832, "Marguerite à l'Eglise" was painted, in the spirit of the passage—

"Wo steht dein Kopf?
In deinem Herzen
Welche Missethat!" &c.;

wherein Margaret is represented at mass in an agony of remorse at the thoughts suggested to her by the evil spirit. She is here in mourning for her brother who was slain by Faust, and she has the appearance of a person above the station in life to which Margaret belongs. Some years elapse before Scheffer returns to Goethe's tragedy; but he is continually occupied with portraits, of which altogether he painted about three hundred. In 1832, "The Giaour" was produced—the last and most violent of those works wherein action is relied on for effect, though at the same time the force of the passion is irresistible. This is a work of surpassing energy; it is the first

in which Scheffer succeeds in fully realizing his ideal; the passage is:

"For he declines the covenant oath,
And leaves those locks unhallowed growth,
But wears our garb in all beside," &c.

There is but one figure, that of the Giaour, who refuses to join in the religious exercises of the convent, and in expressing his resolution he is borne away in an orgasm of fury. There is little in this picture that might not be painted with white and black, with a qualification of warmth; and those compositions in which color is spared are uniformly the signal productions of the artist. "Medora," now so well known through the engraving, was painted in 1833; the features seem to have been drawn from the same model as those of Margaret at the wheel—they are of the same mould, and there is the like absence of argument. We pass to the year 1838, in which was painted "Marguerite sortant de l'Eglise." The scene is properly a street, wherein Faust first addresses Margaret. When she is gone, Mephistopheles tells Faust that she is just come from confession, that she is guiltless, and he has no power over her. Scheffer, however, by a pictorial license, presents Margaret as just coming out of church, with the rest of the congregation, and there Faust is supposed first to see her, and, to the letter, he looks the spirit of the lines—

"Beim Himmel, dieses Kind ist schön!
So etwas hab ich nie gesehn.
Sie ist so sitt—und tugend reich,
Und etwas schnippisch doch zugleich."

And, in order to render the sentiment in its plenitude Faust and Mephistopheles are placed so near to Margaret as almost to touch her. Margaret is dressed in white, in coincidence with Faust's description of her innocence, and she is supported by the rest of the composition as a breadth of low and middle tone; thus, virtually there are two parts in the composition, one—the dominant—Margaret, the other contributing to support the composition. The professed simplicity of the effect is perspicuously artificial. The style of the figure is according to her condition in life, and although Mephistopheles observes that Faust will now see a Helen in every woman with any pretension to beauty, the painter might have given such a degree of refinement as would have literally justified the admiration of Faust, for in the broad round forms of the face and head there is somewhat of an every-day common-place that would scarcely have enthralled one to whom the world was not new. In his effort to qualify the head with a bright and beaming innocence, he has painted the face without a shade, but the refinement which would have better suited it is made more conspicuously deficient by a female face of superior nobility of beauty in the throng behind—that of a person belonging, like Margaret, to a humble station of life. This is the first picture in which is observable any expression of that influence to which Scheffer may have yielded in his admiration of Ingres; it is especially seen in the subdued markings of Margaret's draperies, and in the uncompromising sharpness of much of the outline of the same figure. The head of Faust is admirable; the happy result of that study of the character which was well matured by frequent recurrence to the play.

In 1838 the two Mignons appeared, "Mignon Aspirant au Ciel" and "Mignon Regrettant sa Patrie," in both of which are more distinctly felt the sharpness of a manner like that of Ingres, with a specious modification of the natural distinctness of line that appears in all draperies. In the Giaour the drapery is painted with a force and confusion of marking correspondent with the tumult within, and in the "Marguerite sortant de l'Eglise, and the two Mignons, the sentiment of the drapery corresponds with the peaceful emotions of the soul; in the case of the Giaour, the treatment of drapery is an elegant propriety; in that of the Mignons, it might have been more approximate to nature, without in anywise detracting from the penetrating language of the features. "Le Roi de Thule" was painted the same year—a subject taken from Göthe's ballad. The old king is represented drinking, for the last time, from the cup given to him by his mistress, before he threw it into the sea, lest it should be profaned by the hand of any other possessor. There are two versions of this subject; the former is enfeebled by the introductions of too many objects; in the latter, the king is a grand and solid Rembrandtesque conception, in all its parts strong and well kept in hand, and as to breadth, all but a monotone. These two versions of the same subject exhibit, as clearly as any of his works, Scheffer as the earnest plodding student; and in the second picture we see the golden fruit of his study. We now arrive at the period at which Scheffer began to devote himself to religious art, during his study of which, for the remainder of his life, he returns but seldom to his favorite poets. The exhibition contains but two instances from Göthe, and one from

Dante, and two of these are among the most valuable of the works of this eminent man. "Le Christ au Jardin des Oliviers" is the first essay in religious art exhibited. In purity of treatment and original power the picture merits comparison with the old masters; but in expression the head of the Saviour is a failure. "Les Rois Mages," painted in 1844, is not less original a study of three heads that may be accepted as typical of the poet, the philosopher, and the warrior; and here again, in an eminent degree, we recognize matured study applied to the embodiment of a conception of rare beauty.

In 1844 "Mignon et le vieux Joueur de Harpe" appeared, and in 1847 "Les Saintes Femmes revenant du Tombeau," a work perfectly well known from the admirable engraving which has been taken from it. The treatment of the heads, their movement, and expression, place this among M. Scheffer's best works. There may be somewhat more of poetry than religion in the conception, but the touching sentiment of the aspiration subdues criticism. Again, "Ruth et Noëme" is a composition and a narrative worthy of the best times of the Italian schools; it reminds the spectator now of the Florentine Andrea, and anon, of the Bolognese Guido. The attitudes of both figures are copiously descriptive, and the hands and features are all most eloquent, according to the touching story that supplies the subjects. But the crowing essay of Scheffer's poetical genius is the "Francesca de Rimini," and whenever, hereafter, his name occurs to the memory, that is the picture which will at once fill the mind; it is so well known by the engraving that any description were superfluous. The canvas is large, the figures being small life-size. The composition, with its flowing lines and floating figures, is much in the elegant feeling of Flaxman; indeed, Scheffer has said that if he were ever tempted to follow any artist, it would be Flaxman. Never was anguish painted more poignantly in a profile than in that of Francesca, in whose action are also shown reliance, devotion and love. The movement of Paolo will bring to mind that of Lazarus in the National Gallery; but here the function of the drapery is so beautifully discharged, and it is so skillfully blended with the figures, that without it the composition would be much less perfect. If the quotation in the catalogue—

"Oh, lasso,
"Quanti dolci pensieri! quanto desio, &c.,"

be the passage originally given with the title by Scheffer, it is very clear from the action of the figures that the lines on which he principally dwelt were—

"Mentre che 'uno spirto questo disse,
L'altro piangeva sì, che di pietade
Io venni meno come s'io morisse," &c.;

and the interview is at an end, for the spirits are floating away, as we see by the line of Francesca's hair, which, by the way, is the least praiseworthy form in the picture. With respect to the age of Dante, there is an objection to offer. He himself says, at the commencement of the "Inferno," that he was—

"Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita;"

but we find him here certainly approaching sixty; the head, moreover, of Virgil is morally a failure. It avails but little to tell us that it has been copied from the putative bust of Virgil: if there were as many busts of Virgil as there are of Julius Cæsar, it cannot be doubted that the types would be as various as those attributed to the great commander. The head of Virgil is so insignificant that it cannot be received as that of him whom Dante challenges as—

"Quel Virgilio e quella fonte
Che spande di parlar sì fiume?"

In "Saint Augustin at Saint Monique," painted in 1855, there is a distinction in forms of the head of St. Augustine that separates it from the general type of the small heads in the exhibition. In these heads we have the same forcible expression, that gives so much value to other works painted during the last fifteen years of his life; and as distinguished by this excellence may be cited—"Les Douleurs de la Terre," "Marguerite a la Fontaine," "Le Baiser de Judas," "Figure de Calvin," "Faust a la Coupe," "Le Christ et Saint Jean," "Madeleine en Extase;" and besides these, there are other works which do not reach this high standard, as "La Tentation du Christ," "Jacob et Rachel," "L'Amour Divin et l'Amour Terrestre," &c.

And thus is the genius of Scheffer set forth, so that we accompany him through his life of ceaseless application, and various emotions and impulses. It was not until after twenty years of labor that he discovered his particular qualifications; but at this we marvel not, as in artist life it is a common contingency. The portraits exhibited are very numerous; they may all be likenesses, but there are very many of them possessing qualities much beyond this. But

Scheffer is truly great in the expression of tender and intense emotion, and grand in the rehearsal of the thoughts and passions of men. His best productions are those in which he has not been seduced by attempts at color; and in the extensive allusions and copious description of his limited compositions he can never be excelled.—*Art Journal*.

Midsummer.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

Here! sweep those foolish leaves away,—
I will not crush my brains to-day! —
Look! are the southern curtains drawn?
Fetch me a fan, and so begone!

Not that, — the palm-tree's rustling leaf
Brought from a parching coral reef!
Its breath is heated; — I would swing
The broad gray plumes, — the eagle's wing.

I hate these roses' feverish blood! —
Pluck me a half-blown lily-bud,
A long stemmed lily from the lake,
Cold as a coiling water-snake.

Rain me sweet odors on the air,
And wheel me up my Indian chair,
And spread some book not otherwise
Flat out before my sleepy eyes.

— Who knows it not, — this dead recoil
Of weary fibres stretched with toil, —
The pulse that flutters faint and low
When summer's seething breezes blow?

O Nature! bare thy loving breast
And give thy child one hour of rest, —
One little hour to lie unseen
Beneath thy scarf of leafy green!

So, curtained by a single pine,
Its murmuring voice shall blend with mine,
Till, lost in dreams, my faltering lay
In sweeter music dies away.

Atlantic Magazine, Sept.

Musical Correspondence.

LONDON, JULY 13. — Having had the benefit of two days' experience in attending the Crystal Palace, I found no difficulty in reaching Sydenham in safety on the morning of Friday, the third day of the Festival. I had heard enough to satisfy me that the grand choruses of Handel could not be better sung than by the noble choir then and there assembled. I had heard the "Messiah," containing two of the most wonderful choruses ever conceived even by the great master himself, the great "Dettingen Te Deum," of which I had expected much, and in which I had been more than satisfied; I had heard some of the choicest choruses from his different works, and in all I had found the same precision in singing, and the same grandeur of tone. Now was to come what was to me the greatest treat of all. As a member of the Boston Handel and Haydn Society, I had rehearsed "Israel in Egypt," through the past winter, until I felt familiar with every note of it, and the more I had studied the more I had enjoyed it. I had recently heard it given in splendid style at Exeter Hall, by the Harmonic Society, and had been amazed at the manner in which they had sung it, and with good reason, for, had not Carl Formes told the Handel and Haydn Society on one occasion that no society in Europe could surpass them in chorus singing! I then, in common with the many delighted members of our good society, took his words as truth, but I now know the remark to have been as gross flattery as ever proceeded from human lips.

The reasons may be various, but the fact is certain that the London Harmonic Society far surpass our Handel and Haydn as a choral society. And why is

this? Certainly not because their society is larger than ours, for the more bulky the body, the more difficult of management it must necessarily be. It is not that they have finer voices, for I believe it is generally conceded that the American voices are as fine as the world can produce. It cannot be for the lack of a proper conductor on our part, for I do not believe it would be possible to have a finer conductor than our good friend Carl Zerrahn, who would as I believe, have conducted and carried through the great Festival as successfully as Costa. No, our advantages are as great in these respects as we could desire; but the true reason is very painfully evident to any faithful member, who attends every rehearsal, finding but few present, but who finds that at the concerts the seats are filled by negligent members who injure the effect of the music from their ignorance of it, while he himself and a few others have to bear the burden of the whole. There is not that enthusiasm among our members which exists among those of the Harmonic Society, where each individual member feels sure of his part. I can hardly be accused of prejudice in the matter, for I longed to be able to corroborate the statement of Formes; but facts are stubborn things. Perhaps, however, if the public would take more interest in the doings of the society, and occasionally attend the concerts in such numbers as to allow the members to feel sure of not being assessed at the end of the season to make up the deficit in the treasury, the society might feel more encouragement to work. But I began to talk about the Festival and have wandered back to Boston.

The sight on this day was different from that on either of the others. As is customary in the performance of this oratorio, the choir was divided into two grand choruses, and the effect on this occasion was very fine. I have already said that about half the altos were males. These being placed in the rear of the lady altos, close to the organ and in front of it, with the sopranos between them and the tenors, left the body of ladies in about the form of a crescent, which had a beautiful effect. On this day the Prince Consort and the Princess Alice, with one of the younger members of the royal household, honored the Palace with their presence, and the National Hymn was of course sung as a commencement. Then came the concert—SIMS REEVES's voice was heard rising above the murmur of voices in the simple recitative with which Handel saw fit to commence his masterly work. Then came the alto passage: "And the children of Israel sighed by reason of their bondage," not sung as I had been accustomed to hear it, by the entire body of altos, but by Miss DOLBY alone, the chorus coming out in their strong cry to God. I do not know that the innovation pleased me—I would have preferred to have heard that grand body of altos breathing out that despairing sigh. The meaning seems to me to be better brought out by such. COSTA took the time a little faster too than Zerrahn does, but the effect was about the same. And now that appealing prayer rolled forth like the sound of mighty waters which finally subsided, and again that solitary voice broke forth, announcing relief and the beginning of the plagues. Again the massive chorus rolls out and we can almost feel the loathing felt by the Egyptians for the water turned to blood. After having heard about the frogs which proved such a source of annoyance to Pharaoh and not less so to the audience who heard about them, the majestic command thundered out—"He spake the word," and immediately the air seemed filled with "all manner of flies," produced by the ninety first violins of the orchestra.

And then came the always-popular "Hailstone Chorus," which was rendered in splendid style and encoored of course. I was particularly pleased with the unity displayed by the basses in the passage where "fire runs along the ground." Next comes the awful plague of darkness, and in the splendid

pianissimo of three thousand voices it seemed really as if the darkness might be felt. But now comes the best performed chorus of the day—"He smote all the first-born of Egypt," sung very *staccato* indeed. All the choruses were sung finely, but this surpassed all others. The time was very rapid and at times one could almost hear the sword fall. In the next chorus the silvery tones of the last part came out beautifully, and the Egyptians rejoiced in right barbarous style at the departure. Not that the chorus was poorly sung—just the reverse, it was sung gloriously and with fine effect, though not generally appreciated. In the next chorus the contrast between the *fortissimo*: "He rebuked the red sea" and the *piano* passage: "And it was dried up," was very striking. I had thought the effect very grand when I first heard it in the Handel and Haydn, but how much more grand was it from such a chorus!

But it is useless to name each chorus, for all were grand; but the great one: "I will sing unto the Lord," deserves especial mention, both on account of its own greatness and the manner in which it was sung. It was very grand to hear the theme constantly breaking out from different parts of the choir, while also in all directions the "horse and his rider" go galloping into the sea. Nor should I omit especial mention of that most beautiful chorus: "The depths have covered them," and the difficult one: "The people shall hear and be afraid." The duet: "The Lord is my strength," was sung by Madame SNERINGTON and CLARA NOVELLO, in very good style. "The Lord is a man of war," was finely rendered by Signor BELLETTI and Mr. WEISS, and was encoored. Sims Reeves sang magnificently in the air: "The enemy said I will pursue," and was obliged to repeat it. Oh what a voice that man has! It is not at all like an Italian tenor, but a robust English voice, just suited for oratorio, but not suited for the stage. He is a perfect idol of the Londoners who are willing to overlook any of his freaks, and he has many. One of his failings is a habit of being suddenly indisposed just before a concert, which is not at all pleasant for an individual who may have paid half a guinea for the purpose of hearing him sing. But like some other tenors, he will take liberties.

The concert was finally at an end and also the Festival, and we were left to look back upon it as among the things that were.

Could the great composer himself have been present on those three days and heard his glorious music sung by such a choir, what would have been his feelings? Would he not have felt that genius was at last appreciated? For no common writer would these people have collected from all parts of the kingdom; but Handel was not a common man. The Festival was thoroughly a success in every sense of the word. One thing I would like to speak of which caught my attention. When we were performing "Israel" in Boston, the orchestra had no flutes or clarinets, and, I think no horns. These were all used at the Festival. As I was told in Boston that no parts were written for these instruments, this fact struck me.

Well, never again do I expect to hear Handel so sung as on those three days, but I hope that at some future time, the Handel and Haydn Society will be found in such a condition as to enable them to produce any work in the best style. I wish they could all have heard how like one great voice each part entered on a chorus. Each singer seemed to feel that he or she must sing, whether any body else sang or not, and that is the only true way to sing such music. If members cannot sing the music they should either practise at home or leave the society.

I have now given you an account of the three great days of this great musical feast. It was got up on a gigantic scale and was successful—on the first two days about twenty thousand persons were present, and on the third day upwards of *twenty-six thousand*. As the tickets ranged from five shillings to two guineas each for each day, we may reasonably conclude that not much money was lost. And now, the Handel fever is at such a height, that certain public-spirited gentlemen are trying to found a "Handel College," for the education of the orphans of musicians. God speed the good work! say I, and may the College turn out a vast number of excellent musicians. My story is told. W. H. D.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 27, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Cantata: "Morning," by REES, Continued.

How Chorus Parts ought to be Printed.

Every person who has ever taken part in, or been present at, the rehearsals of an Oratorio or of any formidable choral composition—at all events every earnest and hard-working musical conductor, knows too well the numerous drawbacks and annoyances that always waste a very solid portion of the few and precious hours in which it is possible to bring together several hundred singers for such practice. The continual stoppings to correct an error, whether in the singers or in the copy that they sing from; the losing the place, and the long time it takes for all to find it; above all, the difficulty which the conductor has of making his singers understand at just what measure and what note he wishes them each time to recommence; the wandering away of those in rank and file while others are drummed back; the time wasted also in correcting a false accent or expression, made through ignorance, but which might just as well have been avoided by some clear indication in the notes,—these, and fifty other little petty plagues eat up the time which ought to be kept whole for real practice and for solid movement of the whole mass onward.

And it seems not a little strange that, after such long and uniform experience of these hindrances, some simple method has not been devised, some system of little signs and warnings on the printed part in every singer's hand, whereby he may never fail to understand, in every single measure, the precise relation he sustains to the whole choir. Any group of experienced conductors, who should talk the matter over, would at once agree upon the points requiring to be met; they would all have the same experience to report: how easy then to settle on some method for, so to speak, the stoppage of these leaks!

From an article which we have just read in the *Leipsic Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, we infer that the thing has at last been effectually done—at least in one instance, which may be easily, and should be, imitated. In April last Bach's famous Mass in B minor was performed in the Thomas Church, at Leipsic, by the choral society called the "Riedelsche Verein." CARL RIEDEL, from whom the society takes its name, and who seems to be one of those models of a thorough, indefatigable, artist-like conductor, having painfully noted in his experience with his choir the difficulties referred to, went to the trouble of carefully arranging and getting printed the voice parts of the Mass, in such a way that, while the exact score as Bach left it was clearly distinguishable, each page was full of useful signs and expression marks of his own invention, embodying the results not merely of his own, but of every intelligent conductor's experience in the bringing out of such music by means of a great choir. The principal points are these:

1. Every bar (measure) of the piece is numbered. This saves at least one quarter of the time given to rehearsal, which otherwise would be lost in blind efforts to find the place, whenever a repetition from a certain point is ordered. Without this, however ready the rest may be in finding the place, one or two slow ones may keep the whole choir waiting.

2. The insertion of *leading notes* (or *cues*, theatrically speaking); i. e. before each new entrance of a part, the last note or two of the other parts, which lead into it, are noted down in small characters, so as to obviate the difficulty of hitting the absolute pitch of a starting note. To be sure, one may learn his part all through mechanically; but that costs time and does not at all improve his faculty of reading.

3. Short marks or strokes over certain notes, to warn

the singers of their peculiar difficulty of intonation, and that they are to be taken with the sharpest accuracy.

4. *Phrase marks*, showing how the words are to be grouped and separated, independently of mere punctuation. A point over the last note of each phrase indicates that it is to be lightly dropped, to allow of taking breath for the next phrase and of attacking the next note in season. Every director knows what unity and clearness this imparts to chorus singing.

5. *Points over notes*, indicating a light and clear enunciation of the syllables, and not any *staccato* effect.

6. *Accents*. The usual bar lines merely show the singer the relation of the notes to one another. But were he to regulate his accent solely by the strong and weak parts of the measure, he would achieve, especially in polyphonic composition, a very stiff and unartistic result. (The chorus parts of the 16th and 17th centuries contain *no bars*.) The accent depends: 1) on the weight of the notes; 2) on their position relatively to surrounding notes; 3) on their harmonic importance; 4) on the natural accent of the syllables. The marks relate to all these points. For instance, it is a well-known rule that dissonances must be accented. Accordingly, when a prolonged note forms a dissonance with an entering note, the former (to be held and accented) is marked with a swell, thus — and, at the point of the dissonance, with the additional little accent, thus > or V .—These signs do not aim at "effects of execution," but only to secure the *purity of choral singing*.

7. Marks relative to the clear coming in of the themes, &c., &c.

8. *Strengthening of one part by voices borrowed from another*. A most useful device. Suppose the second sopranos have to enter, on a low pitch, while all the other voices are in full blast; you bring to their support a portion of the altos. (Bach meant the part for boys, whose voices are stronger on the low notes). The director, of course, must judge of the applicability of this means, according to the materials of his choir.

9. Finally, some remarks, (applicable to all singing of Masses, "Stabat Mater," "Lauda Sions," &c.,) about the Latin and German (or English) text. Herr Riedel's remarks are worth quoting on this head. He says: "Unquestionably the Latin is more easy to enunciate with accuracy; it also has more sensuous euphony, although the German [English] has many words superior in sonorous beauty to their Latin equivalents. For singers and hearers, who can *understand and feel the Latin*, this language is altogether to be preferred. But such singers and hearers form by far the smallest number. To most of them the Latin is a dead language, and with them it would be a matter of indifference if for the Mass text were substituted other Latin words, equally manageable, but not in the least suited to the spirit of the music. A translation on the programme helps but little, however close to the original, since single words and phrases still remain unclear, and the music rushes by before their sense is caught. But the German [Eng.] word tells upon Germans [Americans] *immediately* and quickens the right feeling, so that the singer can sing with understanding and sympathetically, and the hearer follow undisturbed the course of the music. But if our singers, who have no knowledge of the Latin, do prefer this tongue in singing, the reason lies, first in the greater convenience of enunciation, and then in the prevailing thoughtlessness which too many bring to their singing. To them choral singing can be nothing more than vocalized instrumental music."

We have thus given most of the substance of Herr Riedel's preface to his edition of the chorus parts of Bach's Mass. He ends with expressing the hope that these hints may help to the study of that difficult, but noble work. And why, we may ask, shall

they not do the same service in regard to the "Messiah," the "Israel in Egypt," the "Elijah," Mozart's "Requiem," &c.? Why will not our conductors, our Zerrahns and Dresels, our Bergmanns and Eisfelds, agitate the matter, and make or cause to be made, with utmost care, by competent authorities, similar part-copies of the works practiced in our various societies? And why should not some of our leading music publishers find their account in issuing the voice parts of several oratorios, &c., on this plan?

Musical Chit-Chat.

The next event of much importance in our Art world, is to be one which will transact itself at many points at once, both in this country and in Europe, under the form of "SCHILLER Festivals." The one hundredth anniversary of the great German poet's birth falls on the 11th of November, and the Germans, in New York especially, and other cities of the United States, are making enthusiastic preparations to celebrate the day. They will of course have the sympathy of thousands of students and admirers of German literature, and especially of Schiller, among our own countrymen. The Germans here in Boston are determined not to remain passive while their brethren in the other cities are engaged in this inspiring patriotic act; and a movement has commenced already in the "Orpheus Glee Club," that genial circle of the sons of harmony, to prepare a worthy Festival in Boston. The whole responsibility of the affair will be, as it should be, with our German fellow citizens, whose national pride of course is interested; but sympathizers of all other countries will be welcomed to the feast. The exercises are not fully determined upon, but will probably consist of a concert in the Music Hall, addresses, in German and in English, perhaps a poem or two, by distinguished friends of German literature; recitations from Schiller; *tableaux vivants*, illustrating his plays and poems; a banquet, &c., &c. We shall return to the subject.

We are (anonymously) informed, that Mr. A. B. WINCH, a teacher of music in Taunton, Mass., has composed a Cantata, which he has entitled "Demetrius," and which he intends to produce in that town on the 13th of September. It is composed of choruses and four solo parts in character, to wit: baritone, Mr. A. B. WINCH; basso, Mr. J. C. TURNER; soprano, Miss C. CROSSMAN; contralto, Miss MARY DEAN. May it achieve immortality! . . . Signor STRINI (our old friend Gabetta in *Lucrezia* and also *Il Commendatore* with the ponderous marble tones?), with Miss CECILIA FLORES, "the charming American prima donna," Mr. H. MILLARD, "the great American tenor," and Mr. CHARLES FRADEL, "pianist to H. R. H., the Duke of Saxe-Weimar," have "turned up" this week as concert-givers in New London, Conn. A duet from "Don Juan," Rossini's *Largo al Factotum*, the trio from Verdi's *Attila*, an air from *Ernani*, a song by Kücken, Brahms's "Death of Nelson," &c., figure in the programme of last Tuesday.

Of the arrangements for the SCHILLER Centenary on the 11th of November, in New Orleans, the *Picayune* tells us:

The Thalia Club, composed of German gentlemen, and of which Mr. Theodore Von La Hache is director, have voted to celebrate it by performing Schiller's famous "Song of the Bell," the music of which was composed by Andreas Homberg, ("Die Glocke"). The New Orleans Academy of Music have also agreed to lend their valuable assistance upon the occasion and the services of Mr. Cripps, one of their most useful directors, have been enlisted in the cause. Ample provisions have been made for securing a complete orchestra, the number of tenor and bass singers will be about forty, and a proportionate force of sopranos and contraltos will be engaged. Already have there been two rehearsals, and things are going on finely.

The New York *Evening Post* reports the following items from the Italian musical papers:

Mercandante has been visiting Florence, where one of his pupils, the Cavalier Mabellini, honored him with a grand concert and reception, the programme being composed exclusively of selections from Mercandante's works, rendered by the best singers in Florence. Laborde and Poinset were by last accounts at Paris, without professional engagements. Verdi's *Traviata* has been produced at Granada, in Spain, under the very shadow of the Alhambra. Graziani, the tenor, and brother of the baritone who sang at Castle Garden, is engaged for the next season at Rome. Verdi has produced at Milan a new cantata or operetta, called *the Battle of Legnano*, which even his most devoted admirers acknowledge to be a failure. An English girl named Jackson, was the prima donna, and alone saved the piece from proving an utter fiasco. Our old favorite, Stofanoni, has been engaged for the San Carlo at Naples. It is rumored that Amber, now over 70 years old, is writing a new opera, to be called *Pauline*. Borghi-Mamo is to receive at the Italian Opera, Paris, twelve hundred dollars a month. Eliza Hensler, the American prima donna, has been engaged for the next opera season at Oporto, Spain.

The *Evening Express* gives us some further particulars of the death of Signor CORELLI:

For some two years or more, he had suffered from a complication of nervous diseases, caused by unfortunate speculations,

and troubles in connection with the presentation of the canon to Sardinia, which we may not here relate; he had tried every remedy, and even placed himself in several of the insane asylums of our country, but to no purpose. His *sane insanity* could not be cured.

At the time of his death he had been residing with an Italian family in Brooklyn, N. Y., seemingly in pretty good health, except for a sleeplessness, which was heavily upon his constitution. For a change he went to Newton, Long Island, and on Saturday, Aug. 6th, took a little dose of morphia, which, failing to affect him, he doubled, in the desperate desire for sleep. This it was that caused his death. The potion was taken when in the full possession of his senses, hence the supposition of suicide may be destroyed forever. He was found on Monday, when all the appliances of the medical art were brought to bear upon him, but without avail. A letter from the Italian friend, with whom he resided, was found in his pocket, and that gentleman was immediately summoned. The report that Signor Corelli's pecuniary affairs were in a bad condition is false, the fact being that he has left quite a property, invested in this city and in New York, after having assisted his family in Italy, during a series of years. His death frustrated his immediate design of returning to Europe, where he intended to pass the remainder of his days.

ADOLPHE ADAM, the famous composer of light French operas, has written a book, just published in Paris, which the London *Athenæum* notices as follows:

Last Recollections of a Musician—[*Derniers Souvenirs*, &c.] By Adolphe Adam. (Paris, Lévy.)—Our musical readers may perhaps recollect that we have always professed a higher value for Adolphe Adam, whether as man or as musician, than severe persons warrant; and this without pretending that we hold a pound of feathers as more precious than a pound of lead. We know not where to direct them to a more agreeable volume than this, which contains reprints of past *feuilletons*. The subjects are, the "Youth of Haydn" (a composer who just now enjoys greater favor in France than in any other country), Rameau, Gluck and Méhul, Monsigny, Gossec, Berton, Cherubini, the "Stabat Mater" of Signor Rossini, the "Dame Blanche" of Boieldieu, Donizetti, and a concert given by M. Marrast, during the short-lived glories of 1849. All these subjects, though touched with a hand light rather than pedantic, are reasoned out with a knowledge and—rarer still—a common sense not common in writers concerning Music. If composer of opera ever stood at the Antipodes to composer of opera, it was Cherubini to Adam; yet the latter could speak of the former in terms of unaffected admiration and reverence, these not excluding nice appreciation of a character, the defects of which, on the surface, far outnumbered its attractions. "As a man," writes Adam, "Cherubini has been differently, and more than once, perhaps, unjustly, appreciated. Extremely nervous, brusque, irritable, absolute in his independence, his first movements almost always gave an unfavorable impression. He easily fell back on his nature, which was excellent, though he made efforts to disguise it under an outside the least possible flattering. Thus, in spite of the unevenness of his temper, [some there were who pretended that he had the evenest of possible tempers, as he was always in a passion] he was adored by those who surrounded him." Let us further recommend to all who care about French music—a number of students happily on the increase in this country, in spite of John Bull's obstinate resolution to have only one favorite school at a time—the pleasant monograph on Gossec. Then any Pre-Raphaelites (if such there be left) in sacred music might do worse than gravely consider the chapter on Signor Rossini's "Stabat," though it will hit them in the teeth by its declaration (in which we heartily share), that orthonox Church Art has no elect century, that the Acanthus is no more essentially a Pagan flower than the *Herba Benedicta* is a Christian one, and that the unalterable nature of symbols is to none more perilous than to those attempting to fix it, forgetting the while how many of the Christian symbols were merely wrested from Paganism, to be put to the uses of the newer and more generous creed. But enough in regard to this agreeable volume, which should raise its writer far above such contempt as fitly hangs over the tombs of the Triflers.

Music Abroad.

London.

Tuesday, July 26th, was a great day for the Royal Italian Opera—and a new triumph for M. Meyerbeer. The production of the *Pardon de Plœrmel* will constitute an epoch in the history of the opera in this country, and the laurels that encircle the brow of its composer derive fresh lustre from the leaf that has been added. The success of *Linorah* surpassed expectation.

The Parisian audience at the Opéra-Comique, on the 4th of April, were enthusiastic; but the Covent Garden audience, on Tuesday, were both enthusiastic and exacting. Meyerbeer, for instance, at the first performance in Paris, was only summoned forward

at the descent of the curtain. Here, on the contrary, he was brought on after each act. We remember no success more genuine. No fault was found; no disappointment experienced.

M. Meyerbeer seems at once to have conciliated enemies (if there were any to be conciliated), enchanted the general public, and disarmed criticism. Censure was dumb, and all who talk of the *Pardon de Ploërmel* talk in rapture. Certainly no opera of Meyerbeer's has made a more decided hit on its first introduction to this country. Much may be attributed to there being no grand choral displays, no complicated ballets, no thrilling incidents, historical or social, no national feuds or political evolutions, no religious dissensions involving the fate of kingdoms, in the opera, to interpose their claims and to distract attention. A simple story, founded on a wild legend of superstitious peasant life, constitutes the thread upon which the gifted composer has hung no end of pearls. No one cares much about Hoël, the goatherd who hides himself in the forest for a year to become wealthy, without troubling himself as to what becomes of Dinorah; nor is it easy to sympathize with Dinorah, who, mad from the beginning, is chiefly employed in running after a goat or coquetting with her own shadow. And who minds Corentin, the cowardly hind and cornemuse-player? The story, nevertheless, affords admirable opportunities for musical illustration, which M. Meyerbeer has turned to eminent advantage. The very nature of the tale must have presented fascinations to the musician, desirous to let the world know that sumptuous shows, stirring high-flown themes, and gigantic events, were not indispensable to his muse. The *libretto* suited him in many respects, the subject being romantic, while confined to pastoral life, and novel in the midst of its simplicity. Moreover, there was a storm, an inundation; a bereaved maiden, to sing snatches of wild tunes, and to come and go, like Ariel, at the touch of the composer's wand; a piper to blow the *cornemuse*, and make the fool of the piece; there were goatherds and reapers, marriage feasts and processions, all tending, if properly brought into one frame, to give a very pretty idea of Arcadian life. M. Meyerbeer, perceiving these advantages at a glance, overlooked the absurdities. How he has illustrated the various incidents and sentiments, how he has grouped the characters, and how he has individualized them, we need not say. The music of *Dinorah*, if less gorgeous, grand, and lofty than much he has wedded to more absorbing subjects, has not been surpassed in grace, invention, melodic beauty, newness of idea, originality of treatment, and *finesse* of coloring. No opera of Meyerbeer's, we venture to assert, is more replete with tune than *Dinorah*, and with that sort of tune which will find its way at once into the popular ear. For this reason, we think, the new opera will take its place among the most consummate achievements of its composer's genius.

Of the general performance a word or two must suffice. Mad. Miolan Carvalho, from the Théâtre Lyrique, one of the most distinguished vocalists on the Parisian stage, though nervous at the beginning, and perplexed by an arena of vaster dimensions than any to which she had been accustomed, inclined, too, to force her voice and thus imperil her intonation, rapidly improved as she advanced, and in the end succeeded triumphantly. She is a singer of the same school as Madame Marie Cabel, essentially French in voice and manner, with less individual charm but more dramatic intensity than her eminent contemporary, an organ of much the same compass, hardly so sweet in quality but perhaps (further experience will decide) more flexible and more completely at command, together with a stage demeanor and familiarity with stage discipline in no respect inferior. To the success of Madame Didiée and her very efficient delivery of the interpolated air allusion has been made. Signor Graziani has rarely sung with greater care and general correctness than in the part of Hoël (one so entirely strange to his idiosyncrasy), but it is only in the last act that he makes any attempt at histrionic expression. Signor Gardoni astonished everyone—not so much by the artistic excellence of his singing, which, being an acknowledged musician, might have been anticipated from him on such an occasion—as by the sustained animation of his acting, if not absolutely comic, so near to it as almost to be admitted for proxy. In the eulogic Mademoiselle Marai and Madame Didiée distinguished themselves favorably by their execution of the goatherds' *villanella*, and Signor Baraldi especially so in the Song of the Reaper. The Hunter's song does not seem to suit the always painstaking and intelligent Sig. Tagliatich, but he and the others sang admirably in the "Paternoster." The chorus was unexceptionable, and the band beyond praise. When it is remembered that three months' rehearsals were found requisite for the production of the *Pardon de Ploërmel* in Paris,

and that something less than three weeks' preliminary study, with only two full rehearsals, enabled Mr. Costa (under the personal superintendence of M. Meyerbeer) to insure such a remarkable performance as that of the Italian version of the same opera on Tuesday night, under the title of *Dinorah*; or, *Il Pellegriaggio di Ploërmel* (with the additional difficulty springing from the fact of the dialogue being turned into elaborately accompanied recitative), some idea of the value of that gentleman's services may be obtained; and M. Meyerbeer would, we are sure, be the first to allow that no one after himself, the composer of the work, had a juster claim to the enthusiastic approbation of the public.—*Mus. World*.

DRURY LANE.—The production of Signor Verdi's *Vêpres Siciliennes*, on Wednesday night, was highly creditable to the management; and its unequivocal success made it a matter of regret that the step had not been taken earlier in the season.

The *Vêpres Siciliennes*, composed for the Académie Impériale, was first represented on the 13th of June, 1855. The cast included Mlle. Sophie Cruvelli, as Hélène; M. Gueymard, Henri; M. Bonnehée, De Montfort; and M. Obin, Jean of Procida. All the resources of the opera were made available, and an unequivocal success was the result. Mlle. Sophie Cruvelli, for whom the part of Hélène was expressly composed, achieved a triumph; and the divertissement of *The Four Seasons* was pronounced one of the greatest choregraphic achievements of the theatre. The *libretto*, by MM. Scribe and Duveyrier, was indirectly founded on the disputed historical incident of the "Sicilian Vespers," and more immediately on M. Casimir Delavigne's tragic play, written some five and twenty years before. The plot of the operatic *libretto* differs considerably from that of the tragedy. The principal characters, the Duchess Hélène, De Montfort, the governor of Palermo, and Procida, the chief conspirator, are retained; all the others are imaginary.

The music of *Les Vêpres Siciliennes* is written with more than usual care, and several of the airs have obtained a well-deserved popularity. As examples we may name the *bolero*, for Hélène in the last act, "Merci, jeunes amies," a florid, brilliant, and effective *morceau*; the romance for Henri, "La brise souffle au loin"—one of the most simple and beautiful melodies Verdi has produced; the air for Montfort, "Au sein de la puissance," introduced into the overture; and the song "Et toi, Palerme," for Procida. In the concerted music too, there are occasionally flashes of genius which show Sig. Verdi at his best. Of course there is one grand finale in which the composer puts forth all his strength. This occurs at the end of the third act, when the conspirators, headed by Hélène and Procida, are foiled in their attempt to assassinate De Montfort, by Henri, who has first discovered his relationship to the governor (his own "governor"). Sig. Verdi has made good use of this situation, and worked it up with dramatic effect. The duet between Montfort and Henri (when the latter learns he is the son of the former, and the former admits he is the father of the latter), is in the popular composer's most telling manner. The quick movement, admirably sung by Signors Mongini and Fagotti, was encoored with enthusiasm on Wednesday night. Taken as a whole, the last act of the *Vêpres Siciliennes* is perhaps the best.

The ballet music is all good, the *tarentella* in the second act being worthy of Auber himself. The *divertissement* of *The Four Seasons* is too long for an English audience, and in fact had to be largely curtailed on the second night of performance, three of the "Seasons" being given the sack, and Autumn (the clever and agile Mlle. Boschetti) remaining undisputed mistress of the planks.

The cast of the opera was as follows: Hélène, Mlle. Titiens; Amigo (Henri), Signor Mongini; De Montfort, Signor Fagotti; Procida, Signor Vialletti; &c., &c. To Mlle. Titiens and Signor Mongini unqualified praise is due. Mlle. Titiens sang magnificently, and acted with extraordinary vigor and passion. At the close of the fourth act, when Hélène and Procida are led to the scaffold, the conflicting emotions that agitated the bosom of the heroine, were portrayed with wonderful truth and intensity by Mlle. Titiens. This scene produced the greatest effect of the evening, and resulted not only in a recall for all the artists, but a universal summons for Mr. E. T. Smith.

Signor Mongini was almost irreproachable in his execution of the arduous music allotted to Henri. We are glad to find that honest advice is not thrown away on this richly gifted artist. His Henri is really a fine performance. In one or two instances his singing, for intensity and passion, could hardly have been surpassed, while his acting throughout was manly and unaffected. Signors Vialletti and Fagotti were more than satisfactory.

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Rain, rain, rain. Words by Carpenter. *Glover.* 25

A pretty and striking imitation of the well known Raindrop music, poetically conceived. Easy.

The singing wife. Comic Song. *Albert Smith.* 25

The import of this song is easily guessed from the title. It will suffice to say, that the idea of ridiculing the mania for singing in a young wife (which is certainly no new one) has been carried out excellently. It is a very funny thing, and would just be the piece for a small entertainment.

Song of the Mocking bird. *F. H. Pease.* 25

Mr. Pease, who is favorably known to the musical public as chief editor of the Western Bell Glee Book, has here written a charming song,—stolen from nature, we might almost feel tempted to say. It is a continual sweet warbling. A flute chimes in (ad libitum) imitating each little phrase of the voice in the upper octave. The song is a gem.

Elfin Waltzes. Violin and Piano. *Jos. Labitzky.* 35

The complete set of these beautiful waltzes, and nothing changed or omitted.

Instrumental Music.

The Dragon Fly. (Nebelbilder.) *Th. Oesten.* 25

Shower of pearls. " " " 25

Of sterling value as teaching pieces for beginners after the first, perhaps second quarter, according to the ability and diligence of the pupil. The Shower of pearls is a very neat little Tremolo-study; the Dragon Fly abounds in arpeggios of small compass. Both profitable and amusing.

Funeral March by Chopin. Simplified by *G. F. West.* 30

The original, beautiful "Marche funèbre," from Chopin's Sonata, opus 26, abounds in those difficulties which are peculiar to this author's compositions, and can be thoroughly mastered by only very few players, comparatively speaking. Mr. West, who has rendered many a similar service to the English student before, has, with his acknowledged good judgment and respect for the idea of the master, furnished a copy, which is only moderately difficult, and in which, we dare say, only some little traits of the original are lost, which are after all of no consequence.

Books.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 387. BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1859. VOL. XV. No. 23.

Translated for this Journal.

Extracts from "Les Grotesques de la Musique," by Hector Berlioz.

II. PETTY MISERIES OF GRAND CONCERTS.

It is at the annual festival of Baden that these little miseries make themselves cruelly felt. And yet everything is arranged in favor of the *chef d'orchestre* who has to organize the concert; no mean economy is imposed on him, no manner of restriction. M. Bénazet, persuaded that the best course is to leave him to act freely, meddles with nothing . . . except paying. "Do things royally," says he, "I give you *carte blanche*." Exactly so! it is only thus that one can produce anything grand or beautiful in music. You laugh, do you not, and you think of Jean Bart's reply to Louis XIV:

"Jean Bart, I have appointed you chief of a squadron!

—Sire, you have done well!"

Laugh, laugh, as much as you please. Jean Paul was right though. Yes, sire, you have done well, and it were much to be desired that, to command squadrons, none but marines were ever taken. It were much to be desired, too, that, Jean Bart once appointed, Louis XIV. would never come to control his manoeuvres, to suggest ideas to him, to trouble him by his fears and play with him the first scene of Shakspeare's *Tempest*.

In spite of such means placed at his disposal, and of this precious liberty of using them at will, it is still a rude task for the *chef d'orchestre* to bring to successful execution such a festival as that of Baden, so numerous are the little obstacles, and the influence of the minutest may be so subversive of the *ensemble* in all enterprises of this nature. The first torment which he has to undergo comes almost always from the singers, and above all from the *cantatrice*, with regard to the arrangement of the programme. Aware beforehand of this difficulty, he takes two months in advance to obviate it:

"What will you sing, Madame?"

—I do not know. . . . I will reflect upon it. . . . I will write you."

A month passes, the *cantatrice* has not reflected and has not written. Fifteen days more are uselessly employed in soliciting from her a decision. Then we set out from Paris; we make a provisional programme in which the title of the piece to be sung by *la diva* is left blank. Finally the designation of this much desired *morceau* arrives. It is an air by Mozart. Well. But the *diva* has not the music of this air, there is not time enough left to have the orchestral parts copied, and she will not, must not sing it with a piano accompaniment. An obliging theatre will lend us the orchestral parts. All is in order; the programme is published. This programme comes to the eyes of the *cantatrice*, who suddenly is frightened at the choice she has made. "The concert is immense," she writes to the conductor; "the various grandiose parts of this rich programme

make my *poor* *morceau* of Mozart appear small enough, meagre enough. Decidedly I will sing another aria, that from *Semiramide*: 'Bel raggio. You will easily find the orchestral parts of this air in Germany, and if you do not find them, please to write to the director of the Théâtre Italien in Paris; he will no doubt make haste to send them.' On the receipt of this letter, we immediately get new programmes printed, and a strip pasted on the show-bill to announce the scena from *Semiramide*. But we have not been able to find the orchestral parts of the air in Germany, and we have not thought it our duty to beg M. le directeur of the Théâtre Italien in Paris to send across the Rhine the entire opera of *Semiramide*, from which it would not be possible to abstract the aria to be accompanied. The *cantatrice* arrives; we meet at a general rehearsal:

"Eh bien! we have not the music of *Semiramide*; you will be obliged to sing with a piano for accompaniment.

—Ah! *mon Dieu!* but that will be like ice.

—No doubt.

—What is to be done?

—I do not know.

—What if I return to my air from Mozart?

—You will do wisely.

—In that case let us rehearse it.

—With what? We no longer have the music; by your orders, it has been returned to the theatre at Carlsruhe. We must have music for the orchestra, if you wish the orchestra to play. You inspired singers always forget these vulgar details. It is very material, very prosaic, I admit; but so it is."

At the following rehearsal, the orchestral parts of Mozart's opera have been brought; all is arranged anew. The programmes are re-made, the show-bill re-corrected. The conductor announces to the musicians that they are about to rehearse the air of Mozart; all are ready. The *cantatrice* then advances and says with that irresistible grace of hers:

"I have an idea, I will sing the air from the *Domino noir*.

—Oh! ah! ha! ha! psch! krrrr! . . . Monsieur le Kapellmeister, have you in your theatre the opera which Madame mentions?

—No, monsieur.

—Eh bien, what then?

—Then I must resign myself to the air by Mozart?

—Resign yourself, believe me."

At length we commence; the *cantatrice* has resigned herself to the *chef d'œuvre*. She covers it with embroidery, as one might have foreseen. The *chef d'orchestre* hears resounding within him stronger than before, that eloquent exclamation, Krrrr! and, inclining towards the *diva*, he says to her in his sweetest voice and with a smile that seems to have nothing of constraint:

"If you sing this *morceau* so, you will have enemies in the hall, I warn you.

—Do you believe so?

—I am sure of it.

—Oh! *mon Dieu!* but . . . pray advise me . . . it is perhaps necessary to sing Mozart simply, just as he is. True, we are in Germany; I did not think of that. . . . I am ready for anything, Monsieur.

—Yes, yes, courage; risk this *coup de tête*; sing Mozart simply. There were in those times airs, you see, designed to be embroidered, embellished by the singers; but those were generally written by the valets of the *cantatrice*, and Mozart is a master: he even passes for a great master, one not wanting in taste."

The air is recommenced. The *cantatrice*, determined to drain the eup to the dregs, sings this miracle of expression, of sentiment, of passion, of beautiful style, simply; she changes nothing in it but two measures, for the honor of the *corps*. Scarcely has she finished when five or six persons, who arrived in the hall at the moment when the piece was recommenced, advance toward the singer, full of enthusiasm, and exclaim: "Madame, a thousand compliments; how purely and simply you do sing indeed! That is the way in which the masters ought to be interpreted; it is delicious, admirable! Ah! you comprehend Mozart!"

Chef d'orchestre aside: "Krrrr!!"

III. CAN'T DANCE IN MI.

A dancer who, in Italy, had risen to the very clouds, came to make his *début* in Paris. He demands the introduction, in the ballet in which he is to appear, of a *pas* which was worth avalanches of flowers to him at Milan and at Naples. They comply. The general rehearsal comes; but this dance tune, for one reason or another, had been copied a tone higher than in the original score.

They commence; the dancer bounds up to the sky, pitches about an instant, then, redescending to the earth: "In what key are you playing, gentlemen?" says he, suspending for a while his flight. "It seems to me that my *morceau* fatigues me more than usual.

—We are playing in *mi*.

—My astonishment is gone. Please to transpose this Allegro and make it one tone lower; I can only dance it in *re*."

IV. A KISS FROM ROSSINI.

An amateur violoncellist had the honor of playing before Rossini.

"The great maestro," said our man, some ten years after, 'was so enchanted with my playing, that, interrupting me in the middle of a *cantabile*, he gave me a kiss upon the forehead. From that time, in order to preserve the illustrious imprint, I have never washed the spot."

V. A MODEL CRITICISM.

One of our *confrères* of the *feuilleton* made it a principle that a critic, who would jealously preserve his impartiality, should never see the pieces which it is his business to criticize, in order, said he, to withdraw himself from the influence of the

actors. This influence in fact exerts itself in three ways: first, in making a flat and ugly thing appear beautiful, or at least agreeable; then in producing the contrary impression, that is to say, in so destroying the physiognomy of a work as to render it repulsive, when it is noble and graceful in reality; and finally in letting us see nothing of the ensemble nor the details of the work, in effacing all, in rendering the whole incomprehensible or unintelligible. But what gave much originality to the doctrine of our *confrère*, was that he did not read the works of which he had to speak; in the first place because in general new pieces are not printed, and still more because he wished to escape the influence of the good or bad style of the author. This perfect incorruptibility obliged him to *compose* incredible accounts of pieces which he had neither seen nor read, or caused him to emit very piquant opinions about music which he had not heard.

I have frequently regretted that I had not the courage to put so fine a theory in practice; for the disdainful reader who, after a glance at the first lines of a feuilleton, lets the journal fall and thinks of something else, cannot imagine the pain which one experiences in listening to so great a number of new operas, and the pleasure it would be to the writer who has to give an account of them to be let off from witnessing them. Moreover there would be a chance for him, in criticizing what he does not know, to be original; he even might without misgiving, and consequently without partiality, be useful to authors in producing some invention capable of inspiring readers with a desire of seeing the new work. Whereas in using, as one generally does, the old method, in hearing, in studying to his best ability the pieces brought out for the entertainment of the public, one is forced to say always very nearly the same thing, since in fact it is always very nearly the same thing with which he has to do. And thus one does, unwittingly, a considerable wrong to a great number of new works; for what will induce the public to go and see them, after they have once been told really and clearly what they are!

The Last of Vauxhall.

On the 7th of June, 1732, Vauxhall Gardens were opened with a *ridotto al fresco*. The ceremonial was honored by the presence of Frederick Prince of Wales, and the distinguished company were masked and wore dominoes and lawyers' gowns. The admission fee was fixed at one guinea, and 400 persons assembled in the gardens. Order was kept by 100 Foot Guards, who were posted round the grounds and gave an imposing air to the scene. On the 25th of July, 1859, Vauxhall Gardens were closed for ever, with an *al fresco fête*. Albert Edward Prince of Wales was not present, and the company assembled wore the costumes of every-day life. The admission fee was on a humble scale, being fixed at 1s., and 15,000 persons assembled in the gardens. A rather successful attempt to keep order was made by numerous police-men posted in various parts of the grounds, and if their presence did not add to the brilliancy of the scene, it at least imparted a feeling of security to the more decently behaved amongst the spectators. The alpha and the omega of Vauxhall may be likened to France just before and during the first revolution. Its opening was marked by royal dignity; exclusiveness was its characteristic; there was no vulgar herd admitted, and the Foot Guards formed, as it were, a barrier which kept off the crowd from the aristocratic few who walked through the grounds, danced stately minuets, and listened to the music provided for their delectation. The close, on the other hand, was as if royalty had been upset by a fierce revolutionary mob; the people swarmed the grounds, jostling and elbowing their way, dancing in the maddest manner, shouting at the tops of their voices, revelling in strong

drinks, defying the authorities, and creating a saturnalia of the veritable mobocracy type.

Vauxhall was the one existing link amongst the places of amusement in the metropolis which connected the 19th century with the 17th and 18th, for, although the gardens proper opened in 1732, they had been in existence since about 1660, and the garrulous Pepys and the dignified Evelyn alike wrote of the sights and sounds to be seen and heard at the New Spring Gardens at Lambeth. But in 1732 they really commenced their reign of splendor, and from that year until 1840 they were opened every summer, without a single intermission. During that period Vauxhall experienced its rise and its fall. For years it was the resort of fashion; poets sang its praises, dramatists laid the scenes of their plays within its precincts. Goldsmith, Steele, and Addison described its attractions; Johnson praised it; Miss Burney, in her two popular novels, "Evelina" and "Cecilia," took her characters to Vauxhall; and Mr. Harrell, in the latter, is made to shoot himself there. Hogarth and Hayman adorned the alcoves and pavilions with their paintings. Handel, Arne, Boyce, and Carter composed for it. The first statue that Rouilliac ever chiselled was set up in the gardens; and Handel's celebrated "Firework Music" composed to celebrate the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, was rehearsed in the grounds and attracted 12,000 persons. In 1798 fireworks were established as an institution at Vauxhall, and four years after the first balloon ascent took place. For a long time Vauxhall proudly held up its head. Stately coaches-and-six, with their insolent lacqueys, drew up at its doors; the water stairs were besieged by boats; the walks were gay with beaux and belles, and lovers sighed in the sentimental shades of the Italian Walk. My Lord and Sir Harry quarrelled over their cups at the supper table, and drew their swords, friends interfered, high words ensued, weapons flashed in the air, and a general *mêlée* commenced which needed the guards to quell it. Veritably Vauxhall may have opened decorously, but its career was often a troublous one. The royal property outlived its rivals; Ranelagh succumbed, Bagnigge Wells disappeared, the Folly was broken up, and at last Vauxhall outlived itself! Taste changed, and the fashionable world deserted the place; the prices were lowered. Handel gave way to comic songs, rope-dancers were introduced, and intrepid horse-riders took possession of the ball-room; but no attempt was made to render the gardens more picturesque. The compe Strawberry-hill Gothic orchestra was still filled with musicians in cocked hats, which, when worn with modern costumes, were simply pieces of unmeaning absurdity. The Italian Walk still remained, dimly lit with glow-worm lamps; the old cracked plaster figures and groups were still there; the uncomfortable ugly boxes lined the walks; the immortal Simpson rose, had his day, and left as a legacy the recollection of his smirking politeness. The refreshments, too, were the same: there was the stereotyped chicken, the thinly-sliced ham, the bad champagne, and, above all, the terrible punch, all charged for at exorbitant prices, and all more or less indigestible and unsatisfactory. The gag of "ten thousand additional lamps" was freely resorted to in order to ward off the impending decay, but to no purpose. Once only within the past 20 years did Vauxhall hold up its head, and that was when Grisi and the opera company were engaged there; but this was a mere spasmodic flicker, and about that period the fatal step was taken that hastened its downfall—Vauxhall was opened by daylight, and the firework ground was converted into a hippodrome. This destroyed the enchantment; the public saw the gardens in all their naked deformity; their damp mouldiness was at once apparent, their decay, their battered condition, were plainly perceptible, in spite of paint and whitewash. The sharp pen of Charles Dickens at once seized upon the wretched place, and Vauxhall by Daylight is crucified in one of the sketches by Boz. In 1840 the gardens were closed, and in the following year they were offered for sale, but found no purchaser. From that period until the present time they have led a miserable existence, sometimes opened, but oftener closed. Lion-tamers, the "veteran aeronaut," Green, tight-rope dancers, ballet-girls, horse-riders, comic vocalists, have at times been in the ascendant. Speculators without money and speculators with money have in turn assumed the direction of the royal property, but they have met with no success. Blind to the fact that Vauxhall had had its day, they endeavored to force the poor old place upon the notice of the public. The presence of a few of a certain class kept respectable persons away, while the superior management and attractions of Cremorne kept away the bulk of that class itself. Of late the working orders resorted to the place, and beer on draught was dispensed from beneath the famed Gothic orchestra. When the saying arose

that it was sure to rain because Vauxhall was open, we know not; but certain it is that last year a good use was made of it by the manager, who advertised the gardens by means of men carrying umbrellas, on which was inscribed, "Vauxhall, open wet or dry." Last year the gardens were opened for some three months, but this season its career only ran to seven nights, the last of which was witnessed by Monday week last, and it is to be hoped that the pathetic words, "Farewell for ever!" which were exhibited amongst the illuminations and in fireworks, may be verified. It is high time that Vauxhall bid adieu to a public, which has long since taken its farewell of the royal property.

From whatever cause (says *The Standard*) the public were drawn together, it is certain that 15,000 persons crowded the gardens on Monday, the 25th ult., and the bills put forth the attractions of extra illuminations, extra concerts, extra horsemanship, and extra fireworks, all of which promises were faithfully kept. The last dancing was also highly appreciated, as the public not only danced on the platform, but indiscriminately over the grounds, and often entirely out of sound of the music. It is, however, to be doubted, whether the announcement of the last suppers and the last punch were looked upon as attractions, or whether the public were not extremely glad to have so suspicious a temptation (?) put out of their way. The director, Mr. G. Stevens, determined to outdo all who had gone before him, quadrupled the usual number of extra lamps, and put up 40,000 additional, a fact which it is impossible to dispute, as the gardens were much better lighted than usual, and the smell of oil was certainly 40,000 times stronger than on ordinary occasions. The fireworks were especially well received, and the audience indulged for the last time in the ejaculation of a superabundant number of genuine Vauxhall "oh's" and "ah's." The crowd assembled included many of the "people," and a tolerably strong sprinkling of those young "gentlemen," who consider it the greatest fun in the world to yell, shout, and walk six abreast, knocking up against any one that happens to come in their way. Up to the time of the last dance everything was tolerably orderly. It is true that an occasional fight, got up by the "gentlemen" alluded to, did take place, tumblers were also once or twice playfully launched at the heads of friends, and one or two pickpockets were ejected, but on the whole the crowd was quiet and well-behaved. At last came the *finale galop*, madly played and wildly danced; then there was a pause, the band rose from their seats, and amidst hisses of disappointment at the dancing being over, and cheers and laughter, the National Anthem was played. "Rule Britannia" followed; then "God save the Queen" again, and then rose the most tremendous cheers, amidst which the conductor bowed himself from the orchestra. But the band at the other end of the platform would not give in, but continued to pour forth a volume of sounds. Finding that such was the case, the conductor returned to the orchestra, and set to work again with the National Anthem, the audience roaring out the words and indulging in yells and cat-calls. At length the two bands came to an understanding, and amidst more cheering they brought their "labour of love" to an end. No sooner had the band finished than a rush was made to one of the trees on the platform, and the British public broke off twigs as souvenirs of Vauxhall, but with the small branches lamps were also pulled down. At first by ones and twos, and then by dozens, oil and glass fell on the platform amidst the yells and cheers of the audience, until at length the police interfered and were received with loud hisses. A row ensued, and was assisted by the persons standing on the tables in the supper rooms throwing a few empty bottles on to the platform. The constituted authorities, however, at length got the best of it, and the crowd, finding nothing better to do, indulged in a monster game of kiss-in-the-ring, which was carried on for some time with great spirit. While it was going forward the lamps were gradually expiring, and day was breaking. The old orchestra looked ghastly white in the early morning light; the "Ever" in the illumination "Farewell for ever" had disappeared; baskets filled with empty beer bottles dotted the walk by the refreshment boxes, and were guarded by sleepy waiters; the hats and coats of the audience were covered with dust, muslin dresses were soiled and crumpled, and even the young "gentlemen" seemed tired of hooting and shouting; but some couples still persisted in dancing to their own accompaniments, and the last spectacle that met our eyes as we bade farewell for ever to Vauxhall, was a couple of men with women's bonnets on their heads and parasols in their hands, wildly dancing a polka amidst the bysterical laughter of their "jolly companions."

The Vision of Vauxhall.

(From Punch.)

Comrades, you may leave me sitting in the mouldy arbor here,
With the chicken-bones before me and the empty punch-bowl
near.

"Rack" they called the Punch that in it fiercely fumed, and
freely flowed;
By the pains that rack my temples, sure the name was well
bestowed.

Leave me, comrades, to my musings, 'mid the mildewed timber
damps,
While from sooty branches round me splutter out the stinking
lamps.

While through rent and rotten canvas sighs the bone-mill la-
den breeze:
And the drip-drip statues glimmer through the gaunt and
ghastly trees.

And the seedy stucco crumbles from the orchestra hard by;
And the fire-work frames like gibbets rear their arms athwart
the sky.

And the monster platform stretches blank and bare beneath the
moon:

And the night-wind through the boxes wanders with an eerie
creon.

Let me sit and sadly ponder o'er the glories of Vauxhall:
Sink this mouldy mildewed Present; from its grave the Past
recal.

Is't the Punch that stirs my fancy—or the gooseberry Cham-
pagne,
Sets phantasmal shapes career through the chambers of my
brain?

Dimly, as through clouds a-steaming from a thousand fragrant
bowls,
Periwigged, pulvilio-scented, Charles the Second's revel rolls.

In gay doublet, trimmed and brodered, ribboned shoulder,
ribboned knee,
Brouncker rants, and Newport roysters, while Sam Pepys
stands by to see—

Sounds the nightingale's sweet twitter from the green trees
overhead;
Shrieks below the City Madam with Court gallants sore be-
stead.

Hark, 'tis pretty Mrs. Mercer, trolling out Tom D'Urfey's song:
Hark, to Castlemaine's loud laughter—brazen't of the brazen
throng.

Saucy Jennings with Count Grammont bandying the *mat pour
rire*;

Nell Gwynne fondling handsome Sidney, spite of Buckhurst
frowning near.

Charles himself, his black face hidden in a vizor blacker still,
Laughing, ogling, and oddsfishing, light of wit, and loose of
will.

See the cheesecake blithely broken, and the syllabubs afoam;
Hark at Thames, alive with boat-loads, for Spring Gardens, or
for home.

Drugget-aproned drawers bearing Claret and Canary-pottles,
For wild wits and hona-robos to refresh their thirsty throattles:

And through all, sly, smug Sam Pepys, with a twinkle in his
eye,
Taking careful note for entry in his Diary, by-and-by.

Thicker rise the fumes, and faster, but less furious streams
the rout,
As Queen Anne's decorous following bows the Merry Monarch's
out.

See the long, thin-faced Spectator, elbowing his silent way
For Sir Roger, close behind him, open-mouthed, and eyes
astray,

Rapt in wonder at the music, and the movement, and the
sights;
Elbowed by the vizored Madams, dazzled by the thousand
lights.

This way swaggers Steel, half tipsy, but still kindly in his
drink;

There good-humored little Gay to loose Mat Prior tips the
wink.

Swift stalks, rolling indignation in his blazing deep blue eye;
St. John laughs off state blue-devils with Lord Oxford smooth
and sly.

They have passed and now the Georges usher in a duller race.
Blank the scene, till sudden lighted by the look of Walpole's
face.

There he sits—the wizened watcher—cynical and calm and cool,
Ready to note others' follies, or himself to play the fool.

There the Petersham sits blazing with her rouge and saucy
stare;
There the crowd applauds the Gunnings—fairest sister of the
fair.

Here trots Boszy all in triumph with the Doctor on his arm;
While, not less triumphant, Goldy guards the "the Jessamy
bride" from harm.

Pass, familiar shadows, trooping, to the Land of Long-ago;
Let the Regency's hot orgies set more brimming bowls aflow.

Room for rampant Colonel Hanger! Bloods and Bucks of
Carlton House,

Box the watch, and smash the tables, shiver glass, and wax-
lights douse

Room for Prince Hal *redivivus*—petticoats and pimps and all—
Down before that wig so curly and that coat so creaseless, fall!

Room for Almack's maccaronis—room for Brooks's playmen
true,

March and Selwyn, Fox and Carlyle,—set the punch-bowls
blazing blue!

Masquerade and gay Ridotto blend the cream and scum of
town;

Statesman's toils, and senate's glories, with Soho's endearments
crown.

While o'erhead the ghost of Simpson lifts the ceremonial hat,
In deportment but inferior unto George the Great (by fat).

With such phantoms for evoking, shall I summon sorrier
shades?

Ghosts of gentish generations, — stray of shops and waif of
trades?

Shadows of cheap shilling gallas, flickerings of a dying flame;
Straws by desperate speculation clutched at, in its drowning
game?

No—amid these wretched ruins, trees all black and walks all
green—

Be the ghosts of my evoking such as graced the ancient scene.
Be they ghosts girt with a glory, somewhat sulphurous though
it be;

Ghosts of the Vauxhall that bath been—not of the Vauxhall
we see.

Cost of Eliza Cook's "Old Arm Chair."

Many of our readers are aware, no doubt, that there is a song called "The Old Arm Chair," written by a middle-aged young verse-spinner, called Eliza Cook. Several years ago Miss Cook was a celebrity in England. She wrote several lyrics which are popular to this day—partly owing to their simple beauty, earnestness and natural expression; partly owing to the "immortal music" to which they were wedded by Henry Russell, a gentleman who supplied the music to Mr. G. P. Morris's "Woodman, spare that tree," and thus gave it popularity.

Miss Cook, as we have said, was a celebrity. Many of her ballads have been sung wherever the English language is known; but they are not often heard now, for there is a fashion in songs, as there is in other things. The best proof of the oblivion into which Eliza Cook has fallen is that, desiring to refresh our memory about her, we successively looked into the "Men of the Time," (which has a supplement of eminent living women,) and did not find her there; into Knight's Cyclopædia, with like result; into Vapereau's Dictionnaire des Contemporaines, with equal ill-success. In Appleton's New American Cyclopædia is a brief notice. In Alibone's Dictionary of English Literature, however, we found the particulars which we required. Whoever else may be incorrect or careless, Alibone never is.

One of the ballads by which Miss Cook is best known, is "The Old Arm Chair," the sale of which has brought heaps of money to its publisher. We have heard that nearly half a million copies of this song, each at half a dollar, (the cost being about three cents,) have been disposed of. The following is a copy of the assignment of this lyric to its publisher:

"Received, May 14, 1841, of Mr. Charles Jeffreys, the sum of two pounds two shillings for copyright of words of a song written by me, entitled 'The Old Arm Chair,' music by Mr. Hine. ELIZA COOK."

There is a low-priced publication in London called the *Musical Bouquet*, the proprietors of which transferred to it, without leave asked or obtained from Mr. Jeffreys, the words and music of "The Old Arm Chair." Numerous copies of this publication were sold, each for six cents, by a Scottish bookseller named Kyle. Against him did Mr. Jeffreys commence a lawsuit in the Court of Sessions in Scotland, the object being to prevent any future sale of pirated copies of the song. In the words of the application, "to restrain the appellant (Kyle) from printing and selling, or having in his possession for sale or hire, without the consent of the respondent, the words of the song or poem known by the name of 'The Old Arm Chair,' alleged to have been unlawfully printed, without the consent of the respondent, the proprietor of the copyright, in No. 382 of the *Musical Bouquet*."

Mr. Jeffreys rested his title on two documents:

Miss Cook's receipt, as above, and the copy of the certificate of registration of ownership entered at Stationers' Hall, in conformity with the 5th and 6th of Victoria, cap. 45. It is declared by that statute, which contains very stringent provisions for the accuracy of the register, that such certified copies "shall be *prima facie* evidence of the proprietorship or assignment of copyright." He also called Mr. George Henry Davidson, music publisher in London, whose evidence was to the effect that Miss Cook had refused to deal with him in reference to "The Old Arm Chair," on the ground that she had assigned it to Mr. Jeffreys. Mr. Davidson subsequently obtained, for £10, the right to print and publish the song from Mr. Jeffreys. Miss Cook, on being told of the transaction, agreed at Mr. Davidson's request, to sit to Mr. Cruikshank for her portrait, to be prefixed to the proposed cheap edition.

On the other hand, Mr. Kyle contended that Mr. Jeffreys had shown no title to the song except the receipt of Miss E. Cook, which he submitted was not sufficient to transfer a copyright, and that Mr. Jeffreys, not having a sufficient title to the song, had no right to register it as his at Stationers' Hall.

This case, which has passed through various Courts of Law in Scotland, was finally decided, by the Court of Session in Edinburgh, in favor of Mr. Jeffreys. Against this decision Mr. Kyle appealed to the House of Lords, (which, as an ultimate Court of Appeal, is the most powerful tribunal in Great Britain,) and after hearing the argument the Law-Lords dismissed the appeal with costs. This judgment was given on June 27th, on which day Lord Campbell first took his seat on the woolsack as Lord Chancellor, and indeed, this "Old Arm Chair" case will be memorable not only on its own merits, but as literally being the first heard by Lord Campbell in his new capacity.

"With costs"—two very small words, with very great signification. What may have been the amount of costs, incurred by both parties, during this battle in the law-courts? About \$10,000, all of which Mr. Kyle must disburse. Franklin spoke of paying dearly for his whistle. But here is a man who pays yet more dearly for his song. From this time forth, in all probability, Mr. Kyle will not allow such an article of furniture as an "arm-chair," new or "old," within the four walls of his house. Indeed, when he puts his spectacles on to examine the items of the bill of costs, for which he has to pay about \$10,000, we should not wonder if he sit—on the stool of repentance.—*Philadelphia Press*, August 13.

Songs of the Blacks.

The only musical population of this country are the negroes of the South. Here at the North we have teachers in great number, who try to graft the love of music upon the tastes of our colder race. But their success is only limited. A few good singers are produced, and some fine instrumental performers; but the thing never becomes general. Music may, perchance, be the fashion for a winter; but it does not grow to a popular enthusiasm. It never becomes a habit or a passion of the people. We are still dependent on foreigners for our music. Italian singers fill our concert-rooms, and German bands parade our streets.

Throughout the country, the same holds true. Singing-masters itinerate from village to village, to give instructions in the tuneless art; but the most they can muster is a score or two of men and maidens to sing in church on Sunday. Brother Jonathan is awkward at the business, and sings only on set occasions. Let him be enrolled in the ranks of the choir, and placed in the front of the gallery, and he will stand up like a grenadier, and roll out lustily the strains of a psalm. But all his singing is done in public. He makes little music at home, or at most only on the Sabbath day. During the week his melodies are unheard. He does not go to his labor singing to himself along the road. No song of home or country, of love or war, escapes his lips, as he goes to his shop or follows the plough. Our mechanics work in silence, like convicts in a penitentiary. They go to their tasks, not with a free and joyous spirit that bursts into song, but with a stern, resolute, determined air, as if they had a battle to fight, or great difficulties to overcome.

Even the gentler sex, who ought to have most of poetry and music, seem strangely indifferent to it. Young ladies who have spent years in learning to play on the piano and sing Italian airs, drop both as soon as they are married. Enter their houses a few months later, and they tell you that they are out of practice: they have forgotten their music, their pianos are unopened, and their harps are unstrung.

Compared with our taciturn race, the African nature is full of poetry and song. The negro is a

natural musician. He will learn to play on an instrument more quickly than a white man. They have magnificent voices, and sing without instruction. They may not know one note from another, yet their ears catch the strains of any floating air, and they repeat it by imitation. The native melody of their voices falls without art into the channel of song. They go singing to their daily labor. The maid sings about the house, and the laborer sings in the field.

Besides their splendid organs of voices, the African nature is full of poetry. Inferior to the white race in reason and intellect, they have more imagination, more lively feelings, and a more expressive manner. In this they resemble the Southern nations of Europe. Their joy and grief are not pent up in the heart, but find instant expression in their eyes and voices. With their imagination, they clothe in rude poetry the incidents of their lowly life, and set them to simple melodies. Thus they sing their humble loves in strains full of tenderness. We at the North hear these songs only as burlesqued by our negro minstrels, with faces blackened with charcoal. Yet even thus all feel that they have a rare sweetness and melody.

Mingled with these love songs are many plaintive airs, which seem to have caught a tone of sadness and pathos from the hardships and frequent separations of their slave life. They are the songs of their captivity, and are sung with a touching effect. No song of a concert-room ever thrilled us like one of these simple African airs, heard afar off, in the stillness of a summer night. Sailing down the Mississippi, the voyager on the deck of the steamer may often hear these strains, wild, sad, and tender, floating from the shore.

But it is in religion that the African pours out his whole voice and soul. A child in intellect, he is a child in faith. All the revelations of the Bible have to him a startling vividness, and he will sing of the Judgment and the Resurrection with a terror or a triumph which cannot be concealed. In religion he finds, also, an element of freedom which he does not find in his hard life; and in these wild bursts of melody he seems to give utterance to that exultant liberty of soul which no chain can bind, and no oppression subdue. As hundreds assemble at a camp-meeting in the woods, and join in the chorus of such a hymn as

"When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,"

the unimpassioned hearer is almost lifted from his seat by the volume and majesty of the sound. No voices of well-trained choir in church or cathedral, no pealing organ nor mighty anthem, ever moved us like these voices of a multitude going up to God under the open canopy of heaven. Blessed power of music! that can raise the poor and despised above their care and poverty. It is a beautiful gift of God to this oppressed race, to lighten their sorrows in the house of their bondage.

Might not our countrymen all learn a lesson from these simple children of Africa? We are a silent and reserved people. Foreigners think us taciturn and gloomy. So we are, compared with the European nations. The Germans sing along the banks of the Rhine; the Swiss shepherd sings on the highest passes of the Alps, and the peasant of the Tyrol fills his vallies with strains wild as the peaks and the torrents around him. But Americans, though surrounded with everything to make a people happy, do not show outward signs of uncommon cheerfulness and content. We are an anxious, care-worn race. Our brows are sad and gloomy. Songless and joyless, the laborer goes to his task. This dumb silence is ungrateful in those who have such cause for thankfulness. Americans are the most favored people on earth, and yet they are the least expressive in their joy; so that we almost deserve the severe comment of a foreigner, who, on seeing the great outward prosperity, and yet the anxious look of the people, said that "in America there was less misery, and less happiness, than in any other country on the earth."

Let us not be ashamed to learn the art of happiness from the poor bondmen of the South. If slaves can pour out their hearts in melody, how ought freemen to sing? If that love of music which is inborn in them, could be inbred in us, it would do much to lighten the anxiety and care which brood on every face, and weigh on every heart. The spirit of music would beguile the toilsome hours, and make us cheerful and happy in our labor.

Nor would this light and joyous heart make us too gay, and so lead to folly and frivolity. On the contrary, it would prove a friend to virtue and purity. The sour and morose spirit, when it recoils from its oppressive gloom, is apt to plunge into the worst excesses. The absence of a cheerful buoyancy is one of the causes which drive men into vice and sin. If

every family sang together at early morn, that lingering melody would render their spirits more light and elastic. With his children's voices in his ear, the hard-working man would go more cheerfully to his labor, and those melodies would make his spirit sunny and joyous through the day.

If common domestic joys, home, health, and fire-side love, can thus fill the heart with happiness, and cease it to break forth into singing, surely, when that heart is bounding with immortal hope, it may rise to the highest strains of exultation and ecstasy.

"Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But children of the Heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad."

Evangelist.

Words Adapted to a Spanish Melody.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

I.

My lady hath as soft a hand
As any queen in fairy land;
And, hidden in her tiny boot,
As dainty and as light a foot.

Her foot!

Her little hand and foot!

II.

No star that kindles in the sky
Burns brighter than my lady's eye;
And ne'er before did beauty grace
So fair a form, so sweet a face!

Her face!

Her gentle form and face!

III.

My lady hath a golden heart,
Free from the dross of worldly art;
Which, in the sight of heaven above,
Is mine with all its hoarded love!

Her love!

Her boundless wealth of love!

New York Ledger.

Teasing to Sing.

(From Willis's Musical World.)

No music is worth the teasing for. We have long since ceased to act upon any other rule in social intercourse than this, and we commend the same to our friends generally. We don't know why it is, indeed, that the birds that can sing are always expected, as a matter of course, not to want to sing, on a first asking. And yet we do know—the fact being that they generally wont and don't. True, we have one salient exception in our mind of a person, whose eccentric habit, on being asked, is to reply—"Certainly, if you wish it;" but this invariably calls up the blankest possible expression in the face of the petitioner, as though he had not heard rightly, or could not believe his own ears:—he was prepared with a whole battery of assailing arguments for the usual excuses, and subterfuges, and evasions, and lo!—the enemy struck without firing a gun!

Now, if singers did but know it, it is a much easier matter in society to sing, than not to sing. Just as the damsel married the teasing youth to get rid of him, we may sing to get rid of our friends. For, of all teasing, the most importunate, the most persistent, the most never-taking-no-for-an-answer is that for music. And then, the utter incredulosity and skepticism of people, as to the sincerity of any excuse! However credible and reliable our word may be under any and all other circumstances of life, under musical circumstances our best friend, our own brothers and sisters will scarcely believe us under oath. You have a bad cold: you sing only for yourself: you are frightened at the people: you never sing without notes—these are all regarded as egregious fictions, and you stand there, virtually, as an arrant fibster!

For this reason, if for no other, sing by all means—and save your character. Astonish your friends by singing at once—dismay them by giving an immediate assent to their wishes. No matter if your cold is such that you croak like a frog; no matter if you literally spoke truth, and cannot sing to please them; no matter if with the third measure they wish you had never commenced—with the eighth they are ready to implore you to stop—with the fourteenth

they grind their teeth in speechless agony:—serves them right: they would have it so.

And then, if you chance to sing well, having sang directly on the asking, fancy what a character you gain as the most amiable, obliging, and kind-hearted creature possible—there being nothing to justify this, perhaps, in any previous intention, or action of your life!

If you sing ill, you still have the credit for, at least, obligingness, and people will be particularly careful how they ever ask you to sing again—having punished themselves sufficiently.

With playing as with singing—the same arguments may apply. Play by all means, if you be asked, and play at once. It is your policy (not to say your duty), if you play well—it is your charming little revenge if you play ill.

But, after all, it is really formidable business for amateur performers to make an exhibition of their private little talents before a promiscuous audience. Particularly is this the case with ladies. People generally make no distinction between singing to two or three indulgent friends in a quiet, sub-rosa kind of way, and singing to a room-full of company. If you sing, you sing. The case seems a plain one. What difference how many listen to you?

It would be a wholesome thing to suggest back, in such a case, that your friend should recite a short poem to the assembled company. Doubtless he knows one or more charming little rhymes. Who has not learnt some little poems in his day? Let him allow you to conduct him to a chair in the middle of the room for this purpose. "Hst! Hst!"—you cry out—"listen to the poem!"

Supposing, however, that it be all right with your ability to sing and to please your friends, the chiefest difficulty with singers is the choice of a song. Here are all sorts of people—sentimental, unsentimental, prosaic, morose perhaps. How are you to hit the taste of each, or even a portion of these? Moreover, a singular difficulty, which we suppose many a musical person has experienced in his day, is to remember his songs when suddenly asked to sing. We have sometimes entirely lost all memory of even very familiar songs, not only for an evening, but sometimes for a year or two. A chance perfume, or some such delicate link of association, has sometimes brought back a song to the mind, which had entirely dropped out of memory, and been ever since lost to us.

Not a bad plan, by the way, for song-singers, would be, to have inscribed in very fine hand, on a card, a list of the songs they sing, and, when asked, quietly to produce the same, with the remark: "Ladies and gentlemen, here is the programme,—select for yourself." In this way the responsibility of choice would rest with your friends—not with you.

We have often felt inclined to volunteer a little private advice to amateur singers, and have half a mind to do it now. Perhaps, indeed, we may never have a better opportunity. So—here it is.

Hint first. Never sing a single song. Sing several, and of varied styles. Let people have enough of you—if they will have you at all. With the first song you rarely do yourself justice. At the close of it you are just gaining your self-possession, and getting your voice. Sing several well-contrasted songs, to suit all tastes—the merry songs last.

Hint second. Never sing till your host or hostess have secured silence, and gained the ear of people for you. The usual manner of poking you at a piano, with the expectation that you will sing, or play down the noise, is a great imposition, and rude and unkind. Let your friend first gain silence by clapping the hands together (or by the European sibilant *Hst!*) and then keep it, by looking astonished, or savage, at any one who ventures to break it. Tom Moore used to leave the piano forthwith, the moment a person said a word. Why should Art be interrupted any more than talk? If you are addressing people, you naturally expect them to listen to you.

Hint third. Never sing up against a wall. A piano should not stand in the way. If it cannot be moved out, do not sing at all. How would an orator feel with his audience behind him. True, the poet Percival, that shy man of genius, used to instruct young ladies somewhat in this fashion (they sitting with their backs to him)—but this was an idiosyncrasy of his.

Hint fourth. Have the candles removed from the piano. The glare is embarrassing and the people have you at an unfair advantage with the light all on your face. If additional light be necessary when singing from the notes, let some gallant and favored youth hold a candle behind you. Light shed from above being, withal, becoming to fair features!

Hint fifth. If possible, have some good friend at hand, to engage you in conversation when you have finished your performance. The close of a piece is a

very awkward moment. People always think they must say something, and, even if the music have pleased them, they rarely know what to say! A dead silence, moreover, (which even in the "best-regulated families" will sometimes intervene,) is appalling!

Above all, never ruin the eloquence of your music, the instant you close, by dashing your fingers over the key-board (after the fashion of many) to relieve that short, embarrassed moment with a noise on the piano. There is no silence so eloquent as that which ensues after beautiful music. The "appalling-ness" of this (if there be any) you should stand, if you can. If not, as we have just remarked, let your friend address to you a remark or two.

Hint sixth. If you be singing or playing from notes and there be leaves to turn over, turn down every other leaf, only. The intervening leaf will be raised by the turned leaf below it, and the separation be much clearer to the eye and to the touch.

Hint seventh. (For gentleman performers only.) Never sit on a piano stool. Always on a chair with a back. There is nothing more ridiculous than a man on a piano stool, with his coat tails hanging down behind.

Hint eighth. (For the benefit of embarrassed auditors, who don't know what to say after execrable singing.) Inquire eagerly who composed that song: who wrote the words: who published it: where you can get it: offer the performer a fan—by which time you can lead the same to a chair, and change the subject to the weather.

"HANDEL STUDIES." Having treated our readers, by way of amusement mainly, to copious extracts from a London critic's sancy review of this work, we cannot do less than copy also a sober notice of it from the author's own side of the house, the London *Athenæum*.

Handel Studies. By Henry F. Chorley. Parts I. and II. (Augener & Co.)—Prefacing these studies by a succinct biographical notice, Mr. Chorley undertakes to treat separately the principal works of Handel. In the two Parts already published, his criticisms are on "The Messiah," "The Dettingen Te Deum," and "Israel in Egypt." Having long been familiar with the productions of Handel's genius—which he compares, from one point of view, with that of Shakespeare—he has interpreted them, analyzed them, thought over, treated them in the philosophical, in the poetical, and in the antiquarian sense; and the notes now put together are designed, he explains, for amateurs. "The Messiah" he points to as a masterpiece of sacred art, a vast religious cartoon, if so we may speak, painted in music, as though parallel with the glories of Raphael and Michael Angelo. Amateurs studying this oratorio, or listening to it, will probably derive instruction and pleasure in following Mr. Chorley as he discusses the overture, the choruses, the recitatives, airs, and bravuras, until he winds off suddenly with "It is no criticism on 'The Messiah' that those who hear it retire exhausted. Impression is not depression." On the "Israel in Egypt" his closing remark is, "I can never return to 'Israel' without a new impression that it is something apart from, alone, above, all other works existing in descriptive choral music, without new emotion as I hear, without new admiration (however impotent to expression) as I write." Studies such as these, no doubt, will aid, not only towards an appreciation of Handel's works in particular, but the progress of general musical taste and science.

The New Music Hall in Montreal.

We have already referred to the erection of a new music hall in Montreal by the Messrs. NORDHEIMER, the well-known piano-forte and music-sellers, and its inauguration by M. Strakosch and company. At that time we had seen no mention of the size of the hall; but an elaborate description of it has since appeared in the *Montreal Transcript*, from which we learn as follows:

The hall itself is 80 feet by 75 feet, and 28 feet from floor to ceiling. The platform is 25 feet by 14 feet, with circular front, panelled and heavily moulded, and elevated about 4 feet from the floor. The side walls are divided by pilasters into four compartments of three panels each, the centre one of which is frescoed in rich crimson damask, and surmounted by a medallion portrait of one or the other of the Muses, gracefully set in richly ornamented fresco-frames. The panels on each side of the centre ones are circular headed, tinted in a delicate light green, and surrounded by heavy fresco mouldings. The pilasters are panelled, with raised mouldings and ornamented

centres. They reach from the floor to the under part of the cornice, from which the cove of the ceiling springs. The capitals are fretted and variously ornamented, and the bold projections of the cornice which they support, forms as it were, corbels for the spring of the heavy moulded bands which form the panelled frame-work of the ceiling.

The rear wall, which abuts on Fortification Street, is divided by pilasters into four compartments, each of which contains two handsome circular-headed windows, glazed with stained glass in appropriate musical devices. Each compartment is finished with narrow pilasters, surmounted by a frieze and pedimented cornice, with a lyre on the summit. The principal pilasters are similar in width and design to those on the side walls.

The ceiling is divided into 16 compartments by moulded bands. Each compartment is again divided by fresco work into a handsome centre-piece, with four panels surrounding it. In the centre of the ceiling there is a very tastefully executed stucco ornament representing shells, lyres, and other appropriate symbols. From this is suspended a massive and magnificent gasolier, with two rows of lights, sixteen in all, which have a very fine effect when lighted up. The outer corners of the panels in the central compartments are cut off in small triangular sections, each of which contains a very chastely frescoed head of one of the great musical composers, who are represented as looking down upon the scene below with a pleased and gracious expression. We have thus the heads of Mozart and Beethoven—Mendelssohn and Haydn. Along the walls there are 16 double light brackets, the light from which, blending with that which streams from the gasolier, sustains the uniform brilliancy of the Hall. The Hall is admirably seated, so as to give the spectators at the remotest corners equal facility for seeing the performers with those in the front or centre. It is surrounded on the sides and rear with three rows of ascending seats, each row as it recedes being about six inches higher than the preceding. The seats are moveable, and are all uniform, being oak settees capable each of holding four persons. The backs and cushions are covered with red leather, which adds considerably to the graceful effect of the Hall. It is seated to hold 1170 persons comfortably; and, from its happy construction, the most dulcet tone is distinctly heard at the furthest corner.

The platform is in the centre, between what may be termed the two entrance doors, for they are uniform in design and finish, and are both used for exit. The back of the platform extends within an arched recess through which the performers enter and retire. On each side of the recess there are two pilasters, richly ornamented to correspond with those already referred to. Above these several handsome light iron brackets project, carrying a tastefully designed iron-railed balcony or orchestra, where a Quadrille Band could be very commodiously encoined if occasion so required. The orchestra is lighted by four upright lights, for the greater facility of reading the music in that elevated region.

It is impossible to suppress the feeling of pleasurable astonishment on entering this magnificent Hall for the first time when it is fully lighted up. The richness and variety of the decorations—the finely proportioned, appropriately designed, and graceful gasolier, suspended from the massive and boldly executed centre ornament; the luxuriance of the frescoed ceiling, so finely diversified by its heavily moulded rectangular bands; the crimson damask panels on the walls, with the florid decorations of the muses in their ornate frames; the delicate light green tinting of the outer panels; the subdued tone of the stained glass windows in the rear, with the chaste gilding of the pilasters; the massive folds of the deep damask frescoed curtains in the recess of the stage, enclosed in their gilded bands and finished at the top with fretted valance, relieved by gilded tassels; the extensive stretch of lively red-cushioned seats,—all combine to superinduce a kind of magic spell. It is said to be the handsomest Music Hall on the Continent of America.

MADAME STOLTZ.—Those who remember the criticisms of M. Berlioz in former years—those who have heard Madame Stoltz sing during later ones, will read with surprise, that in speaking of the probability of the Duke of Saxe-Cobourg's "Diane de Solage" being given at the *Grand Opéra*, the journalist goes out of his way to recommend the lady as the best artist attainable. Such vagaries are of small consequence to those who have some knowledge of the world behind the scenes; but they are to be deprecated for the erroneous impressions produced in those who still put a lingering trust in journalism. When Madame Stoltz last appeared at the *Grand Opéra*, some three years ago, her voice was so entirely destroyed, that it sank a tone during the final cadence of the couplets of *Fides*, in "Le Prophète." This was habitual, and led to the conclusion of her engagement. Why will M. Berlioz oblige us to recall truths so little agreeable?—*London Athenæum*.

WHAT SOME PEOPLE WILL CALL A DIATRIBE.—And so our Season is commenced, with Verdi. Will it end with Verdi too? Shall there not be, before the Season closes, something musical higher and nobler than Verdi? Must there be put off upon us *Trovatore*, and *Ernani*, and *Traviata* continually? Verdi is a great Composer—of a poor style of music. The melo-dramatist among composers is he. And though melo-drama is very good in itself, though we like "Black-Eyed Susan" when it is well performed, who shall for a moment think of comparing that drama of nautical life with the "Tempest"? What though "Blue Eyed Susan" makes us shed tears, and the "Tempest" rarely does? Tears are no test of greatness. A certain pungent vegetable is in this regard more potent than genius. Genius shows itself in works that do not merely lodge in the outer gates of the eyes, but take deep hold of our inmost nature, stirring up depths in us, of whose existence, it may be, we were ignorant. Your melo-dramatist storms the outer wall. Your tragedian goes into the secret chamber, and there finds the lord of the manor.

Verdi, though in no opera that we have heard of his, is there wanting something memorable, is too fond of blatant orchestration and musical commonplaces, too superficial to satisfy the really musical. Study lessons his charm. The chain he bids us with looks golden, but it does not stand the test. Not so with the music of Mozart, Handel, Beethoven, Haydn, or Mendelssohn. Diligent study is needed to unfold their beauty, to realize the difference of their genius. And the more we study the more do we wonder. The chain they threw around us "knows no seems," it is gold, gold unalloyed and pure.

We have often said what we now repeat, for the we-know-how-many-the-time, that art, musical, plastic or pictorial, fails to accomplish its end, that does not instruct and edify, as well as amuse and please. And our main complaint against Dwight's Journal felicitously calls "*Trovatore*," is, that it fails to instruct. It doesn't make men and women think. Heard, comprehended at once, whistled over a few times, it passes away, leaving the soul unaffected, the intellect unenobled. No person can hear and study Beethoven, or any of the masters we have named, and say that.

The Italian music, as a rule, goes not far below the surface. Yet, there is Italian music incomparably superior to Verdi's. Let us have some of that, Messieurs and Mesdames, who "manage!" Shall Rossini be forgotten? Donizetti and Bellini have written what has never, or seldom, been heard in America. Nay, give us Meyerbeer, and we will be thankful.

We apprehend that one reason we do not have the operas of Mozart, Beethoven, Von Weber, Gluck, on the stage, and the oratorios, cantatas, &c., of Handel and Haydn off the stage and in the concert-room, is, that many of the "artists" who give us our music are not artists at all, but pretenders. "Such" music "is too wonderful for them." They are not actuated by any desire to educate the public taste and direct it in the proper channel, but by a desire to make money and distinguish themselves. They are not conscientious. That's the difficulty. They palm off on us "easy" operas, transposing even their music, to accommodate their ill trained voices; and then, by a liberal use of printer's ink, they make the public believe that they have heard the masterpieces of the musical giants of all time "rendered with singular power and fidelity, by the very distinguished artists," &c., &c., ad nauseam. Who that has read programmes and special notices but remembers the rest of these stereotyped and fulsome falsehoods?

Another reason is, that such operas don't pay. That's the fault of a public calling itself musical, but not really music loving. Both the "artists" and the public should reform.—*Cincinnati Gazette*, August 25.

Fine Arts.

Athenæum Exhibition.

The second Exhibition of the Athenæum Gallery has now been open for some time, attracting many visitors. It is unusually interesting from the large number of new pictures and, from the sort of pictures, it is especially pleasing to the promiscuous crowd of strangers, who, at this season, form the great bulk of the visitors, and who go, not so much as critics of Art, as to pass a pleasant hour, and see one of our city lions. So, on no higher grounds than the claims presented by a most pleasing collection of pictures, of popular subjects, we would earnestly recommend the stranger guests of our city at this season, not to neglect the attractions offered them at the Athenæum Gallery.

Among others, that most attract attention, is the large picture of "Hamlet and Ophelia," by C. SCHUESSLE; also "The Kentucky Home," a most characteristic picture of the domestic life of the Kentucky plantation, which delights all, not only by the life and various character shown in all the multitude of figures introduced, but also by the minute and careful finish of the details and accessories of the scene. An excellent photograph from this picture is for sale at the door, which has doubtless already become familiar to many of our readers in the windows of the print shops.

Several pictures by W. J. STILLMAN deservedly attract much notice, particularly one which attempts to give that finest of all the distant views of Boston, from Wellington Hill. Others show the result of his studies in the picturesque region of the Adirondac, and the Saranac Lakes.

Others of our artists show us the fruit of their summer studies in the mountains of New Hampshire and along our Massachusetts sea-coast. CHAMPNEY, GERRY, GAY, WILLIAMS, and others, offer many beautiful sketches and more elaborately finished pictures drawn from these sources of inspiration.

The readers of Carlyle's *Frederic* will gladly look upon the admirable picture by LEUTZE, which introduces all the personages of the Prussian Court, in a brilliantly lighted gallery, at the moment when the young prince, afterwards the great Frederic, on his return from imprisonment, throws himself at the feet of his Royal Mother. This picture attracts and well repays the attention of all, and is one of the most noticeable of the whole collection, from its size, from the number of figures embraced in it, and from the elaborate perfection of its execution.

There are many exquisite landscapes by W. S. HASELTINE, of German and Italian scenery showing the culture of the Düsseldorf school; while WILD, of a different school, gives glowing pictures of Venetian life not less attractive or excellent.

KENSETT contributes some fine landscapes, of which we would especially notice "No. 257, The Wadsworth Oak," which the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table ought to own.

W. P. W. DANA has many landscapes of French scenery, and a charming picture "No. 310, Violets, two sous a bunch."

CHAMPNEY's picture of old "Chocorua," the most picturesque and bold of all our New England mountains is worthy of its subject, and numerous landscapes by BIERSTADT are worthy of study and attention.

The portraits are of unusual excellence. WIGHT has several fine pictures beside the portrait of the Hon. Charles Sumner; WALTER BRACKETT contributes several of much merit; ORDWAY has several; and one, of the children of Longfellow, is such a picture of youthful beauty as we should expect from the poet painter, T. BUCHANAN READ. Some beautiful crayon heads by CHENEY, ROWSE, JOHNSTON, and others, together with spirited water color pictures by M. G. WHEELOCK and E. C. CABOT, detain the visitor long in the first room of the Gallery. Indeed, a single visit shows one but little of the varied beauties of the exhibition of this season, and all who truly wish to appreciate and study it should take a ticket for the whole season, which ends in December.

The permanent pictures of the Athenæum are all there as usual, with many belonging to private citizens, many of which are of greater intrinsic worth than those that we have mentioned, it having been our purpose to name such only as are new, and of a popular character, and likely to interest the miscellaneous company that, at this time of the year, visits the gallery.

In the room devoted to sculpture also, are many interesting works, numerous casts from the antique having been added within the past year to the collection.

Many admirable pictures are marked "for sale," and are well worthy the attention of those who wish to adorn their mansion with the most beautiful and lasting of household treasures.

The number of new pictures shows the wisdom of placing the exhibition under the superintendence of an artist, and the arrangements of the exhibition reflect much credit on Mr. ALFRED ORDWAY, who has been selected by the Trustees of the Athenæum to take charge of the Exhibition.

Shakspeare's *Winter's Tale* is to be produced at Weimar, under the title of *Le Conte d'Hiver*, adapted by M. Dengelstedt, the Intendant of the Court Theatre, and set to music by FLOTOW. Shakspeare *Martha-rized*! . . . MARIO has undertaken the directorship of the Theatre Royal in Madrid for the approaching season, and has engaged for singers: Mmes. Grisi, Sarolta, Tritelli and Calderon; Signors Oliva-Pavani, Ronconi, Butti, Rovere, and Bouché.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 3, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Cantata: "Morning," by RIES, Continued.

German Musical Periodicals.

The following list, for which we are indebted to a friend travelling in Germany, includes all, or nearly all the papers in that country, which are devoted principally to information and discussion about Music. It will be seen that not one of them has a circulation at all comparable to that of either of the musical journals in this country. Most of them contain much less matter, by the superficial measure of pages, than our own or the New York journals; while on the other hand, being intended for and read by musicians and cultivated amateurs more exclusively, some of them, at least, furnish far more matter for thought and for permanent interest, as would be expected in a country so much more profoundly musical. None of these papers (so far as we have seen) furnishes weekly pages of music; they are strictly confined to essays, news and criticism.

1. The most interesting and suggestive on the whole, although it sails under the flag of "Music of the Future," not exclusively to be sure, is the "*Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*" (New Journal for Music), published weekly, at Leipzig, originally established by ROBERT SCHUMANN and his friends, now edited by FRANZ BRENDL, author of a History of Music. LISZT writes often noble articles in it, and it is indeed the organ of many of the most thinking, independent and original musical minds in Germany. Its circulation is set down at only 500.

2. The "*Neue Berliner Musikalische Zeitung*" (New Musical Journal of Berlin), takes the place, we suppose, of the old *Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung*, whose fifty volumes represent so well the musical history of just the first half of this century. It is a sheet of eight pages, published weekly. Circulation 700.

3. "*Niederrheinische Musik Zeitung*" (Music Journal of the Lower Rhine), published in Cologne; 8 pages, large quarto. Circulation 750.

4. "*Signale für die Musikalische Welt*" (Signal for the Musical World). Leipzig. Small octavo. Circulation 1,000. A very industrious gatherer of all the little items of musical news; — full of "mere mentions," as the *Home Journal* has it — a line or two about everything and everybody; and for that reason exceedingly valuable to those who wish to know what all the subjects are, and who and what is telegraphed; one can look them up more fully if he sees fit.

5. "*Blätter für Musik, Theater und Kunst*" (Leaves for Music, Theatre and Art). Twice a week. Folio. Vienna.

6. "*Echo*." Weekly. Small quarto. Berlin. Circulation 750 copies.

7. "*Euterpe*." Monthly. Octavo. Leipzig.

8. "*Musikalische literarische Monatsschrift*" (Musical literary Monthly). Vienna.

9. "*Monatsschrift für Theater und Musik*" (Monthly Transcript of Theatres and Music). Vienna.

10. "*Süd-Deutsche Musik Zeitung*," (Music Journal of Southern Germany). Four pages folio. Mayence. Circulation 500.

11. "*Neue Wiener Musik Zeitung*." (New Music Journal of Vienna). Quarto. Circulation 600.

12. "*Organ für Kirchliche Tonkunst*." (Organ for Church Music). Eight numbers in a year. Quarto. Leipzig.

13. "*Urania: Das unentbehrliche Buch der Orgel, &c.*" (Urania: The indispensable book of the Organ, &c.) Octavo. Erfurt. Circulation 700. (Possibly these two last contain music pages; we have never seen a copy of either of them).

14. "*Zeitung für Gesangsvereine und Liedertafeln*." (Journal for Part-Song Societies, Maenner-Chöre, &c.) Quarto. Hamburg.

A SUPERB ORGAN. — Messrs. Simmons and Willcox have just completed, and have now standing in their Manufactory in Charles Street, the great Organ which they have been for a long time engaged in building for St. Joseph's (Roman Catholic) Cathedral in Albany, N. Y. Measured by cubic contents of pipes, it is the largest Organ yet built in this country; and it needs the ample space of the Cathedral for the fair appreciation of the magnificent power and volume of the full instrument. It has some fifty speaking stops, all of full range; the great pyramid of sounds being built up upon a sub-bass (of a chromatic octave, or more) of thirty-two feet pipes, which yield most palpable thunder at the pressure of the pedals. The diapasons are remarkably rich and round in quality, and the full organ, with the reeds and trumpets out, peals forth with startling and inspiring grandeur. Very beautiful clarinets, flutes, gambas, violoncellos, &c., enrich its three compartments of Grand, Choir, Swell, and Pedal Organ. The great 16-foot lead pipes are displayed in front, and their proper wind-chests placed immediately beneath them to ensure prompt utterance. The system of pneumatic pressure transfers physical labor from the organist to the bellows blowers. The internal packing of the contents is beautifully simple and effective: In front, in many serried ranks, the pipes of the Great Organ; behind these, separated by a passage way, those of the choir; behind these the Swell, a sliding box of vast dimensions; and in the rear of all (back in the tower of the church) a large portion of the more vociferous Pedal registers, while the thirty-two-footers (reminding one of old Friedrich Wilhelm's regiment of giants) are drawn up in line on one side from the front. The organist's desk fronts outward from the Organ.

Musical Chit-Chat.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB returned last Monday from their musical tour of the White Mountains, having made the beautiful, and now indeed almost "classical" town of North Conway their head quarters for four weeks. During that time they have given concerts at the Alpine House, in Gorham; at the Glen House, at the very foot of Mt. Washington and Mt. Adams; and five concerts in North Conway, four of which were composed principally of classical music. These artistic entertainments found enthusiastic welcome among the hosts of summer visitors to our New England Switzerland, and were really successful in a pecuniary view; so much so that the Club will undoubtedly repeat the visit next year, and such music will be henceforth an expected feature in the summer programme of the Mountains. The Francoria and the Craw-

ford Notches, too, will claim their share of it. In the absence of Mr. SCHUTZE, who was pre-engaged at Newport with several of his brother ex-Germanians, the leading violin part was acceptably supplied, we understand, by Mr. COENEN, who made his Boston debut as a solo-player in Mr. Zerrahn's Concerts last winter.

The short preliminary season of Italian Opera, under the joint managership of ULLMAN and STRAKOSCH, and with MARETZKE for leader, opens at the New York Academy on the 7th inst. Mmes. CORTESI and GASSIER will be the first ladies, and BRIGNOLI, AMODIO, GASSIER and JUNCIA, the first gentlemen of the troupe. By their New York advertisement it appears that the same parties will play at the Boston Theatre (or Academy) on the 19th. Cortesi and the Gassiers will be new to us; and of the pieces promised, two, *Sappho* and *Poliuto* (The Martyrs) will be as good as new. Our New York correspondent tells us of another Italian Opera enterprise which threatens formidable rivalry to the Ullman-Strakosch league. Meanwhile the New Orleans *Picayune* commiserates us all here in the East on our hard lot of dependence on the chance speculations, combinations and humors of uncertain managers, while there (in New Orleans) they have two well-appointed Opera establishments *en permanence*.

The "Encore Swindle" came to a trial of strength with common sense and reason, represented in the person of a resisting artist, recently in London; with what result, let the following, from a London paper, show. "A concert given at the Surrey Garden, in London, in aid of the Choral Society, was rendered noticeable by an uproar which is seldom the consequence of a singer making an audience too much pleased with his exertions. Among the vocalists were Madame Anna Bishop, Miss Dolby, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Thomas and Mr. Sims Reeves, and some eight thousand persons had assembled to enjoy the privilege of hearing such *artistes* in the Music Hall for the moderate sum of one shilling. The great effect given by Mr. Sims Reeves to the "Fra Poco," from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, which was the first piece set down for him on the programme, elicited a burst of vehement applause, afterwards prolonged into a furious demand for an encore, which at last became more noisy than complimentary. In vain did the conductor, Mr. H. Schallch, try to allay the storm by proceeding with some equally captivating air; in vain did another gentleman come forward and explain that Mr. Sims Reeves having two pieces more to sing, he could not do justice to himself or them by repeating an air requiring such a strain upon his vocal powers. Nothing but a repetition would satisfy the malcontents, and for half an hour they persevered in this disgraceful attempt to extort an extra song from the favorite tenor, until in the course of the second part, Mr. Sims Reeves again made his appearance before them. The tumult now grew faster and more furious than ever, and the hall was split up into two opposing factions, the sensible, who were content to let Mr. Sims Reeves sing the songs which they had paid to hear, and the stupid, who deprived themselves and those around them of that very gratification which they sought. Cat-calls, yells, and insolent and derisive remarks followed unceasingly, until Mr. Sims Reeves coolly took a chair, finding it impossible to obtain silence for his song, and calmly confronted the more noisy of the offenders. This produced the desired effect, and the most conspicuous of the rioters having been expelled, the programme proceeded without further interruption, Mr. Sims Reeves making a noble use of his victory by generously treating his enthusiastic admirers to a voluntary repetition, and throwing "My Pretty Jane" as a bargain into the "Bay of Biscay."

The London *Musical World* copies from our columns the entire Annual Report of the Boston "Handel and Haydn Society," together with our remarks upon "Our Concert Societies." This is all well, and we are glad to see musical efforts on this side of the water, humble as they may be in comparison with Birmingham and Sydenham Festivals, attracting no

tice in the mother country. But why does the *World* call it the report of the "New York Handel and Haydn Society," when everything in it, and in the editorial comments that follow it, has distinct reference to Boston?

The following paragraph has been going the round of the English press:

"Mr. OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT, the husband of JENNY LIND, has volunteered to conduct the musical services and preside at the organ of the newly-consecrated church of St. John, Putney, for one year, in order that the funds of the church shall not be diminished by the salary of an organist."

The *Musical World* cannot share the exultation with which this act of liberality is hailed, and suggests that, "the laborer being worthy of his hire, the organist should be rewarded, if less magnificently, with just the same punctilio as the parson;" that "gratuitous labor has invariably a demoralizing effect;" and that such liberality is at the best shortsighted, since "what Herr Otto Goldschmidt declines to receive might be the means of providing bread and cheese for some very worthy individual who depends for his livelihood on some occupation of the kind." And: "How much more generous would it be to contribute a sum of money, out of the annual interest of which the services of an organist might be remunerated! In this instance the distinguished foreigner would be entitled at once to the consideration of the church and the gratitude of needy organists. It would be pay without play, instead of play without pay; that is all." . . . It is stated that Madame GOLDSCHMIDT is about to make a concert tour in Ireland, with JOACHIM, in aid of certain benevolent objects.

Pike's Opera House in Cincinnati was opened, and gratuitously, last week, for the "encouragement of native talent," namely for the concert of Mrs. JAMES which was attended by 800 or 900 persons, the most appreciative and critical in the place, and appears to have been a decided success. The *Gazette* characterizes her voice as possessing unusual richness and power, and adds that "her execution is also fine; that the quality of her voice is sympathetic and warm-and that she shows the cultivated artist in every note. You have no fear for her, but feel that whatever she undertakes she will accomplish. And to her execution and the other elements of success as a vocalist, she adds expression. She sings with feeling, and evident study and appreciation of the sentiment which the music conveys. There was some hesitation and tremulousness in her first pieces. It was natural that there should be on this her first appearance before friends, who hoped so much from her. But she grew assured, and sang better and better as the concert progressed, till in the last selection (from *Traviata*), she surpassed her previous efforts."

At Wood's Theatre, in the same city, Mme. PARODI, with Signors SERIGLIA and GNONE, had been performing *Lucrezia Borgia*; to be followed, the next night, by *Trocatore*, with ALAIMO for the Azucena.

PORPORA, the father of vocal art, and Haydn's master, has been represented as a man of wit and repartee. Passing one day through an abbey in Germany, the monks requested him to assist at the office in order to hear their organist, whose talents they greatly extolled. The office finished, "Well, what think you of our organist?" said the prior. "Why," replied Porpora, "he is a clever man." "And likewise," interrupted the prior, "a good and charitable man." "O," as for his charity," replied Porpora, "I perceive that; for his left hand knoweth not what his right hand doeth."

One of the greatest among female vocalists was Gertrude Schmalzing, afterwards Madame MARA, who attributed her wonderful skill to the almost incessant practice of the scale in long notes. On one occasion when an individual was being recommended to her on account of her great power and agility, she in-

quired, true to the lesson of her experience, "Can she sing six plain notes?"

Strakosch, it is said, has failed to secure the PICCOLINI, who is engaged for the coming winter for Russia, at a high figure. The plump little prima donna has laid in a good stock of fuel wherewith to resist the cold. Strakosch, instead, will bring the tenor, FRASCHATI, and a new prima donna. . . . Let not the curious reader fail to read the card of Professor KEPPLER (not the astronomer) in our advertising columns (said to be the most interesting columns in all newspapers).

The French Minister of State has just officially appointed TAGLIONI to be inspectress of all the dancing classes at the opera, and to perfect such pupils as she may consider likely to become first-rate performers.

. . . The singers, Mme. GUEYMARD and her husband, have re-engaged at the Imperial Opera, in Paris, for the further term of four years at a salary of about \$30,000 for eleven months. . . . A new tenor, who has been educated at the Paris Conservatory at the expense of Mad. JENNY LIND, is said to possess a million in his throat. The name of the fortunate man is SCHONGAARD.

In Paris, a new operetta by OFFENBACH, "The Husband at the Door," has been found charming. . . . Capellmeister TSCHIRCH is engaged on a new opera—entitled "Master Martin and his Associates." . . . The Tyrolese composer NAGLER has delivered a new opera to the Theatre Royal at Munich. The performance is looked for.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

A French composer of the second order, five years older than the century—M. Panzeron—has died within the last few days. He had been carefully "grounded" in his art; but the taste and humor and fancy given him by Nature did not get beyond the bounds of the *Romance* and the *Nocturne*, that graceful but limited domain of *Watteau*-music, which is a distinct and specific province of France. His operas did not come to a brilliant end; but his minor vocal compositions should prevent his name from being forgotten. Perhaps that best known in England is "Le Songe de Tartini," that romance founded on the legend of the "Devil's Sonata," for violin and voice, with which Malibran and M. de Beriot used to work wonders many years ago. M. Panzeron, too, was esteemed as a professor of vocal science; and was the author of some useful works on the subject. There are no new romance-writers now in France, save, perhaps, M. Membrée.

The Italian journals have, even now, time to mention a new lady, a Signora Virginia Conti, who, they say, is to be a great singer. Madame Pasta is, secondly, said to take a peculiar interest in her training; thirdly, love of Art (in opposition to the wishes of a noble family), not love of money, is described as the *primum mobile* of her entering opera-land. But since Madame Pasta and "love of Art" have more than once been brought in to serve the purpose of ladies anxious to propitiate the public, without either real love of art or nobility, it may be wise to wait, ere hope becomes too eager in the case of Signora Conti.

Foreign journals now state that the production of Herr Wagner's new opera, "Tristan and Ysolde," which was to have taken place at Carlsruhe very soon, may possibly be deferred, owing to Continental discomforts.

The theatre at Cologne has gone the way of most theatres; and was burnt to its walls the other evening; having, it is surmised, been struck with fire by lightning. The wife of the manager was burnt to death.—*Athenaeum*.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA. — We have already given one report of the first performance in England of Meyerbeer's new opera, *Le Pardon de Ploërmel*. Here is a part of what the *Athenaeum* says of it:

This opera was executed in the highest Covent Garden style. The extremely long and difficult overture (the opening of which is particularly to our taste from its quaint originality) went so well, and so picturesque was found the effect of the unseen chaunt of Pilgrimage behind the curtain, that it must needs be repeated. Nothing better could be desired than

the heroine of the evening. That Madame Miolan-Carvalho is one of the most remarkable artists before the public our readers have not to learn. With the exception of Madame Persiani, we have never heard so brilliant a singer so alive to the expressive niceties of accent. She has that charm and feeling, too, which study can work out, but which Nature gives. These it was which made us look out and listen for her, from the moment when a few bars sung in 'Le Pré aux Cleres' characterized her as distinctly as the dropped feather which says, "I belonged to a bird." About such things first and last impressions are one. There is no mistaking real intelligence; none, true expression. With a voice of very small body,—one which, like all acute *soprano* voices, has a tendency to rise in pitch,—it is excellent to hear how this admirable singer contrives to penetrate, to satisfy,—to interpret every bar she undertakes; still giving, as every singer (not slave) should do, some color of her own to what she sings. The size of the stage, the strangeness of the language, the responsibility of a new part, were all against Madame Miolan-Carvalho on Tuesday,—and with them the well-known propensity of certain Italian opera-goers to make light of French singing as "clever" (one of the most damaging epithets of faint praise). For a moment or two the new comer was nervous, but the nervousness passed,—and in a few moments more the lady had got her audience fast by her brilliancy or pathos, the charm of skill and of heart making want of volume of voice forgotten; and herself improving in composure and success till the last bar of her arduous task. Madame Miolan-Carvalho's powers as an actress prove greater than we had expected. Every one knows the old receipts by which love-crazed heroines on the stage recover their senses, when the proper moment for felicity sets in. There is novelty in the intensity and truth of Madame Miolan's treatment of emotions so difficult, because so hackneyed,—impressiveness without grimace, impulsiveness without rant. She must watch her voice,—she must avoid, like the temptations of the Evil One, all excitements to attempt passions beyond her physical strength; but such watching and selection granted, she has a place in the opera-houses of Europe among the first rank of first-class singers, with which no light *soprano*, even let her mount up to the altitudes of *La Bastardella*, can interfere. In short, as another great artist in these scanty days of ours, no welcome can be too warm for her. Her success was complete.

Every good word, and good thought too, are due to Signor Gardoni—whose *Corentino*, the cowardly piper, written to be sung by M. Saint-Foy, who has not a note to sing with, we may frankly say, surprised us. It was lively, easy, perfectly self-forgetting—perfectly on the stage, that is—and this under circumstances through which "the lover," or "the walking gentleman" (as the stage goes), would, in nine cases out of ten, sulk or walk stupidly. The man or woman who can lay by grace, or good looks, or dignity, to personate a character demanding none of the three,—and will not "stand by his order," or talk of "his line," is the artist. Such a man was Lablache. The others are merely good particular notes, or shapely legs, or attractive profiles, as may be. Tried by this strict standard, Signor Gardoni has risen by his excellent and self-respectful appearance in M. Meyerbeer's newest opera.

Not so Signor Graziani, who sang throughout like a disguised Prince,—and who behaved like an "Il balen" that could not come to the foot-lights and set forth its lovely r. So far as *Hoel* in 'Le Pardon' is concerned, the Italian manager of the opera has still to seek him. To be just, Signor Graziani has learnt his notes, but—the *romance* in the third act excepted—resigned himself to his part with that sort of solemn dolefulness which was so curiously evidenced in the Italian presentment of M. Meyerbeer's 'L'Etoile' by the *vivandières*, who drummed like eclipsed *sultanas*. No one will ever again have the rashness of wishing to see Signor Graziani in a new French opera, however glad they may be to hear 'Il balen' sung by him. In the secondary parts, Mlle. Marai was careful and audible,—Madame Nantier-Didé (as ever) within limits effective. The men of the secondary quartet, Signor Neri-Baraldi and M. Tagliafico, must not be passed over. Of chorus and orchestra, and conductor (what would be the first two without the third to organize and to animate them?) every good thing is to be said. Any one so anxious as M. Meyerbeer is known to be to neglect no chance of a perfect representation of any creation of his, must have felt gladdened and gratified,—not alone by the ovations which honestly fell to his share on the occasion, but by the good will and good labor exhibited by all occupied in bringing forward his newest production. The performance (as a first performance) must be recorded as a remarkable one.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, AUG. 29. — The air is rife with operatic rumors, some of which can be traced to no real foundation. The FORMES company is a very apocryphal affair, as the tenor Formes has, according to recent news, accepted a situation at Vienna. It is now said that Formes will return here as an artist simply and not as a manager. Yet he has engaged as agent Mr. Thies, a well known man in the musico-financial profession.

Signor SECHI DI CASALI, editor of *L'Ecod' Italia*, the Italian paper published in this city, proposes with a few artists to get up an opposition opera company. His list includes GAZZANIGA, Miss SCONCIA, ALDINI, STEFANI, SBRIGLIA, MORELLI and ASSONI. The first lady has had a squabble with Ullman, and does not want to enrol under his banner again, while she is equally at swords' points with CORTESI, a singer in the same line of business—to speak theatrically—as herself. Signor Casali may get his opera troupe in working order this fall, or it may not be till next year. MUZIO is to be conductor, and the effort will be made to release Italian opera singers from the monopoly that the Strakoseh, Ullman, Maretzek combination, seems to threaten to gain in operatic matters. There is a spice of nationality about this purely Italian effort, that is pleasing to the singers, but whether anything will ever come out of it, is difficult to say.

In the meantime, MARETZKE announces a two week season at the Academy of Music, commencing Sept. 7th, with CORTESI, who will sing in *Norma*, *Poliuto* and *Saffo*; and Madame GASSIER, who will sing in *Ernani*, *Rigoletto* and other operas. BRIGNOLI will be the tenor. The regular fall season of two months will open in October. Madame COLSON, who is but moderately popular here, will sing in the "Sicilian Vespers" of Verdi and *La Juive* of Halevy. Little ADELINA PATTI will make her debut most probably in the *Sonnambula*. So in a few weeks I shall have some material for the future letters of

TROVATOR.

ALBANY, N. Y., AUG. 30. — Thinking you might not object to a few "notes by the way" from this most ancient of our cities, I have taken pen in hand to inform you of our "ALBANY SACRED MUSIC SOCIETY," consisting of an effective chorus with soloists, under the direction of F. F. MUELLER, formerly of your city, and of which JAMES A. GRAY, of the firm of Boardman, Gray & Co., piano-forte manufacturers, is President. The society gave a performance of the "Creation" in March last, and have now in rehearsal "The Messiah," to be given during the coming season, and followed by "David," a repetition of "The Creation" and perhaps "Elijah."

The "UNION MUSICAL ASSOCIATION," numbering some 150, under the direction of T. S. LLOYD, gave last spring a performance of Mozart's Twelfth Mass. They have been rehearsing Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night,"—but for some reason not given it has, I believe, been withdrawn from rehearsal. Our Music Hall—for which we are indebted to the public spirit of our townsman, John Tweddle, is progressing finely, and will, it is expected, be under cover by October. Of this more anon. We have nothing in the way of concerts or public performances. Since the concerts referred to, all travelling artists seem to be patiently awaiting the completion of our Music Hall; but I should except from this rather sweeping assertion the public rehearsals given the first Tuesday in every month by the choir of the Second Presbyterian Church, under the direction of Mr. Müller, organist of the church.

Among the gems of the last rehearsal may be enumerated: the *Inflammatus* from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*; Luther's Prayer; the Prayer from "Moses in Egypt;" Prayer from "Zampa"—"Contemplation," arranged as Soprano Solo, "Flee as a Bird to your Mountain," (alto) "Swell the Anthem," music arranged from Handel, as also instrumental pieces on the organ: 'Serenade' from 'Don Pasquale,' minor improvisations on 'God save the King,' selections from *Stabat Mater*, *L'Eclair*, &c., &c.

HANDEL.

Special Notices.

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MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Gentle Nelly Gray. Song and Chorus.

M. W. Balfe. 25

A minstrel song, sad and touching as only minstrel songs can be, written for Christy's Minstrels, (now performing in London) by M. W. Balfe, the composer of the "Bohemian Girl," "Rose of Castille," etc. These facts alone will be deemed high recommendation. For a song of this class it is of superior beauty.

Say farewell and go. Ballad.

Geo. Linley. 25

Words by the authoress of "John Halifax, gentleman." A strain, sad and low, which will touch many a gentle heart.

What might have been. Song. F. Wallerstein. 25

A parlor song, whose chief ornament is the melody, which is a happy inspiration.

Instrumental Music.

Lilly Dale. (Air by Thompson.) Rimbault's. 15

Express Galop. (D'Albert's.) " 15

Fairy Bells. (Air by Glover.) " 15

Little miniature arrangements for the musical nursery, which will delight the child, who has just made her first steps towards the art of piano playing.

Il Balen. (Trovatore.) For Flute and Piano.

R. Pratten. 25

La mia letizia. (Lombardi.) " " 25

La donna e mobile. (Rigoletto.) " " 25

Ernani involami. (Ernani.) " " 25

Recreations for amateurs, which will make dreary evenings pass by quick as lightning.

Weber's Invitation à la Valse; arranged for two pianos and four performers, by Otto Dresel. 1.50

At a concert given at the Boston Music Hall, last winter, for the benefit of Mr. Trenkle, four of our best resident pianists played this piece twice (and might as well have played it twice again, such was the delight of the hearers). Everybody was astonished at such a complete imitation of orchestral effects, at the ingenuity with which the various themes were distributed among the four pair of hands. Southern seminaries, who need a good deal of music, arranged in just this way, should keep this piece in mind, for the time when their exhibitions are about to be thought of.

Books.

SAUNDERS' SELF-INSTRUCTING SCHOOL FOR THE VIOLIN. On an entirely different Method from any work of the kind heretofore offered to the public in this country; intended for Beginners, Amateurs, Business Players, and Teachers. In Three Parts, complete in one volume. By George Saunders. 75

This work contains a large amount of valuable instruction for all grades of violinists, and, while it furnishes the rudiments of a thorough knowledge of violin playing to those just commencing their studies in this branch of music, it also imparts numerous hints and facts of great practical importance to advanced players. The music comprises nearly two hundred popular tunes, thirteen sets of Cotillons, and a good variety of Contra, Spanish, and Fancy Dances, with proper figures appended.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 388.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1859.

VOL. XV. No. 24.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

In the Forest.

Cool was the breath of evening,
Calm was the close of day;
All clouds had passed from heaven,
All cares from earth away.

The rosy bloom of sunset,
Green woods, and waters bright,
Within my breast awakened
A passion of delight.

The spot was so secluded,
The hour so saintly sweet,
It had not much surprised me
An angel there to meet;

When a murmur of lovely music
Along the wind did creep, —
Soft as the sigh of a maiden,
Between her prayers and sleep.

It gave a pulse to the landscape,
To silence it gave a soul,
And like mine own heart's echo,
Over my sense it stole.

Then, through a break in the thicket,
How glad was I to see,
So near, a man and woman,
Under a green tree? —

He sat on a bank by the woodpath,
'Neath a bread-branching thorn;
Bare-legged, and of foreign fashion
His garments, dusty and worn;

His bearded cheek was sunburnt;
Rough was his dark brown brow;
The hue of the autumn filbert,
His crisped locks did flow.

He held to his chin a fiddle:
Its strings, in an absent way,
He touched, with careless fingers, —
Singing a quiet lay.

Close at his feet sat a woman,
Her head against his knee;
Their eyes spake such contentment,
'Twas better than peace to see!

His wife, or daughter, or sister?
Little I cared to prove!
I knew, by his smile sad and tender,
That she was his heart's true love.

Fair was the summer sunset,
Fair was each sunlit tree,
Fair were the flowers of the forest,
But not so fair as she;

And pure was the bosom, surely,
From which those accents rang;
Sweet was her simple singing,
Sweet were the lips that sang.

And when her voice rose clearer,
And echoed all around, —
When east and west it floated,
A rich romance of sound, —

It seemed that the trees about her
Laid down their branches low;
The wild flowers breathed more sweetly,
More greenly the grass did glow.

And she looked as if she loved me,
And all the world beside;
Oh, many a king had given
His crown for such a bride!

Perhaps she sang the story
Of Blondel or Blandamour,
Or of those forgotten lovers,
Whose faith was as strong and sure;

Who loved for love's sake only,
Though friend and foe cried nay;
Who counted all else but ashes,
Whatever men might say;

And when those, who their lives had parted,
So laid them apart to rest,
Out of his heart sprang an oak-tree,
A woodbine out of her breast!

Then the woodbine clambered upwards,
The oak tree downwards strave;
Woe! joy! at length united,
They triumphed over the grave.

Whatever the song — her accents,
Deep, earnest, womanly,
Breathed love, and truth, and sorrow;
And all was melody.

And when her lay was ended,
And when his strain was done,
Up rose they then, and wended
Towards the sinking sun.

Before them the sun was sinking,
Behind them a light wind blew,
And, scattering songs about them,
A world of wood-birds flew.

Full often backwards turnlog,
And wafting me full oft
Melodious broken snatches,
Glad gestures, laughter soft;

He looked so frank and manly,
She, merry and fresh as May;
I think, from old Chaucer's pages
This pair had stolen away!

College Hill, Ohio.

FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

Translated for this Journal.

Verdi and his Later Operas.

From the French of P. SCUDO.*

I. THE SICILIAN VESPERS.

The important event of the season (1858) is an opera in five acts, *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*, which M. Verdi has composed expressly for Paris, and of which the first representation took place on the 13th of June. Great curiosity attached to the appearance of this work, which might prove to be the signal of a new transformation of dramatic music; and so the hall of the Opera presented on that day a curious spectacle: the partisans of the Italian composer rendezvous-ed there *en masse*, and it is no exaggeration to say that nearly all the *dilettanti* in good circumstances of Milan, of Turin and the other cities of Lombardy assisted at this solemnity, which had for them the importance of a political event. In fact, with the Italians of today the questions of Art are not simple problems of taste, which are propounded and discussed in the serene regions of the mind; the passions and the actual interests of life are found engaged in them; and in the success of a virtuoso, of an artist, or a work of whatsoever nature, the Italians see a success of nationality, a new title to the esteem of civilized Europe. On the morning after the debut of the Italian dramatic troupe, I met upon the Boulevards a grave and much respected personage, one of the noblest political characters that Italy has produced since 1848. "Were you at the Théâtre-Italien last evening?" he asked with curiosity. Yes, certainly, I replied. And how were they received by the public, *i nostri concittadini*? — With sympathy at first, and then with acclamations from the whole house. —

* *Critique et Littérature Musicales*. Par P. Scudo. Second Series. Paris, 1859.

And the Ristori, what effect did she produce? — Immense, and, in the judgment of all true connoisseurs, it is one of the greatest dramatic talents we have seen for a long time. — Ah! said he, grasping my hand with emotion, what pleasure you give me in saying that! *Cara Italia, tu non sei ancora morta* (dear Italy, thou art not dead yet!) he added, brushing away a tear which moistened his eyelids. After having taken leave of me, suddenly returning, he resumed: "Do you happen to know that all the first *danseuses* of the Opera are also Italians?" And he went off as happy as a child. It was the illustrious Manin, of Venice, who died at Paris on the 22d of September, 1857.

We have related this incident to show the importance which the most serious Italians attach to events which touch their country: for the noble personage whom we have just named never entered a theatre himself, and bore in solitude the greatest griefs of exile. It is the eternal honor of Italy that, after two civilizations so different as those of the Rome of Augustus and of Leo X, she has been able to survive the oppression that has weighed upon her since the middle of the sixteenth century. It is by arts, letters and sciences that this beautiful country has always protested against the miserable governments which have tried to smother all moral life in it. This explains the exaltation of the Italians when they have to defend their poets, their artists and their savants against the criticism of foreigners. The questions of taste are for them questions of life or death, and to contest the glory of their celebrated men, is to contest their nationality. This brings us back to Verdi and his opera of the "Sicilian Vespers," of which we are now called upon to appreciate the merit.

It must be confessed that MM. Scribe and Duveyrier might have chosen a subject better fitted, than that of the "Sicilian Vespers," to be set to music by an Italian and represented on the first lyrical stage of France. There are fitnesses which it is always well to respect in the theatre, and the field of history is so vast that M. Scribe need not have been at a loss to find some sort of a theme for the small number of dramatic combinations which he reproduces so willingly and with little variation. At the head of the libretto of the *Vêpres Siciliennes* we find a note to this effect: "We hasten to inform those who will reproach us, as usual, with ignorance of history, that the general massacre known under the name of the 'Sicilian Vespers' never existed." Then follows a little historical dissertation in which the authors are pleased to cite Fazelli, Muratori, Giannone, Italian historians on whom their erudition of a fresh date rests. They are careful not to cite a well-known and esteemed book on the matter, *La Guerra del Vespro Siciliano*, by Michel Amari, the fourth edition of which appeared at Florence in 1851. If the indefatigable librettist had taken time to refresh himself a little, he might have read in the fifth chapter of M. Amari's excellent work, page 102, that on the 31st of March,

in the year 1282, there was a revolt at Palermo against the tyrannical domination of Charles of Anjou; a revolt which spread through all Sicily, and in which were massacred, on the word of Villani, *four thousand French*.

But what is demanded of M. Scribe is interesting fables, more or less adapted to the composer's talent, and not the learning of a Benedictine. Besides, we know, by the *Etoile du Nord* and the *Czarine*, what he makes of history, when he chances to consult it.

Guy de Monfort, lieutenant of Charles of Anjou, is governor of Sicily, and has his seat as sovereign in the city of Palermo, which he oppresses with his despotism. He has carried off a woman of the country, by whom he has had a son, and who has escaped with her child. This woman, who abhorred in her ravisher the tyrant of Sicily, writes to him on her death-bed:

Then who sparest nothing, if the bloody axe
Threaten Henry Nota, honor of his country,
Spare at least that innocent head:
It is your son's.

This son, in fact, who is ignorant of his birth, enters into a conspiracy against the governor of Palermo. He is pushed on to this crime by love for his country and by affection for the duchess Helen, sister of the young Frederic of Austria, beheaded on the scaffold by Conradin, who has promised to avenge his death: here lies the knot of the piece. The duchess Helen, Procida, and Henry Nota, the unknown son of the governor, form a conspiracy to deliver Sicily from foreign domination by assassinating Guy de Monfort. When Henry learns from the very mouth of the governor that he is his own son, his heart hesitates between the duties of nature and the ties which attach him to the beautiful duchess. Meanwhile he decides to warn his father of the danger which he runs, and apprises him that conspirators have introduced themselves into his palace under a disguise authorized by the fête to which they are invited, and that they have a design upon his life. Thus warned, Guy de Monfort causes the arrest of the assassins, who are Procida and the duchess Helen. In despair at having betrayed the secret of a conspiracy in which he participated, Henry exerts all the influence which the paternal tenderness gives him, to save Helen and Procida, who are expecting death. De Monfort yields to the prayer of his son, on condition that he will publicly recognize him as his father. Henry, after cruel hesitations, decides, and obtains not only the pardon of his friends, but also the hand of the duchess Helen. This marriage, which makes the happiness of the two lovers, and which might consolidate the French dominion over Sicily, does not enter into the intentions of Procida, who counsels the duchess to feign a consent necessary to his plans. At a signal given, as M. Scribe says, to celebrate the new nuptials, the bells sound, the Palermitans rise and precipitate themselves upon the French.

Down with them all! What matters it to you?
French or Sicilians,
Strike all you meet! God will choose his own!

cries Procida, repeating the famous words of St. Dominic against the Albigenses. Such is the fable conceived by MM. Scribe and Duveyrier, so destitute, I will not say of probability, but of interest. The character of the duchess Helen is a complete failure; she hesitates continually between the desire of avenging the memory of her

brother and her very lukewarm love for Henry; the latter has no physiognomy, and Procida is but a vulgar tribune; Guy de Monfort alone drops a few accents of paternal tenderness. The principal situations are borrowed from the *Huguenots*, from *Robert*, from *Gustave*, from *Don Sebastian*, and are dragged in, willing nilling, for the great glory of the composer.

M. Verdi, who is but forty-one years old, occupies in the history of Italian music a quite peculiar place, which distinguishes him from his predecessors: since Rossini, he is the composer who has had the most reverberation in his country, and he owes his great fame less even to his incontestible talent, than to the circumstances under which this talent is produced. For we must know, that Italy is in such a state of moral irritation and political emotion, as to be incapable of lending her attention to any manifestation of Art which has not the same qualities and defects with which her whole life is penetrated. Beyle made already this remark in 1834: "Italy," wrote he from Civita-Vecchia, "is no longer the Italy that I adored in 1815; she is enamored of a thing which she has not. The fine arts, for which alone she is made, are now nothing but a *pis aller*; she is profoundly humiliated, in her excessive *amour propre*, at not having a lilac robe like her older sisters, France, Spain, Portugal; but if she had it, she could not wear it. First of all, it would require twenty years of the rod of iron of a Frederic II. to hang the assassins and put the thieves in prison."

Without discussing Beyle's opinion here upon the incapacity of Italy for enjoying at least the political independence, which is the dearest object of its prayers, we will limit ourselves to remarking that the existence of Piedmont, and the spectacle which it has given to Europe for some years, are a clear proof of the contrary. It is certain that the situation of Italy does not dispose it to relish a placid and serene genius like Raphael and Palestrina, even if it could produce such in our days. In another letter which Beyle wrote from Trieste in 1831, he remarks more judiciously that "the Italians, in the matter of Art, want what is new. To-day Bellini is played everywhere, and the fine ladies call him: *Il mio Bellini*. They speak now of Rossini as they spoke of Cimarosa in 1815. Immense admiration—provided you will not play him!" This feverish desire for novelty at any price, joined to the absence of solid studies and of a sovereign city which can be the centre of tradition, throws Italy into the arms of the first guitar player who comes to distract it from its devouring ennui. It is doubtful whether Italy, were Rossini to appear to her to-day, would be able to appreciate that brilliant genius, who troubles himself no more about the mad political theories of Mazzini than if such a man had never existed, and who sings, purely and simply, the joys and charming griefs of life.

And, to cite another example in favor of the thesis which we are maintaining, is it quite certain that Italy, in her present disposition, has been alive to the fact of the superior woman who has revealed herself to Paris within a few months? The generation which could elevate M. Verdi to the rank of a composer of genius, having Rossini to compare him with, could not appreciate what there is incomparable in the talent of Mme. Ristori. What chastity in the expression of sentiments the most unheard of! What gestures at

once self-restrained and energetic! What noble ease of pantomime, and how she knows how to render that terrible struggle in her virgin heart between filial tenderness and the incestuous passion which implacable Venus kindles in her! Ah! there is the true Beautiful; there is the ideal which justifies the severities of criticism. We had no need of the presence of Mme. Ristori to recognize that Mlle. Rachel, even in the time of her finest success, possessed only two accents, that of hate and that of irony, and that she was destitute of the rarest gifts, of that profound and varied sensibility which the Italian artist possesses in such a high degree. One remarks no vulgar process in the talent of Mme. Ristori; study disappears under the richness of nature; the artifices of the trade are absorbed by the current of inspiration. There you have no studio model, laboriously set up by the *professores emeriti* of declamation; it is a Roman *gentildonna* who has had under her eyes from infancy the monuments of the Phidiases and the Praxiteles, and whom it has cost but a slight effort of memory to seize across the gulf of centuries the poses and the language of her ancestors. To return to music, we would compare Rachel to a lyre which has but two strings, the *tonic* and the *dominant*, while Ristori possesses the whole gamut! Ah! should it be given to us some day to hear a singer as perfect, we should have nothing to do but to exclaim: *Nunc dimittis, Domine, quin viderunt oculi mei salutare tuum*.

* * * * *

If the taste of France has a right to claim its part in the success of the *Comte Ory* and of *Guillaume Tell*, which marks the last evolution of the genius of Rossini, it remains for us to see what influence Paris will have had on the last opera of Verdi, *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*.

The overture commences by a slight rumbling of the drums, with *pizzicati* of the double-basses, which mark the features of an undulating rhythm, and, after some measures of introduction in which a solo of the clarinet predominates, (the familiar strain of which will re-appear in the first act), a very pretty phrase presents itself entrusted to the violoncellos, pausing an instant on a culminating note a little too much after the manner of singers. Reproduced a second time with a new accompaniment, this phrase, short enough for that matter, meanders along through the length of an ardent stretta. This overture, without being a masterpiece, is not misplaced at the head of a work which commences, on the grand square of Palermo, with a chorus which is quite dramatic.

The entrance of the duchess and all this preparatory scene, in which the wine-heated Frenchmen insult the Sicilians and constrain Helen herself to sing for their low pleasures, lacks relief. One sees that the musician is very much embarrassed by these details and by these recitations, without which nevertheless the developed pieces cannot produce their effect. The cavatina which the duchess sings, as much in obedience to the demand of a French soldier, as to persuade the Sicilians to be patient until the hour of vengeance: *Du courage! . . . du courage!* has vigor; but it recalls too much, by certain flashes of the voice, *lampi di gola*, familiar to M. Verdi, the cavatina of the first act of *Ernani*. A trio, which ends in a quatuor, and almost without accompaniment, since it is only sustained by a few chords

of the orchestra, painful at its commencement, disentangles itself at last, and becomes a morceau not to be despised by the happy concentration of parts and the good effect thence resulting. The duo for tenor and barytone, between Guy de Monfort and the young Sicilian, Henry Nota, contains some good passages, particularly the phrase of ensemble :

Non, non, point de grâce!

which is that entrusted to the violoncellos in the overture. In the duo which we have just mentioned and which terminates the first act, there is one of those passages of dialogue between Monfort and Henry :

Quoi ! malgré vos complots, échapper au trépas !

in which we recognize the influence of the style of Meyerbeer upon the talent of M. Verdi. This influence, which strikes one from the first measures of the overture, has left more than one trace more in the new opera.

(To be Continued.)

The "Mozart" of Oulibicheff and the "Mozart" of Jahn.

A PARALLEL.

It is an important fact for the peculiar greatness of Mozart, that, at a time which, with restless haste, is struggling after new forms and means of expression in music, and which feels itself too confined even in the more extended fields of action procured for it by the spirited outpourings of Beethoven's mighty genius—at a time which is not capable of moderating itself in anything it does, and, hence, cannot observe the due limits of Art, two men, gifted with high natural qualities, have dedicated their best energies and leisure to penetrate the life and doings of Mozart, to elucidate all their varied relations, and to place the perfectly immeasurable significance of his art in its true light.

Otto Jahn's comprehensive work is not concluded in the three volumes which have already appeared, and the musical world looks forward with deep interest to its continuation; but the marked tone of independence which pervades the book enables us to appreciate its spirit, and we are, consequently, even now enabled to draw a parallel between the two publications.

Just as no love is equal to first love, and as no second object can force itself into the heart side by side with the object of our first love, the love for nothing else in this world was in Oulibicheff's case to be compared to his love for the music of Mozart. He loved it as soon as he became aware of its existence; he felt the most intimate spiritual affinity with it immediately its first sound had moved him; its wonders caused him to thrill from head to foot, before he had tracked its ways—before he had played the eavesdropper and overheard its secrets in the workshop of the mind which created it. At the first glance, he had a presentiment that he could perceive in it the ideal of musical beauty; it became clearer and clearer to his inquiring spirit; it shone down upon and illuminated the profoundest secrets of his breast, and displayed to him, in the glory of tune, all that after which his mind was struggling, all that after which his heart yearned. It is perfectly intelligible that, with such a feeling of sympathy for Mozart, all other music, even that of the greatest masters, must, in his eyes, necessarily pale; that he should regard everything that preceded Mozart merely as the germ to be developed by the latter's talent, and all that followed simply as a falling off from its lofty excellence.

The best means at our disposal for the perception of the essence of beauty is love—that love which is founded upon spiritual affinity—it penetrates every depth, and seizes on the excellences of the beloved object with all the strength of the soul. It is true that, where Art is concerned, this love must proceed from an artistically-educated mind, in order to possess the value of the highest

kind of perception; such a mind is that of Oulibicheff. The great superiority of his book consists, thus, in the fact that love dictated it, and that the beauty of Mozart's music streams out bodily from its enthusiastic pages. How deeply Oulibicheff's glance dived into Mozart's nature is evidenced by the following passage :—

"But there existed in Mozart a second being, perfectly different from the one just portrayed; a being who thought every day of death, who passed whole nights at his piano, and, on the pinions of fancy, raised himself aloft to those regions, the secrets of which death alone can solve. For a long time, his contemporaries, and especially the population of Vienna, could not understand this being—they could understand neither him nor those works to which his melancholy, God-seeking soul has confided its most wonderful inspirations."*

But, on the other hand, there are certain dangers to be apprehended, when love, founded upon spiritual affinity, wields the pen of the biographer.

In such a case, the fancy is always predominant, and sees a great deal differently to what it really is; fancy cannot always resist the temptation of introducing a little of her own in the music she describes, and garnishing its clear meaning with much that is superfluous. This is one danger. The second consists in the fact that not all the works of a beloved author excite equal sympathy, and the enchanted eye is too much taken up by those moments when the heavenly meteor displays its greatest brilliancy, to follow the various steps of its development with equal interest, and not altogether lose sight of many interesting intermediate phenomena.

This affects the harmony of our judgment, as well as the completeness of the whole picture.

Whoever recollects the opinion contained in Oulibicheff's work concerning the spiritual tenor and the significance of the G minor symphony, will see in it an instance of the first kind of danger; the opinion given of *Die Zauberflöte* may serve as an example of the second.

It is by a completely different path that Otto Jahn has arrived at the full appreciation of and veneration for Mozart's productions. He himself gives us the best explanation of this in the introduction to his book, when he addresses to the friend, to whom the latter is dedicated, the following words :—

"And thus we met also in our experience of the fact that, at one period of youthful development, Mozart grows strange to us, and incomprehensibly becomes for our minds, restlessly struggling and soaring out into the Infinite, a master who does not complete the fermenting process of passion in works of Art, but, after completely separating all that is impure and turbid, produces perfect beauty. Thus, when, at a more mature age, we are brought back to him, we are astonished at the wonderful richness of his art, and also at ourselves, for having been capable of feeling coolly towards it."

From these few admirable words, in which Mozart's artistic elevation is so well and so concisely described, we speedily obtain a correct idea of the point from which Jahn considers Mozart's works: it is that of the man of mature mind, of clear consciousness, and of sure discernment.

Youth, for the most part, seeks in Art only a refulgent expression for the glowing impulse of its own heart, and the more any particular period fosters the passions to excess, and carries a defiant banner at the head of new tendencies, the more surely will youth, intoxicated with these tendencies, and the ideas on which they are based, follow those who bear their standards in Art, and feel but little, if any, sympathy for that ideal beauty, which has already overcome all that is impure and turbid in passion, without going through the process of fermentation in Art itself.

After what has been said, we feel sure that Jahn will not introduce anything capricious, anything emanating merely from his own fancy into

* Even at the present day, there are many, who lay claim to a high æsthetic education, capable of saying nothing more than that Mozart is the *Stager of Love*; that joy and merriment, grace, jokes, and good humor are the distinguishing marks of his music! How many are there, who, having thoroughly probed all the depths of his art, are capable of comprehending those manifestations of his genius which flash so wonderfully from out the second finale of *Don Juan*, the *Requiem*, the priest's music in the *Zauberflöte*, and the numberless adagios of his instrumental works!

the works of Mozart, and that every one of his decisions will be distinguished by that objective preciseness and clearness peculiar to the quiet, although affectionate, investigation and appreciation of calm reason. The pure, unselfish love for the Beautiful, a love which shines forth from every line, and which never suffers from the deepest research into technical elements, into the process of conception and creation, and into the connection between life and Art, lends Jahn's work the stamp of infallibility, and in those passages where his enthusiasm breaks loose, the warm expression of overpowering feeling and of the free homage of ripe judgment is doubly powerful, because we know that it sprang not from original sympathy, but from the deepest, the most penetrating investigation, appreciation, and appropriation.

While the enthusiastic admirer of Mozart's art meets, as a rule, in Oulibicheff's descriptions and opinions his own love and enthusiasm, that which he has felt and acknowledged by the force of his own sympathy—only more brightly illuminated and raised from the depths where they lay concealed—he finds, in every page of Jahn's book, new elucidations, and surprising hints pointing to beauties and delicacies, based on the peculiarity of the musical art, and accessible only to an investigator, who is a perfect master of every technical secret, and penetrates deeply into all the details, analyzing and comparing them with affectionate patience. Oulibicheff will fascinate the enthusiastic admirer of Mozart by many a glance, before which some one or other of the rich wonders of Mozart's art, rising brilliantly, unfolds itself in its full significance and in all its indescribable beauties; but such rapture will always resemble that which thrills through us when we meet with, in some congenial mind, the clear expression of ideas and sensations which we ourselves have only indistinctly felt, and the reader will joyfully exclaim: That is spoken exactly after my own heart; I now perceive in the full light of consciousness what I have long felt, but only obscurely. But still more frequently will he come across opinions at which he will rejoice, as at the meeting with some congenial spirit, with equal appreciation, through love and enthusiasm. Jahn, on the other hand, will always be a guide, who—when, intoxicated by Mozart's music as a whole, we abandon ourselves unconsciously to the rapturous impression it produces—directs our attention to numberless important details, to significant living figures in the picture, to the peculiar lights and shadows, to the charm of the musical arabesques, as well as to many hidden witty allusions and delicate turns, thus causing, as it were, Mozart's works to spring afresh into existence before us, and then bringing them and their most hidden musical qualities, as well as their close spiritual connection, as near to our powers of appreciation as they previously were to our mental vision and our feelings.

From what has been said, the reader will perceive that Oulibicheff's work will always be a favorite book with all Mozartians, properly so called, that is to say, with those admirers of the great master, who sympathize with the peculiar nature of his works, and with their inmost soul; who see in his compositions the ideal of musical treatment, and who perceive the glorification of spiritual existence, such as it reposes in his productions, but cannot distinguish it anywhere else.

Jahn's book, however, will prove an acceptable gift to all connoisseurs and lovers of music—including even the warmest of Mozart's admirers—whenever they desire to arrive at a quiet, deeply-penetrating, certain idea and explanation of his rich life and richer art; Jahn's opinion of Mozart will always satisfy them; and, while his ripe respect for the sublime master will agreeably touch them, and confirm them in the true appreciation of him, his book will always maintain the sacred inspiration of a psychologico-historical sketch of character.—*London Mus. World* (from the *German*.)

Handel's "Susannah."

(Translated from the *Niederrheinische Musikzeitung*.)

When we printed, in No. 50 of this journal, in the

second year of its publication (1854), a notice by that highly esteemed writer Gervinus, who was the first to announce to the musical world of Germany the existence of an oratorio called *Susannah*, by Handel, and, also, favored us with a translation of the book (printed in No. 51 of the *Neiderrheinische Musikzeitung*, December 23, 1854), we had no grounds for expecting, after the lapse of so few years, such an excellent edition of the score and pianoforte arrangement of a work which, for us, was new, as the version contained in the first portion of the edition of Handel's works, issued by the *Deutsche Handel-Gesellschaft* (German Handel Society), engraved and printed by Bretikopf and Hartel, Leipzig, and which now lies before us.

The editing of the score for the press, and the getting up of the pianoforte arrangement have been undertaken by Julius Rietz, while the restoration of the work from sources formerly unknown, has been effected by Friedrich Chrysander. The German words are by C. G. Gervinus, with certain alterations which we have already mentioned. The translation is, in every respect, excellent, in a literary as well as a musical point of view.

The oratorio of *Susannah* was (according to Chrysander's preface) composed between July 11th and August 24th, 1748, in Handel's sixty-fourth year, and produced in the following Spring season, at Covent Garden Theatre, London. The accompanied recitative, airs, and duets, as well as the trio and overture, were printed and published immediately afterwards. The full score was issued by Randall, Wright and Arnold. The same preface gives us also the entailments, after the manner of Handel himself, who again produced *Susannah*, in the year 1759, a few weeks before his death.

Concerning his authorities, part of which—though it is true, known—had not been used, while part of them had remained unknown until lately, and the examination of which gives the edition of the *Deutsche Handel-Gesellschaft* a superiority over all previous ones, Chrysander enters into the following details:

"With regard to what has hitherto been done, as far as the authorities are concerned, we are placed in a very favorable position. While our most ambitious wishes were limited to a view of those original manuscripts and other aids, the existence of which was known, a completely new and unexpected source of information was opened to us by the discovery of Handel's own copies (*Hand-Exemplare*).

"The original manuscripts of nearly all Handel's works, and the beautiful copies of the oratorios by his amanuensis, J. C. Smith, were previously known. Both collections, for nearly a century in the possession of the royal family of England, had, by the gracious kindness of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, and His Royal Highness Prince Albert, been placed in the most liberal manner at the service of writers.

"Critics were, moreover, acquainted with, although they had never fully profited by, the Handelian manuscripts, which, through some unknown circumstance had come into the hands of Lord Fitzwilliam, and for years had, as part of his rich musical collection in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, been accessible to the public. These seven volumes, also, consisting mostly of sketches, or of occasional interpolations (*gelegentlich eingefügten Sätze*), have proved rich in materials for all the first three numbers of our first annual series.

"With these resources, a reliable edition might, at a push, be produced. But, as we find in Smith's copies, as well as in the printed editions to which we have access, many deviations from the original manuscripts, deviations of themselves appearing perfectly justifiable, but not to be explained by the materials in our possession, we had always to regret the loss of the parts used at Handel's performances, or, as the fragments of those parts hitherto brought to light afforded little information, the loss of the old private copies. They were, however, not lost. When no one any longer believed they could still be preserved by any of Smith's descendants, they were offered for sale in the year 1856, by an antiquary in Bristol. In consequence of this, they came into the possession of M. V. Schoelcher, one of the most zealous members and promoters of our society, a gentleman who, while preserving them with the utmost care, is always ready to place them at the disposal of every scientific inquirer.

"This increase of our authorities materially augmented our labors, for the private copies are full of remarks, alterations and additions, part of which were to be cleared up only by means of the most patient research. We are, undoubtedly, entitled to consider it a fortunate circumstance that the preparatory steps towards the task undertaken by the *Deutsche Handel-Gesellschaft* had to do with materials which rendered a perfectly exhaustive edition possible for the first time."

The fact of these particulars having become known will, without doubt, exercise a considerable influence in extending the circulation of the *Deutsche Handel-Gesellschaft's* edition, which will thus be not only a beautiful and honorable monument of the love of the present generation for the fame of its native land and works of sterling music, but, at the same time, the first perfect edition, most carefully treated, as far as criticism is concerned, and corrected in conformity with priceless new sources of information, the authority of which, at the performances of Handel's works, and, consequently, in the serious study of them, can henceforth not be neglected.

We had an opportunity, yesterday and the day before, of hearing the rehearsal and performance of the oratorio of *Susannah*. We are indebted for this interesting treat, to the *Städtischer Sing-Verein*, and its director, Herr Breunung. The performance, with full band and organ, as well as the recitatives and airs with pianoforte accompaniment, was at the same time, a worthy inauguration of the new building belonging to the Cologne Conservatory, the principal room in which is used by the *Sing-Verein* and the *Musikalische Gesellschaft* for their meetings. The public were admitted by invitation from the Committee of the Verein. The peculiar state of the Verein and the immoderate heat rendered entailments unavoidable, but what was actually played proved amply sufficient to give a just notion of the character of the work; and the performance, which lasted about two hours—in spite of the short time for preparation, and the influence of summer on the attendance of the exccitants (especially the gentlemen, of whom there were, by the way, some admirable singers, although in small numbers, present)—was, on the whole, successful, while, in some particular instances, it was excellent. Under the latter category we may include the recitative and airs of the alto part (Joachim, *Susannah's* husband), which we shall rarely hear rendered more pleasingly, and with more simplicity and feeling.

Of the composition itself, the performance has, generally speaking, justified and borne out, in our mind, the opinion pronounced by Gervinus, from which we will again make the following extract, because now that the score is to be procured, we think his opinion will meet with a more general response, and give rise to deep investigation. He says, among other things:

"*Susannah* dates from the same period, the first fifty years of the last century, in which all Handel's greatest works were written, and, although differing in its whole character, and differently colored, from any of Handel's other oratorios, is, from this very peculiarity, highly attractive, and particularly adapted for private performance by a connected series of solo parts. It is, probably, material circumstances which have excluded it from music rooms. In England, exception was, very likely, taken to the subject, which, however, is treated in the most becoming and moral manner. Then, again, the work is too long. *Susannah* in an un mutilated form would, perhaps, exhaust the patience of an English public, which is energetic even in its amusements, and will actually sit out a three-act farce after a Shakspearean tragedy, which with us always requires to be cut.

"But what ought to have excited a preference for this work more than for many others, is its greater facility. It cannot be pronounced equal to any of the historical oratorios in profundity and loftiness, but it will, perhaps, more than all the rest, fascinate a public accustomed to opera and modern musical compositions. The great reason of this is that it exhibits to us an operative plot treated in a completely dramatic style, a plot which every one present, even though uneducated, fully comprehends, and to enjoy which the mere words produce a fitting frame of mind, in which the working of the clear and simple music finds, without any hindrance, a place. Apart from the prophetic loosening of the knot (which, by the way, is treated in quite an unprophectic manner even by the author of the book and by the composer), the whole plot, as given in the words, might be conducted in exactly the same fashion at the present day. It is represented by the author of the book without any local or national coloring, and this peculiarity of the words has, as is always the case with Handel, acted directly on the character of the music. The recitative and airs, which alone forward the action, are, it is true, by no means compositions in the modern style, but then again, they are not rendered unintelligible by any old-fashioned or foreign national coloring. To this we must add the fact that the purport of the subject, treating of the peaceful, though interrupted bliss of a morally pure, simple marriage-bond, required in the fundamental tone of the music an idyllic simplicity, for which reason all those *bravura* pieces and artistic figures, which in old music, frequently produce a strange impression

on us, are excluded. Whatever is more in the modern style and comes nearer the feelings of the present day, is expressed in song-like pieces, which, under another name, might be sold to any one as compositions of recent date. They nearly approach national songs, and, in each instance of this kind, the popular nature of Handel's music is exhibited in the most graceful and most simple manner.

"The composer saw and followed up the intention of the poet of leaving the most important part of the action in the hands of the principal personages. The choruses interfere with the latter neither by their number nor their weight; their, comparatively speaking, small value may have contributed to banish this oratorio from associations where the chorus is especially in great request. In three parts, of two scenes each, the action is unfolded with wonderful evenness, and simple, natural truth. The first of these scenes shows us the happiness of the married couple, Joachim and *Susannah*, but, at the conclusion of the scene, the shade of an evil presentiment clouds that happiness; the second introduces the two Elders, in pursuit of *Susannah*; the one mild and enthusiastic, the other, rough and passionate, and discloses their wicked design. In the third scene, *Susannah*, grieving and alone, is, by the outburst of her loving maid's grief, once more warned of the misfortune which threatens her, and which is then developed by the bursting-in of the Elders, the climax being formed by a masterly trio (not dissimilar to that in *Acis and Galatea*). The elegiac tone of the fifth scene (*Susannah's* sentence) is then changed into one of sudden suspense by the entrance of young Daniel, while, with the return of Joachim, the action also, and its musical expression, reverts to the first idyllic and peaceful tone. The final duet of the once more happy pair then significantly takes us back to the opening duet, in which they sang their as yet undisturbed happiness. Each of these scenes is carried out in a different, but equally appropriate character; each is equally smooth and rounded off, so that the hearer never stumbles over anything uneven, unexpected, or strange—so that the composition appeals most profoundly to the most natural feelings, by proceeding with simple truth, as though each note and each piece must be just what it is. This inward necessity is the last and highest beauty in all Art."

Cologne, July 14, 1859.

L. B.

The Encore Swindle.

(From Punch.)

Excellently well done, Mr. Sims Reeves. Remarkably well done, Mr. Sims Reeves. You have Mr. Punch's plaudits, the least whereof will in your opinion outweigh the opinion of a whole Surrey Hall of groundlings, Mr. Sims Reeves.

So there was a great crowd in that Surrey Hall, to hear Miss Dolby, and Madame Bishop, and yourself, and others, and the lovers of music permitted themselves to go on as follows:

"The first piece set down for Mr. Sims Reeves was *Fra Poco*, which he sang with only too great effect. He left the orchestra amidst great applause, which, as usual, was extended to a vociferous encore."

That is to say that, having paid to hear you in one song, and being pleased with you, they endeavored to obtain a second without paying for it. Well, you did not think proper to accede to the demand, and the amiable audience got into a rage, and would not even listen to an explanation. They "waxed furious," according to the report, because you would not be robbed. However, after a good deal of riot, they condescended to listen to the explanation. It was—

"To the effect that Mr. Reeves, having to sing two other pieces, could not repeat so trying an effort as that just made."

This, Reeves, was a conciliatory explanation. The crowd had no right to ask it, but, it being made, we certainly agree with the reporter that it

"Ought to have satisfied everybody. It did satisfy all but an excited minority, who, in spite of overwhelming cries of encouragement to the conductor to proceed, persevered in hissing, groaning, and hooting. This disgraceful scene lasted about half an hour, and was only terminated by the performance—despite all demands to the contrary—of the Wedding March, in *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The drums, trumpets, and violins had fairly the best of it, and the proceedings were tranquil enough till Mr. Reeves made his second appearance. Volleys of hisses, groans, and catcalls mingled with the vehement applause that saluted him. For some minutes he took this unusual reception in good part, bowing and smiling at every outburst of the popular humor as if it were unmixed flattery."

Half an hour of blackguardism, vainly sought to be put down by the decent portion of the auditory. We are happy, however, to read that they were the majority, and even at the cost of prolonging the scene, they gave battle:

"But this sort of thing soon gets beyond a joke, and when it was evident that a mischievous few, at various entrances of the building, were determined Mr. Reeves should not be heard, a contrary resolution was expressed with equal decision. Deat-

enough peals of cheering were kept up in order to intimidate the disturbers, but still they held out. In vain the great singer tried the effect of his soothing air upon the disturbers. They broke him down in the second verse of "When thou wilt be my Bride." In vain he bowed in his sweetest notes, "My breast doth swell with pride." His offended admirers answered with implacable derision. Clenching his music scroll, he exclaimed, "I am too much of an Englishman to be beaten!" and coolly took a chair.

However, the majority was now determined on having an end to "this sort of thing," and, in obedience to angry demands for the expulsion of the offenders, the necessary steps were taken, and divers blackguards were eliminated, receiving a smiling greeting from Mr. Reeves as they were dragged away.

"Thus by degrees the tumult was subdued, the song was recommenced, and Mr. Reeves retired amid a tempest of unqualified applause. Half an hour later he sat down to the piano to sing 'My Pretty Jane.' The cheering that followed was immense, but scarce a single voice ventured to ask a repetition. To the universal surprise and delight, the exultant tenor came back and sang to his own accompaniment the 'Bay of Biscay.' Of course this completed his triumph, and Mr. Sims Reeves finally retired from the orchestra a greater favorite than ever."

All very well, and Mr. Punch, as has been said, is pleased to congratulate Mr. Reeves very heartily on the pluck he exhibited. But the scene arose, as many similar scenes have arisen, from the ignorance of English persons, as to the law of *meum and tuum*. No doubt that amid that crowd of noisy, ill-bred fellows, there were some who supposed that they had a perfect right to command the great artist before them, or Miss Dolby, or Mad. Bishop, to give them as much music as they chose to call for, though they had paid only for what was set down in the bill. Now, if there were any such, and one of them were a tailor, what would he say to Mr. Punch, who, having bought a waistcoat of him, should insist upon having another for nothing, because the first pleased him so much. "But O," comes in the coarse and material mind, "that's different. A waistcoat is a thing—cloth, buttons, thread—a song's only a noise." Well, let us concede that the tailor cannot understand us, and let us take a dentist. Suppose he has pulled out a tooth so neatly for a guinea that Mr. Punch, patient, insists on having a second pulled out without extra pay. Come, if a song is only a noise, an extraction is only a pull. "But that would be dishonest, he has been learning for years to pull out teeth; then there are his name and reputation, and his time." Granted, and that Mr. Punch would be a swindler, in the case of the waistcoat or of the tooth. What of the singer? Has he not been learning for years to get out the high note that delights you. Are his name and reputation less valuable than the dentist's? Is his time less valuable?

The fact is, painful as it is to declare it, that everybody who attempts to enforce (mind, we don't say anything against a complimentary request) a second performance of what has already been given, is a person who is endeavoring to procure a valuable thing without paying or intending to pay for it. The name the lawyers call such a person hath been given above. When this is thoroughly understood, and that a "peremptory encore" means a forcible theft, we shall have no more such disgraceful scenes as that at the Surrey Hall.

Meantime Mr. Punch appends, with much approbation, the following passage from the excellent remarks of his contemporary, the *Daily Telegraph*, upon the whole business:

"Singers have too long been oppressed by the tyranny of eucoures and the almost brutal exigence of musical audiences, and it is time that artists should make a bold stand, and emancipate themselves from an intolerable thralldom. The 'general decree' of five thousand persons cannot be permitted to force a man to ruin the finest voice that has been heard for years."

If it were the most worthless, instead of the finest, the argument would be just the same. No audience has a right to dictate in the matter. If the singer chooses to oblige people with a repetition, well and good; but, if he declines, the audience ought to apologize for having asked what was unreasonable. The days of "kyind patrons," and "generous benefactors," are gone by, the artist is on a perfect equality with his audience, and gives them the fruits of his skill in exchange for their money. Let him be on the best of friendly terms with them, but let us have no sneaking submission on his part, no insolent patronage on theirs. And so, bravo and farewell, Mr. Sims Reeves, and may the shadow of your moustache never be less.

Roger, the French Tenor.

The Paris correspondent of the *London Literary Gazette* writes:

Some of our readers will perhaps remember that last winter an extraordinary sensation was produced by a sudden *extinction de voix* which seized Roger in the last act of *Herculeum*, and during which he went almost insane with despair, dashed the diadem from

his head, tore his hair, and got the audience quickly on his side from his severe and irrepressible suffering. This was the first unmistakable *coup de cloche* of a dramatic career which is now closed. The administration of the *Académie Royale* had for some time past been mindful of the decrease of voice of the once so brilliant artist, and the occasion was taken of the scene I mention not to reëngage Roger. It so happened that from that time to the present he has sung remarkably well, better than he had done for years even, and I must confess I heard him myself last week in the *Prophète* (if I mistake not, the day before his accident,) and was really surprised at the amount of voice of which he could still dispose. The Friday's performance over, Roger went down as usual to breathe the fresh air at a very fine chateau he has at a couple of hours from Paris, and took to his unluckily favorite diversion of pheasant shooting. He had got through a hedge, and was pulling his gun through after him by the muzzle, when the trigger (the gun being at full cock) caught in some branch, was pulled as by a finger, went off, and the entire contents lodged in poor Roger's right arm. He walked home, and medical assistance was instantly sent for. The whole upper part of the limb was shattered, and the first looked sufficed to show that amputation from the shoulder, or rather what is termed disarticulation, was necessary. The operation was performed, borne with wonderful firmness, and the patient is doing well for the moment, though in these cases, unluckily, a mere change of atmosphere may often be sufficient to bring about a fatal issue. As I said in the beginning, the celebrated tenor's exclamation was: "I suffer more supportably this, than much that was done to me at the Opera."

Roger will be a loss, from the excellent example he gave to young artists. His was the existence of an artist of the sixteenth century; love for his art, or I should perhaps say, for the accessories of his art, absorbed him. He was one of the finest musicians possible, having now and then accomplished the *tour de force* of singing some difficult part with only one rehearsal. He spoke nearly every language; and to obtain an historical detail which he might look upon as useful to the composition of some of his rôles, he would not have hesitated to start off to St. Petersburg or Lisbon at once, or no matter where. He neglected nothing in his study of a personage to be represented; and his attention to costume, attitude, walk, and all the minor details that make up a character, was scrupulous beyond measure. He was one of the best actors on the French stage, and I have seen little touches of genius on Roger's part, that would have done honor to Kemble or Kean. It must be avowed, the weak part of Roger was the voice. This was, in the beginning, a charming, but not a powerful one, and, had Roger remained at the *Opéra Comique*, he might have lasted till fifteen years hence, for he is under forty now. But he was possessed by a fixed idea, a dream, a mania! to play *Raoul* in Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*. He has often been heard to say: "From the moment I saw the fourth act of the *Huguenots* I felt that I would and must give up every thing to be able to impersonate *Raoul*." This was only to be done by passing over to the Grand *Opéra*, and when the first opportunity of doing so occurred, it was seized eagerly by the young artist, who ought, on the contrary, to have resisted any idea of the kind. For four or five years Roger was a leading 'star,' and his 'creations,' as the French term them, of *Jean de Leyden*, the fanatic, of *Fernand* in the *Favorite*, and of two or three others of the same sort, were worthy of the greatest artists of other days, but the actual voice endured a very short time. Originally too weak to struggle against the enormous space, and the tremendous sonority of the loudest orchestra in the world, Roger committed the worst of all faults, he forced it. From that hour, of course, all hope was lost, and Roger did what all singers do who are utterly ignorant of the ways in which a voice is developed, guided, or preserved, he took to producing his voice from every part of him, save the only natural ones, throat and chest, and sang from back, shoulders, arms, and legs at once, drawing his breath like water in a force-pump, from the lowest depths, and with the utmost labor imaginable.

Yes, I repeat it, Roger is a great loss; there was (barring the voice) a curious complexity, if not completeness, in his talent, and I again say he was most precious for the rising school of young artists, who have small or no respect for their art or for the public; whereas, the man I am speaking of would have consumed his very life in exertions for both.

A SUPERB ORGAN.—It gives us great pleasure to chronicle the successes of American mechanics, especially in those departments which call for exact knowledge and good taste, as well as ingenuity and skill. And although the organ is one of the oldest of

mechanical contrivances, still there is no branch of industry that calls for more varied faculties and acquirements than this. A very short inspection of the instrument we are about to describe, as it stands without a case, will show how many wants are to be provided for, how many difficulties are to be met, in order to group into one effective whole all its complicated machinery and marshal into one body all its forest of pipes.

This organ, built for the new St. Joseph's Church, Albany, is the largest instrument in this country. As the church is about 250 feet long, the power of the instrument is none too great. There may be one or two organs in America which outnumber this in registers or pipes; but, if so, the registers will be found to be half or incomplete stops, or used for some mechanical purpose—such as couplings or tremulants, while the number of pipes will be increased by the use of those of small or inefficient size. This organ is the first in New England built upon a 32 feet scale, and, so far as we have been able to ascertain, the first successful one in the country. This fact alone would make it superior in size; but if we examine the list of the stops, (meaning the sounding or musical stops) we shall find one of 32 feet actual length; five of 16 feet, besides three more giving the 16 foot pitch; seventeen of 8 feet, besides 3 more giving the 8 foot pitch. The size of the sound board, bellows, and the general plan of the organ are far beyond any hitherto attempted here. There are four different pressures of wind, which will account for the fullness, roundness and firmness of tone throughout the instrument.

But while power is one of its most noticeable features, the builders have not lost sight of beautiful and delicate qualities. The choir-organ is as sweet and melodious in its tone as the great and pedal organs are grand and impressive. The great and the swell organs contain stops of remarkable beauty. The voicing throughout is remarkably pure and clear, being entirely free from hissing and windiness. The reed stops are very fine. The trumpets are powerful in the extreme, but yet smooth; while the hautboys and clarinets are unsurpassed for equality and finish of tone, and are uncommonly good imitators of the instruments whose names they bear.

There are also several new stops which these builders were the first, in New England certainly, to introduce;—for instance the *Viola di Gamba*, as made in Germany, and the *Flutes Harmonique* and *Octaviane*. The name *Viola di Gamba* is not new here, but the stop is. In this organ that stop is a perfect imitation of the instrument, and is so strong and pungent as to be easily discerned even when played with all the 8 and 16 feet stops. The Open Diapason of 32 feet is a great success; even the lowest notes are as prompt and as clearly defined as any in the scale, qualities not common even in the best organs of Europe. The balance of power and the artistic blending of tone are remarkable features, and, on the whole, the most important for the success of an instrument of this size.

Another thing which organists will heartily appreciate, is the introduction of the Pneumatic action; it is applied to the great, swell and pedal organs separately, and in such a manner that the touch of the full organ, with all the couplings drawn, is scarcely heavier than that of a grand piano. The advantages of this wonderful mechanism will be apparent to any one. It is said that it requires twenty-four pounds pressure to play the full organ in York minster, and certainly all rapid movement is out of the question where so much power is expended. In this instrument the organist can bring down all its thunders, as easily as make it whisper like Ariel.

The number of registers is sixty, of which forty-eight are musical, and twelve mechanical. These sounding stops run through the entire compass, there being no half or incomplete stops in the organ. They are distributed as follows: 16 in the great organ, 12 in the swell, 10 in the choir organ, and 10 in the pedal organ.

The key-action is reversed, so that the organist faces the altar, with the congregation.

On the whole the builders are to be congratulated upon this great work, and we especially envy the church which is to have such a magnificent instrument. Repeated hearings have only strengthened our impressions of its grandeur, its completeness, its beauty of tone, and its perfect adaptation to the purpose of public worship.—*Transcript*.

AN ORGAN IN A SHOEMAKER'S SHOP.—It is doubtful if any town in the States can produce a greater number of good singers and musicians, in proportion to population, than the ancient and pleasant town of Reading. Although her citizens are all workers, being busily engaged either in farming or shoemaking, especially the latter, they find time to cultivate the divine art of music, and with great success. Of this the public have evidence in the excellent performances of the company of Reading "Old Folks," whose concerts have been so popular all over the country, and who were first to give these unique entertainments. Not to possess musical talent ap-

pears to be the exception rather than the rule among the good people of the town, as all visitors will find abundant evidence. A novel illustration of this fact may be seen at the workshop of Mr. Preston Richardson, a worthy shoemaker, who for a number of years has had in his shop a small church organ, of fine tone and considerable compass. Mr. Richardson is a great lover of music, and is wont to vary the monotony of his daily labor by occasionally evoking from his favorite instrument some "melodious measure" that banishes thoughts of care, sends a thrill of pleasure through dormant sensibilities, and gratifies those finer feelings which are so apt to be overlooked and starved in this bustling, greedy world. The example of the father has not been lost upon the son, who inherits the same love of music, and has acquired such proficiency as to be employed as organist by one of the churches in the town. The elder Richardson is also an excellent violinist. It is nothing remarkable to find a person fond of music, but it is doubtful if another instance can be found where a mechanic has set up an organ alongside his work-bench, and alternately perfects a piece of handiwork and performs a gem from some oratorio, a popular melody, or the tune to some grand psalm. The mechanics of the present day, and workers of all sorts, whether of the head or hands, are too chary of time and money to indulge in any such eccentricity, ennobling though it be.—*Journal*.

RUSKIN is thus summed up by a writer in *Frazer's Magazine*:

Unquestionably, one of the most remarkable men of this—may we not say of any?—age is Mr. Ruskin. He is, if you like, not seldom dogmatic, self-contradictory, conceited, arrogant and absurd; but he is a great and wonderful writer. He has created a new literature, the literature of Art. . . . In fact, Mr. Ruskin, properly speaking, does not teach Art at all, but nature. He has done more for Art, perhaps, than has ever yet been done by man [in England], but it has been by bringing men in a serious, humble and teachable spirit to nature, and giving them something like a true idea of that which at best they but dimly apprehended before—how awful and beautiful she is, how full of love and sympathy for man, how majestic, how tender, how holy, how pure.

. . . Mr. Ruskin has been assisted by a style singularly clear, rich, and powerful. Every inventor of a new philosophy has in some sort to invent a new vocabulary; and Mr. Ruskin's perfect command of a language surpassing all others, dead or living, except Greek, has enabled him to do this with extraordinary success. That in the detail of his work he is eminently inconsistent, there can be no doubt. The first volume of "Modern Painters" is partly intended to prove that the old masters knew nothing about Art; and when you have read it, you have a greater veneration of the old masters than ever. The reason is, that Mr. Ruskin's own principles have improved your taste, and made you admire what he himself professes to despise. He has found out for you some faults in the old masters; but he has also taught you to look at nature in such a way as to see more of all that is admirable in her; and the consequence is that the old masters, who caught the spirit of nature, even where they erred in the detail of representation, are more than ever precious in your eyes. In one page Mr. Ruskin will tell you to copy nature leaf by leaf, and grain by grain; in another, he will tell you that if you do so you will be quite wrong. In one chapter he will tell you that Turner is above all artists, past, present, and to come; in another he will tell you that there is no good Art but the pre-Raphaelite, which is certainly, in some respects, the very opposite of Turner. Yet for all this, and for all his arrogance, dogmatism, and egotism, he is one of the most delightful and instructive of writers.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 10, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Conclusion of "Moraing," a Cantata, by RIES; and two more pages of the opera *Don Giovanni*, as arranged for the pianoforte.

Richardson's New Method for the Piano-Forte.

Of making books there is no end,—especially of instruction books, "Schools," "Methods," and so forth, for learners of the Piano-Forte. One wonders, seeing that the elements of music are so simple and so few, and so necessarily the same essentially in every book which undertakes to state them, and seeing that the whole routine of mechanical practice, with all its little arts and processes, its scales and runs and leaps and hand-full chords, has been laid down over and over again by almost every teacher—for almost every

teacher makes a book—one wonders, we say, what demand there possibly can be, in reason, for a new method. The best teachers, it is true, care practically but little about any book; knowing well enough the things to be learned, and knowing the condition of the individual pupil, they can always furnish him with the right kind of exercise at the right time. Still the notion prevails, and it is not entirely an imagination, that it is well to have the substance of the whole course—the elements and the right order of attacking and of gradually mastering them, put down in black and white, in palpable and solid shape. Pupils and parents will hardly believe that they have anything unless they have a book. And there is room for a great difference in books. Any book, which contains the essentials, may answer well enough for a pupil of rare insight and energy, with a wise and faithful teacher; but these cases are so few, that it becomes desirable to have a really good book; and efforts to produce such will not cease so long as experience finds anything superfluous, impracticable or wanting in the books in use.

We thought, six years ago, that Mr. RICHARDSON had put together, in his "Modern School," about the most complete and practical course of exercises for general use, that had appeared. But it seems he was not quite contented with that large measure of success; he has taken advantage of the criticisms of teachers, relating chiefly to the too early introduction of difficulties and of formidable pieces in the course, to try to make the thing more perfect; and he has succeeded, having in fact completely remodeled and worked over the old matter, and filled in with new where there were breaks and leaps of too abrupt a character, till he has actually made a new book of it, and one more complete and more available than the old one.

We do not understand him to lay claim to any originality:—indeed how can there be any in such a work? But he has embodied in the most clear form and the most useful order the results of all the modern pianoforte practice. After the usual elements and definitions, he begins with an uncommonly full and nicely graduated series of five-finger exercises, interspersed at intervals with tasteful little pieces, to relieve the dryness and excite the musical imagination, which he calls "Amusements," and, at wider intervals, "Studies" for the mastery each of some technical speciality. The practice of Scales is prepared for by exercises upon those bits of scales in which the chief difficulties occur, namely of passing the thumb under the fingers. Then comes the grand Scale practice; beginning with one scale, and almost exhausting it by trying it in octaves, in sixths, in thirds, in contrary motion, &c.; then a few "amusements" and "studies," and another scale (in the next related key), and so on till the circle of scales is complete. We could only wish that the author had finally put them all together, to be played through continuously in a circle; but this the teacher can easily suggest.

It is in this part of the work (five-finger and scale exercises), that the heart of the whole matter lies, and Mr. Richardson has done wisely to lay out his chief force in this. It would not be possible, we think, to find a course of exercises more finely graduated. The other matters, arpeggios, chords, ornaments, expression points, &c., are all well enforced; and a good brief statement

of the simplest essentials of Harmony, with a pretty full Dictionary of Musical Terms, completes the volume.

So much for the mere rudimental and gymnastic part of the work. A matter of equal consequence, as bearing upon the education of a true musical feeling and taste in the pupil, is the selection of actual pieces of music, or music for itself, as a live thing of beauty, with a soul in it, and not the mere dry bones and frame-work. In his former book Mr. Richardson gave many beautiful pieces, from the best composers; but some of them were much too difficult. The present selection is more practical, while it is equally excellent in quality. The pieces, from the smallest upwards, meeting the young traveller each at the right point in his toilsome ascent, are unexceptionable in point of taste and style; and there are many of great beauty. The Sonatas of Clementi, the Nocturnes of Field, the works of Schumann, Dreychock, and others, are drawn from for short and pleasing movements, and we notice several of the "Songs without Words" by Mendelssohn.

The work, as we learn from the publishers (Messrs. Oliver Ditson and Co.), is already having a great sale, and we trust it will lead many in the right path, out of the regions of mere polka trash and empty *presto-digitation* (as some French critic calls the mere light-finger business) into the practice and delights of Art in the high sense.

We forgot to mention that two editions of the work are issued, one with the American and the other with the German marks for fingering. On this vexed question we have no opinion; whether you count five fingers, or four only with a cross for the thumb, it does not matter; pity only that teachers and publishers had not long ago united on one system, and one only. For ourselves,

How happy could we be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away!

Musical Chit-Chat.

The Opera at the Boston Theatre will not commence until Monday, Sept. 26, in consequence of a few days postponement of the opening in New York. There it is announced for next Monday evening. During the two weeks Mme. CORTESI is to appear in *Norma*, *Trovatore*, *Lucrezia*, *Poliuto* and *Saffo*; Mme. PEPITA GASSIER will appear in the *Sonnambula*, *Il Barbiere*, *Ernani* and *I Puritani*; and these two prime donne together in *Don Giovanni*. Other artists mentioned are: Mme. COLSON (it is to be hoped this is true), Mme. STRAKOSCH, and Signors BRIGNOLI, GASSIER, AMODIO and JUNCA. MARETZK is leader. From this we may gather what we have to expect in the following two weeks in Boston. Those two little rehearsal seasons over, the troupe will, it is understood, repair to Havana. The *Home Journal* says:

Madame GASSIER has accepted a second engagement in the Cuban city of luxury, Havana, for the approaching winter season, upon terms equivalent to two thousand five hundred dollars per week, in addition to a free benefit—conditions which we are inclined to consider unprecedented in the experience of any *prima donna* either in this or any other country.

What "Parlor Operas" may be precisely, we are not informed; but the *Tribune* states that Mr. and Mrs. HENRY DRAYTON, who have been playing with uninterrupted success their Operettas ("Parlor Operas") in London and the provincial towns, have just arrived in this city, and intend soon to commence their special entertainments. The *London Times*, and the other English journals, all have farewell tributes of honor to these artists. Mr. Drayton is an Ameri-

can, and a graduate of the Paris Conservatory of Music. Mrs. Drayton is of English birth.

MADAM ANNA BISHOP has once more arrived in New York; her name is proclaimed in multiplying-mirror advertisements as the grand attraction to the Palace Garden Music Hall this evening; to be supported by a grand orchestra under the direction of CARL ANSCHUTZ. Other artistic phenomena there of late have been the pianists ARTHUR NAPOLEON and GUSTAV SATTER, the singer Miss BRAINERD, the violinist DOEHLE, &c., &c. . . The MENDELSSOHN UNION, in New York, commenced rehearsals this week:—we shall be glad to hear a like report of any of our own societies.

The *Deutsche Musik-Zeitung*, the excellent German musical journal, published semi-monthly in Philadelphia, has completed its third year, and comes to us full of promise announcing new arrangements and considerable enlargements for the coming volume, of which the first number will appear on the first of October. Mr. CARL WINTERSTEIN, for some time past its editor, in whose hands it has made visible improvement, has become sole proprietor and publisher in the place of Mr. PHILIP ROHR, who goes abroad. The paper hitherto has contained able and honest criticisms; instructive and entertaining essays and chapters of musical history, biography, &c.; lively correspondence from New York, Boston, and the Western cities,—especially from the various German Männerchor societies, of which it is in some sense an organ; and industrious little panoramic views (*Rundschaen*), from week to week, of musical events in Europe and America. We can recommend it to all music-loving Germans and readers of the German language.

In Philadelphia, the popular "Rehearsals" of the Germania Orchestra will recommence on the first of October. And it is reported that the Opera will open in that city on the 5th of November with Verdi's "Sicilian Vespers." Read what M. Scudo has to say about that opera in our journal of this date. We are pleased to see that he confirms our own impression, which we have more than once expressed, of a certain affinity between Verdi and Meyerbeer—at least enough to admit an influence of the latter on the former. . . . Philadelphia is to have, also, a great open air Festival on the 18th October, at which a new overture, composed by a pianist named J. Heinrich Bonewitz, is to be performed for the first time. Fitzgerald says:

We look to Frank Darley, Michael Cross, Geo. Felix Benkert, Charles Jarvis, and others of our young musicians, for works which will attract the attention of the country. Messrs. Farley and Benkert, have given proofs of the possession of genius. Let them go on, resolutely. The day of appreciation is not far distant. We understand that both these young gentlemen have operas ready to be produced.

Mr. CHARLES GROBE, in the New York *Musical World*, has been collecting from all quarters answers to the question: What is Music? Here are some of them:

"Music is the art of combining sounds agreeable to the ear."

"The expression of feelings by means of tones. The art of agreeably exciting and entertaining the ear by means of tones."—G. Weber.

"Music, in the first place, is a component part of that universal art in which man as an artistic being beholds and endeavors to reveal the ideal of his existence in the undivided fulness of his powers.

"Music, from another point of view, is that special art which deals with the audible element of our existence, and employs sound as the medium of its representation."—Marx.

"An innocent luxury, indeed, to our existence, but a great improvement and gratification of the sense of hearing."—Dr. Burney.

"Plato recognizes in music the expression of our inner life, and gave to it the idea of the beautiful as foundation, which, as moral beauty, and united with the good, comes from God, and therefore leads back to a unison with him. He elevated the destiny of music above the mere sensual pleasure, and reproached those who merely estimated it on account of the sensual enjoyment to be derived from it."

"Music is simply a succession of sounds, regulated by the laws of melody and rhythm."

"Music is one of the fairest and most glorious gifts of God, to which Satan is a bitter enemy; for it removes from the heart the weight of sorrow and the fascination of evil thoughts. Music is a kind and gentle sort of discipline; it refines the passions and improves the understanding. Even the dissonance of unskilful fiddlers serves to set off the charm of true melody, as white is made more conspicuous by the opposition of black. Those who love music are gentle and honest in their tempers. I always loved music, and would not for a great matter be without the little skill which I possess in this art."—Luther.

"1. Melody or harmony; any succession of sounds so modulated as to please the ear, or any combination of simultaneous sounds in accordance or harmony.

"2. Any entertainment consisting in melody or harmony.

"3. The science of harmonical sounds, which treats of the principles of harmony, or the properties, dependences, and relations, of sounds to each other.

"4. The art of combining sounds in a manner to please the ear.

"5. Order; harmony in revolutions; as the music of the spheres."—Noah Webster.

"Music is the soprano, the feminine principle, the heart of the universe; because it is the voice of love—because it is the highest type and aggregate expression of passionable attraction, therefore it is infinite; therefore it pervades all space, and transcends all being, like a divine influx. What tone is to the word, what expression is to form, what affection is to thought, what the heart is to the head, what intention is to argument, what insight is to policy, what religion is to philosophy, what moral influence is to power, what woman is to man, is music to the universe. Flexible, graceful and free, it pervades all things, and is limited to none. It is not poetry, but the soul of poetry; it is not mathematics, but it is in numbers, like harmonious proportions in east iron; it is not painting, but it shines through colors and gives them their tone: it is not dancing, but it makes all graceful motion; it is not architecture, but the stones take their places in harmony with its voice, and stand in 'petrified music.' In the words of Bettina, 'Every art is the body of music, which is the soul of every art; and so is music, too, the soul of love, which also answers not for its workings, for it is the contrast of divine with human.'"—Mrs. Child.

"Music is the silver key to the fountain of tears,
Where the spirit drinks till the brain runs wild;
The softest grave of a thousand fears,
Where their mother, Care, like a sleepy child,
Is laid asleep on flowers."—Shelley.

"Music is a higher revelation than science and philosophy."—Beethoven.

"Music is a bridge over which chastened and purified spirits wander into a brighter world."—Müller.

Music is nothing but a nervous tickling, no more for the ear than fragrance for the nose."—Nicolai.

"Music is an universal language,—the fine art of the feelings, passions, emotions, audible beauty; the natural language of enthusiasm, exaltation, extacy; the vehicle of the religious sentiment, of aspirations too deep, too vague for words; the most exciting of the arts; the Christian art *par excellence*."

Mme BISCACCIANTI is in town, resting for a few

weeks after laborious concertizing in Maine, New Hampshire and Canada. Will not the opera managers give us the chance, so generally and so long desired, of hearing one of the most finished Italian prime donne of the day in opera? . . . The "season" at Newport closed with a Charity Concert, in which the artists were Mmes. FREZZOLINI and GAZZANIGA, Mr. MILLARD, Signors ALDAVANI and ALBITES, assisted by the Germania Band. . . . Mr. S. LASAR, of New York, at the invitation of citizens of New London, Ct., where he has been passing the summer, gave there an Organ Concert, last Tuesday evening.

The Berlin *Musik-Zeitung* makes the following mention of the composers of England:

The majority of English composers consist of those who imitate German, French, or Italian masters. At their head stands Sterndale Bennett, a pupil of Mendelssohn. Bennett, like his master and model, devotes his attention principally to concert and church music. One of his most esteemed compositions is his overture to the Naiads.

William Balfe (born on the 15th May, 1800, at Dublin), a pupil of his father, played, when only in his seventh year, at a public concert: he executed a concerto by Viotti. In the year 1825, he proceeded to Rome. A year later, he composed, for the Scala at Milan, the music for the ballet of Le Peyrouse. He subsequently made his *début* in Paris, under the name of Balfi, as a singer; and, in the characters of Figaro, Dandini, and the Podesta, was very successful. He soon returned, however, to composition, though even in 1846 he filled the post of orchestral conductor at the Italian Opera, London. The operas he has brought out up to the present time, are, in chronological order: I Pirati (1830), Un Avvertimento (1832), Enrico IV. (1834), L'Assedio di la Rochelle, (1835), Manon Lescaut (an opera which he wrote for Mallbran, who sang the principal female part), Jeanne Gray (1837), La Dame Voitée and Falstaff (1838), Jeann d'Arc (1839), Keolanthe (1840), La Gipsy (1844), known in England as The Bohemian Girl, and in Germany as Die Zigennerine, La Puits d'Amour and Les Quatre Fils d'Aymon, produced in 1845, in Paris; L'Etoile de Seville, which he wrote, in 1846, in London, and Der Mulatte produced at Berlin, in 1843. The last opera of his produced in London was The Rose of Castille, which created a perfect *fièvre*, in the fullest sense of the word. Balfe's style is not English, but a medley of French, Italian, and frequently even German melodies; his model, properly speaking, however, is Auber.

After him, the composer worthy of mention is James Barnett, whose operas (The Mountain Sylph, Fair Rosamond and Farinelli) met with a very favorable reception in London. Some of his songs have found their way among the people. Unfortunately, he, too, is deficient in a well-marked style; he possesses less *school* than Bennett, and less readiness than Balfe, but is more original than either, although even his music is not free from certain foreign reminiscences.

Hatton commenced in Vienna with his opera of Pascal Bruno, which was successful, although it did not create a *fièvre*. This opera, treated in Bishop's English style, is rich in characteristic melodies, but gives evidence merely of talent, and not genius.

THE SCHILLER CENTENARY.—The coming 10th of November has been set apart in Europe generally, and more particularly in Germany, as a festival to be remembered for all time, dedicated to the memory of Germania's greatest of poets and noblest of men:—Frederick von Schiller. For on that day, just one hundred years ago, Schiller was born in the village of Marbach, Kingdom of Württemberg; the house still stands, unaltered, save that a thrifty baker and vender of wine, (called thence Schiller,) has his abode there and delights to show the curious traveller any memorials, though scanty, yet remaining of the great poet. On the outskirts of the village rises the so-called "Schiller Höhe, or Schiller's Height," a beautiful hill, commanding the surrounding country, and decorated with fine trees and flowers; here the poet was wont to contemplate the beauties of nature, and the scene is well calculated to inspire the man of genius with thoughts that live for ages; the beautiful Neckar flows by and, although not much more than a brook thus far, carries within itself the elements of strength gradually increasing, and above all, charming each lover of nature by the romantic beauties of its course.

"O, war' ich am Neckar,
O, war' ich am Rhein,
Im blühenden Rebenland
Möcht ich gern sein!"

The above verse expresses the longing of the German for the blooming grape vines on the banks of the Neckar and Rhine, which have made those streams immortal in song.

It is on this elevation that Germany is erecting a lasting monument to the genius of Schiller; this, and the purchase of his birth place, will render the village of Marbach illustrious, and a pilgrimage for ever to the admirers of freedom of thought and nobility of soul, such as distinguished our poet.

It seems to us a fit occasion, now that this approaching festival occupies the minds of Schiller's countrymen on the other side of the Atlantic, to remind our countrymen on this side, that by honoring Schiller, they honor themselves, as the representatives of freedom and humanity all the world over.—*Fitzgerald's City Item.*

Music Abroad.

(From the Athenæum.)

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—The quire of singing birds is now rapidly clearing out of London. Madame Grisi and Signor Mario are not going into our provinces as was expected—neither, we believe, to St. Petersburg for the winter; but intend, it is said, to break fresh ground in an opposite direction, by singing in the Spanish capital. The rest of the company, so far as we can make out, is very inferior; and a singular announcement in connexion with this is, that Signor Mario has undertaken the "administrative superintendence" (*quere*, stage-management?) and the direction of the singers. M. Nicolas, a small singer who appeared at the *Opéra Comique* of Paris two years ago, has been promoted to no less arduous an occupation than that of first tenor at the *Teatro della Scala*, Milan. Times are changed in the Lombard capital with a vengeance! The barytone, Signor Giraltoni, a French gentleman who has been singing in Northern Italy with some success [*vide Athenæum*, No. 1564], is about to join the company at St. Petersburg. Some of our opera-goers will be sorry to hear that Madame Lotti della Santa is not coming to London for 1860,—others that Madame Penco is.

A score of 'John the Baptist,' the Oratorio by Herr Hager, of which mention has been made in the *Athenæum*, is in London. Those who have seen it speak highly of the music as a specimen of the modern eclectic style. It may possibly be given during the winter, we hear, at *St. Martin's Hall*.

The operatic oews from Germany is small. Of a new symphonist, or pianist, or violinist we do not hear a note. Betwixt Pedantry on the one side, and Red Republicanism on the other, its magnificent school of instrumental art and artists seems like "to die out"; but Herr Dreychock, the well-known pianist, is announced as busy on a one-act opera, 'Fleurette,' based on a novel by Zschokke. Then from Weimar, that Mecca of Musicians of the Future, come strange tidings of a marriage betwixt past and present, betwixt a Triton and a minnow. Shakspeare's 'Winter's Tale,' a delicious canvas for music—on which we happen to know Mendelssohn, had he lived, might have painted—is to be arranged opera-wise by that elegant poet and man of letters, Herr Dingelstedt. So far so good,—but it is to be set—well-a-day for Shakspeare!—by M. von Flotow. At Berlin, they promise for the great theatre a version of 'Ludovic,' by MM. Hérold and Halévy,—and a revival of M. Auber's 'Gustave.' "The Future," apparently is "backward in coming forward."

On the 24th of last month was held a great choral meeting of the Alsacian singing societies at Schlestadt. The societies were twenty-seven,—the voices, when united, were seven hundred and fifty in number.

In addition to our notice of Panseron last week, the musical reader may like to know that, during the early period of his life, he was Chapelmaster to Prince Esterhazy, as successor of Haydn. The musical and dramatic obituary of the year must be lengthened by the names of Herr Forti, a singer long attached to the opera at Vienna, and rated as the best *Don Juan* in Germany,—and of M. Firmin, the actor, well known to the frequenters of the *Théâtre Français*.

Madame Hillen, who has been singing for some years past in Holland, has been tried in the luckless 'Guillaume Tell,' at the *Grand Opéra*,—which no longer seems able to find or to keep passable singers, or to produce works in any way worthy of its olden reputation.

For years past the Englishman who has boated down the Lake of Como has been shown, hard by

the *Villa Pasta*, the *Villa Taglioni*. Then, who that has known that pleasure of all pleasures, the gliding down the Grand Canal of Venice in a gondola, who that has an eye for the fantastic riches of Venetian architecture, has not passed before the *Ca' d' Oro*, and envied its possessor, before asking the possessor's name?—"Sior! La Taglioni," being the answer of the *Checco* or *Damiani* who sculls the traveller forwards. But "*che sara, sara*." Dance cannot sit still, but must be Dance, to its dying days. Those who frequented Signor Rossini's *Soirées* last winter at the corner of the *Rue Chaussée d'Antin*—told that, besides wonderful new melodies which they heard played on the horn by M. Vivier, and a new *scena* sung by Madame Alboni, and six compositions of the same words which are some day to be published, they had seen the apparition of Madame Taglioni, dancing—actually dancing—in a small *salon* the wondrous *Tyrolienne*, from 'Guillaume Tell.' More recently we have had occasion to tell how the veteran *Sylphide* was encouraging and watching over Mlle. Emma Livry. This might have been merely an act of personal good-nature, had not the matter been since explained by an announcement that "the State" (which is now the *Grand Opéra* in Paris) had appointed Madame Taglioni "as inspectress of the dancing classes at the Opera, with the commission of finishing such pupils as seem to be destined to take a place in the first rank." A descent this—any one but an *ex-Sylphide* might fancy—from that delicious lake and that Venetian palace!

Musical Correspondence.

BATAVIA, ILLINOIS, AUG. 30.—How do you suppose we get along out here with so little music? Well, I assure you it is hard work, but we hope in coming time to be as far advanced in the divine art here as you at the east. Although you will find very few real musicians here in Illinois, and almost as few who have any kind of an appreciation of classic music, yet we hope for better times for the Garden State. One thing is encouraging. The educational institutions of this State are beginning to see the importance of giving good musical advantages. Some of them have a regular course of musical instruction. At the city of Aurora (having about 8,000 inhabitants) they have regular instruction in vocal music in the public schools.

Sometimes "our set" have a good time. They command a very superior soprano and Mezzo Soprano, a fine Baritone and two tolerable Bassi. They have a pianist who is nameless, who can generally play anything they can sing. Sometimes Mozart's 12th Mass is the programme. Sometimes a part of *Stabat Mater*, (Rossini, not Fry.) Maybe one of Mendelssohn's four-part songs, and some lighter selections from Mozart, Donizetti, Bellini or possibly Verdi.

Perhaps we take breath on Beethoven's immortal C minor Sonata, a Polonaise or Mazurka by Chopin, or a *Lied ohne Worte* of Mendelssohn. What a world of beauty opens to one, when once are passed the frothy thresholds, and behold the inner temple where only the 'Masters' serve the altar fires.

I spent a very interesting evening, not long since, with a young lady who has just completed a two years course of study at the Moravian School at Bethlehem, Pa. The programme was about this: Sonata, op. 27 in C minor, Beethoven. Polonaise, Chopin. *Concert Stück*, Weber, and a *Lied* of Mendelssohn's transcribed by Heller. Pretty well for a girl of 16, is it not?

"Our set" had a fine time the other night learning that Incarnatus from the 12th Mass. What a beauty almost heavenly there is about that whole movement! On the generality of pianos here the fertile, *futile*, the prolific, the multitudinous GROBE reigns supreme. To many he is the Alpha and Omega, so one almost wonders if his name would not be better spelled with an 'l' than with an 'r.'

Excuse this long and dissensive letter. Nothing encourages us so much as the familiar face of Dwight's Journal. Good luck attend it! M.

Special Notices.

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MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Absent friends. Song. John Blockley, 25
Parting. Song. E. Falk, 25
She sleeps. Song. G. W. Stratton, 25

Pretty sentimental ballads.

The elegant fellow. Comic Song. Albert Smith, 25

This song runs on the shallowness and good-for-nothingness of the "elegant fellow"; is written in a light, happy vein, and furnished with an appropriate melody.

Washington's grave. Song. Henry Eikmeier, 25

A stirring song. On the last lines a chorus may come in.

Not in thoughts remotest dreaming. (D'un pensiero.) From "La Sonnambula," 25

Song, arranged from the celebrated Quintet in this opera, for a medium voice.

O God, my soul's too ardent. (D'un alma troppo.) From Donizetti's "Il Poluto or I Martiri," 25

Beautiful Romanza for Tenor in the first act. This is one of the series of vocal beauties from this opera, of which three other songs have been issued before.

Riflemen, form! A patriotic song. Geo. Linley, 25

Riflemen, form! " " " J. Blockley, 25

The words are from the pen of Tennyson, and, as is well known, were caused by the feeling of alarm at the movements of the French Emperor which pervades almost the whole of England. Consequently this song, to which music has been set by several of the best English composers, enjoyed a marvellous popularity throughout the kingdom.

Instrumental Music.

Styrian Medley. Charles Grobe, 50

A potpourri of the most pleasing Styrian airs. Rather easy.

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A favorite melody, varied in Grobe's brilliant style.

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Very effective. This piece cannot fail to please.

First steps of youth. Twelve lessons on five notes. A. Diabelli, 35

A re-issue of a truly valuable little work, which supplies the pupil with little pieces for his first lessons such as pianoforte schools in most cases have but a small number of.

Bohemian Girl. (Boquet of melodies. Beyer, 50

A new number of this well known and highly esteemed set.

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On popular French airs.

Prince of Wales March. Stephen Glover, 25

Effective and pretty.

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Librettos of the Operas of "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Don Giovanni," "Norina," "Lucrezia Borgia," "Il Trovatore," and "La Sonnambula." Each 25

The above are now ready of Ditson & Co.'s Standard Opera Librettos. They each have Italian and English words, and the music of the principal Airs, and as neat and convenient handbooks for opera-goers leave nothing to be desired.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 389.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1859.

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Translated for this Journal.

Verdi and his Later Operas.

From the French of P. SCRIBO.*

I. THE SICILIAN VESPERS, (CONTINUED).

The second Act, the scene of which passes in a beautiful valley near Palermo, on a shore where the conspirator Procida is just landing, opens with an air of quite a large *lourmure*:

O mon pays, pays tant regretté,
L'exile te salue après trois ans d'absence!

The motive of the cavatina which is then sung by Procida:

Dans l'ombre et le silence,

is a melody in the well known manner of M. Verdi, and presents nothing very new. The effect here obtained is wholly in the fine bass voice of M. Obin, who, however, abuses the suspended notes, prolonging them too far. The duo for soprano and tenor between the duchess Helen and Henry is one of great poverty of style and harmony in all that precedes the junction of the two voices, which then breathe forth a charming *nocturne* with an organ-point quite ingeniously harmonized for a situation so grave. For a composer who has an eye above all things to dramatic logic, is this pretty madrigal quite in place in the mouth of a woman and of an obscure young man, who mutually promise long and faithful love, after they shall have shed the blood of the oppressors of Sicily? In faith, M. Verdi has done like all systematic spirits: he is often and very happily inconsistent. To enable one to appreciate the merit of the finale of the second act, we must define the situation of the different personages who fill the scene. On this same shore, where the conspirator Procida has landed, stands a chapel of St. Rosalie, who is the object of popular worship. Twelve betrothed couples of the country come in dancing, to celebrate their approaching union. This spectacle attracts the French soldiers, who, excited by the provoking railleries of Procida, whose plan it is to stir up the indignation of the crowd, carry off the Sicilian women, as formerly the Romans carried off the wives of the Sabines. The outraged husbands and lovers advance to the front of the stage, expressing their indignation is a sort of broken and vigorous recitative:

Interdits — accablés — et de honte — et de rage . . .

While this ensemble is declaimed in a muffled manner, we hear behind the scenes a song of merriment, and then we see arrive in the background, on a sea of azure, a *tartane* filled with French soldiers and abducted women, who appear to console themselves for their slavery by singing a barcarole of a ravishing rhythm and melodic color:

O bonheur! O délice!
Plaisir, sois-nous propice!

After some words of recitative exchanged between Procida, Helen and some men of the people, the song of rage recommences and is united

with the barcarole, and the two motives form an ensemble of a very fine effect, which terminates the second act.

In the third act we are in the palace of the governor, at Palermo, where Henry has been conducted by force, after having refused to come at the invitation of Guy de Monfort. A duo for tenor and baritone, between the lieutenant of Charles of Anjou and the young Henry, whose filial tenderness Guy seeks to captivate by surprising him that he is his father, contains some pretty good passages; among others this phrase, which is sung by the governor:

Quand ma honte toujours nouvelle
L'empêchait d'être condamné,

and the first ensemble where the two voices unite in a phrase ample and full of emotion:

Pour moi, quelle ivresse inconnue
De contempler ses traits chéris!

The following verse especially is thrown into relief by a great kindness:

Mon fils! . . . mon fils! c'est là mon fils!

M. Bonnehée delivered it with a telling voice full of paternal unction. The music of the *divertissement* of The Four Seasons is at least satisfactory, especially that of Autumn; it would do honor to a composer who should have no other pretensions. * * * *

The finale of the third act is a piece vigorous enough to merit an analysis. The carrying off of Henry by the soldiers of Guy de Monfort, at the end of the second act, has excited the solicitude of his friends Procida and Helen, who have resolved to deliver him, by penetrating, under a disguise, into the fête given by the governor. Warned by his son, who does not decide until the last extremity upon betraying his fellow conspirators, Guy de Monfort has Procida and Helen arrested, and hence results a complicated situation in which Henry, Procida, Helen and the governor express the different passions which agitate them. The ensemble commences with a phrase first uttered in unison by the disarmed and confined conspirators, then repeated by the governor, his son, and the French courtiers, and resumed a third time by the chorus and all the bystanders. This ascending progression bursts out in a formidable *tutti* of a grand effect. It is very brief, but powerful.

The fourth act, of which the scene passes in a fortress where Procida and Helen are confined, commences with a tenor air sung by Henry. The melody of this air:

O jour de deuil et de souffrance!

is a rather too faithful souvenir of the song of the passover in the *Juive* of M. Halévy. The duo which follows, between Helen and Henry, who has come to justify himself for having been the innocent cause of the calamity of his mistress, begins painfully enough by songs of recitative, with which M. Verdi is always embarrassed. The ensemble of this duo, however, has a happy melody, as well as the solo of Helen, which forms an agreeable romance:

Ami . . . le cœur d'Hélène
Pardonne au repentir!

But I do not like the chromatic descending organ-point, which forms its conclusion. The salient and truly delicious part of this duo, is the ensemble which concludes it:

Pour moi rayonne
Douce couronne.

The melodic phrase pronounced separately by the two persons, with an accompaniment of harps, gains on being heard several times, and the public, enchanted, demanded its repetition. This morceau will have as much success in the world as it obtains in the theatre, where Mlle. Cruvelli sings her part with more taste than one had a right to hope. Procida and Helen, who await their punishment, are in the presence of Henry, who has come to justify himself in their eyes. He tells them in what a cruel perplexity he found himself face to face with his father, Guy de Monfort, whom they were about to assassinate. He promises to employ all his influence to save the woman whom he adores and his friend Procida. The governor, who joins them, sets but one condition to the pardon of the two condemned ones; it is that Henry shall publicly call him his father. From this situation results a quatuor, the commencement of which is painful and without character, and which is only relieved a little in the ensemble, with the addition of the chorus, by recalling well known effects, and particularly the incomparable Trio of *Guillaume Tell*. At the order of the governor, the two prisoners are about to be led to death, and already we hear, in a vast hall which suddenly opens before the public, a *De profundis*, whose lugubrious notes form a contrast with the situations of the persons on the stage. This confused and ill-cemented opposition is far from producing the same effect with the chant of the *Miserere* in the fourth act of the *Troçatore*.

Full of songs and joyous sounds, announcing the marriage of Helen with Henry, the fifth act contains nothing remarkable, except a very ingenious bolero, which Mlle. Cruvelli hurls into the air with a vigorous voice, and which they make her repeat without being able to catch a single word of the two couplets which compose it:

Merci, jeunes amies,
D'un souvenir si doux!

then a romance for tenor voice:

La brise souffle au loin plus légère et plus pure,

whose graceful melody renders with sufficient happiness the sentiment which fills the heart of Henry at the moment when he believes he is to marry Helen; finally the trio which follows between Procida, Henry and Helen, a badly designed morceau, but from which shoots a certain flame, which announces the rising of the Palermitans and the catastrophe of the piece, which would gain by lasting only three hours instead of five.

We have now enumerated scrupulously all the morceaux and all the more or less salient parts of

M. Verdi's score : in the first act, the introductory chorus, the cavatina of Helen, the unaccompanied quatuor and certain passages of the duo between Monfort and Henry; in act second, the air which Procida sings on landing in Sicily after three years' absence, accompanied by a chorus which recalls a similar chorus and air in the second act of the *Trovatore*, the duo between the duchess Helen and Henry, and the delicious barcarole which forms the theme of the finale; the duo between Guy de Monfort and his son Henry, the music of the divertissement and the finale of the third act; in the fourth act, the tenor air and especially the beautiful duo between Helen and Henry; finally, in the fifth, the original bolero, in which Mlle. Cruvelli makes herself justly applauded, and some passages of the romance sung by Henry.

If now from these observations in detail we endeavor to draw a conclusion which shall satisfy the mind, it will be easy for us to note in the opera of the "Sicilian Vespers" the two qualities which we have always recognized in the talent of M. Verdi: the dramatic sentiment in the violent situations and a certain elegiac tenderness; that is to say, the two extreme notes in the keyboard of passion. In this the Italian composer is perfectly a man of his time, and above all of the literary school by which he is particularly inspired. In fact, nothing is more common in our day than these bold juxtapositions of thick shadows and of brilliant lights; of choral masses clashing together in a powerful *tutti*, by the side of a simple *cantilena* sighed forth upon rustic pipes. The defects with which one may reproach M. Verdi, and which he shares with a great number of artists and of poets, is the absence of a sustained style which proceeds without violence, and assists the ear in the perilous moments of transition. Transition, which Horace and Boileau considered one of the greatest difficulties of the art of writing, transition is for the musician a still more important matter, for we may affirm that it involves all the secrets of composition. This limpid discourse, without jolts and without extreme dissonance, which only rises and only subsides to express the transports and the droopings of the soul, preparing its catastrophes and giving us a presentiment of them; this language of the masters, where the image and the modulation appear only to illumine the idea or the sentiment, and not to usurp its place; this homogeneous *tessitura*, as the Italians express it, this luminous *empâtement* which characterizes the style of great painters as well as that of great musicians such as Mozart, Weber, and Rossini, is entirely wanting in M. Verdi, as it is wanting in M. Hugo, who has exercised so great an influence over the Italian composer.

M. Verdi has not made good musical studies: his scores are there to prove it to those who know how to read; but endowed with a temperament both vigorous and tender, with a mind at once impetuous and patient, he has acquired a certain practice in the art of writing and of manœuvring the choral masses, which has found its account in the great successes which he has obtained in Italy for twenty years. Beautiful choruses; ensemble pieces vigorously *intrecciati*, that is to say knit together with an instinct of ascending progression which belongs to him: a certain number of melodic ideas, short breathed, but colored and not without a certain originality; a gross, noisy, empty instrumentation, almost al-

ways disposed in two *corps de bataille* which are combined but rarely, the stringed instruments on one side, and the wind instruments on the other: such are the qualities and such are also the defects which one has been able to remark in *Nabucco*, *I duo Foscari*, *Ernani*, *Luisa Miller*, and in *Il Trovatore*, the best work of M. Verdi before the "Sicilian Vespers."

One cannot deny that the Italian composer has made laudable efforts this time to raise himself to that equality of style which so far he has always lacked. In fact, the opera of the "Sicilian Vespers" is much better written than his preceding works: it shows a veritable progress, as well in the manner of treating the voices, as in the accessories of instrumentation; we find there without doubt a great many well known effects, certain inevitable formulas, since they are inherent in the composer's way of feeling; but the melodies are less tormented and develop themselves willingly upon the easier chords of the voice; the duos and ensemble pieces are better designed, although there still remains much to be done by M. Verdi in the difficult part of dramatic joinership or *ossature*. It is here that one perceives the finger of great masters; it is in the designing of a finale, like that of *Don Juan*, and of the second act of the *Nozze di Figaro*, like that of *Il Barbiere*, of *Otello*, of *Semiramide*, of *Moïse*, of the fourth act of the *Huguenots*, of the fourth act of the *Prophète* and of *Lucia*, that the creative genius shows itself, armed with the science of deduction, at which the smart wits laugh because they are ignorant of its secrets.

M. Verdi is still far from these models, but he evidently marches in their direction, for several pieces of the *Vêpres Siciliennes* betray a noble ambition to elevate himself to the rank of true masters, amongst whom Meyerbeer above all has the preference with the Italian composer. The score of the *Vêpres Siciliennes*, from the first measures of the overture to the smaller details of the instrumentation,—such as the frequent employment of violins at a very acute pitch, while the wind instruments, the flute, the oboe, the clarinet, fill up the harmony below,—proves, moreover, that the author of *Ernani* and *Il Trovatore* proceeds from the author of *Robert* and the *Huguenots*, as Rossini proceeds from Mozart and Cimarosa. This crossing of races in the productions of Art forms one of the most curious phenomena of history. These are not imitations, but similar natures meeting and impregnating one another, as when one plant is engrafted upon another. The originality of the son is not the less real for having some traits of resemblance with that of the father; only the assimilations of the elements absorbed is not yet complete in M. Verdi, and he will require still a certain period of gestation to vindicate his exclusive property in the borrowings he has made. * * *

Peeps at Italian Papers.

By TROVATOR.

The Italian Musical Papers are edited by one-idea folks. During all the great political revolutions that have so recently occurred in that country, the musical journals have preserved their steady course, not once alluding to the downfall of dynasties or intimating that there could be anything going on in the world of more intense and absorbing interest than the movements of *artisti disponibili*, the successes of "egregious" tenors, and the production of ephemeral operas.

So I read them with a solemn countenance, comporting with the colossal importance of their contents.

You have heard of Tacchinardi — one Nicola Tacchinardi, a great singer in his day, which was some time before our sun rose. This is what *Il Pirata* has to say about Tacchinardi, who died a month or so ago:

"He was born in Leghorn, September 1772. As it is indisputable that all men are born with some particular tendencies or special inclinations, it will not be surprising to hear, that from infancy Tacchinardi was devoted to music; and that in his father's orchestra he played the violoncello at an early age, distinguishing himself highly. He would have continued in this branch of the musical profession, had not greater gifts revealed themselves in him and dedicated him to song. He debuted in his native city as a tenor, and in a very few years played engagements through the entire peninsula. He had not improvised his career after the manner of the singers of to-day, but before starting had made the necessary studies. Tacchinardi laughed when he heard that now singers went upon the stage after two or three months' lessons, and told us when we met him in 1847, at Florence: 'With so few lessons it is no wonder that they can only sing in the style they do.'

"Scarcely was his voice heard in the theatres when other theatres opened to him their doors, and the *Impresarii* hastened to secure him. At Rome, General Miollis, one of the French commanders in Italy, proposed him for the opera at Paris, and in that city he was so successful as not only to receive fabulous ovations from the public, but was appointed Chamber Singer to Napoleon I, and the two Empresses who ruled with him on the French throne. From that time he was not heard in the Italian theatres until many years after in Florence, on the occasion of his passing into the service of the Court of Tuscany.

"Residing in this seat of the Fine Arts, he devoted himself to teaching; and as he was a profound musician, all his pupils progressed excellently, commencing with his daughter Fanny, who merited the title of 'the Italian Syren.' He was an excellent composer as well as a first rate singer and Maestro. His works were models of genius and science, and received the merited eulogiums of Rossini, Spontini and Paer.

"The grand artists of his epoch, without exception, sought his friendship and advice. Canova, the Phidias of our era, wished to make his bust. Nicola Tacchinardi died on the fourteenth of March last. His words to the Romans are famous. When they hissed him once for his unprepossessing personal appearance, he exclaimed: 'I am here to make myself heard, and not to exhibit myself.'"

So good bye to Tacchinardi. Let us turn to another paper, and look at the musical panorama of Italy as it unfolds.

Brescia. What are they doing there after the war? They are singing the *Trovatore*, the star being that superb baritone, Cresci, of whom I have previously written to Dwight's Journal. He is a great singer, with a voice richer than that of Amodio, and with vastly more science and skill in its use. Let the panorama move on.

Viterbo. A curious old foggy of a city in the Papal States. It has great wide walls enclosing an area which is only partially occupied by the town itself. It seems as if the city had become cold and dead in the extremities, the heart alone retaining a flickering vitality. So the heart of the city is yet alive and comparatively active, while near the walls it is a mass of ruin, often overgrown with grass, and very much given to turnip fields. At this old town they have a theatre, where the *Giucatore* of Rota has obtained a great success. It is a ballet in which creatures of the names of Tedroni, Banzi and Franchi, obtained the most frenzied applause. Verdi's *Nabucco* was next produced with success.

Berlin. Bellini's exquisite opera, *Il Pirata*, has been produced at the Prussian capital, and will be followed by the *Ludovico* of Herold and *Gustavus* of Anber.

Naples. Operatic folks in Italy talk of Naples with solemn awe, and the musical newspapers give it a special column with a glaring heading. Here is the list of singers at San Carlo, engaged for one hundred and twenty representations, from July 28th, 1859, to Passion Week in 1860. *Prime Donne* a Luigia Bendazzi, Antonietta Fricci, Balbina Steffanoe, Maria Spezia, Giulia Borsi-Deleurie, Margherita Zenoni; signora Carolina Dory, Giulia Belmonte Irma Paul-Donati, Ginevra Giovannoni, Carolina Guarducci. *Comprimarie* Carolina Cetronè, Teresa Noccioli. *Tenors*: Carlo Negrini, Francesco Mazzoleni, Antonio Oliva-Pavani, Agostino Pagnoni, Corrado Conti, Luigi Bisaccia, Corrado Laudano. *Bassi*: Coletti, Giovanni Guicciardi, Ruggero Pizzigati, Luigi Brignole, Giambattista Antonucci, Cesare Nanni, Marco Arati. *Buffo*: Raffaele Sealese.

One Giuseppe Puzone is the general director of the Music. The *Prime Donne* are parcelled off into various minute classifications, which only the Italian language can express, but which shows the strictness of professional etiquette. Steffanoni is the only one of this tribe that has been here. Fricci is a capital prima donna, a great favorite at Turin. Spezia sang last season in London. Among the new operas to be produced, is one written expressly for the season by Petrella. Verdi's *Vesperi Siciliani*, and *Simone Bocanegra*, and Rossini's *Seniramide* will also be produced.

One Eufrosina Parepa, an Italian singer of some merit, has been added to the English Opera company in London, and will sing there with most probably the Pyne troupe, from October to March. She has appeared a few times in Italian Opera in London.

Grisi, Mario and Ronconi, are going to Madrid. Their troupe includes Rovere, the *buffo*, so well known here.

At Rio Janeiro, Mirate, that capital tenor and excellent musician, has appeared with great success. The report of the *Pirata* says that "surprise, admiration and enthusiasm welcomed the first revelations of this notable genius." This Mirate is a great tenor, and New York musicians, connected with the opera house, say he is the best that ever visited this country. Yet, he did not create any sensation here. The great tenors who maintain a popularity either in recollection or in the present regards of the public, are Benedetti, Salvi, Mario, Bettini and Brignoli.

"Handel Studies" Reviewed.

(From the London Musical World.)

(Concluded from page 171.)

To resume. Here is a definition, which, at first sight, may pass for profound, but on examination will be found a common-place in new wrappings:—

"Prelude may imply simply preparation—not table of contents. An overture may be curtain-music;—not the argument of the coming tragedy."

The critic who detected a superabundance of "a's" in the opening of Tasso's *Jerusalem*, might—if sufficiently schooled in the English tongue to understand English fine writing—have "made mince-meat" of the above. He would, doubtless, at once have fastened on the following:—"May imply simply." First he would have objected to too many "y's" (may imply simply); then to each "y" occurring at the end of a word; then to the alternate "ply's" (imply simply); and lastly to the "imply's" (imply simply)—condemning the whole as cacophonous. But—ever unmerciful when in the mood for dissecting—François Arouet would not have stopt here. On the contrary, he would have questioned the vagueness of arrangement which, admitting a meaning, offered a choice of two, with argument of equal force for either. "Prelude may imply simply preparation—not table of contents." In other words, table of contents may not imply simply preparation, though prelude may. "An overture may be curtain-music;—not the argument of

the coming tragedy." In other words, the argument of the coming tragedy may not be curtain music, though an overture may. The *vice-versa* of course holds in both instances; but Mr. Chorley means quite a different thing, and should, therefore, have expressed himself differently.

Not even here would the Frenchman have stopped. "Prelude," he would have urged, was no more to be confounded with "table of contents" than preface with index. "An overture," though ever so much "the argument of the coming tragedy," must still be "curtain-music," since it is played before the curtain.

To recapitulate:—Having shown that the three successive "y's" ("may imply simply") were bad; the two successive "ply's" ("imply simply") worse; and the "imply's" ("imply simply") worst, and thus established a charge of *lèse-harmonie*; having demonstrated that the sentences under examination each bore literally two significations, neither being the signification intended, and thus justified an accusation of inability on the part of the author to "imply simply" what he meant; having explained that "Prelude" could not, under any circumstances, be confounded with "table of contents," and thus caught our "Student" in the act of demolishing a mare's nest; * having pointed to the fact that, though "curtain-music" need not be "the argument of the coming tragedy," if the said "argument" is an overture it must of necessity be "curtain-music," and thus proved the author's incompetency to apply the adage: "A mare is a horse, but a horse is not a mare;" having done all this, to his own entire satisfaction, Voltaire would, peradventure, have been content, and stroked his chin? Not a bit of it. He would have written out the sentences again, turned them backwards and forwards (as Yellowplush turned the verses of Sir Bullwig), scrutinized them with his spider's eyes, gauged them with his intellectual feelers—slender as a fly's tongue, sharp as the sting of a hornet, exquisite as an alderman's tooth—and eventually discovered a semi-colon too much or too little:

"Prelude may imply simply preparation—not table of contents. An overture may be curtain-music (;)—not the argument of the coming tragedy."

Why the semicolon after "curtain-music"? There is none after "preparation." Or why no semicolon after "preparation"? There is one after "curtain-music." Even in punctuation the author of *Handel Studies* is capricious. "To carry out the whimsy"—his periods are so contrived as to render his prose either pointless or hyperpointed.

Thus might have argued, sourly, the keen-eyed, wizened Gaul. All we dare hint is this:—in his defence of the overture to the *Messiah* (which no one in the world has ever dreamt of attacking) Mr. Chorley wishes to explain that some overtures (those to *Der Freischütz* and *Masaniello* for examples) contain themes and subordinate passages afterwards used in the operas, while others (those to *Figaro* and the fourth and last *Fidelio* for examples) do not; and that the overture to *The Messiah*, being of the latter category, is not to be impeached on that account. But, even with a truism to cite, the author of *Handel Studies* cannot talk as ordinary mortals, but must dress it up after a manner peculiar to himself, trenching on paradox, or coquetting with obscurity. As, for instance, in allusion to Gluck's recitative:—

"But if the nature and properties of great musical Recitative be well studied, we shall find that the cadences, the employment of varied and expressive intervals, the play given to the voice of the declaimer therein make a foundation on which a melody can almost always be raised. Let any one curious on the subject, study the recitatives of Gluck, and there will be found throughout them, those large and clear and vocal phrases, which, by the exercise of a certain sleight of hand, may be arranged as rhythmical airs."

"By the exercise of a certain sleight of hand," the above could (perhaps) be "arranged as" intelligible prose. Mr. Chorley means to say that the recitatives of Gluck are so full of melodious passages, that they might easily be turned into "rhythmical airs;" but he overlooks the fact that all melody is not necessarily set forth in precisely measured phrases, and that these very parts of Gluck's recitative which, "by a certain sleight of hand," he would convert into "rhythmical airs" are rhythmical of themselves, or they could not be melodious. The idea, too, of making what is already melodious the foundation upon which to raise a melody, is so absurd, that we were surprised to find it even in *Handel Studies*. The foundation of a melody is the bass, just as the base—not the windows, gable-ends, or ornamented cornices—must constitute the foundation of a temple.

* Or, to use the words of the dwarf in *Micromégas*, "attrape la nature sur le fait"—for the nature of Mr. Chorley is apparently to demolish mare's nests.

Mr. Chorley holds the song, "But who may abide the day of his coming?" and the chorus, "He shall purify the sons of Levi," among "the less valuable parts" of *The Messiah*—"precisely," he adds, "because they are the most musically difficult." Waiving the point that they are not "the most musically difficult," this argument would be as windy and untenable as most arguments in the *Studies*. If the value of music were lessened by its difficulty, what would become of some of the first pieces in *Israel*, and indeed in the art? The chorus, "And with his stripes," is condemned as "a dry display of strict contrapuntal science, which can hardly have been written with any other purpose than to set some very difficult words, by way of link, betwixt the *largo*, 'Surely,' and the *allegro*, 'All we like sheep.'" Mendelssohn, he adds, "would have called it bitter." Now we may safely urge that Mendelssohn would have done nothing of the sort. Rather would he have smiled "bitter" at hearing such doctrine broached. Doubly "bitter" would have been the smile (or sneer) of the master, on being asked whether the words of "All we like sheep" were not "merely treated as a *solfeggio*, in a major key, by way of relief to the amount of sorrowful music that comes before and after them"! "Here"—continues Mr. Chorley, with an air of mock-mobility (not unusual)—"are mere suggestions, not solutions of what is a short-coming, to be followed out by those who can search more deeply, and see more clearly than myself."

Assuming (which we may, without presumption) that we are in a position to do both, we shall, nevertheless—as the very humblest (no mock-mobility) of Mr. Chorley's superiors in depth of research and clearness of vision—decline the task, in the name and on the part of the whole countless host. "To follow out mere suggestions, not solutions," such as are found in every page of *Handel Studies*, would be waste of time and trouble, if for no other reason than that they are, for the greater part, nothing better than vague conceits.

A Private Letter of the D—.

Vienna, Aug. 15, 1859.

To J. D. W., Jr., Esq.

Well beloved;—When one is afflicted and in trouble, there are two approved modes of action: the one, to suffer in silence, smiling seraphically the while, (i. e. grin and bear it); the other, to call in the sweet aid of friendship to calm and soothe (i. e. bore your friends with it). On the latter principle I now write you, being in a certain sense "come to grief."

As you well know, I am under engagements to supply and deliver so and so much food for the insatiable maw of the *Journal of Music*; besides, just now I have the *cacoethes scribendi*, itch for scribbling, strong upon me. Moreover, duty and necessity combine to drive; yet—and here comes in the grief—there are no musical topics on hand, nothing but a continuation of "How the D— went Pleasuring," with significant hints from head quarters that, and that, and that, &c.

Throwing myself upon my reserved rights as a "man and a brother," I have made up my mind as to the course best to pursue; viz. to complete the pleasure tour, send it home to the editor, and, if he thrusts it into the basket, when I return, just quietly—shoot him, which settles that matter—as it will settle him.

Previously, however, I had excogitated two plans of proceeding; first, the Jean Paul, and second, the Kreissler-Hoffmann plan.

You remember, and if you do not the fact is still the same, that in Jean Paul's "Journey of the Army Chaplain Schmelzle to Flätz," each page contains notes, which no skill can discover as having any reference to any part of the text. "I had, for convenience, written the thoughts (or digressions)," says Jean Paul in the preface, "with which I had no right to disturb those of the Field Chaplain, and which could operate only as notes behind the lines, upon a separate manuscript of my own, and had given each note its number, as the reader sees, the numbers referring to the pages of the stranger's manuscript; but in copying the latter, I forgot to transcribe the numbers into the proper places. Now let nobody

the company had just played in a very neat and graceful style.

"No, I am not at all satisfied with this epithet, 'moonlight'" continued the young lady of the house, "it does not correspond in the least to the depths of passion in that first movement, — certainly not as I feel it."

"Nor am I," said the gentleman who had played it; "that movement is, to my feelings, the deepest, most intense expression of a longing, yearning desire for the presence of the beloved one, where two passion-filled hearts are for the time separated — it is this expression which I wish so much to convey in my execution of the Sonata, but which is beyond my power."

"What a pity we know so little of the history of these earlier works of Beethoven," resumed Miss —, "and especially of this one. I have within a few days past looked out all the passages in the English Life of Beethoven, which can possibly bear upon it, and the result is very unsatisfactory. As for the ridiculous story which reappears at regular intervals in 'Ladies' Books and Magazines, it is sufficient to know that it makes this Sonata a youthful work of the author in Bonn, while in fact it was written some years after his arrival in Vienna."

"Oh, do bring the book," said one of the young ladies, "and show us what there is about it."

"Perhaps we had better step into the library," said she, "where we can discuss the matter without disturbing others or being disturbed."

"Here in Vol. 1, on page 54," resumed she, in the library, "the writer, Schindler, says 'it was love for the Giulietta to whom that imaginative composition is dedicated, which inspired him while engaged upon it'; but when, oh Mr. Schindler? Here on pp. 101—6, are three letters of Beethoven to this same Julia, which are the Sonata in words, so full of love and *sehnsucht*" are they. But they are dated 1806. And here in the Appendix to Vol. 11, p. 214, is a letter of Beethoven to his friend Wegeler, dated Nov. 16, 1801, in which he speaks of his increasing deafness, of the unhappy condition in which for two years he had been sunk, and of the now favorable change in his feelings; then he adds:

"A dear and charming girl has wrought this beneficial change in me; she loves me as I do her: and this has brought back some happy moments, the first I have enjoyed these two years, &c."

"Now I cannot make out how, if these passages all refer to the same Julia Guicciardi, a love like this, continuing five or six years — through the whole of Ferdinand Ries' stay in Vienna as Beethoven's pupil, could have escaped his notice; yet, from the letters and anecdotes in the Appendix here translated from Ries, it is clear he knew nothing of it. It is all blind to me. What do you say to it, Mr. Brown?"

"Not much; and as you all take so much pleasure in joking me about my taste for insignificant dates and facts, I have a great mind to punish you now by keeping to myself a thing or two, which would ease your mind essentially on this great 'moonshine' question."

"Now don't be cruel, Mr. Brown," sang one of the ladies, from the old song.

"Well, then, the countess Julia Guicciardi, descended from an old Lombard family, if I recollect rightly, one branch of which was established in Austria proper, was the 'dear girl,' who had

wrought so favorable a change in the feelings of Beethoven. At the date of the letter to Wegeler she was just seventeen years old, while Beethoven lacked one month of thirty-one. She too was the person to whom the three letters, here dated 1806, were addressed. This date is incorrect. The originals are without a year-date, and Schindler supplied this of 1806, according to the best information in his possession. One fact is enough to prove this — she married Count Gallenberg in 1803, and gave him a son in 1805. The Sonata was published in March, 1802, having been without doubt written some time previously, as in those days Beethoven was in no haste to send his works to the press. Now, as Julia Guicciardi could have had no such intimacy with the composer as these letters indicate after her betrothal to Gallenberg, I think it will cost you no great effort of your reasoning powers to refer the letters and the Sonata to 1800 or 1801, at all events to the same period. You may perhaps also find with me, in her refusal of the musician who was not a count, and was fourteen years her senior, and her acceptance of the musician who was, and was near her own age, an additional reason for the profound melancholy and sadness, which breathes out of every line of that remarkable paper, the 'Will,' printed here in vol. 1, p. 80, and dated October, 1802."

"Thank you, thank you, Mr. Brown," from all sides; "that does indeed make all clear."

"Where have I heard that first movement quite lately?" added I, after a pause. "Whom have I heard play? Or did I dream it? Singular — I cannot remember to have heard any pianoforte playing for some time, and yet I am sure that I have heard this piece of music, — oh yes — yes, and in the very last place you would guess," I added, laughing, after a moment's thought.

"Where, do tell us."

"At a juggler's exhibition."

"A juggler's exhibition!" exclaimed half a dozen voices.

"Yes, at a juggler's. Have any of you noticed of an evening, in Broadway, left hand going down, the transparency of Monsieur Paul, with its inscription 'Mysterious Music?'"

Some had.

"It was there. I stepped in one evening after he opened his exhibition to see his tricks, not expecting anything from the mysterious music, but I became so much interested in that as to have paid him several visits since for that alone."

"Come, Brown," said Stevens, "take the great chair, and discourse, while we bestow ourselves upon the sofa and lounges, — your small but *patient* auditory. You play *Æneas* and we will be Dido and her court. Now, propound."

"About half past eight, Paul closes the first part of his entertainment, and coming forward makes a little speech to this effect: 'Ladies and Gentlemen; there will now be an intermission of fifteen minutes, after which I shall have the honor of introducing for your gratification the Mysterious Music. Should any gentlemen or lady desire to consult the Fates, any proper question may be written upon the cards which my assistant will distribute for the purpose. You can write in English, German and French, it is all one to the Mysterious Music. Of the contents of the cards I shall only announce the signatures to the audience. Whether any person shall find his or

her questions answered will depend upon his or her power to interpret the voice of the Mysterious Music.'

"This little speech, evidently written out for him, and carefully committed to memory, he speaks in a rich, full, mellow voice, and is made to produce an effect by a very skilful modulation at each recurrence of the words 'Mysterious Music,' as if he himself was impressed with a feeling of awe. Twice or three times he has invited a committee of the audience to come upon the stage and examine the pianoforte from which the music is to proceed. I went up one evening and our report was to this effect: 'The instrument is an old German 5 1-2 octave pianoforte, at least fifty years old, bearing the address, "Johann Schmidt, Klagenfurt." One leg is gone, another quite disabled, and the instrument is held upright by two pieces of board nailed to the ends of the pianoforte and to cleats upon the wall, by which means a reasonable degree of firmness is secured. Inside, from a quarter to a third of the strings are gone, and as to the action, not half the keys produce any tone, though the few which do, seem to be in tune with each other. We notice but one special feature in the instrument, the sounding board, which seems to be double, very large for the size of the instrument, and of the finest quality of wood and workmanship.'

"During the intermission the assistant removes everything from the stage into the private room behind, save the pianoforte, one chair and a small table. These he places on the front of the stage, and on the side opposite the instrument. He passes round the cards, afterwards collects and places them upon the table, and then retires to the door where he waits to the close of the exhibition. He has nothing to do with the music. Indeed I met him the other day at a German eating house and, as we sat by our beer and cheese, he assured me that this matter is to him an impenetrable mystery. In all the jugglery he is a pupil of Paul and only wants practice to enable him to exhibit on his own account, which he intends to do; but what the trick of this music is, is quite beyond him.

"But do you ever hear it at other times?" I asked. "Very seldom," said he, "perhaps three or four times. I assure you when one is alone there, busy in the dim light in preparing for the evening, and the hall, empty, echoes to every sound, to hear of a sudden such strange ghostly music stream from that old instrument, is enough to startle any one."

"But when have you heard this — I mean at what hours?"

"Only towards night. I generally come to the hall about ten in the morning and see that all is in order. The rest of the day I have to myself, until about an hour before the performance commences. Sometimes, however, I do not come in until towards night, and it was on such occasions that I heard it."

"Has Paul no other private room in which he could conceal a player?"

"No. The entrance hall, the auditorium, the stage and his private room occupy the entire length and width of the old house, as I have convinced myself a dozen times. No sir, I am just as much in the dark about it as you."

"But — where was I? After the intermission Monsieur Paul enters with a grave solemnity of

manner, which is, I assure you, very imposing. His magnificent figure is set off by a perfectly fitting suit of black, and as he walks slowly across the stage to his seat, one hears softly whispered words of admiration all round the audience. He looks over the cards, selecting some half dozen and laying the rest aside. During these two or three minutes, of course, on the part of the audience reigns the silence of wondering expectation — a feeling which he himself seems to share. Every look, every gesture on his part impresses you with the feeling that a power is behind, which, though obedient to him, is not one that he can control at will. Your reason tells you that all is the effect of a most skillful deception — trickery — and yet your fancy is taken captive in spite of yourself. Nor is there any settled form or formula for the announcement of the presence of the music or musician — I hardly know how to express myself. One evening, while Paul was reading the questions on the cards, he suddenly paused, raised his hand towards the audience, as if to say 'Hush! hark!' and we heard the tones of music stealing into the room, wild, irregular, timeless, but delicate and fascinating as the tones of an Æolian harp. Another evening, it sounded as if far away and swiftly approaching in a rapid dance rhythm, finally seeming to rush in like a corps of Bacchantes crowned and drunken; and on still another, the audience waited in vain. Paul had finished his inspection of the cards and sat with his arms folded, but no sound of music broke the silence. People began to look at each other, and to make their remarks in a low tone, when all were startled by a succession of strange chords in fortissimo, as if from an angry spirit. Even Paul was startled — or pretended to be.

"But about the Sonata, Mr. Brown?" said one of the ladies. "I am coming to it presently. The last time I was there, the prelude, announcing the presence of the music, was like that which I have just compared to an Æolian harp in effect, although something like a theme was traceable; after it had died away, Monsieur took up a card, and with a glance of his dark eye, which seemed to take in every person in the room, he twice pronounced the signature. It was 'Meta,' the response being a delicate piece of music, but with no distinct character." The next had a German signature, 'Der Unglücklicher,' and called out a sad, sorrowful march, closing with a reminiscence of 'Eine feste Burg.' Two more followed with nothing noteworthy in their character, though they strengthened the impression already made upon the audience. The next gave Paul opportunity to exhibit his presence of mind. The signature, as he read it, was 'Tee-toos ah Pape' — 'Titus A. Peep, you Dutchman,' cried a voice near the door. 'So prompt, so ill prepared to stand the shock of this as the audience was, in such ridiculous contrast to the feelings of the moment, no wonder that one universal peal of laughter shook the room. It was almost like that of Homer's gods, inextinguishable; burst after burst followed, and when all for a moment was still, somewhere would leak out again a light cachinnation, — a spark to the laughter magazine. But when the audience had fairly laughed itself out, Paul raised his hand imploringly for silence. Now here was a case for which I do not see how it was possible for him, a foreigner, to have been prepared, and yet the manner in which the joke was met seems to me a wonderful proof of readiness and skill.

"We first heard groups of irregular, broken chords, orderless and without apparent connection, out of which suddenly sprang 'Get out of the way, old Dan Tucker,' followed by 'Oh Susannah,' and the whole winding up with 'Yankee Doodle' bedevilled.

"Glancing over the remaining cards, he selected one and read the signature 'Die ferne Geliebte,' (the distant beloved one), and to this the reply was the delicious first movement of the Sonata in C sharp minor. Whoever played it, man or woman, in the body or out of the body, is no stranger to the feelings which Beethoven cherished for the Countess Giulietta.

"After this the music seemed to depart, growing fainter and fainter, and at length ceased as if lost in distance, and the exhibition closed."

"Why," said Stevens, "it is really worth hearing, isn't it?"

"I think so," said I, "suppose we make up a party and go some evening next week."

"We will," from all sides, and we went.

(To be Continued.)

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 17, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Opera of *Don Giovanni*, continued.

The Great Organ for Albany.

The Organ Concert held before an invited party, last Tuesday evening, in the manufactory of Messrs. SIMMONS & WILLCOX, gives us an opportunity to recur once more to this noble instrument which they have built for St. Joseph's (Catholic) Church in Albany, N. Y., and we only regret that our own experience of great Organs is as yet too small to enable us to speak with full and critical appreciation of a work which does such honor to its makers and to this country. Of course the audience went eagerly that evening to hear and see the largest Organ ever yet built in America. The contracted space left by the monster assemblage of pipes, and wind reservoirs and bellows and levers, was crowded with listeners, some in front below the organ, and some in a side gallery at half its height, whence they could look in among its ranks and battalions of pipes, from the giants of the 32 feet sub-bass, to the little altissimos not half the size of a child's little finger; and see moreover, all the working of the internal machinery.

And when, like an enchanted forest, all those reeds and pipes, of many natures, sizes, orders and degrees, began to sound as the animating breath passed through them, opening each at the touch of the master intelligence presiding at the keyboards; — when we heard new soft flutes, or clarinets and gambas, with round, mellow diapason basses flowing out from various quarters of the dim space; now the smart trumpets promptly answering from the rear of all (some 36 feet behind the front), or mighty trombone blasts; now, as from the remote heart of the wood, (from the Swell organ) those all-pervading, blending, multitudinous whisperings of harmony, swelling and dying, and spread as it were like a soft rain of sounds over a wide surface; now some large orotund sixteen-foot *Gamba* opening an unexpected salutation within a few feet of your ear, and now at last the deepest depths of Pedal bass begin to roll in, making all tremble, like the roar of ocean on the beach, and rank after rank of other pipes chime in, in octaves, fifths, thirds, twelfths, with all the *Mixtures* and the *Sesquialtras* dashing the huge mass of too much sweet with their lively discords, — the discord swallowed up, the life and brightness alone felt

— and the lusty clarions sing out on the top of the great tone-waves, and highest saucy flute tones touch their edges with just enough of dazzling sunshine; and when the deafening roar (only that it is so musical, so essentially made up of pure tone, that while you hear, and almost tremble, still the appetite for more and more tone grows with what it feeds upon) is hushed in an instant, and those breezy whispers steal upon the ear again from afar off, like the wind harp of the pines; — all these effects, of course impossible to describe, impress the novice and not less the expert, with a strange sense of the mystery and grandeur of a great Organ; it seems something Infinite, a type and multitudinous expression of the universal Order.

All this of course is vague and general, and might be said in some degree of hearing any very large Organ under the right circumstances. But we think that this new work of Messrs. Simmons and Willcox amply satisfied all present upon that occasion that the things we read about the sublimity and infinite suggestiveness of a great Organ are not mere rhetoric. — But briefly to the Concert. A very effective double quartet of singers was assembled, composed of: *Soprani*, Mrs. FOWLE and Miss UNDERWOOD; *Alti*, Mrs. SHATTUCK (Miss Humphrey) and Miss STONE; *Tenori*, Messrs. C. R. ADAMS and STONE; *Bassi*, Messrs. POWERS and WILSON. Mr. WILLCOX, with his facile and entire command of all its multifarious resources, presided at the Organ; and this was the programme:

1. Organ introduction.
2. "Kyrie," from the Mass No. 1,.....Haydn.
3. Organ — Quartet, from Martha,.....Flotow.
4. "Et incarnatus est," from the Mass No. 1,.....Haydn.
5. "God save the Queen," with variations,.....Rink.
6. "Veni Sancte Spiritus,".....Deitch.

1. Flute Concerto,.....Rink.
2. "O Jesu amator noster," Sop. Solo and Quartet,.....Novello.
Mrs. Fowle, Mrs. Shattuck, Mr. Stone, Mr. Powers.
3. "Priests' March," from Athalia,.....Mendelssohn.
4. "As pants the Hart," Sextet,.....Spohr.
5. Organ Solo, ending with "The Heavens are Telling,".....Haydn.
6. "Gloria," from the Mass No. 1,.....Haydn.

One missed here some of the grand things of Handel, the Bach fugues, the Lutheran Chorals, &c., but it was the Bishop's party, and the sacred selections were purposely made from the music most in vogue in Catholic churches hereabouts, while the rest was of the kind to entertain a curious audience, and show the stops and combinations of the organ. The organist performed his task admirably, making all the companies and regiments of pipes pass in review, and illustrate their characteristic service, in the course of his organ solos. The full power told to the best advantage in the Mendelssohn March, in "The Heavens are Telling," and the "Gloria," by Haydn. The vocal pieces were beautifully executed, the voices telling well in spite of the narrow, crowded place, and the solos of Mrs. Fowle, Mrs. Shattuck, Mr. Adams, and Mr. Powers, did them much credit.

We have said that this organ is the largest yet built in this country. Measured by cubic contents of pipes — that is to say, by the collective volume of the whole tone-mass it is capable of producing — it certainly is so. There probably are in the country some few organs which may boast a greater number of pipes; nor does this contain quite all the stops which the builders, could they have followed their own ideal, would have put into it. Not only has it not the *Vox humana*, and other fancy matters, but it could have been richer in mixed stops in some parts to advantage. Nor has it some of the improved mechanical features introduced by the same builders into the new organ at Harvard College. Organ builders, like most other artists, must build more or less to order. In this instance the specifications were furnished, we understand, by R. J. CANMODY, of Albany, (the design for the case by P. C. KEELY, of New York). It is es-

essentially a *great organ*, designed for a very large Cathedral, and, while it can discourse most soft and delicate music, voiced in many curious and pleasing ways, it is by its grand power and splendor and huge volume of tone, of the most nourishing and solid quality, that it has most surprised and interested us. A schedule of its contents is worth recording here.

It contains three Manuals, each extending from C, 8 feet, to a_2 making 58 notes, and a Pedal, from C, 16 feet, to f , 30 notes. The key action is reversed, the organist looking away from the organ. The system of levers, pulleys, &c., which convey the volitions of his fingers to pipes which stand, some at a distance of forty feet behind him (back in the tower of the church) do their work with prompt and silent certainty, and the remotest pipe gives instant answer like the nearest. The "Pneumatic Pressure" takes the labor from his fingers, and throws it back upon the bellows blower, so that the touch is never harder than that of a Grand Piano.

There are three bellows and five reservoirs for wind. The Pneumatic lever is applied to the Great, the Swell and Pedal organs separately, and also to the couplings.

The distribution of the stops is as follows:

GREAT ORGAN.

1. Open Diapason,	16 ft.	9. Principal,	4 "
2. Open Diapason,	8 "	10. Flute Octavante,	4 "
3. Viola di Gamba,	8 "	11. Night Horn,	4 "
4. Hohl-Flöte,	8 "	12. Clarion,	4 "
5. Stopped Diapason,	8 "	13. Twelfth,	22-3 "
6. Flauto Traverso,	8 "	14. Fifteenth,	2 "
7. Trumpet,	8 "	15. Sesquialtra, (3 ranks)	
8. Clarionet,	8 "	16. Mixture, (5 ranks)	

SWELL.

1. Bourdon,	16 ft.	7. Oboe,	8 ft.
2. Open Diapason,	8 "	8. Principal,	4 "
3. Flûte Harmonique,	8 "	9. Spire (or Spitz) Flute,	4 "
4. Stopped Diapason,	8 "	10. Clarion,	4 "
5. Dulciana,	8 "	11. Fifteenth,	2 "
6. Coropcean,	8 "	12. Corsets, (4 ranks.)	

CHOIR ORGAN.

1. Æolina,	16 ft.	6. Stopped Diapason,	8 ft.
2. Open Diapason,	8 "	7. Cromoon (Krum-horn) Sf.	
3. Claribella,	8 "	8. Principal,	4 ft.
4. Dulciana,	8 "	9. Flûte à Cheminée,	4 "
5. Keraulophon,	8 "	10. Flageolette,	2 "

PEDAL ORGAN.

1. Contra Open Diapason,	32 ft.	6. Octave,	8 ft.
2. Open Diapason,	16 "	7. Violoncello,	8 "
3. Gamba,	16 "	8. Trumpet,	8 "
4. Bourdon,	16 "	9. Super Octave,	4 "
5. Trombone,	16 "	10. Clarion,	4 "

MECHANICAL MOVEMENTS.

1. Coupler, Great and Swell.
2. " Great and Choir, 8 feet.
3. " Great and Choir, 16 "
4. " Choir and Swell.
5. " Pedal and Great.
6. " Pedal and Swell.
7. " Pedal and Choir.
8. " Pedal at Octaves.
9. " Bellows Signal.
10. " Pedal Check.
11. " Tremblant.

An idea of the space occupied by this great forest of pipes, with its substrata of wind apparatus, levers, trackers, &c., may be formed from the following dimensions: the Organ is 29 feet wide, 40 feet high, and 36 feet deep, from the front to the rear row of loud Pedal trombone pipes. Truly it is a noble instrument, and has afforded, as it stood in the manufactory, a rare opportunity of studying the *organization* of a great Organ. We only regret that Boston is not to be the richer by it; but what is our loss, is the gain of Albany.

Musical Chit-Chat.

The last Promenade Concert of the season will be given at the Music Hall, this evening, by Gilmore's full band. There will be music appropriate to the

day, which is our City's anniversary, and will be otherwise celebrated by a suspension of the Public Schools, the inauguration of the Webster Statue at the State House, a balloon ascension, and what not. . . . It will soon be time for portions of the programme of our coming Concert season, but as yet all plans are maturing themselves in silence. Mr. ZERBAHN of course is busy laying out his orchestral campaign, and the Quintette Club their Chamber Concerts; and we presume the Handel and Haydn Society will soon come together with fresh energies, resolved to do good things. . . . Our German friends, of the "ORPHEUS" invited company to their club room last Saturday evening, and gave us a rich treat of part-songs, solos, and piano music, all mystically idealized and screened from the prosaic outer world by a most Teutonic canopy of smoke. They now number many noble voices, especially in the bass, and sing with a remarkably rich and clear ensemble. Part-songs by Mendelssohn and others, solos from *Don Giovanni* and *Zauberflöte*, Schumann's fine ballad "Die rothe Hanna," and other good German songs, by various members, a brilliant Piano-forte Sonata by Moscheles, for four hands, splendidly played by Messrs. DRESEL and LEONHARD, and many more good things, made the hours richly freighted. Pray, followers of Orpheus, give us some public concerts this winter!

A music hall in the new City Buildings, in Portland, Me., was dedicated by a concert last week by the "Haydn Association," who, with an orchestra of "home talent," under the direction of Mr. HERMANN KOTZSCHMAR performed Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, to the delight of a great audience. The solos were by Miss USHER, Miss CAMMETT, Mr. THURSTON and Mr. SHAW.

Weber's *Preciosa* music was performed entire at the *Stadt Theatre* in Chicago, on the 4th, in connection with the melodrama in four acts by Wolff.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

The new opera in one act, produced last week at the Opéra-Comique, under the title of *Voyage autour de ma Chambre*, would seem to be little better than a vaudeville travestied into an opera. The music has not obtained for the composer, M. Albert Grisar, a success equal to that achieved by any of his former works, *Gilles Ravisseau*, *Bon soir, Monsieur Pantalon*, and *Le Chien du Jardinier*. In the performance M. Coudere was the main support of the piece. Mdlle. Henrion and Mdlle. Prost played the two principal female parts. The Emperor and Empress of the French were present at the extraordinary representation given at the Grand-Opéra, on Tuesday week, for the benefit of the wounded soldiers of the Army of Italy. A numerous and brilliant audience attended. Their Majesties were received in the most enthusiastic manner, both on their entrance and at their departure. Their Royal Highnesses, Prince Napoleon and the Princess Marie-Clotilde were also present. The entertainments consisted of the second act of *Guillaume Tell*, "given," as the Parisian papers say, "for M. Gueymard and Mdlle. Marie Dussy;" (?) the first act of the ballet *Sacountala*, with Madame Ferraris and M. Petipa, and the first act of *Jovita*, for Madame Rosati and M. Petipa. The receipts realized 10,700 francs. On the following evening Mad. Rosati took leave of her friends and admirers for the season, in her favorite part, Jovita. The charming *danseuse* left Paris for St. Petersburg on Tuesday last. A grand "Te Deum," in honor of the peace and of the return of the army, has been sung at the church of Notre Dame, with a solemnity almost unprecedented. This work, which is entitled "Te Deum Impérial et Militaire," and is based, in a great measure, upon an old church chant, has had the honor to be approved of by the Emperor, and recommended by his Excellency the Minister of War. The composer, M. Saint-Arod, chapel-master to the King of Sardinia, superintended all the rehearsals.

The execution of the "Te Deum" was entrusted to a numerous force chosen from the various societies of Paris, under the direction of M. Delaporte. In addition, the band of the *Garde*, directed by M. Paulus, assisted, together with quite an orchestra of

double-basses; and, that nothing should be wanting to render the performance complete, the organ of the choir of Notre Dame was employed. The effect produced by this grand vocal and instrumental mass was immense, and profoundly impressed the distinguished auditory that filled the church to overflowing. The execution of the "Te Deum," directed by the composer and M. Delaporte, was irreproachable.—M. Roger is making rapid strides towards convalescence. He has been appointed professor of singing to the Conservatoire, in the room of M. Panzeron. He has quitted his bed for some days.—Mlle Poincet, who arrived in Paris a short time since from America, has accepted an engagement for the Scala Theatre at Milan.—M. Gevaert is composing an opera in five acts and seven tableaux, at the request of the administration of the Grand Opéra. It is expected to be ready by next May.

England.

The Gloucester Committee seems resolved to keep the Gloucester Festival to itself, so late are its announcements in being set forth. At last, however, we read that the oratorios selected are, for the first day, 'Elijah'; for the second, 'The Mount of Olives,' Signor Rossini's 'Stabat,' and Dr. Spohr's 'Last Judgment'; for the third, 'The Messiah.' The Norwich gentlemen are more active, since a paragraph from a local paper warns us that they have appointed Mr. Benedict as conductor for the meeting of 1860, and have commissioned him to produce a new composition expressly for the occasion. An interesting performance of 'The Messiah,' in Dublin, where Handel's sacred Oratorio was produced, will take place late in October, when the *soprano* part will be sung by Madame Goldschmidt, and the other parts by Mrs. and Mr. Locke and Signor Belletti:—the performance in aid of the Dublin charities. The local journals mention that a musical Festival is to be held in Glasgow at no distant period, for which, among other music, the oratorio of 'Gideon' (by whom?) has been selected.

There is still music at the Crystal Palace. On Saturday last Mdlle. Artot sang there; also Madame Bishop. The latter lady is about to return to America, and gave a monster farewell benefit concert at the Surrey Gardens on Monday last. The programme was in the Cremorne style, since, besides the musical attractions, it promised fireworks, acrobats, a balloon and a ball.

Mr. Cipriani Potter has resigned his presidency over the Royal Academy of Music.

Simultaneously with the attempt contemplated at the *Théâtre Lyrique* in Paris, of bringing the 'Orphée' of Gluck from *Érebus* to light again, something of the kind, we are glad to believe, may be essayed in England: not, however, in London, those headquarters of the holy horror of experiment, but at Manchester. There, we are told, it is M. Halle's intention to bring some of Gluck's music forward as concert-music, during the coming winter season. Remembering the effect of the selections from 'Armida,' at last year's Cologne Festival, and of that from 'Iphigenia,' during the short-lived reign over the *New Philharmonic Society* of M. Berlioz, we are satisfied that valuable additions to our stores of festival and grand concert music may be derived from this source, and look forward to the result with more than ordinary expectation.

The oratorio on which Herr Molique is known to have been long engaged, is now, we understand, all but completed.

The *Gazette Musicale* announces that Madame Miolan-Carvalho has been secured by Mr. Gye, for next year's Opera season at Covent Garden.

The *Musical World* mourns over the announcement of the 136th meeting of the Three Choirs (for Sept. 13), because the old Gloucester Festival still "refuses to become a ghost;" and adds:

If some novelty set up its claims, there might then be at least a particle of consolation; but that is not the case. The Dettingen "Te Deum," Tallis's Responses, "Jones in D," and other equally familiar things, are all most probably included in the Cathedral service which ushers in the Festival; and, with the marvellous performance of Handel's victory-anthem, under Mr. Costa, at the Crystal Palace, fresh in the memory, the Dettingen temptation will not be very great. On Wednesday morning, *Elijah*; on Thursday, the *Mount of Olives*, the *Stabat Mater* (Rossini's, of course), and Spohr's *Last Things*; and, on Friday, the well-known oratorio of *The Messiah*, make up the sum of Cathedral performances. The list of singers is strong, however, including Madame Novello, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Weiss, and the flower of our English vocalists, the miscellaneous concerts being strengthened by an attractive foreign party, headed by Mdlle. Tietjens, Signor Gi-

nglini, and Signor Belletti. At Gloucester, too, as at Bradford, we are promised some piano-forte-solos, the pianist being Miss Summerhayes, who, though unknown to London, is well regarded in certain parts of the provinces.

A GOOD CHOIR STORY.—An Exchange paper publishes the following very readable story about "choir" music in a Western church:

The choir, in the west, has had a severe struggle for life, especially in Methodist churches. The old style was a "brother" to "lead the singing," while the hymn was lined by the minister. No song monopoly there. No operative fee *five fims*.

In 1844 the action of the General Conference was such as to lead to the formation of the Methodist Church South, and, under Dr. Schon, a Southern Church was organized in Cincinnati, and its place of worship known as Soule Chapel. The first General Conference of the new organization was held in Petersburg, Va., and a large number of "Delegates" spent the Sabbath preceding in Cincinnati, and worshipped at Soule Chapel. On the Sabbath, the noted Dr. (new Bishop,) Pierce was to preach the morning sermon, and expectation stood on tip-toe. The house was crowded. The singing was led by that prince of choristers, John G——n; and by his side sat his honor, Judge McLane, who joined heartily in the worship. After the opening service, the pastor stepped to Bishop Soule, and asked him if he would enter the pulpit and conduct the concluding services. He declined, and suggested Dr. H——r, an antique little man, with sharp features set astride a sharp nose, a sharp cut coat, and a sharp appearance generally. Dr. Schon approached him, and said, in low tones:

"Dr. H——, will you conduct the closing exercises?"

"Yes, sah," was the response; showing the effect of association upon his dialect; and entering the pulpit, he took his seat.

The sermon was all that could have been desired; it more than met expectation, and the preacher sat down amidst great excitement.

Dr. H—— seemed to think that an exhortation from himself would be a glorious climax; and briskly arising, hymn-book in hand, advanced to the front of the pulpit, and, with his peculiar pronunciation, began:

"How thankful, friends, ought we to be
To Him who brought us here to see
This lovely Sabbath morning!"

G——n, the chorister, never dreamed of an exhortation after that sermon; and catching the lines as Dr. H—— read them, found them "fourth particular metre," rose, with the Judge by his side, and started the tune so often sung to that glorious old hymn,

"Come on my partners in distress."

Louder and louder rolled his clear, strong voice over that sea of heads:

"How thankful, friends, ought we to be," &c.

Poor Dr. H—— was bewildered. Turning to Dr. Schon, he said:

"Sah, they are singing my exhortation!"

"Never mind," said Schon, whose face, always rubicund, was seven times redder than its wont; "never mind; wait till they're through."

"But, sah, they are singing my exhortation!"

By this time John and the Judge were through, repeat and all, and looked up most patiently for Dr. H—— to "give out more." He, however, looked at them steadily, and laid down his book, saying—

"Well, you're the greatest singers here I ever heard! You not only sing a man's hymn, but you sing his exhortation too! *Let's pray.*"

How fervently the ministers and audience joined in that prayer may be imagined. Dr. Schon forgot his notices; and they do say that to this day G——n insists that exhortations, if ever so good, ought not to be set to "two-eighths and one-sixth."

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 13.—Last evening the preliminary operative skirmish at the Academy of Music commenced with Donizetti's *Polkato*, now one of the most popular operas that can be presented to a New York audience.

The opera was splendidly given, with new costumes and scenery. The house was crowded to excess, and CORTESI sang with all her accustomed

power and passion. Next Wednesday we have *La Sonnambula*, with Mme. GASSIER; Thursday, *Norma*, with Cortesi, and Friday the *Barber*, with Gassier. The season closes next week, as the company are to appear at Boston on the 26th.

Beyond this excitement, and the advent of ANNA BISHOP, there is no other fresh musical intelligence here, and the doings of absent opera singers are the next thing on the "peppergum."

CARL FORMES, like everybody else, finds out that there is no place for opera folks to make money, like New York. So he is coming back here this fall, though as yet it is not known whether he will bring an opera company of his own as at first rumored. He first had an idea of forming a troupe and visiting Lisbon, Gibraltar, Malta, and then proceeding to Egypt, and electrifying the people of Cairo and Alexandria. But a little reflection induced him to abandon this plan. He of course can command plenty of engagements in Germany, but wants to return to New York because he can make more money here.

PICCOLOMINI made friends here by the score, and writes to them that she is crazy to get back to dear America. But Lumley has a monopoly of her services till April, 1860, and will not make any concession not "nominated i' the bond." So he sends her to St. Petersburg to get her nose frozen, and win diamonds, and entrance slim, fair people with their names ending in *off*.

There is a rumor that that graceful, finished artiste, LA GRANGE, is coming back to New York, where she will be sure to meet a cordial welcome. She has, undoubtedly, been the most popular opera singer that ever visited this country. No one ever sang here in such a wide and varied repertoire, and was so uniformly good in everything she undertook. Then she was such a lady—very different from some *prime donne* I might mention.

ANNA BISHOP has come back to New York, after wandering all over the earth. She has lost her "protector," Bochs, the harpist, and is now Mrs. Schultze. She appeared Saturday evening in a concert at Palace Garden, assisted by ARTHUR NAPOLEON and TAFFANELLI, the baritone, and was well received by the large audience, including most of the musical people of the city. There is little change in her personal appearance or her voice. Perhaps, she may be a shade more substantial as regards her size.

GUSTAV SATTER has been playing at the Palace Garden here, with Arthur Napoleon and others. He was quite successful, and was called "powerful" by some enthusiastic admirers. Others laughed at his grimaces and contortions. The Palace Garden has become a very popular Concert hall.

As to the regular winter concert season, nothing special has transpired. The Philharmonies will, of course, give their usual series of winter concerts. ROBERT GOLDBECK, who has leased a little hall on Broadway, is starting a musical Conservatory for advanced pupils, and contemplates giving a number of classical soirées, when his pupils and self will be aided by the very best vocal and instrumental stars that may be in the city.

The churches have opened for the season—you know gospel is dispensed with here during the hot months, and goes to Saratoga to guzzle Congress Water—and organists generally resumed their nations last Sunday. There are no important changes in organ affairs here, but I hear rumors of various promotions and decapitations, that I shall inform you of in my next.

Did you know that Dr. CLARE W. BEAMES was from the Italian Opera? He is giving concerts in Rochester with Miss BRAINERD, and the announcement says that Beames is "of the Italian Opera, New York." It is a good thing to be "of an Italian Opera," especially when you make concert tours in rural districts.

TROVATOR.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Shadow Song. From Meyerbeer's opera
"Le Pardon de Plœrmel." 30

My anguish thee avengeth. (Ah! mon remords
te venge.) "Le Pardon de Plœrmel." 25

Two more "gems" from this new masterpiece of the illustrious composer. The first is an air in waltz time, of enchanting beauty. Dinorah, the heroine and high soprano in the opera, whose mind is wandering, sings it, while she executes a grotesque dance with her shadow. This air has at once become popular. The second is a plaintive romance, sung by Hosi, the baritone in the opera. It is of great dramatic effect.

O dearest, gentle Maud! Song and Chorus.

C. B. Hitchcock. 25

Light and pretty.

A snake in the grass. Ladies' comic song.

J. Canfield. 25

Goes to prove that a lover is sometimes a "snake in the grass," paying court to the money and not to the person of his lady. This is pleasantly worded, and makes a nice little song, which will provoke smiles from everybody.

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Old mountain tree. (Guitar accomp.) Bishop. 25

Gaily thro' life wander. " " "Traviata." 25

Chaste Goddess. (Casta diva.) " " "Norma." 25

In tears I pine for thee. " " "Lombardi." 25

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 390.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1859.

VOL. XV. No. 26.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Monsieur Paul.

From the Papers of the late I. Brown.

(Continued.)

We went early and secured seats near the stage, that we might the better observe and afterward compare notes. Some time before seven o'clock every seat in the room was filled and many standing in the side passages. The first part of the evening's performance, the jugglery, was remarkably fine, Paul producing many of his finest and most elegant tricks; but it was clear that a large portion of the audience was impatiently waiting for the music. Many persons present I had seen there before — people with dreamy looking eyes and high thin heads — phrenologically speaking, with large ideality and reverence and small perceptive faculties. Such seemed to listen to the music with awe and to connect it with the pseudo-wonders of Spiritualism, which at that time was just beginning to supply the credulous with a substitute for Miller's exploded Last Judgment theory. Such canine minds must have some intellectual bone to gnaw.

During the intermission, while the assistant was clearing the stage, three gentlemen of the audience examining the old piano-forte, and people were writing their problems on the cards for Fate to solve, there was but little conversation, and that was carried on in low tones, as you hear it in a church when the time of service draws near. Never was an audience in a fitter mood for one who would play upon their feelings. My first thought as Monsieur Paul entered was: "How magnificently he is made up!" His black suit set off his noble figure more splendidly than ever; his hair, parted in the middle, contrasted wonderfully in its raven darkness with the broad, high, white forehead; the beard just touched his breast and gave an extraordinary dignity of effect; while his eyes were filled with an expression of grave and solemn feeling. Amid profound silence he crossed the stage to his seat, bowed slightly and looked through the cards, selecting some half a dozen, as usual, and laying the rest aside.

Half the delusion in cases of ventriloquism depends upon the demeanor of the performer. You see him apparently listening with the most intense expectation for sounds below, above, or from the inside of a box, and when they come you seem really to hear them from the quarter to which he has thus so strongly, by his manner, directed your attention. So Monsieur Paul's rapt attention, as if to sounds from another and an invisible world, and his apparent entire forgetfulness of the audience — except at the moment when he announced a signature upon a card, when, as I have already said he glances round and I have no doubt in nine cases out of ten decides correctly who the writer of the card is — to these he owed much of his singular power in exciting the imagination of his auditors. I was, therefore, particularly struck with the fact that now there were

moments when Mons. Paul's manner seemed to lose a shade of its usual imperturbable calmness, and his eyes would involuntarily seek our party and linger for an instant, as if some face exerted upon his fancy a strange and irresistible fascination. I had often caught his eye during the first part of the evening, but that is a part of a juggler's stock in trade — this use of the eye — and had nothing noticeable in it; but now the case was different.

Meantime he had finished his examination of the cards and sat, as we all sat, listening in profound silence for the announcement of the presence of the Mysterious Music. Singularly enough, even I, whose mind runs all to the perceptive faculties, being almost destitute of imagination and fancy, began to feel strongly the influence of the mood of those around me upon my own feelings, notwithstanding my perfect conviction that the whole was jugglery — the music the product of direct human agency — with no other mystery than how that agency was applied. An accidental circumstance added to the effect; the gas burned feebly that evening and threw but a sort of moonlight radiance into the room.

Hush! bark! Paul raises his hand, with a gesture, as if to signify that he heard already tones still inaudible to us, and then, faint, distant sounds of music in measured accent fell softly upon the ear — at first single accords with intervals of silence — but ever nearer and nearer, until we heard the connecting links in the chain of harmonies — a slow, funeral march, sad in expression, as the cry of a broken heart. It was like Ariel's solemn music in the Tempest, and one involuntarily asked with Ferdinand:

"Where should this music be? 'Tis the air or the earth?"

and was almost ready to say with him:

"This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes!"

What a curious fact in our mental constitutions is this power of sympathy! And what a multitude of phenomena in the history of Superstition are readily explained by it! Here were some two hundred persons, a majority of whom held this music to be but a splendid trick based upon some simple scientific principle, but all so carried away by sympathy with the feelings of those in whose faces one read nothing but awe — almost fear — that for the moment they were led to believe that it came from some such source as that which startled the guests in Hawthorne's tale of the old Province House. For my own part I confess myself to have become so wrought up, that as it approached and at length seemed to enter the room, my fancy peopled the stage with a funeral train of shadows, and as the march ceased with a few powerful, despairing chords, I should not have started had I heard the words, which frightened Paul Flemming from his sleep in that night-ride to Innspruck — "They have brought the dead body!"

My friends, as I noticed, were greatly excited, especially that quiet little woman, Mrs. Van Heid,

to whom I had given little credit for fancy or imagination. The sonata form in music, in which the adagio, touching the depths of feeling, is followed by an allegro or scherzo, is founded in our nature. Where the soul has not been broken, or crushed until its elasticity is destroyed, the hours of greatest agony are followed by those of most unrestrained mirth. Thus nature keeps up a balance — else we die — at least spiritually. Paul was too wise and skillful a player upon the heartstrings of an audience not to know this, and that the profound impression which he wished to make could be more certainly effected by granting periods of relaxation to the strained attention and feelings of those before him. Hence such a selection and arrangement of the questions propounded to his musical oracle, as brought in the responses a due variety of character in the music, and yet never failed to work upward by sure steps to a powerful climax at the end of the evening.

Thus adagios by the great masters were mingled with touching or merry improvisations, sometimes with Strauss and Lanner waltzes — on this evening a favorite and popular one by Gungl set all heads and heels in motion — and yet so skillfully introduced, that the state of feeling which the introductory march at this exhibition had excited, though at times relieved, was kept up and rendered even more intense as the evening waned. Another remark may find a proper place here; that few comparatively have ever felt the power of music upon the feelings and imagination, because few have given themselves, either in private or in the concert room, fully up to its influence. This Paul also knew and, in securing a fixed and earnest attention to the Mysterious Music, he gained the benefit of a belief in the mind of many an imaginative hearer, that no mere earthly tones could induce the strangely beautiful but powerful emotions so new to them.

The evening passed on. A card signed "Kreissler" had been responded to by a short fantasia of wild and touching sadness, and Paul took up another. As he glanced it over, I saw he hesitated a moment and threw a sudden glance at our party. I thought for a moment that he would exchange it for another; but not so. His hesitation was but momentary, and he read the signature in his usual calm, gentle voice, in German, "Thy still sorrowing sister." As he pronounced it the second time, I followed the glance of his eye, and saw that Mrs. Van Heid was excessively pale.

Music low and sweet, as if from the spirit of a loved and lost one, came stealing forth from the instrument, soon swelling into a solemn but joyous choral — yet speaking of no common joys. All was calm as if the spirit which sang was at rest and all was peace. Then sweet and delicate fancies began to weave themselves with the steady onward march of the choral, and by degrees to work out an expression of deep, passionate love and yearning for the presence of the "still sorrowing sister."

A sudden sigh — a gasp — Mrs. Van Heid had fainted. With as little disturbance as possible we took her to the air, where she soon recovered. Her husband persuaded our party to return to their seats, all save our Professor's great-hearted daughter and myself, whom he invited to take the other two seats in the carriage which he called, and accompany them home.

In the carriage Mrs. Van Heid's overstrained feelings relieved themselves in tears, and she wept silently, only once speaking during the ride, and then to say:

"Oh, Heinrich! that was the spirit of Paulina!"

"Calm yourself, my love," said her husband, "your fancy has completely overcome your reason."

Arrived at Eighteenth St., the young woman retired, and Van and I sat and talked the matter over, with a flask of Rudesheimer before us.

"Curious!" said he at length, "strange! I never supposed she had fancy enough to be so wrought upon. I never saw anything like it in her before. One reason why I fell in love with her was on account of her calm, equable temperament, which was a true complement to my opposite nature. There is something in this business beyond me. My philosophy does not quite come up to it. That card was written by her, and you heard what she said in the carriage?"

"Yes."

"As we came into the house, she whispered to me: 'Heinrich, that was Pauline's spirit — I know her playing as well as I know your handwriting.' I can't make it out."

"But what was the meaning of the signature, 'Thy still sorrowing sister?' " I asked, "who was this Paulina?"

"Has she never told you about her sister?" returned Van.

"No."

"That's strange, so well acquainted with us as you are, and so long in Berlin, too. Did you ever go to Meske's baths?"

"Yes; after an attack of fever, when convalescent, I went through a regular course. By Jove, I have it — that blind girl that used to play the piano-forte so beautifully, so irregularly, and sometimes so incorrectly, her name was Paulina!"

"Yes, and she was my wife's sister."

"What an interesting — yes, I may say, beautiful — creature she was! Her eyes ceased to be a deformity when one had become accustomed to their want of 'speculation,' as Macbeth calls it."

"She was a beautiful, and the most loving, creature in the world. Would you believe it, her home was not a happy one for her, poor child; I would have taken her with me when I married Hedwig, if I could have done it, but I was poor. Would God, I had! For the second letter we received — they came only at long intervals — told us that Pauline had disappeared. The police had been set at work to discover if any blind girl answering to her description had left the city by any of the public means of conveyance or had had her passport viséed at any of the stations on the borders of Prussia. But they could learn nothing. The only probable solution of the mystery is that she may have fallen into the Spree from a balcony, which was her favorite place to sit and dream. There is an iron railing to this balcony in which is a gate, where goods are sometimes delivered from boats on the

river below, and the morning when her loss was first noticed this gate was open."

"But it does not seem very probable to me that she was drowned," said I, "for how could her body pass the toll barrier, which crosses the river by the bridge near the Charité?"

"That is a strong objection. But you know sometimes the current is strong and before it rose to the surface the body might easily be swept through when of a dark morning or in the evening the barrier is withdrawn for the passage of boats. Then, too, how else to account for her total disappearance without a passport and blind? So we settled upon this as the most probable theory, and now that two years have passed without the least tidings in relation to her, we have no longer a doubt. But it is strange that Hedwig's imagination could be so wrought upon; I had no idea of it; but that Paul is a wonderful fellow, and had everything most skilfully fitted to make the strongest impression."

This event was a nine days' wonder in our circle, and then Monsieur Paul was forgotten — who still night after night astonished a crowded audience — except that we occasionally joked Mrs. Van Heid upon her powerful imagination, who took it in good part and prophesied that she should yet astonish the world by some marvellous romance or poem.

As two or three of our editorial corps could speak German, French and Italian with greater or less fluency, and the head editor was noted for his charities, hardly a day passed in those times without calls upon us from political refugees, Germans, Poles, Hungarians, Italians — all manner of "nationalities" — for advice and assistance — the first of which they of course seldom followed, and with the other were seldom satisfied. As a general — not, I am glad to say, a universal — rule, those for whom we did the most were the most conspicuous, so soon as they began to take part in New York politics, which often happened within a few weeks of their escape from some continental police "hue and cry" — in denouncing us, our journal, and the principles which we conscientiously sought to enforce. But so soon as they were in trouble again — and not until then — they were sure to lift up the light of their reconciled countenances upon our sanctum, to our great edification and satisfaction; men, who wore finer though not cleaner linen than I can afford; who swore at fate if their dinner with wine for a dollar at Dietz's had to be omitted for a day, and they be forced to put up with one for two or three shillings in a cellar, where I was glad to eat, hesitated not to come begging or borrowing of such as I. My conscience is clear of having aided that class of men to live a life of idleness.

All sorts of mechanics and men of "sedentary professions" — such as tailors and shoemakers — too, came to us for work, and in this way I became acquainted with Schulz, the bookbinder, who proved an honest, steady fellow, a capital workman, and — a phenomenon — one who, if he promised you a book at noon on Wednesday, kept his word! I had given him some work and various friends had followed suit. Towards the end of May I received a note from Whitney, requesting me to see Schulz about some binding, and in the afternoon — the time I usually devoted to rambling and getting ready for the labor of

the night — I went round to his place, up a narrow lane, among a mass of old houses, which have now given way to huge blocks of stores and offices. I found Schulz's shop full of men and girls, and was sent up into the attic to find the man himself.

"So, Schulz, you are getting up in the world," said I.

He, of course, took me literally, and answered:

"Yes, my business has increased so that I was crowded out of the shop, and about six weeks ago I had this place fitted up, where I do my fine finishing. You see I have had this large window put into the roof, and it is a capital place, airy and light; only now that summer is coming I find it rather hot at times."

"Where is that fine piano-forte that I hear?"

"Just across the alley. Since the warm weather came on, and the windows are open, I hear it by the hour together, and I assure you it is not bad playing. It comes from a window that you can see just down there, and the projecting roof of my window catches the sounds as they rise, like a great ear. I say, Mr. Brown," and Schulz dropped his work and folded his arms, tor having something important to say, he could not work and talk too, and shaking his head with an air of wise gravity, "there's something there I can't quite make out. Here, I will swing the window so as to throw the sun down there — now look."

He made way, and I looked directly down, across the narrow passage, into the upper part of a casement, which swung back in the European style, and which was now open. Against the wall on the right stood what I took to be an upright pianoforte of a very peculiar form, and in the centre of the room a Grand, upon which a young woman was playing. Her back was towards me and her face of course hidden; but there was something in the attitude, in the motion of the arms, head, hands, which — was it imagination? — reminded me of the blind girl of Meske's baths.

"There," resumed Schulz, "you would take that room to belong to that house, but it doesn't. It has a separate passage and entrance running up from the lane below, and in that room that girl and an old woman live all alone, and the girl is blind."

"What's that? Schulz, blind?"

"Yes, stone blind. But now comes the curious part. Every morning, between nine and ten o'clock, a splendid looking man —"

"A tall, grand looking man, towards fifty years old, with a long black beard —?"

"Not at all," said Schulz, "a handsome young fellow, with a monstache. Well, he comes there, takes the girl down the lane to a carriage and drives away. At three o'clock in the afternoon she returns and plays the pianoforte two or three hours, as now. After which the old woman brings her tea. A few times in the evening, when the old woman has come into the room with a light, I have watched her playing apparently on the upright instrument against the wall, but I have never heard anything. I have only noticed this two or three times, for they seldom have a light and the shutters are almost always carefully closed."

While Schulz was speaking my mind had rapidly made a diagram of the cluster of houses before me, and I felt very sure that the room in

which the pianist sat must nearly adjoin Monsieur Paul's exhibition room.

"What time is it, Schnlz?"

"Half past four."

"Half past four, five, six; an hour and a half, good," cried I, and forgetting all about Whitney's books, I caught my hat, and saying to the book-binder, who was all astonishment at my sudden excitement: "I'll be here again in an hour," I rushed to the street, jumped into the first omnibus, and was soon in Eighteenth Street.

"Is Mrs. Van Heid in?"

"Yes, she is up stairs," said the girl.

"Tell her I want to see her, at once; I'm in the most tremendous hurry."

The girl smiled and ran up stairs, and I stepped into the parlor. Mrs. Van Heid may have been five minutes in finishing dressing—it was near their dining hour—but it seemed to me ten times as long. I fidgeted from picture to picture, turned over the music on the pianoforte, and had looked through half the "Views in Berlin" which lay on the table.

"Well," said she, as she entered.

"Oh, Mrs. Van Heid, put on your bonnet and go with me at once. The mysterious music you know; I have made a discovery; don't wait; we must be off."

"But it is just dinner time, and Mr. Van Heid will be here soon."

"No matter; no matter; do come, there is a blind girl in the next house to Paul's rooms, — and —"

"What!" she almost shrieked, "a blind girl?"

"Plays the piano like an angel," said I. "Ah, what a fool I am to burst out so, I might have known better," added I, seeing how pale she grew. She drank a glass of water, sat for a moment, ran up stairs, and returned with bonnet and shawl. As we came into the street an empty carriage was passing; I hailed it, gave the coachman the direction.

"Now," said I, "drive as if the devil was after you."

"I guess he's goin' as a passenger," grinned the coachman.

We were soon at Schulz's, and bidding the carriage wait, I led the way at once up into his little room in the attic. During our ride I had explained all to Mrs. van Heid, and she was now a great deal calmer than I was—we both trembled. The windows were still open, and as we entered the little room the tones of the pianoforte sounded loud and clear. "Hush," said I to Schulz, "let the lady come to the window—in all probability that blind girl is her sister."

"Du lieber, Gott!" cried Schulz, as he made way, "is it possible!"

Mrs. van Heid gave but a glance—then clasped her hands and raised her eyes to heaven with an expression of joy and thoughtfulness, which I cannot describe. Then succeeded an expression of trouble, and I noticed she shuddered at some thought, which came into her mind. Meantime the girl played on and we listened in silence. I had drawn to the window also and was considering what to do next. But Mrs. van Heid's instinct was better than my reason, for, as soon as the last chords of the piece, which the girl was playing, had died away:

"Pauline!" she cried. The blind girl started and turned toward the window.

"Pauline!"

The girl pressed her hands against her brow as if bewildered, sprang forward, her face now flushed, now pale, then spread her arms as if to clasp her sister to her bosom.

"Pauline!" repeated my companion, in a voice almost stifled with emotion. But the blind girl heard it; all doubt vanished. She clasped her hands, raised her sightless eyes towards us—

"Oh Hedwig! Hedwig! my sister!"

We were soon round the corner, up the lane, and at the door. The blind girl was alone. She drew the bolt and the next moment she was on her sister's knees, her bosom beating against that of Hedwig, while the glad tears streamed down their cheeks—and down mine too—for that matter.

While they sat thus, I tore a leaf from my note book and wrote to this effect:

"Monsieur Paul can find his pianiste at the house of her sister, Mad. van Heid, at such a number, in Eighteenth St."

"Come," said Hedwig at length, "come home, Pauline."

"Home!" said she.

"Yes, to my own delightful home, where Heinrich and I and little Marie will all make you so happy."

"Do let us go," returned she, apparently, in her great joy, forgetful of the existence of Mons. Paul—for there was nothing in her manner, which betrayed any desire to leave him—her expressive features spoke only of her delight to be again with her sister.

"But old Gretel has gone out and we must not leave anything exposed," said she.

"Gretel has a key, has she not?"

"Oh yes."

"Well, here is another banging by the latch, with which I will lock the door, and leave it where it will find its proper owner."

We were soon in the carriage, and after leaving the key and my note at Paul's ticket stand, we drove to Eighteenth St.

That evening Monsieur Paul's exhibitions ceased, and disappointed people enough were turned from the door, to have filled a larger hall than his.

Next day came old Gretel with Pauline's trunk and clothes, but not a word from M. Paul, "who," said Gretel, "smiled wondrously, and just told me if I wished to go to Pauline to pack up all her things and go. And so I did, and here I am."

(Conclusion next week.)

Mozart—Child and Man.

(Continued from page 172.)

No. 35.

Mozart the Elder to M. Hagenauer, — (Continued.)
Vienna, July 30, 1768.

We are much afflicted at our long sojourn. Hanover alone retains us. But for this we had long since returned to Salzburg. Would you have it proclaimed throughout Vienna that Wolfgang was unable to finish his opera here, or that he produced one so wretched that it could not be performed, or again that it is not he but his father who is the author? Would you have had us await in cold blood till this triple calumny be disseminated through every country? What had become of our honor—what I even say of that of our prince? You will inquire, what thinks the Emperor of all this? I can only answer you very briefly. One cannot write everything. But you will guess my meaning. Had I known before what I have since learnt, could I have foreseen certain circumstances that have arisen, Wolfgang! would certainly not have written a note, and we

should long ere this have been at home. The theatre is farmed out, or rather abandoned, to a certain Affligio, who is obliged to pay every year some thousands of florins to people whom otherwise the Court would be called upon to salary. The Emperor and the Imperial family do not pay for their admission. Hence follows that the Court has not a word to say to this Affligio, who does everything at his own risk and peril, and who, in fact, does incur the chance of being completely ruined.

The Emperor had one day asked our Wolfgang! if he did not wish to write an opera, and added, moreover, that he should see him with pleasure seated at the piano directing his work. The Emperor intimated this wish to Affligio, who arranged with us, and promised us 100 ducats. This opera* was in the first place to have been ready for Easter; but the poet was the first to bring an impediment to the matter by putting off from day to day, under pretext of necessary alterations, to such an end that we could only tear from him two airs altered and settled by Easter. It was put off to Whitsuntide; then to the return of the Emperor from Hungary. But by then the masks fell; for in the interval all the composers, with Gluck at their head, had undermined everything to counteract the progress of the opera. The singers were stirred up against us, the orchestra were irritated, every imaginable means were employed to render the performance impossible. The singers, who are scarcely able to read their notes, and have to learn everything by dint of parroting, were to say they could not sing pieces which, nevertheless, they had heard, approved, and applauded in our apartments, and which had perfectly suited them. The orchestra was to exhibit repugnance at being conducted by a child. Others said, at the same time, that the music was not worth a straw, that it was not adapted to the words, and outraged prosody, the child not knowing Italian sufficiently. No sooner was I informed of this assertion, than I proved in houses of the highest consideration, that the father of music, Hasse,† and the great Metastasio,‡ had pronounced their opinion on this subject; and had invited the calumniators to come to them and hear, from their own lips, that scores of operas were performed in Vienna not approaching that of this child in any respect, and that for their own part they admired it very much. Then one after the other repeated that it was the father who had written the opera. But the calumniators had no better success by this manoeuvre than by the others, and they fell *ab uno extremo ad aliud*, without being able to extricate themselves from their embarrassment. I made them take any volume that came first of Metastasio; the book was opened at a chance, and the first words come upon were put before Wolfgang. He took the pen, and wrote without taking any time for reflection, in the presence of a considerable number of persons, the music and an accompaniment for a grand orchestra with astonishing rapidity. This he did at the Kapelmeister's Bono, at Metastasio's, at Hasse's, at the Duke of Braganza's, and the Prince of Kaunitz. During this time the parts of a new opera had been distributed. Nevertheless, as there was no means of retreating from the engagement, nor anything to oppose us, Wolfgang's will come immediately after.

An hundred times have I been on the point of packing up my boxes and quitting. Had an opera seria been in question I should have left immediately, and offered it to His Grace the Prince Archbishop. But as it is an opera buffa, requiring, moreover, special *personne buffe*, it was necessary to save our honor at any cost, and that of the Prince into the bargain; it was to be shown that the persons he had in his service were not charlatans and imposters going about under his authority into foreign countries, and throwing dust in the peoples' eyes like mountebanks, but good and honest folks who, to the honor of their Prince and native country, bring to the knowledge of the world a miracle which God has shown forth at Salzburg. This do I owe to God, under pain of being the most ungrateful of creatures. And if ever it has been a duty that I should convince the world of this miracle, it is precisely at a time when everything pretending to be a miracle is scoffed at, when every species of miracle is denied. I am bound, therefore, to convince the world. And it was no small joy nor paltry triumph for me to hear a Voltairean say with astonishment: "Well! I have at last in my life beheld a miracle, but it is the first."

* *La Finta Semplice*. Mozart composed the same year for the celebrated Messmer, the father of animal magnetism, a little German opera, entitled *Bastien und Bastienne*, a great deal of church music, and for the piano, and a trumpet concerto for a boy of his own age.

† A celebrated composer, born at Hamburg, 1705; died in Venice 1783; surnamed by the Italians *the divine Saxon*. He wrote music to all Metastasio's operas.

‡ Born in Rome, 1698; died in Vienna, 1782. Author of sixty-three lyrical tragedies, twelve oratorios, forty-eight cantatas, &c., &c.

And as this miracle is by far too evident, and cannot be denied, it is sought to annihilate it. They will not *en laisser la gloire à Dieu* (leave the glory of it to God). Only a few years need be got over, they think, and then there will be nothing but what is quite natural, and it will no longer be a divine miracle. He must, therefore, be removed from before the eyes of the world; and what would render him more visible than a success in a great and populous city, before the whole theatre? But should we be surprised to encounter persecutions in foreign countries when my poor child has suffered so many in his own native place? How shameful, and how inhumane?

After hearing all this, will you be surprised that the Prince of Kaunitz and other great persons, that the Emperor himself, does not order the performance of the opera? In the first place, they cannot command it, as it concerns only Signor Affligio (whom some call Count Affligio). In the second place, as the Prince of Kaunitz has, against the Emperor's wish, persuaded Signor Affligio to bring over some French comedians, who cost him 70,000 florins yearly, and are causing his ruin, for they do not attract the people as it was expected they would; and as Affligio lays the blame on the Prince of Kaunitz, who on his part expected that he could bring the Emperor to take pleasure in the French plays and reimburse Affligio for their cost—it has followed that for many weeks past the Emperor has ceased to appear at the play. All this has afforded our enemies a chance of circumventing Affligio, of getting him to put off from day to day Wolfgang's opera, while all the time he is keeping the 100 ducats in his pocket; whereas, on the other hand, no one dares speak to him of persons in power, and exert any pressure upon him for fear of hearing something about a return of the 70,000 florins. This has all taken place, however, underhand. Affligio fell back upon the singers, saying that they refused to sing the opera. The singers charged Affligio with the matter, alleging that he had said he would not have it performed, let them make what changes in it they could. The upshot is, that it will be played nevertheless. If any fresh obstacle were to supervene, I should get a complaint forwarded to their Majesties, and I should demand a sufficient satisfaction to save our honor in the face of the honest part of the world, and in order that it might not be said we had left the place in disgrace because Wolfgang had failed in his attempt to write an opera, or had written one so bad it could not be played. This is how the world has to be battled against. If we are without talent, our lot is miserable enough. If we have talent, envy persecutes us in proportion to that talent. Add to this, that the female singer, Bernasconi, has got a violent catarrh, and that *la Baglioni* is also unwell. This will cause another delay of three weeks; so that I am obliged to wait the issue of this odious business amidst the utmost vexation, such as I had not met with in any of our preceding journeys. All reasonable people see, with blushes, how shameful it is that Germans should oppress a German whom foreign nations have admired, and to whom they have rendered justice even in their public papers. What is to be done? We must take patience, and persevere, to convince the world that our opponents are wicked liars, calumniators, envious creatures, who would laugh in their sleeves over their victory, were they permitted to frighten or fatigue us, the more so that these opponents are incredibly conceited and puffed up—one because he happens to give lessons to a princess, another because he teaches an imperial prince; all simply because they breathe the air of Vienna, and Vienna is the residence of the Emperor. From the height of their imaginary grandeur, they despise poor people like us, who serve foreign princes, and they speak in terms of disdain and contempt of all who are not imperial or Viennese. I think I have said enough to make you understand our position, and yet I have only spoken of things in general. I should have told the prince himself all this, had I not feared, in doing so, to withdraw his attention from more serious affairs by so long a story.

You can see, by all that is going on, that our enemies at Salzburg have a good opinion of us, since, also, they spread the report that Wolfgang has received 2,000 florins for his opera.

No. 36.

The Same to the Same.

Vienna, 14 September, 1768.

As to this opera of Wolfgang's, I can only say this about it, that all the hell of the musical world seems to have conspired against him to hinder one admiring the talent of a child. I cannot even insist on getting a rehearsal, the conspirators having resolved to fail in the execution, and to destroy the effect. I have been obliged to wait for the arrival of the Emperor; had it not been for that the battle would have com-

menced long ere this. I will spare no means by which I can save the honor of my child. I have known all this for some time past, and had a presentiment of it all from the beginning. I said so to the Comte de Jeil, who thought that all the musicians were favorably impressed towards my son; because he judged from external appearances, and did not know the real character of these wicked and mischievous animals—Patience! Time will bring all things to light; and God permits nothing uselessly that is.

No. 37.

The Same to the Same.

Vienna, 24th September, 1768.

I wrote to-day to His Excellency the Prince Archbishop. I hope the report you told me of is without foundation, but if God has other plans for us, we can in no way alter them. I hope, however, that you will not leave me in uncertainty for a moment.

The 21st of this month I had an audience of the Emperor, and I made my complaint against the manager of the theatre. The inquiry into this affair has been intrusted to Count Sporck, and Affligio has received orders to justify himself. The Emperor was most kind, and has promised me that justice shall be done. I have been obliged again to draw on credit. But heaven will watch over us. Here is a copy of my address transmitted to the Emperor.

When the nobility of Vienna had been convinced, by positive and reiterated proofs, of the extraordinary talents of my son, it also allowed that it would be one of the most wonderful phenomena of ancient and modern times, to see a child of twelve years old compose, write, and conduct an opera. A clever writer (of Paris) had strengthened this opinion in saying, after having completely described the genius of my son, that without doubt he could at the age of twelve years compose an opera for one of the theatres in Italy. Every one thought that a German ought to reserve this glory for his country. After having received pressing solicitations from all parts, I obeyed the general voice, and the Dutch ambassador, the Comte de Degenfeld, was the first who made the proposal to the manager Affligio, because he had learned to understand the talent of my son when in Holland. Carattoli, the singer, was the second person who proposed it to Affligio, and the affair was concluded at the Doctor Laugier's, in the presence of the young Baron von Swieten,* and of the two singers, Carattoli and Caribaldi; all, and especially the two singers, declaring that the whole town would be drawn to the theatre, if even the music were mediocre, by the reason that it had been written by so young a child, and that every one would be curious to see him seated at the harpsichord, directing the orchestra in a composition of his own. My son, therefore, began to compose.

As soon as the first act was completed, I begged Carattoli to hear and criticize it, so as to feel reassured. He came, and his astonishment was so great, that he came again the next day, bringing Caribaldi with him. The latter was no less surprised, and, in his turn, brought to me a man named Voggi. They were all so loud in their approbation, that on my asking if they thought it really good—if they thought he ought to continue—they got irritated with my doubts, and exclaimed several times: 'Why it is a prodigy! *questa opera andrà alle stelle* (this opera will mount to the stars.) It is marvellous! Do not fear! 'Who writes, progresses.' Carattoli repeated the same thing to me in his own house.

Re-assured as to his success by the opinion of the singers, my son continued his opera, and I begged Dr. Laugier to agree as to the price in my name with the manager. Affligio promised a hundred ducats. To retrench the expense of my very dear sojourn at Vienna, I proposed to have that opera represented before the departure of His Majesty for Hungary. Unfortunately some alterations that the poet had to make affected the composition. Affligio said the piece should be played on the return of His Majesty.

Now the opera had been finished for some weeks past. They commenced copying, they distributed the parts of the first, and soon after of the second act to the singers, and during that time my son played upon the harpsichord some parts of it, and among others the *finale* of the first act, to the nobility of Vienna on different occasions, and all were enchanted, and Affligio himself was ocular, annular witness of all this at the Prince de Kaunitz's.

The repetitions began, and then it was (I could hardly believe it), that the persecution began of which my son has been subject.

It is very rare that an opera succeeds perfectly the first time, or has not to undergo a hundred changes. And it is precisely for that reason that repetitions at the harpsichord are necessary, and singers ought not

to sing to the orchestra before they know their parts perfectly, and have alone all well studied their *finales* together. Now in this case they did quite the contrary. The rôles had not yet been studied, they had neither repeated with the harpsichord, nor repeated the *finales* together; and, notwithstanding all this, they had a repetition of all the first act, with all the instruments, for no other reason but to give from the beginning a bad impression of my son's work. No one can say, without blushing, that that was a rehearsal. I do not wish to reproach those whom their conscience ought to condemn with their unchristianlike conduct. May God forgive them.

After the rehearsal, Affligio said to me: 'Ah, it will do very well, but there are some changes necessary; there are, to me, passages too high; talk about it with the singers, and as his Majesty will return in about twelve days, we will perform the opera in about five or six weeks at the latest, so as to have time and get all in order. Do not be uneasy, I am a man of my word, and I will keep all my promises. This is nothing new, in every opera there are always some changes to make.'

The changes asked for by the singers were made; two new airs were introduced in the first act, and, in the interval, the *Caschina* was represented at the theatre.

The time fixed on by Affligio had passed, and yet I heard he had distributed the rôles of another opera. They even said that he would not have that of my son performed at all; that he had said the singers could not sing it. And yet, not only had these latter been satisfied with it, but they had also cried it up to the skies.

(To be continued.)

The Oratorio.

When Parliament is over Musical Festivals begin. Music now holds her Court in the country. Liverpool one year, Birmingham another, Bradford now, open their lofty, spacious, and majestic halls to admit her with her suite and retinue, her thousand voices, and the whole creation of art which she has formed around her. The Musical Festival is an English institution, it takes its place by the side of other great erections of law or custom in Church or State. Our recreations as well as our politics have a constitution; everybody is supposed at certain intervals to hear an Oratorio. An Oratorio—grand word—stands for a certain perfect combination of everything that is sublime, sacred, impressive, majestic, and, we may almost add, dogmatic and didactic in musical shape of which we are justly proud.

We go to an Oratorio of Handel as we go to a view of the Alps or St. Peter's at Rome, or to the Falls of Niagara, if we are so adventurous, in order to be wound up, to be raised to a mood of real sublimity, to have our nature brought out, to feel a succession of grand ideas passing through the mind, which hardly recognizes itself in such lofty company, and is astonished at seeing its humble prosaic interior converted into magnificent State chambers and suites of apartments entertaining the imposing, however dim and shadowy assemblage. And music is more unerring and certain of its results than mountains or rivers, or architecture, or sculpture, or painting, or anything visible. It is an old remark, that we go to see some grand sight, and find when we have got there that we cannot feel the least impressed; in vain we apply the screw, stare hard, summon up all the reasons why we should be in ecstasy—our minds, like children, do not behave well when they are wanted, and the mood we want will not be forced. There is a great deal of effort in admiring objects of sight, but the ear is more accommodating; we are passive under sound, which makes its impressions easily, without requiring such laborious co-operation.

The popularity of the Oratorio is the more remarkable fact from the circumstance that it is a complete defiance of Puritanism. There are religious scruples felt in some quarters against it on the ground of its mixing religion with gaiety, and bringing crowds, with all their fashionable display, to nod and chat at their ease between the most solemn passages of Scripture which form the words of the music, bringing in the deepest doctrines. We need not dwell, however, on this class of scruples, which has not much weight with the generality, from the circumstance, we presume, that religion and the world are a good deal mixed up together in this sublimity scene, and that it is very difficult to help it; because, in truth, the Oratorio defies a much deeper and more fundamental Puritan scruple than this—viz., the objection to æstheticism altogether, to the principle of developing the religious feeling and sentiment by means of Art, and addresses itself to the senses.

Any one must see at a glance that in principle it is perfectly absurd to object to painting or sculpture as

* Son of the celebrated Doctor van Swieten, who died at Schoenbrunn, in 1772.

a medium of religious impression, and not to object to music. Take a great popular Oratorio of Handel; it is, in fact, one of the most magnificent creations of Art that the world has ever had presented to it for the expression and development of religious feeling. No Crucifixions or Transfigurations of Raffaele or Rubens, no sculptured form representing the most sacred, transcendental, and mysterious of all acts, ever appealed to the senses more overpoweringly than the musical expressions of religious truth given in one of these great productions. A movement of Handel is the poetry, sculpture, painting, and everything else of the ear. All Antwerp, Milan, and even Rome itself, as worlds of religious Art, are concentrated in one of those solos or choruses which fix all ears, still in an instant the restless thought of thousands, and stamp one idea upon the whole mass. If anything is aestheticism this is, for it is a distinct elaborate application of Art in sound to embody religious thought, to elicit religious feeling, and to clothe doctrinal truth with a form of exquisite beauty addressed to one of the senses, through which it takes captive the inner mind, subduing it into a passive receptacle of the thought and feeling which it thus illustrates. Yet innocent crowds flock to these Oratorios every season in the country, and every week in London, without the slightest idea that they are countenancing Art in religion, that they are enjoying anything in common with the Continental æsthetics, or that they are not the most zealous and staunch of Protestants on this question. Nor is there the slightest reason why they should not enjoy these triumphs of Art in the sphere of religion, or why they should harbor suspicion, or apprehend the necessity to prohibit religious luxuries. Certain lines and walks of Art, from having been grossly abused, may be fairly treated with some jealousy; and yet the principle itself may be freely welcomed and embraced, that we are intended to be impressed, and impressed religiously, through our senses.

The Oratorio, however, may, perhaps be regarded as in a degree a substitute for some religious luxuries of which a sober and sensible restriction deprives us. We are properly restricted in the use of painting, and sculpture from aiding religious impressions, and therefore we go more readily into music. The place of the Oratorio in our popular religious system, however disguised under the mask of an amusement, is quite a phenomenon of the day; nor can we observe the crowds which fill our metropolitan halls for so large a part of the year to hear these splendid triumphs of religious music, without seeing that there must be some influence accompanying this extraordinary use of this instrument of Art. People are never tired of hearing Handel; he has become one of the great English powers and influences; it is no exaggeration to say that the *Messiah* is a great exponent and interpreter of Scripture, exercising enormous influences upon large masses.

It has been said that every sermon ought to be a condensation of the whole Gospel; this rule is open to criticism, but the *Messiah* is, in a way, an exemplification of it. The whole deep pathos attaching to the great fundamental acts of the Christian dispensation, and to the doctrines founded upon them, is brought out with an overpowering force in that great work of Art which strikes home to and lays the strongest hold of the popular mind. It has created a Christian imagination in thousands who would not have gained one from other sources, sermons or books, however ably these may sustain a Christian belief; it has imprinted great scenes and pathetic action upon minds in which abstract truth would only else have resided. The Oratorio has triumphed over the jealousy of English Puritanism; it subdues even the hardness of mercantile life; the great emporiums of trade erect their spacious halls for its accommodation, and our religious music becomes a popular phenomenon.—*London Times*.

A Morning with Rosa Bonheur.

Paris, August 10, 1859.

By birth Rosa Bonheur belongs to France, by the rights of genius, to the world.

She is the most distinguished female painter living or dead. No other has won so wide a fame, no other built a reputation on so broad and firm a basis. Wherever Art is known and talked of, Rosa Bonheur is known and talked of. In France, England, America, Germany, and the smaller kingdoms of Europe, the name of Rosa Bonheur is a household word.

At twelve o'clock, on the eleventh of March, we were set down at No. 32, Rue d'Assas, and passed through a gate down to the farther end of a garden, where we entered the vestibule of a small cottage-house, the present residence of Rosa Bonheur. We sent up our card, and in a few moments were seated in her *atelier*, a large, square, oaken-furnished room on the second *etage*, talking with the little painter

with as much familiarity as if we had known her all our lifetime. In a clear, rather thin voice, Rosa ran on about Art and Art-life for half an hour, only leaving us room to slip in the points of conversation edgewise.

"You have accomplished much, mademoiselle," we said, glancing at a large picture on the easel, called "*Les Moutons*," (The Sheep.)

"Yes," she replied, "I have been a faithful student since I was ten years old. I have copied no master. I have studied nature, and expressed to the best of my ability the ideas and feelings with which she has inspired me. Art is an absorbent, a tyrant. It demands heart, brain, soul, body, the entireness of its votary. Nothing else will win its highest favor. I wed Art. It is my husband, my world, my life-dream, the air I breathe. I know nothing else, feel nothing else, think nothing else. My soul finds in it the most complete satisfaction."

"You have not married," we said.

"Have I not said that I married Art? What could I do with any other husband? I am not fit to be a wife in the common acceptation of that term. Men must marry women who have no absorbent, no idol. But the subject is painful; give me some other topic."

"You don't love society?" we said.

"Yes, I do," she replied, with an air of impatience; "but I select that which pleases me most. I love the society of nature; the company of horses, bulls, cows, sheep, dogs, all animals. I often have large receptions, where they are the only guests. I also like the society of hooks and the thoughts of great minds. I like George Sand. She is a great genius. The world has wronged her, society outraged her. Go to see her. You will like her. I have no taste for general society, no interest in its frivolities. I only seek to be known through my works. If the world feel and understand them, I have succeeded."

"Have you given the Women's Rights question any attention?" we asked.

"Women's rights! women's nonsense!" she answered. "Women should seek to establish their rights by good and great works, and not by conventions. If I had got up a convention to debate the question of my ability to paint *Marche au Cheval*, (The Horse Fair,) for which England would pay me forty thousand francs, the decision would have been against me. I felt the power within me to paint. I cultivated it and have produced works that have won the favorable verdicts of the great judges. I have no patience with women who ask permission to think!"

At this moment two or three visitors entered, and while Rosa was occupied with them, we busied ourselves by making notes of things in the *atelier*.

On the wall to the left of the entrance was a head of a buck with long, branching horns; one of a goat, another of a bull; an imperfect skeleton of a horse, and the skins of various animals. At the farther end of the room stood a large oaken case filled with stuffed birds of all sizes and descriptions, and on the top of it, in a perfect state of preservation, were an eagle, a hawk, an owl, and a parrot. On the wall, *en face* the door, were a pair of landscapes representing a storm rushing between the rocks, and clouds breaking on their tops. The third and fourth walls were taken up with the busts of horses, cows, sheep, dogs, cats, wolves, &c., in bronze and plaster, modelled by Rosa's own hand. All about the waxed floor were spread out the preserved skins of cows, bulls, stags, with their great and uplifted horns, and bears, goats, sheep, dogs, and wolves, with their fierce eyes glaring upon us.

The impression these wild pieces of carpeting made on us, on entering the *atelier*, was almost startling. It seemed more like a den of wild beasts than the *atelier* of a lady.

After a short flirtation with the parrot, which spoke tolerable French, we took our leave promising to meet Rosa at the School of Design for Women on the next Friday, where she goes once per week to give a lesson. This school was founded by Rosa's father. At his death, she became its sole mistress, but now entrusts it mostly to the care of her sister and brother. There are about fifty regular pupils who receive instruction gratis.

Rosa Bonheur has many proofs of the reward of industry. If she wished to make a small fortune in a few days, it would be easy for her to do it in England, by opening there an exhibition of her pictures and sketches. "*Marche aux Chevaux*," (The Horse Fair,) which was exhibited at Williams & Stevens's, a year or two ago, and which was so well received by the New York press, was bought by Mr. Ganiher, an English editor, for forty thousand francs. When Rosa visited England, she was received like a princess.

America also paid, the last year, ten thousand dollars for a "View in the Pyrenees," one of her least known pictures.

A rich Hollander, visiting her *atelier* recently, offered her a thousand crowns for a small sketch that she could have painted in two hours. "It is impossible to comply with your request," she said, "I am not inspired."

Mademoiselle Bonheur is below the medium height of woman; in appearance, about thirty-five years; *petite*, with quick, piercing blue eyes, and brown hair, worn short and parted on the side, like a boy's. Her dress was a brown alpaca skirt *sans* crinoline, with a blouse jacket of black cloth. She looks very boyish.

Mademoiselle also has an *atelier* in the country, where she spends much time. When in the city, she wears the costume of her sex; but never ventures outside the barrier except in her masculine gear.

There are many anecdotes in circulation about the little painter. One day when she returned from the country, she found a messenger awaiting to announce to her the sudden illness of one of her young friends.

Rosa did not wait to change her male attire, but hastened to the bedside of the young lady. In a few minutes after her arrival, the doctor, who had been sent for, entered, and seeing a young man (as he supposed from the costume), seated on the side of the bed, with his arm round the neck of the sick girl, thought he was an intruder, and retreated with all possible speed. "O! run after him! He thinks you are my lover, and has gone and left me to die!" cried the sick girl. Rosa flew down the stairs, and soon returned with the modest doctor, who said he did not wish to intrude.

On another occasion, Mademoiselle had tickets sent her for the theatre. She had an important picture in hand, and continued at the easel till the carriage was announced. "Yes," said Rosa, "*je suis prête*;" and away she went to the theatre *comme la*. A fine gentleman in the next box to hers looked at her with surprise, turned up his nose, affected great disgust, and went into the vestibule to seek the manager. Having found him, he went off in a rage:

"Who is this woman in the box next to mine, in an old calico dress covered with paint and oil? The odor is terrible. Turn her out! If you do not, I will never enter your theatre again. It is an insult to respectable people to admit such a looking creature into the dress-circle."

The manager went to the box, and in a moment discovered who the offensive person was. Returning to the fine white-gloved gentleman, he informed him that the lady was no less than Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur, the great painter.

"Rosa Bonheur!" he gasped. "Who'd have thought it? Make my apology to her. I dare not enter her presence again."—*Home Journal*.

Rosa Bonheur.

We had the pleasure yesterday of making one of an admiring crowd at the shop of Messrs. Williams & Everett before the two newly arrived pictures of Mlle. Rosa Bonheur.

All the picture-loving world, and that is getting to include everybody, will not fail to taste of these fresh banquets this admirable lady has spread for us. And what a hearty satisfaction was in every face, what looks of content, what a buzz and what a silence of enjoyment! How people looked and wondered, and asked if that clever looking woman with a tiny hand upon the majestic neck of a bull was like the dispenser of this feast! And some wished to know about the mountain pass, and some about the stuff, sullen, shaggy little cattle. As I had the pleasure to hear Mlle. Bonheur chat about these very pictures, or studies for the same, in the same dress in which Monsieur Dubuffe has painted her, a few words about them may be of use to somebody.

The largest of these pictures represents a Pyrenean pass, with a troop of the mules always passing and re-passing, under the conduct of sublime fellows, who wear with pride the title of *contrabandistas*. Their nobility of bearing is overwhelming. They step down the degrees of their mountain thrones like disguised kings. They wear their shabby handkerchiefs round their heads as crowns. They swing their batons as if sceptres. You yield the path to them as to the better right. How capitably Mlle. Bonheur has caught their air of grandeur, without caricature, and how right royally they swing along.

And confused by that tumultuous mass of heads and tassels and jangling bells, how one jumps aside from that plunging drove! No animal ever was painted in a more difficult position. Reflect that she could of course never get one to stay so long enough to draw even his legs. And how true the local color! That downright sun blazing on the heads of the muleteers, cutting like silver against the shadows of their shirts, and turning into bloom and fruit almost, the strings and tassels of the animals, till hot in company with the men and beasts, we cool our eyes in seeing

the sun-shafts sheathed in far snow basins of the mountain ledges.

The other picture gives us an unaffected group of Highland cattle, studied from the life. How Mlle. Bonheur dilated to us with affection upon the merits of these half savage creatures. She respected the famous breed of Lord Tankerville, but thought these the real native cattle. How she liked their queer, stupid gaze, their tangled hides, their untamed deportment, and with what naïveté she has rendered them. She treads the heather as if her Balmoral were inherited. Indeed, we believe, the good Highlanders reckon on her one of their own maids of the mist.

In connection with these animals Mlle. Bonheur told us of her disappointment with the English horses. She detested their racers. She loved nature too well to care for these dandies of the turf, with limbs like the heroes of the Newport "German." She preferred the Norman horse, rich in strength, and fire, and color. As she has made him immortal, she has a right to her opinion.

Besides the holiday crowd of novelty hunters and excitement mongers, we advise the sad sisterhood of women's rights ladies to visit these pictures. Before they give up their desiccated nerves to the tropic air of our parlor stoves, let them catch one breath of free nature—a breath from the heather and the box-bush—and sigh to think how much one silent woman's hand out-values for their cause the pathos and the jeers of their unlovely platforms.—*Courier*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 24, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Opera of *Don Giovanni*, continued.

Airs by Bach.

In the musical drought of these times—so far as anything like fresh creative genius in the way of melody is concerned—it is truly pleasant that we can open up old sources, hidden away for ages under the leaves and dust of an imputed dry, pedantic learning, and find no end of melodies, and of the freshest, gushing forth from their contented privacy. If we get nothing now-a-days but common-place and sentimental changes upon mere melodic forms, each weaker and more artificial than the last, or else mere vocal passages for the display of singers' voices; if the real magic streams are dry, it is a comfort to know that there is at least one quiet *brook* (BACH) still flowing down to us from a past century, whose music is of the sweetest and the rarest and the freshest, had the world but listened.

And here comes one to make us listen:—one who has wandered by that brook so long, and listened so devoutly that its song passed into his own heart and soul, inspiring him too with the true song genius, or rather quickening and helping to more perfect and artistic utterance the genius that was in him. We mean ROBERT FRANZ. And we must crave his pardon; for when we spoke of the melodic drought we should have excepted him, the most original, prolific and imaginative song composer of our times, not excepting even Schubert. In the songs of Franz, which now count by hundreds, each so individual, so deep and delicate in feeling, so full of the true fire of passion (not that of muscles and grimace and physical impetuosity which passes for passion among singers, who appear to know no warmth except that of applause), so wondrous in imaginative treatment, another trait, which many would think wholly inconsistent with all these, is equally remarkable. It is his intimate affinity with Bach. More thoroughly, certainly more inwardly even than Mendelssohn's, Robert Franz's compositions show the influence of the great master of Fugue, the less known equal and contemporary of

Handel. And it is more than an influence, if you regard it closely; it is an innate and genuine affinity. An affinity which seems destined to work out a great good for our day: namely, to mediate between Bach and us, to modernize Bach for us, or rather, to prove to us how much there is in those inexhaustible old scores, which speaks, in spite of all our notions of their severe, dry contrapuntal learning, to the freshest sense of to-day's musical experience and life. His was music from the *life*; and it was only the earnestness, the whole-souled devoutness with which he gave his *life* to music, that made him so much more learned, so much more profoundly and yet more beautifully complex, so much more *vitality* contrapuntal than more popular composers, heroes of a day.

Franz is so much a new, original product of our times, that, where his songs have fascinated, it has been commonly without awakening a suspicion that he hailed at all from the so-called "classical" and "conservative" side of the house. Young people with musical senses and fresh hearts, find in them a new and wonderful experience: nothing of the conventional, the dull respectable, "old foggy" nature here! While astute critics, like those of the English journals, wedded to Handel and the classics, have so far always mentioned Franz in one unconsidered jumbling together of names, with Wagner, Berlioz, Liszt and Bülow, as a "musician of the Future"! The truth is that, with the inspiration and the newness which most of these "disciples of the newness" lack, he also has as high a claim as any man now living to be esteemed a genuine Bachist,—one who has not only studied and in a great measure mastered the method, by who has become also penetrated with the *spirit* of Sebastian Bach.—And this leads us back to what we have now briefly to announce.

It fell to Bach's duty, for some years, in his still, unostentatious round as Cantor in a church, to prepare, original, for every Sunday's service a Cantata,—really a formidable composition, such as the best musician of our days might shrink from—consisting of choruses, chorals figurally harmonized, airs, instrumental symphonies, accompaniments for a stringed quartet, and sometimes for flutes, English Horn (*oboe di caccia*), trumpets, and almost an orchestra, besides which he would, as it was also Handel's wont, fill up long spaces with his own extempore Organ part. Most of these works have remained unpublished until the splendid edition of the Bach Society in Leipzig, now going on with lengthening prospect of endless volumes, has begun bringing them to light. Robert Franz in studying them has been smitten anew with a sense of the wondrous beauty, freshness, and deep, tender feeling of the many airs with which they abound, and has been moved to arrange a series of these, with piano-forte accompaniment, for publication. The task was one of great difficulty and delicacy, demanding such appreciative fidelity to the original, with such musicianlike resources, and such certainty of working in the spirit of Bach, as no man now possesses in so high a degree as Franz. For he had, in the first place, to reproduce the instrumental parts in a fit shape for the piano; and in the next place, to supply, with nothing but Bach's figured Bass, and his own sure instinct of the logical unfoldings of the *polyphonic* style of music (that in which every

part moves on melodically) to guide him, the empty places in which Bach played the organ; and moreover to observe all Bach's nice and nowhere thoughtless adaptations of the musical phrase or note to the text, and many other points too subtle and too numerous to dwell upon, but which will be found touched in Franz's own Preface, which we give below. In a word, he had to produce what should be the same, and yet not the same; and it has been as much a work of love and reverence with him, as it has been one of Art.

The result is that he has produced admirable arrangements of *thirty-two airs by Bach*; and Boston is to have the honor of their first appearance. They will speedily be issued, one after another, beautifully engraved, in uniform style, by Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co. The first eight songs, all for Alto voice, have been received, and three or four of them are already engraved. These will be followed by an equal number for the Soprano, for the Tenor, and for the Bass voice. We shall have more to say of them as they appear, and meanwhile ask attention to the arranger's Preface, which is well worth study.

The main object in the publication of these Arrangements—soon to be followed by similar sets for the other classes of voices—is simply to excite in wider circles that interest in the works of BACH, to which they have the fullest claim. Selected, as the pieces are, with reference to modern taste, they would fain initiate even those who stand remote into Bach's manner of expression; and since the complete full-score edition of the Bach Society in Leipzig cannot avail the larger public for immediate use, these pieces will help pave the way to the treasures of that edition.

This purpose of my labor led me to a freer position towards the originals. A piano-forte arrangement, in the ordinary sense, could hardly answer that purpose. In the first place there are blank spaces here and there in the accompaniments, which in Bach's time were filled by the free intervention of the Organ: these I have had to make good, in obedience to Bach's figured bass, and, so far as possible, in Bach's spirit, by the insertion of complementary parts, each having an individual movement. Then the transfer of the instrumental parts to the piano,—in places where brief passing discords are not smoothed out, as they are in the orchestra, by the carriage of the voices and the variety of the tone-colors—frequently required a changed position of the parts, and sometimes a closer, sometimes a more open distribution of the harmony. The means of the modern Piano-forte technique had to be employed in the fullest measure, in order to reproduce what Bach could entrust to certain obligato parts or to the coming in of the Organ, in a manner at all suited to the piano. Even in the voice part occasional modifications seemed to be required, to avoid harshness, which vanished in the broad spaces of a church, but which would make themselves sensibly felt—and surely much against the purpose of the composer—when executed in a small room at the piano. This has induced me, in certain passages, to let the voice part and the accompanying parts run into one another. Finally, it seemed allowable to depart from the original in places where undoubtedly it merely followed the tradition of the times: as, for instance, in those extended repetitions, in which the last century delighted, but which offend our modern ears, accustomed as they are to shorter forms, injuring rather than helping the impression of the whole.

For the quicker understanding and right execution of some passages, I have added expression marks, which indicate at the same time the course of the musical development. These are intended also to meet various settled prejudices in regard to Bach's music.

The outward uniformity of movement in his compositions leads very frequently in practice—and exceptions only confirm the rule—to an objectionable monotony of rendering and of coloring. Singers think they must deliver the whole in the same kind of tone, with an unvarying exertion of the vocal organ; and naturally the accompanying instruments conform for the most part to the mode of singing. Such execution only shows, that we have lost the understanding of the polyphonic manner of expression, which gives to *every* part a *melody*, i. e., an individual expression, and whose very peculiarity consists in the mobility and suppleness of all the parts. The poly-

phonous style demands the very opposite manner of the singer. He must accommodate himself somewhat to the accompanying instruments, and now and then even subordinate himself to them, since it is all-important to make clear the harmonic connection of the whole, wherein the voice part intervenes in a determining and independent manner. The vocal part is not borne up here by harmonic masses; the more need, therefore, that the singer maintain the most vital relation to the accompanying instruments, always singing into the ever growing, never finished harmony, and always helping (with the rest) to bring out the harmonic whole.

It is the *Singer's* problem, above all, to comprehend in his own consciousness the musical purport of the whole composition, and with this comprehension to inspire his song with life, and into this life draw the accompaniment along with him. The voice must not, as in the homophonous style of later times, dominate over the whole; but it must know how to give life, characteristic expression to the whole. The singer must also feel out the melodic ground-forms underlying the figural and instrumentally treated portions of the song part; he must seize the right accent and right emphasis in each little phrase, thus bringing light and shade into the rendering, which, as a whole, finds firm hold and the best support in the text. This (the text) in Bach's music is of far more importance than is commonly supposed. Not only must it be enunciated clearly; but it must be declaimed with the right feeling and with the closest adherence to the turns and fluctuations of the music; for this, it has been truly said, with Bach expounds the text: and so *vice versa* it is the singer's business, by an intelligent delivery of the words, to make Bach's musical intentions plain. Great as are the difficulties which single passages present, in view of such claims, the advantages of constant reference to the text are not less great. In most cases this will lead the musical shading in the right way; a good delivery of the text will make the musical significance of certain passages clear for the first time, and in various ways facilitate the right emphasis of musical phrases. And for this reason it has been deemed unadvisable to make any changes in a text sometimes repugnant to our taste.

No doubt, the conventional vocal method, whose whole effort is directed to the brilliant presentation of a richly developed, all-controlling *cantilena*, will prove in many ways unequal to these aims; but this is one more ground for recommending the works of Bach to singers; by earnest study they can learn infinitely much from them, and they will discover ever new beauties of a fine, interior melody beneath his seemingly sophisticated contrapuntal forms. This perception will of itself lead the singer to a live, intense, and variously shaded manner of delivery, lifting him above that poor conception of Bach's music, which thinks it enough to reproduce it solidly and surely, with a literal and even rough fidelity.

It is the duty of the Accompaniment, in its domain, to follow up the same intentions; by a *legato* rendering to make the ear discern the single parts or voices, both in their individual movement and in their constant reference to one another; but, at the same time, to bind those parts together, in all proper places, into a compact, elastic, rounded mass of tone, for a foundation for the voice part.

It will be understood, of itself, that my pianoforte accompaniment involves the freest use of the Pedal. I have omitted the usual Pedal marks, because the ever moving, never resting carriage of the voices [*Stimmführung*] makes it very difficult, and often quite impossible to fix these signs. It must therefore be left to the good taste and discretion of the accompanist, when and how long he will make use of the Pedal:—wide positions of the chords require it in all cases.

After all that has been said, I am very far from claiming any improvements in these *workings over* of Bach's scores, or from seeing anything more in the above hints about their rendering, than what was clearly given in the works themselves. My only problem was, to find the corresponding form best suited to our times. I can assure my readers I have come to this work with the greatest piety, and I may conclude here with the wish, that all, who shall make use of this Arrangement, may be inspired with the same feeling in their execution.

Halle, August, 1859.

ROBERT FRANZ.

ORIGINAL PAINTINGS BY ROSA BONHEUR. — Our lovers of Art must not neglect the opportunity, now offered at the rooms of Messrs. Williams and Everett, of seeing a couple of the best works of this unequalled female artist, together with an admirable portrait of her by Dubuffe, her arm resting over the neck of a bull, splendidly painted by herself. The largest of the pictures, called "The Bouricaries," represents a troop of mules with their drivers coming down over the Pyrenees, under a hot midday sun, the rifts of the mountain tops white

with snow beyond. The movement of the whole is wonderful, so life-like in the huddling of the creatures as they come shortened towards you, as well as in the thorough individualizing of each one. So much nature, so much picturesqueness, so much atmosphere and daylight and harmony of color, and felicity of grouping we have scarcely seen before. "Morning in the Highlands" is a more quiet, but not less fascinating picture, giving life-like *con amore* portraits of some noble cattle, in a rough heather-purple foreground, with very New-Hampshire-like mountains in the distance. One can never exhaust the interest of such master works.

But all that we could say is better said, and with more knowledge, in an article by "A," which we have copied elsewhere from the *Courier*.

Musical Chit-Chat.

The Opera seems to be postponed till Oct. 3. . . . We are happy to hear that that excellent musician and violinist, JULIUS EICHBERG, with the pianist, HUGO LEONHARD, will give a Soirée of classical music early in November, assisted by OTTO DRESEL, Mr. KREISSMANN and others. Concertos, violin solos, and airs by Bach, a Sonata by Beethoven, pieces by Schumann, Chopin, &c., and songs by Franz are contemplated in the programme. It ought to draw an eager audience and lead to several such concerts. . . . Our much esteemed conductor, teacher and musician, CARL ZERRAHN, has removed to No. 86 Pinckney St., and is now ready to give lessons on the pianoforte and flute, in singing, harmony, &c. Many, no doubt, will eagerly seek his services. . . . The *Transcript* makes encouraging report of the progress of the "Boston Music School," conducted by Messrs. B. F. BAKER, L. P. HOMER, J. C. D. PARKER, WM. SCHULTZE, and other competent teachers, whose fall term is approaching. The writer says:

It is now no longer an experiment, having just completed the third year of its existence since it was incorporated, and the number of those who have availed themselves of its advantages is the best proof that it meets a want which, before it went into operation, was not supplied. It is under the control of an efficient board of managers, who are personally engaged in promoting the interests of the pupils, and by their stated examinations secure a degree of thoroughness in the studies taught that is highly commendable. No institution heretofore in operation has ever offered so many facilities in the way of musical culture and preparation for teaching, and the high standard aimed at by the instructors gives hope that its future may be as bright as its past has been successful.

Notation, embracing the elementary departments, Harmony, Counterpoint and Fugue, Composition with reference to musical form and instrumentation, Vocalization, Practice in Choral singing, the pianoforte, violin, and any of the orchestral instruments, are taught by competent instructors. From this it will be seen that not only to the student, but to the amateur also, the amplest means are afforded for pursuing whatever branch may be desirable to pay attention to.

The *Tribune* gives the following as from a letter of VERDI to his friend and pupil, Signor Muzio:

For the present I shall compose nothing. I have refused a great many engagements. I am just now in receipt of a telegraphic dispatch calling me to St. Petersburg. I should be very much delighted to visit America, but have feared that there is too much water between us. However, in spite of all that, I am so desirous to view the beauties of nature in America, and especially Niagara, that I shall endeavor during the next year to accomplish the voyage.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 20, 1859. — The opera during the past week has been highly successful. After opening with *Poliuto*, we had *La Sonnambula*, sung by Gassier, Brignoli and Cortesi; then *Norma*, by Cortesi, Stefani, Patti-Strakosch, and Junea; then the *Barber*, by Gassier, Brignoli, Morelli and Rocco; and for a *matinée*, on Saturday, *Norma* was repeated. This week, we have had *Poliuto* again, and are yet to have *Trovatore*, *Ernani*, *Lucrezia*, and *Lucia*. Next week it is understood that the company goes to Boston.

In the meantime the rehearsals for the "Sicilian Vespers" are being actually carried on, and advertisements are out for twenty additional chorus singers. Muzio has written some pretty *ad captandum* airs for the opera, as it is considered by the opera magnates here to be a rather heavy concern, requiring something showy to make the people swallow it. If successful, Verdi's *Aroldo* will probably follow.

ANNA BISHOP has been well received here and has

met with a moderate pecuniary success. She expresses her surprise at the great increase in musical taste and knowledge here since her last visit in 1852. She thinks our opera house wonderful and wants to sing in opera herself. Mrs. Bishop preserves all the beauty of her voice, and sings a ballad as perfectly as any one I have yet heard.

TROVATOR.

Music Abroad.

England.

The Bradford Festival now over is said to have outdone expectation in that matter so important (yet not *all* important) on such occasions, the financial receipts,—and thereby to have made an advance towards that permanent establishment which all lovers of music must desire. The performance, under the circumstances, could hardly fail to be superior, though claiming no report in detail.

We are more disposed than ever to wedge in the recommendation of attempts at novelty wherever it be practicable, from observing the annual increase of concert-tours. These generally consist of a quartet of singers, an accompanist, and sometimes a solo instrumentalist. While Madame Goldschmidt, Signor Belletti, and Herren Goldschmidt and Joachim are conquering the Sister Isle, Mdle. Tietjens will head four singers (including Signor Gieglini) from the Drury Lane Opera,—while Mdle. Piccolomini, with three other playfellows from the same theatre (one of them M. Bélart), has a roving commission in another direction. Thirdly, there is Madame Rudersdorff's party, helped on its way by Herr Molique,—fourthly, that of Madame Louisa Vinning, to whom M. Rémenyi is joined as *solo* player. All of these parties must, it is obvious, beat the towns and villages of England with the same *programme*; since though some among them advertise themselves as open to engagements for "Oratorios," these can only be the hackneyed works which, without any disrespect to individual cleverness of the singers, can but be sung mechanically. Between execution and that prepared under other conditions there is all the difference that exists betwixt barrel-organ and organ. However convenient such arrangements may be for managers, and however advantageous to young performers is the opportunity of frequent appearance before the public, for composers and for audiences the "concert tour" system works badly.

Signor Costa is understood to be engaged in composing a new Oratorio:—the text, as before, is by Mr. Bartolomew.

The Surrey Concert-Room is again open. The music there is now under the management of Herr Schallehn. Canterbury Hall has added the fourth act of Signor Verdi's "Macbeth" to the first one, the performance of which was dwelt on some weeks since. Acts second and third are advertised as being in rehearsal.—*Athenæum*, Aug. 27.

Paris.

The *Opéra Comique* of Paris, which, during the time of incubation of the new opera by M. Meyerbeer, has been exclusively devoted to that object, is now about to renew its repertory. Two or three new works have already appeared in addition to those which we have been promised. One of these was "Le Rosier," by M. H. Potier, in which two new singers, Mdle. Guerra, a Milanese lady, and M. Ambroise were tried. The gentleman is described as an acquisition to the ranks of comic acting-singers. The second novelty, "Voyage autour ma Chambre," by M. Grisar, is described in the *Gazette Musicale* as having gained complete success. The principal character is in the hands of that consummate actor, M. Coudere. Shortly is to come "La Pagode," a two-act opera, the essay-piece of a young composer, M. Fauconnier, in which Mdles. Bonsnet and Geoffroy ("of whom," to quote the *Journal des Débats*, "many favorable things are said") will "come out."

Mdle. Poinot, who for some years belonged to the *Grand Opéra* of Paris, and has since been singing in America, is about to appear at the *Teatro della Scala* at Milan.

To add to the list of the foreign ephemera of the time, may be mentioned a victory *Cantata*, given at the *Grand Opéra* at Paris—"The Return of the Grand Army," the music by no French, but a Belgian composer, M. Gevaert. There has been also a *Cantata* at the *Opéra Comique* by M. Duprato, in which Mdle. Wertheimer, a clever *mezzo-soprano*, personated the Muse of History, with a success which the *Journal des Débats* advertises as one of those happy moments which decide the place of an artist.

Peeps at Italian Papers.

BY TROVATOR.

BENEVENTANO DONE BROWN.

Digging among the latest Italian journalistic arrivals, as a miner digs for gold, I find a real genuine nugget. To be sure it has a great deal of dross, but then it has at least a modicum of value. It is a prodigious puff in biography of the burly, bellowing Beneventano, the blustering baretone, who sang here some five years ago. He has turned up a trump, according to the writer in *Il Pirata*. I mean to give the article a very literal translation, as the Italian exaggerations when turned into corresponding, if not equivalent, English are so exquisitely funny. So here it is,—one of a series of lives of contemporary singers:

"Giuseppe Federico Beneventano, who for the first time sang at the theatre of his Majesty (Turin) on the 10th of April, 1856, was born on the 14th of April, 1824, in Scicli, a town of Sicily in the province of Noto, of a most noble family. His father, the Baron Don Luigi Beneventano, having destined him to the study of jurisprudence, sent him to Naples to facilitate his studies, not thinking that his son's inclinations were entirely in another direction. Gifted with one of the most beautiful of voices, Giuseppe, in place of studying Justinian and his treatises, dedicated himself entirely to the art of singing, under the instruction of the celebrated Giacomo Guglielmi. His rapid progress, and the beauty and rotundity of his voice, were not long in being reported to the Signor Vincenzo Flauto, who in 1842 was the head of the Impresarial Society of the Royal Theatres of Naples, and very soon he had opportunities of engagements in the service of the best theatres. A few scruples caused by the aristocratic position of his family detained him for a short time; but ere long, rising above social prejudices, Beneventano decided to accept the contract offered to him, and entered into an engagement of three years. His first appearance on the stage was in *Linda*, in the part of the *Prefect*, when the celebrated Tadolini, Fraschini, and Coletti were in the company. The success of his debut was such that, during his engagement, the renowned maestro Saverio Mercadante wrote expressly for him *Il Vascello di Gama*, the maestro Battista his *Anna la Prie*, and many other valiant maestros confided to him very important parts. The voice of Beneventano may be called unique, for, though of vast power and extent, it lends itself equally to agility and sweetness (!!) He can sing the works of Mozart, Weber, Meyerbeer, Auber, Rossini, Mercadante, Donizetti, Bellini, and Verdi, and it may be said that he is equally good in the antique and the modern schools, and in consequence of that it is difficult to decide whether he is greater in *Assur* or in *Nabuco*, as *Faraone* or *Count Luna*, *Rigoletto*, or *Carlo V.*, the *Doge* in *Foscari*, or *Bertram* in 'Robert,' *Don Giovanni*, or *Figaro*, *Dandini*, or the old *Germont* in *Traviata*.

"After his contracts at the Naples theatres expired, Beneventano was engaged by Signor Merelli, for the Fair of Brescia, where he performed in *Beatrice* and *Lombardi*, and even here he had such success, that Merelli engaged him for the seasons of 1845-6 at Milan. *Roberto Devereux*, *Linda*, *Bravo*, *Otello*, *Sonambula*, and *La Stella di Mureia* were the principal operas that brought him applause at La Scala, and opened to him the way to the Theatre Porta Carinzia at Venice, whence, still under the direction of Merelli, he passed to Bergamo. Returning to the grand stage of La Scala, he sang there in *Gemma di Vergy*, when one evening, the directors of the Italian Opera at New York, Signors Sanquirico and Patti, happened to be present and, delighted with his beautiful voice and his finished style of singing, decided to engage him at any price to cross the ocean.

"In 1847 Giuseppe Beneventano, upon the stage of the Italian theatre in New York, presented himself to the Americans in the part of *Antonio* in *Linda*, and was so extraordinarily well received, that all the papers, the *Herald*, *Evening Express*, *Musical Times*,

and *Dispatch*, could not find eulogiums worthy of him. He afterwards, in the following year, made his appearance in the magnificent new Astor Place Theatre in *Ernani*, *Semiramide*, *Nabuco* and *Puritani*, and always with the most eminent success.

"The echo of the last triumphs of Beneventano rebounded to the distant ears of the Millionaire, Marty, proprietor of the grand Tacon Theatre, who engaged him as successor of Salvatori, to sing with Steffanoni, Tedesco, and Marini. Here also Beneventano became quickly a favorite with the public, and on the evening of his benefit many admirers presented him with a crown of gold and silver, of the value of four thousand francs, and with a great quantity of flowers, garlands, and poetic tributes. Recalled to New York by Maretzek, here the public welcomed back with the greatest pleasure its old favorite, who, when Maretzek took his company to Mexico, not content with executing the baritone parts confided to him, added to his repertoire many bass roles, like those in *Freischütz*, *Lucrezia*, and *Roberto il Diavolo*. The name of Filippo Galli and his traditions were fresh with the frequenters of this theatre, and they beheld in Beneventano an image of that great artist, in consequence of which Beneventano soon became *l'enfant-gâté* of the public, and to respond to this sympathy appeared now as a baritone and now as basso, almost always in opposite characters in both the day and evening performances which were given.

"Having reaped an abundant harvest of money and ovations, Beneventano returned yet another time to New York, to sing there with Alboni, Salvi and Marini, under the direction of Legrand Smith. In the succeeding summer operas were given at Castle Garden, and every evening the theatre was over-gorged with enthusiastic spectators, to hear the Sontag and the Steffanoni, the Salvi and the Beneventano!! It was finally in May, 1853, that Beneventano left America with the most beautiful Augusta Anna Davenport, to him espoused, during the second year of his residence in that country.

"Spain reopened in Europe the series of his triumphs, and Madrid overwhelmed him with plaudits and honors, and Cadiz and Seville called him with advantageous engagements beneath their delicious skies, when the ardent and intrepid Impresario of the theatre of the Queen of London sought to secure him at any price and paid 10,000 francs indemnity, to cancel an engagement that would have prevented him from hastening to London during the season.

"Neither the season nor the theatre at London would have been opened at the appointed time, if Beneventano, almost at the moment when the people were gathering in the theatre, had not consented to supply the place of another artist who was taken sick. This trait of unheard of courtesy could compromise his future career with a public habituated to hear our best Italian artists. The debut was successful though, and from that time Beneventano was one of the chief supports of the season, and he made a second engagement, extending from the 15th of August to the 26th of September, to make a tour with Piccolomini in Scotland. His other engagements were: from September, 1856, to March, 1857, for the Royal Theatre of Lisbon; from April, 1857, for two years, and till September, 1859, for her Majesty's Theatre, repeating the second and third years his provincial tour."

One would suppose from this long rigmarole, that Beneventano was one of the greatest singers that ever lived. Unfortunately, my faith in Italian newspapers is much lessened, since I saw in one of them not long ago, an article about Salviani, a tenor who nearly failed here a few years ago. It seems that Salviani wanted an engagement on his return to Italy, and so the Italian paper pathetically remarked,—in the merest casual manner—that "New York was disconsolate and distracted at the loss of her favorite tenor, and was frantic to recover him at any price"!!

Another thing that rather militates against the effect of the above biography, is the fact, known in musical circles here, that Beneventano had the crown, mentioned above, as presented to him by his admirers,—that he himself had this crown made by a New York jeweller, and paid nearly a thousand dollars for it. A rather expensive bit of vanity. I wonder whether Beneventano knows enough English to spell H-U-M-B-U-G?

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 391.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1859.

VOL. XVI. No. 1.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Monsieur Paul.

From the Papers of the late I. Brown.

(Concluded.)

Two days passed in the affectionate intercourse of sisters with hardly an allusion to Monsieur Paul and Paulina's recent life; but on the third, Hedwig besought her sister to give her the history of the past two years. To understand it, it is only necessary to say, that Paulina was gifted by nature with a most powerful talent and a remarkable taste for music, which had been developed and strengthened, by her want of sight and being thrown upon it as almost her only resource for amusement, into the all-absorbing passion of her soul. But the means of the bath-house keeper were not sufficient to give her the instruction she needed, and thus she had been forced to depend upon her own taste and instinct for what progress she had made, except for the occasional hints from some kind-hearted musician who, after a bath, would devote a few moments to the blind girl.

"Stepmother was not cruel, you know, Hedwig," said she, "but she was so cold, and had no fine feelings, and did not care for music, and I had to knit, knit, knit all day long, for I could do nothing else but play a little, and I must do something, she said, to earn my bread. So not long after you married I was only allowed to play an hour or so in the morning and evening, and even then I had to play mostly pieces I had learned, because, as she said, the bath customers did not like to hear a person studying out new pieces from memory, and half the time all wrong. So I was very sad, and lonely, and unhappy. Steinberg used to come every Saturday to the bath——"

"Steinberg? who is Steinberg?" asked Mrs. Van Heid.

"Paul Steinberg, with whom I have been."

"Ah, so, Steinberg is the name then?"

"Why yes, to be sure; and every time he came he would play to me so beautifully — O, if you could hear him play! Then he began to come oftener; and he saw how unhappy I was; and how I longed to become a good player; and how my whole soul was wrapped up in music. One evening I was on the balcony, and he came and sat down by me and talked a long time about music; you have no idea, Hedwig, how he can talk about music! Father and stepmother had gone out to Moolit, and there we sat until almost ten o'clock. Just before he went away he said: 'Ah, my poor Pauline, if you could trust me and go with me, I could supply you with the best of teachers, and who knows but that you might become as wonderful a player as the blind Fraulein Paradies, who astonished all Europe fifty years ago.' And that was all he said then; but it put a new idea into my mind, and as I sat knitting hour after hour, with nothing to occupy my thoughts, and at the same time having such a hunger and thirst for music, his words would go

over and over in my poor little head, and I would build such beautiful air castles! When the weather and water grew warm enough for the great swimming baths, he came no more to the bath house, but sometimes, when little Carl led me out into the Thiergarten, where stepmother sent us often to be out of the way, as she said, and I sat in the shade knitting, and Carl played with other boys, he would come and sit by me, and tell me about the Paradies, and Leopoldine Blahetka, and Fraulein Bellville, and Clara Schumann, and other famous women, pianistes. He explained to me how much I had to learn and unlearn before I should be able to extemporize properly; and at other times described the wonderful music which they performed in the great concerts, oratorios and symphonies and concertos, where you know we never had money to go. I used to pray father to take me to Liebig's concerts, and he did a few times, and there I heard some of Beethoven's and Mozart's Symphonies. They made me crazy. Then came a long rain storm, and for more than two weeks I did not go into the Thiergarten. Stepmother was ungracious, and I felt so unhappy and so helpless, that I would sit and cry, and that made her worse. It is dreadful to be a poor blind girl, and useless to everybody. But the glad sun came again and one morning stepmother said to me: 'Get you out into the Thiergarten again, and bring home a pleasant face.' Carl led me to one of the benches by the Goldfish pond and left me to my knitting and my thoughts. I knew his step, Hedwig, among a thousand, and it was as if the warm sun shone all through and through me, when he came and said: 'So, here is my little friend, Pauline, once more,' and sat down by my side. After talking some time he told me he was going away to England. Then I dropped my knitting and trembled all over. And when he went on to say that he very much needed some one to go with him to play the pianoforte, for he was to give public exhibitions, then I trembled all the more. At last he spoke very seriously and earnestly, and told me if I would go with him, he would be father and brother to me, that I should never know want, should always have the best music, have the best instruction money could get, everything that, with my simple tastes, my heart could wish. 'But I cannot go with you alone,' said I. 'Certainly not,' said he, and leaving me a few minutes, he returned with old Gretel, the very old Gretel now here, and as soon as I heard her kind voice, and felt the warmth and kindly pressure of her hard hand, I knew I could trust her. When it was time to go home, he said: 'and you will go with us, Pauline?' 'Yes,' said I. Then he took my hands in his, and said solemnly: 'God do so to me, and more also, if ever harm come to you through me!'

"Has no harm come to you, my sister?" asked Mrs. Van Heid. Something in the tone with which this was said struck the blind girl.

"What do you mean, Hedwig, what do you mean?"

Mrs. Van Heid did not press the question, but turned it.

"Have you always been happy? no misfortune, no harm come to you?" said she.

"Nobody could be happier! But you have interrupted my story."

The substance of the remainder of Pauline's story was this: A few evenings after this interview in the Thiergarten, Steinberg received Pauline from the balcony into a boat, crossed the river, and putting her into a carriage with old Gretel, left Berlin. By driving to a small unimportant station upon the railroad, and by taking tickets for only short distances in the way trains, and, some miles from the boundary, leaving the railroad altogether, Mons. Paul succeeded in avoiding the passport officers, and getting his companions upon a vessel bound for Hull. During more than a year's stay in England, the party was alternately in London and in the country. In London Pauline was instructed by the best teachers and heard music, as had been promised her. In the country she played at Steinberg's exhibitions and proved a great attraction. Meantime he had devised a plan for adding an entirely new feature to them. To this end he had paid particular attention to the cultivation of Pauline's talent for extemporaneous playing, and in the selection of pieces which she committed to memory he had always this end in view.

"After rather more than a year had passed," continued Pauline, "he began to talk of coming to America. In America, he said, I should not have to play in public, but in my own room, for he had devised a plan by which it would sound to the audience just the same. The only difficulty was how to let me know when and what to play, and when I extemporized to know what character to give my improvisations. On this we worked a long time. I remember we were in a cottage near Hampstead — by London, you know — once for six weeks, and hardly went out of the house, we were so busy upon this. But we conquered at last."

"And how was it finally done?" asked Mrs. Van Heid.

"You must ask him about that, it is his secret, I have no right to tell. So at last all was ready and we came to New York."

"But why have you never sought us out?" asked her sister.

"I don't know," returned Pauline. "Perhaps he did not know where you lived, or was not yet ready; he used to speak of you sometimes. I don't know."

Whether it was wise just then to have caused Pauline thus to dwell upon the last two years, is a question. But thus vividly recalled to mind, it was clear that Pauline began to banish her newly found sister from her thoughts. She became restless and uneasy. The pianoforte ceased to have charms for her, and before the week was out, the change in her became very apparent. To her sister she made no allusion to Paul — or

Steinberg, rather—but with old Gretel, she would talk of him and of the scenes through which they had passed, or sit alone buried in thought, yet with that listening expression which is so common on the faces of the blind, who can only perceive the approach of friends through the sense of hearing. At the end of a fortnight we began to feel anxious about her. Van Heid shook his head, wished that Paul would make known his whereabouts—"for," said he, "this will never do, the girl is in love with him, and will go crazy at this rate."

But Paul came not, wrote not, gave us no hint. His transparency disappeared with the departure of Pauline, and his premises were advertised to let. We may have met him a dozen times in the street, but without his false beard, in a different dress, and with his hat on, how could we know him?

I was at my desk in the office one evening, busied in the mountain of "exchanges" which a dozen mail routes had brought from all points of the compass, when Van Heid came in and laid a letter in German before me. It was from Steinberg. It was short and respectful, simply asking permission to call at his house next morning at ten o'clock to see him, and closing with an urgent request that he would not mention his coming, nor even hint at it to any member of his family.

"What answer have you sent?" I asked.

"What could I, under the circumstances, but that I would receive him with great pleasure, and that I saw no reason to refuse his request for secrecy? Now, my dear Brown, I want you to be there, if you can. Suppose you drop in *accidentally*, half an hour before, and I think it would be well if you could manage to bring up the Professor's daughter with you."

"Certainly, with the greatest pleasure."

Next morning, on my way up town, I stepped in at the Professor's, and the young lady at once accepted my invitation to make a call with me upon our friends, the Van Heids. Van was busy writing in his library, and we sat chatting with his wife, by the back windows of the parlor which opened out upon a few square feet of garden. Poor Pauline, the change in whose appearance was very striking, sat sad and silent a little apart. Precisely at the hour a carriage drove up to the house, and the servant immediately afterward showed some one into the library.

"Some one must have important business with Heinrich," said Mrs. Van Heid, "not to wait for him at the store. One of his partners, perhaps."

Pauline knew better. I, only, sat so as to watch the expression of her face, but I saw that she recognized the footstep; and the faint murmur of men's voices, which came to our ears, was sufficient for her sensitive organ to recognize the different speakers with absolute certainty. She sat perfectly still, with her lips a little apart, her ear turned in the direction of the library, pale as marble. Meantime, utterly unconscious that the "moment was big with fate," the young women chatted on, I occasionally throwing in a word to keep their thoughts occupied and their attention away from Paulina.

Some fifteen minutes passed and we heard the gentlemen leave the library. Pauline pressed her hands together, but sat just so silent, a shade paler, if that was possible.

"There goes Heinrich's visitor," said Mrs. Van Heid. "Now they are stopping at the door,

having as many 'last words and dying speeches' as Heinrich laughs at you and me so about. I declare they are coming into the parlor, and I certainly am not fit to see a stranger. What does Heinrich mean?"

Van Heid opened the door and ushered a fine looking young man of some thirty years into the room—

"Herr Paul Steinberg."

Steinberg silently bowed, and we, except Pauline, rose and also in silence bowed in return. He merely glanced at us and fixed his eyes upon the blind girl, whose agitation was piteous to see. But in his eyes we all read that he deeply, passionately returned her love.

"Paulinchen!" was the first word he spake, and it came from his lips lingeringly, invitingly, as only such a German word can.

Paulina turned restlessly from side to side, pressed her hands to her temples, then to her breast, as if to prevent its bursting, but said not a word.

"Paulinchen!" Then another moment of hesitation, a short panting sigh, almost a gasp, as if for air, and she sprang across the room and silently threw herself upon his bosom. He drew his right arm about her, smoothed back the curls from her fair forehead with the other hand, and looked into her sightless eyes with a whole world of proud, triumphant love and tender affection in his own. How proud and noble he looked!

Of course the two women began to cry—they always will, you know, in such cases—and, if the truth must be told, Van and I felt a little spooney ourselves, just for sympathy. At last Monsieur Paul looked round upon us again.

"I appeal to you all; has not Pauline here, in my arms, found her *home*? When I first saw her," added he, after a pause, "she was unhappy. I promised to make her happy. Have I not done so? And, Madam, is she not as pure and innocent as when you last saw her?"

"That she is," sobbed Mrs. Van Heid.

"Originally my only object was—I am now ashamed and sad to confess it"—and the expression of his face corroborated his words—"to make a speculation of her talents. But I have learned to love her as my own soul, and would gladly have her with me forever."

After another pause, no one speaking, he continued; "I have taken berths in the California steamship, which sails this afternoon, for myself and wife and her companion."

At the word wife, Pauline uttered a cry and shrank from his breast; he smiled, pressed her more closely to himself, and said:

"Fear nothing, Paulinchen, if you do not occupy my wife's berth, it will remain empty. Then addressing Mrs. Van Heid again, he said: "Your husband, Madam, knows my pecuniary resources and is satisfied. Is there any reason why I should not become the legal protector of this dear child?"

There could be none.

"Wilt thou go with me, Paulinchen?"

"If I do not, I shall die."

Well, it was of no use to struggle against it—I suppose it was because I was ill and my nervous system sadly weakened—but I dropped into a chair and wept like an old fool. Van threw open a shutter and beckoned, whereupon some one left the carriage and soon entered the room. The stranger was introduced to us as a magistrate,

and in a few minutes, in presence of us as witnesses, Monsieur Paul and the creator of his Mysterious Music became husband and wife.

During the few hours which remained before we bade them farewell on board the steamship, the good impressions which Steinberg had at first made upon us, were strengthened to a marvellous degree. Of the vast flood of talk which filled those hours, I record these few words:—

"But how young you look!" said Mrs. van Heid, "I thought on that evening you were a man of fifty."

"Why, you would not have a sorcerer appear like a young fellow, would you, when a big beard and a little making up is all that is necessary to make him as imposing as one of Belshazzar's magicians?"

"Do you know you have to answer for a great deal of disturbed sleep, and a great many horrid dreams since that evening?" returned she.

"I am sorry to hear that—but it is rather a compliment, too. The truth is that I half suspected you to be Pauline's sister from a certain family resemblance which my eye caught as it first fell upon your party. I am quite unable to explain what motive I had, but I felt curious to see how strong a power I could exert over your imagination, and exerted my utmost skill in acting my part, and in the selection of pieces for Pauline to play. I am sorry it turned out so unluckily for you—and for the Sorcerer—perhaps not, though, for the lover—ah, Paulinchen?"

"But how could you inform Paulina so exactly what you wished her to play?"

"Married people have a right to their own secrets haven't they, Paulinchen? and that is ours," he replied with a smile.

Before I left New York to bring my poor worn out body to Hildale, to die in the house of my fathers, I went over to Staten Island to spend a few days with my friends, the Van Heids, who had removed thither. One evening, as Van came in from the city, he banded a small package to his wife. She opened it and found a box. In the box, packed in cotton, was an exquisitely wrought cup of gold, on which was inscribed in German: "Pauline to Hedwig."

"Have you no letters?"

"Yes, Steinberg writes that he has gone into business, and is making money hand over hand. San Francisco, he says, is the place for that, and he advises me to come and join him, but I think, Hedwig, New York is good enough for us."

"But Heinrich, is there nothing for me?"

"What an insatiable Hedwig, this! Is not the cup enough? Let us see if we can find anything in my pocketbook."

He opened it and handed his wife a small slip of paper, on which was written in pencil, in the large irregular characters of a blind person:—

"Theure, liebe Hedwig—du kannst es nicht denken—ich bin so glücklich.

Deine Pauline.

Dear beloved Hedwig, thou canst not imagine it—I am so happy. Thy Pauline.

NOTE. The following passage from "Zamminer: Die Musik und die Musikalische Instrumenten," &c. Eyo. Giessen, 1855, translated from p. 83—a work which has appeared since the death of my friend Brown—will explain the scientific principle on which Mons. Paul based his mysterious music.

"The main body of tone in the pianoforte, as in all string instruments, proceeds from the sounding board. No more direct proof of this could be imagined than that which Pellisor has given. All the strings with the bridge of a grand pianoforte, were taken out of the instrument and strung in a perpendicular position upon the wall of a room. By means of an

action like that of an upright pianoforte, they were put in vibration. A strip of pine board was carried through the wall from the bridge to the sounding board of the grand pianoforte in another room. Here we heard the music in full tones, while the performer himself was sensible of but a gentle, hardly audible, buzzing of the strings."

A. W. T.

The Gypsies and their Music in Hungary.

[Des Bohémiens, &c.] By Franz Liszt. (Librairie Nouvelle.)

There is no want of poetical thought and curious matter in this book; but for this the name of the author has already prepared the reader. Both, however, are interfered with in some degree by the style of Dr. Liszt: which to many persons will be all but insurmountable as a barrier. This shows that desire to be original and rhetorical, which is common enough in our days of epithet and color-penmanship; but it is wrought out by its possessor in a sort of debatable phraseology, which is neither that of French, nor of German florid writing. Any equivalent in the form of translation or paraphrase would be simply impossible: so many are the neologisms, so curiously are they applied and combined. But in the subject and its treatment we do not find affectation, so much as sincerity, and coherence with all that Dr. Liszt has done and recommended for years past. He writes lovingly, and with full knowledge of Gypsy (*Bohemian*) music; though, possibly, it may seem to him like flat pedantry to say, that he writes in the intimacy of self-knowledge. So far as Art goes, he is one of the brotherhood—a King and ruler among them. It is true that he has culture besides memory, and limitless genius as an executant; but he belongs to the tribe nevertheless, in his mistaking protest against form and order, theoretical and practical, for invention or progress. No such profound musician has ever committed on paper such wild things by way of music, as the generous, munificent, boundlessly-accomplished and paradoxical *Maestro* of Weimar. No player has ever electrified so many audiences by what is good and what is bad in exhibition—no one has ever influenced a larger congregation of enthusiastic men, younger and less gifted than himself—why must we add, to less purpose?

Proof of what has been said will be found in nineteen-twentieths of this strange book, made up, as they are, of rhapsodies without distinctness; of definitions which just fail to probe to the very heart of the matter to be defined; of descriptions so overlaid with ornament and epithet, that the scene described is smothered thereby. The book, further, loses in freshness, and gains in apparent affectation, by the perpetual use of the "*we*"—a royal privilege, an editorial necessity (more's the pity!); but, in an author, giving an impression of pomposity or affectation, which to the English is not attractive. Yet, after all these harsh truths have been told, we must add, that the twentieth of good pages in this book is very good, because new in matter. Here, for instance, is the adventure of a concert-giver, born a Hungarian, of peasant origin, but ennobled, as rightful recompense of his genius, in his own country, as Dr. Liszt has been. It is condensed and paraphrased—literal translation being impossible—with the plural pronoun changed for the singular one:—

"At Paris, one day, when I was not thinking the least in the world about the Gypsies, Count Sandor Teleky came in one morning, followed by a lad about twelve years of age, in a hussar jacket, with trousers laced on every seam; swarthy in complexion, with hair in a state of nature, a bold look—as arrogant an expression of countenance as if he could give the greatest kings the go-by—and a violin in his hand. "Here," said the Count, pushing him by the shoulders towards me, "I bring you a present." Great was the astonishment which this announcement, so odd to French ears, created among my guests, M. Thalberg in particular. Nor was I less surprised; for I had not for a long time thought of a wish I had often expressed when in Hungary of finding a young gypsy with a talent for the violin, capable of receiving education. The Count had left orders on his estates, when leaving his country, that if a youngster answering such a description could be found he should forthwith be forwarded to Paris; and the mischievous creature whom he presented to me had been discovered and forwarded in fulfilment of his order,—having been bought from his parents for that purpose. I kept the boy with me: it was interesting to watch his humors and instincts in a world so new to him. Insolent vanity in every form was the prevailing ingredient in his nature. To steal out of greediness,—to make love to all the women—to break everything, of which he did not understand the structure, were rather inconvenient propensities, though natural enough, and which ought to have corrected themselves; but there was no coming to an end of them, for when they were repressed in one place they broke

out in another. Josy presently became a little *lion* in the circle of my acquaintances, who repaid his playing in private pretty handsomely. Having thus some money of his own, he began to fling it about with prodigal indifference of the first quality. He took his person in hand, as the matter of first importance, with a coquetry past belief—set himself up with canes, fine breast-pins, chains. No cravat or waistcoat could be too showy for him—no hair-dresser too good to curl and keep his head in order. There was one heavy sorrow—his complexion,—so brown, so yellow, when compared with that of other people. He imagined that he might bring himself to their tone by the frequent use of soap and perfumery, of which he bought quantities: would go into the dearest shops—inquire for what he thought would answer best, and fling down on the counters his five-franc pieces—quite too great a gentleman to wish to receive change. On leaving Paris for Spain, I handed him over to M. Massart, Professor of the Violin, at the *Conservatoire*, who undertook to superintend his musical and his moral education. The accounts too well justified every presage that my plan of adoption was a failure. He had the most insurmountable contempt for everything he did not know; and, without daring to own it, he was at heart persuaded of his superiority to every one about him—attaching importance to nothing, save to *his own* violin, *his own* pleasures, *his own* music. When he was put to study, the report was that his stubborn disobedience outdid every thing of the kind with which his masters had ever before dealt. In due course of time, I heard that Josy grew, but did not change—that he made no progress, that there was nothing to be done with him. Being a little partial to him, however, I found some proof of application in the zigzag scrawls of letters, full of Oriental exaggeration, which he wrote me. When I was going to Strasburg, I sent for him to meet me there. On arriving, I had forgotten that he might be there the first; and when on leaving the station, I found myself almost stifled in the embrace of a stranger, it was a while before I could recognize my little gypsy—the wild-creature from the *Steppes*—in the tall and handsome young man, dressed in the Parisian fashion. The hooked nose, the Asiatic eyes, and the dark skin of Josy, however, had resisted every cosmetic of France, and were the same as ever. So was he, too; for in answer to my first exclamation of surprise—"Why, here you are, grown a gentleman!" he answered, coolly, with the grand air of a Hidalgo, "It is because I *am* one." Unwilling entirely to give the matter up, I imagined, that perhaps, in some place nearer to woods and fields, it might be easier to exercise some influence over him; accordingly I placed him in Germany, at the edge of the Black Forest, with an excellent musician, Herr Stern—at present chapel-violinist to the Prince of Hohenzollern. Some time after that, when I was at Vienna, I heard of a new company of Gypsy musicians which had arrived, and one day went, with some friends, to the *Zeisig* inn, to see what they were worth. Not one of us had the slightest idea of finding a face we knew; we were surprised, therefore, at the agitation which our entrance obviously excited. Suddenly a young, clean-limbed fellow rushed out of the troop and fell on his knees, embracing mine with the most passionate pantomime. In the twinkling of an eye, the whole party was upon me, without further prelude, kissing my hands eagerly, stifling me with bursts of gratitude, so that I had some trouble in making out that their leader was Josy's elder brother, who had already been making inquiries from my servant, and who, sobbing with gratitude as he was, could not resist, though timidly, expressing his desire to see Josy, and to have him among them again. Having no reason to be satisfied with the report from Germany, and despairing of ever making a trained artist of him, I sent for him to Vienna, in order that he might join his own people, if he wished to do so. When he saw them again, his rapture was without bounds:—he seemed ready to go mad with it. No sooner were they reunited, than Josy and the troop disappeared entirely, and left the town to exhibit the lost child to the father of the tribe. On his return, Josy was more intolerable than ever, and finished by entreating me, with the most violent demonstrations of gratitude, to let him return to the horde, at once and for ever. So we parted, after his purse had been once again furnished with a little sum, instantaneously spent in a monster orgy to which he treated his comrades, in addition to the farewell party which I gave them. I have not an idea what has become of this intractable scholar."

There is somewhere or other a fable of the East Wind being sent to school to the North Wind—of which the above reminiscence reminds us. Perhaps Dr. Liszt, gifted and clear-sighted as he is, is not the artist among artists the best fitted to adopt, and regulate the proceedings of a semi-savage prodigy.

Some account of the peculiarities of the national Gypsy music of Hungary is given; but its peculiarities defy definition on paper. Some of them, in a regulated form, will be found in Schubert's well-known duet *Divertissement*, and in the March by the same arranger, which Dr. Liszt re-arranged, and used to play so wonderfully. Beethoven, too, who was in himself too original frequently to try for character in other styles, gave one delicious example of music à la *Hongroise* in the chorus of female voices in 'King Stephen' (his 'Turkish March' in the 'Ruins of Athens' being the only other effort of the kind we remember). Weber, again, had a touch at the Gypsies in 'Preciosa.' From these examples the student may derive some "inklings" of a few popular characteristics, if even he be too solemn and classical to disdain Herr Ernst's well-known 'Fantasia' on Hungarian National Airs; or (still more)—Dr. Liszt's '*Rhapsodies*' (to which we have already adverted), which last may be asserted as nearer the wild thing than any tame or semi-tame music before the public.

A name or two may be mentioned ere closing this notice—beginning with that of Tinody Stephens, who published a collection of Hungarian tunes so long ago as 1754, at Klausenberg. Then, among famous executants, we are told of Michael Barnu, who (like Corelli, in the service of Cardinal Ottoboni) had his patron Cardinal too, in Cardinal Csaky. The Hungarian Cardinal had a full-length portrait of his household violinist painted, and it is to be seen in the Palace of Radkan, county of Lips, even unto this day. A great gypsy violin-player who flourished in the year 1772, was Csinka Panna; a woman, we are assured, of good morals as well as of bright musical intelligence,—who was the head of a family orchestra,—who, albeit she lived under tents in the summer weather, had a winter-house of her own by the River Sabajo, and who was so much respected by the "roof people" that when she died great was their sorrow, and many were the verses written in Latin and Hungarian to commemorate her. Next we come to John Bihary, who seems to have been "the highest expression" of the gypsy *virtuoso*,—a brilliant player, courted at all the Courts and royally repaid for his playing:—a man as impudent as an Italian *tenore* of the worst class. Bihary lived in our own time, for he gave a performance before Maria Louisa in 1814, and there made himself so remarkable by his undignified admiration of one of the Imperial Princesses present, that his hostess found it necessary to rebuke his audacious eyes. The violinist was called up, and was asked if he was a married man. His answer was "Yes," and that his wife was with him in Vienna. On this he was bidden to present her forthwith—Bihary's wife was sent for on the spot. A striking looking and still young woman, magnificently attired in the gypsy dress, was brought. On receiving her, the Empress said to Bihary, that since Heaven had given him so beautiful and faithful a helpmate, he was inexcusable in being so sensitive to the beauty of any Princess:—recommended to him more propriety for the future,—and after paying marked compliments to Eve (Bihary's wife), caused fifty ducats to be given to her, and sent the pair home in one of the Court-carriages. A second anecdote concerning Bihary is little less characteristic of manners. About the year 1824 a carriage accident disabled him for life. With true gypsy providence he had laid by nothing for a rainy day; and could hardly toil through the least important part in the band of which he had been the king. In this fallen estate it chanced that he fell in at a tavern with some Hungarian noblemen, who had known him in his days of Court splendor and insolence. He was prevailed on to play slowly one or two of the very easy pieces of national music which he had yet power to master. His arm was soon tired. On his stopping, one of his princely auditors bound it up in bank-notes. Bihary died in 1827.

Two names of men celebrated in Gypsy music are Lavatta and Czermak. Of the latter we have a curiously-inflated eulogy, contributed by Count Stephen Fay, in a letter to Dr. Liszt,—little worth sifting. Lastly, we are assured, on the authority of our author, that we have in London—may we not say that our Sovereign has in her Court band?—a national Hungarian musician, who, though not *Romany* by birth (any more than Dr. Liszt), possesses the secret, the tradition, the experience of, and the enthusiasm for, the Gypsy music—so picturesquely extolled here—in perfection. As Dr. Liszt names M. Réményi; others may do so without indelicacy; and if it be, as the gifted writer, from whom we now part, says,—that M. Réményi's imperfect sympathies for classical music are as well known as his ambition, it would be especially pleasant to those who have blamed him to spell back their blame, and cordially to acknowledge the value and freshness of a new sensation, which, we

are assured, on Dr. Liszt's authority, our inmate could afford to all lovers of wild national music.—*London Athenæum.*

Reminiscences of the New York Academy of Music.

'Porter's Spirit of the Times,' under its new management, pays more attention to musical matters than would be expected from its peculiar speciality in journalism. From a recent number we extract the following chit-chat about the Fourteenth Street Opera house, New York :

The Academy of Music has already made its mark in the musical history of this country. Although but five years old, it has done noble service in the cause of Music, and a few statistics may not be uninteresting to the readers of this column. In the first place, we would therefore give a list of the various principal singers that have sung within its walls since the opening night, October 2, 1854. Here, then, is the long string of Italian names :

Soprano: Grisi, Parodi, Laborde, Gazzaniga, Piccolomini, Cortesi, Hensler, Bertucca-Maretzek, La Grange, Colson, Alaimo, De Wilhorst, Ghioni, Donovani, Behrend, Steffanoni, De Vries, Frezzolini, Richings, Gassier, Poinset.

Contralto: D'Angri, Didier, Vestvali, Phillips, Aldini, Patti-Strakosch, Vietti-Vertiprach, Ventaldi, D'Ormy.

Tenor: Mario, Brignoli, Bolcioni, Lorini, Mirate, Salviani, Bignardi, Labocetta, Tiberini, Ceresa, Quint, Perring, Arnoldi, Stefani, Sbriglia, Tamaro, Squires, Fabricatore.

Baritone: Badiali, Barili, Morelli, Amodio, Tafanelli, Bernardi, Gassier, Ardavani, Firenze.

Bass: Lorini, Rocco, Rovere, Formes, Coletti, Marini, Gasparoni, Caspani, Morino, N. Barili, Susini.

This list includes a great variety of singers, and probably all those who have taken the leading parts on the Fourteenth-street Opera House stage. Some are good, and others wretchedly bad. Several appeared only once or twice, singing as temporary substitutes, or else coming out preceded by puffs, and making miserable failures. There was Signor Carlo Jacopi who sang once—just once too often. There was Mr. Perring, who made a too ambitious attempt, and barely saved himself from failure—Miss Hensler, Miss Behrend, Ghioni, and some few others, who were but second-rate singers; and there was Alaimo, a broken down prima donna, who sang here only once, but is doing quite well in the provinces. It is somewhat curious to note what has become of these various artists. Grisi, Mario, and Tiberini are in Spain; Laborde and Poinset at Milan; Parodi, Alaimo, Gazzaniga, Cortesi, Bertucca, Colson, Frezzolini, the Gassiers, Phillips, Aldini, Brignoli, Lorini, Stefani, Ceresa, Tamaro, Quint, Perring, Sbriglia, Ardavani, Morelli, Coletti, are in this country; D'Angri, Didier, Vestvali, and Badiali, are in Paris; Mirate, and La Grange are in Brazil, and the others have dispersed, we know not where—while Miss Behrend died, a few months ago, in Vienna.

The following list of operas includes all that have been performed at the Academy of Music, since its opening, viz.: *Norma*, *Puritani*, *Sonnambula*, by Bellini; *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Favorita*, *Don Pasquale*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Linda di Chamounix*, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, *Poliuto*, *Child of the Regiment*, by Donizetti; *Rigoletto*, *Travatore*, *Ernani*, *Louisa Miller*, *Traviata*, by Verdi; *Semiramide*, *Otello*, *Italiana in Algerio*, *William Tell*, *Il Barbiere*, by Rossini; *Massaniello*, by Auber; *Don Giovanni*, *Nozze di Figaro*, by Mozart; *The Prophet*, *Huguenots*, *Robert le Diable* and *Etoile du Nord*, by Meyerbeer; *La Spia*, by Ardit; *Martha*, by Flotow; *Der Freyschütz*, by Weber; *La Zingara*, by Balfe; *Saffo*, by Pacini; *Serva Padrona*, by Paisiello—making in all thirty-two different operas, of which Donizetti wrote eight, and Verdi five. Verdi's operas have, however, been given on the greatest number of nights.

In addition to these remarks, we would add the following statistics from the *Evening Post*, on the same subject :

"Our Academy of Music, by the way, is now almost a historical building as regards the progress of music in this city. Some of the principal events in the career of the Fourteenth-street Opera House may be briefly alluded to as follows: October 2, 1854, the building was opened with *Norma*, sung by Grisi, Mario, Donovani and Susini. The attendance was very slim for an opening night, but this was chiefly owing to the very high prices of admission. December 25, 1854, first oratorio at the Academy of Music, Handel's *Messiah*, the best performance of it ever given in New York. Miss Brainard, Vietti-Vertiprach and

Badiali, took the principal solos. February 19, 1855, Verdi's *Rigoletto*, produced for the first time in America, by Mrs. Maretzek, Mrs. Strakosch, Bolcioni, the tenor, and Barili, the baritone. March 19, 1855, Steffanoni sang for the first time at the Academy; the opera was *Favorita*. April 11, 1855, Rossini's *William Tell* was first produced here by Steffanoni, Bertucca, Bolcioni, Badiali, Coletti, Rocco, and Vietti. This opera had a most brilliant run, the Academy being crowded for many nights. May 2, 1855, Verdi's *Travatore*, the most popular opera ever played in this country, was first produced here by Steffanoni, Vestvali, Brignoli, Amodio, and Rocco. It was immensely successful. May, 17, 1855, La Grange made her debut at the Academy, having sung before at Niblo's. June 16, 1855, Miss Hensler made her debut in *Linda*. November 5, 1855, Meyerbeer's *Prophete* produced for the first time in this country, by La Grange, Hensler, Salviani, Morelli, Amodio, and Gasparoni. The opera, though superbly put on the stage, did not meet the success it deserved. *Fides* must be considered the greatest personation of the versatile La Grange. March 24, 1856, Ardit's *Spia*, the only opera written expressly for our Academy of Music, was produced by La Grange, Hensler, Brignoli, and Morelli. It was a superior work, and should have been received with greater favor than was awarded it. The scenery was remarkably fine, and has not been surpassed in this opera house. May 10, 1856, La Grange sang in German, in Weber's *Freischütz*, poorly supported. May 23, 1856, Verdi's *Luisa Miller* produced at the Academy by La Grange, D'Ormy, Bolcioni, and Badiali. It never took with our public. Sept. 24, 1856, Meyerbeer's *L'Etoile du Nord*, produced by La Grange, Bertucca, Brignoli, Amodio and Coletti. It was successful. December 3, 1856, Verdi's *Traviata*, produced by La Grange, Brignoli and Amodio. Its success has never been surpassed by that of any other opera performed in this country. January 28, 1857, Cora de Wilhorst made her debut in *Lucia*. May 18, 1857, the memorable and only appearance of Signor Carlo Jacopi. November 2, 1857, D'Angri made her debut here in opera, as Arzaee in *Semiramide*. September 1, 1857, Frezzolini made her debut here in *Sonnambula*. November 30, 1857, Carl Formes made his debut here in *Robert le Diable*. March 8, 1858, Meyerbeer's *Huguenots* was produced in splendid style by La Grange, D'Angri, Tiberini, Gassier and Carl Formes. August 30, 1858, Madame Gassier made her debut here in *Sonnambula*. October 20, 1858, Piccolomini's first appearance in *Traviata*. Debut of Firenze, the baritone. December 4, 1858, debut of Poinset in the *Huguenots*. May 25, 1859, Donizetti's *Poliuto* produced by Piccolomini, Brignoli and Amodio. June 2, 1859, debut of Cortesi in *Saffo*.

"These were probably the most interesting events in the five years' life of the Fourteenth-street opera house. No similar building in this country can boast of such a list of great singers as has been heard within its walls. Among the *prime donne* may be mentioned Grisi, Bertucca, Steffanoni, Lagrange, Vestvali, De Vries, Parodi, Gazzaniga, Frezzolini, Poinset, Laborde, Piccolomini and Colson. Of these, La Grange sang the most frequently, and the greatest variety of roles. Other singers have surpassed her in their particular styles, but none ever exhibited such versatility, or retained a longer popularity with New York opera-goers than did this gifted and conscientious artist."

Mozart—Child and Man.

(Continued from page 204.)

No. 37.

Mozart the Elder to M. Hagenauer,—(Continued.)

Vienna, September 24, 1768.

To defend myself from all this chit-chat, I made my son play the whole opera on the harpsichord at the young Baron Von Swieten's, in the presence of the Comte de Sporek, the Due de Braganze, and other connoisseurs. All were astonished in the highest degree at the pretext put forward by Affligio and the singers. All were shocked, and declared unanimously that proceedings so unchristian-like, so false, so wicked, were inconceivable; that they preferred this opera to many an Italian one, and that it was evident that, instead of encouraging so divine a talent, there was a cabal formed to cut off from this innocent child the road to honor and happiness.

I called on the manager to learn the true state of things. He told me that he had never been opposed to the representation of the opera, but that I could not be angry at his thinking of his own interest; that people had inspired him with doubts as to the success of the piece; that he had had *La Caskina* played; that he wished to give *La Buona Figliola*; and after that he would give the opera of the child; and if this

latter did not succeed as he wished it, at least he should be provided with two operas to fall back upon. I spoke of my long sojourn, which would thus be further prolonged. "Eh! good heavens!" said he, "what matters eight days, more or less? That time over, I commence your affair." We left at this point.

The airs for Carattoli were changed; all was arranged with Caribaldi, as well as with Poggi and Laschi. Each one told me in private that they had nothing to say against it, that all now depended solely on Affligio. More than four weeks thus passed. The copyist told me that he had not yet received orders to recopy the airs that had been altered; and as I learned, during the rehearsals of *La Buona Figliola*, that Affligio had the intention to commence the *mise-en-scène* of a third opera, I again addressed myself to him, upon which he gave, in my presence and also in that of the poet Coltellini, orders to the copyist to have all finished in two days, so that the opera could be in rehearsal with the orchestra at the least in ten days.

Unfortunately the enemies of my child, whoever they are, carried the day once more. The same day the copyist received orders to leave off; and some days afterwards I heard that Affligio was determined to put aside the child's opera. I wished to ascertain the truth of this. I went to him, and received this answer: "I called together all the musicians; they acknowledged that the opera was incomparably well written, but not at all dramatic, and that thus they could not execute it." This speech was incomprehensible to me. How could the singers, without blushing for shame, thus run down that which a short time before they had cried up to the skies, in encouraging the young composer, and in recommending the work to Affligio? I told the latter that he could not expect this young child to have undertaken so great a work for nothing. I recalled our agreement to him—I made him understand that he had been deceiving us for four months—that he had led us into expenses of more than 140 ducats. I spoke of the time I had lost by his fault, and I told him I should look to him to be reimbursed the 100 ducats promised and the other expenses I had been drawn into. Upon this he gave me a roundabout answer, which betrayed his embarrassment, and by which he sought, I know not how, to get out of the affair; and at last he left me, using these shameful words, "That if I would bring out the child's opera, he would have it hissed." Coltellini heard all this.

And that would be the reward my son would obtain for the enormous trouble he has had to write an opera which has five hundred and fifty-eight pages in the original! Such would be the wages of time lost, of expenses made! And what would become of that which I have most at heart—the honor, the reputation of my child, since for the future I could no longer ask that they should perform his opera after they have declared to me positively that they will give themselves the greatest trouble to execute it in as miserable a manner as possible? Sometimes they tell me they cannot sing the compositions of my son because they are not dramatic enough, that they do not adapt themselves to the text—sometimes that a child is not capable of writing that style of music. All these contradictory absurdities would vanish like smoke, to the shame of the detractors of my son, if they examined attentively his musical capacity—that which, for his honor, I ask unceasingly and humbly—and which will prove that these unworthy machinations had simply for object the oppressing and rendering miserable in the eyes of his country an innocent creature to whom God has given an extraordinary talent that has everywhere else been admired and encouraged.

No. 38.

The Same to the Same.

Vienna, December 14, 1768.

At last we have brought our affairs to a conclusion. The mass which Wolfgang had executed, and which he himself had directed on the 7th December, in presence of the whole court, in the new church of the Orphan Institution of Father Parhammer, has mended the mischief his enemies had done, by preventing him from getting his opera played, and has convinced the court and the public, who flocked in crowds to hear it, of the wickedness of our opponents.

No. 39.

The Same to the Same.

Verona, 7th January, 1770.*

The president of the club of Roveredo received us in the most friendly manner. We met at his house

* On his return to Salzburg, Mozart remained there during the whole of 1769, assiduously studying his art and the Italian language. In December, 1769, he went to Italy with his father, leaving his sister and mother behind at Salzburg.

Count Septimo Lodron, and several other noblemen, who had invited us hither. Soon after, a concert was given by the nobility, at the mansion of the Baron Todesey. I need not say what honors Wolfgang drew upon himself. The following day we went to the organ of the principal church, and, although not more than seven or eight persons had been informed of our intention, we found all Roveredo assembled in the church, and we had to be marshalled on our way to the choir by several lusty rogues to clear a passage, and it took us a quarter of an hour to get to the organ, as every one wanted to be quite close to the instrument.

It was not till seven days after our arrival at Verona that the nobility were able to give a concert, as there is a performance every night at the opera. The noblemen to whom we were recommended were the Marquis Carlotti, Count Carlo Emily, Marquis Spordel Giardino, Marquis Dominico San Fermo, Count Giusti del Giardino, and Count Allegri. We were invited to Carlotti's and M. Locatelli's during the whole of our stay. We dined twice with Carlotti, once with Emily, twice with Giusti, &c. To-day there has been an excessive stir. The Receiver-General of Venice, M. Luggiati, had begged our friends to persuade me to allow a portrait of Wolfgang to be taken. It was commenced yesterday morning, and to-day, after church, Wolfgang was to sit again. M. Luggiati entreated M. Ragazzoni, with whom we are engaged to dine, to give up his claim on us, that the portrait might be finished. He consented, because M. Luggiati carries things with a high hand in Venice. But now has stepped in a mightier one still—namely, the Bishop of Verona, one of the family of Giusitiani, who insists on having us not only at church, but at his table. It being represented that we were on the eve of departure, he will permit us to dine with Luggiati, but keeps us at his house till one o'clock. At last, the portrait is finished, and at three we sit down to table. Later, we go to the church of San Tomaso, where Wolfgang played on two organs; and although we had only made up our minds to do so while at dinner, and that Carlotti and Count Pedemonte alone had been apprised thereof by note, there was such a crowd assembled when we reached the church, that it was all we could do to alight from our coach. The pressure was so great that we were obliged to pass through the cloister, where in a twinkling such a mass of people immediately rushed that we could not have advanced a step had not the fathers who were awaiting us at the door of the convent placed us in their midst. At the conclusion of the performance the tumult became more violent still, for every one wanted to see the little organist. To-morrow we are going with Locatelli to visit the Amphitheatre and the other curiosities of Verona.

No. 40.

Wolfgang Mozart to his Sister. †

Verona, 7 Gennaio, 1770.

Beloved sister! If I am to measure the letter I am to receive from you by the length of time I have been waiting for it, it will be of formidable dimensions.

After this preamble in the German style, listen now to my Italian: "Lei è più franca nella lingua italiana di quel che mi ho immaginato. Lei mi dice la ragione perchè. Lei non fa nella commedia che annojiato i Cavalieri. Adesso sentiamo sempre una opera titolata; *Il Ruggiero*. Orante, il padre de Bradamante, è un principi (fa il Signr. Afferi), bravo cantante, on haritone, ma" strained when he squeals with his head voice, not so much though as Tibaldi at Vienna. "Bradamante innamorata di Ruggieri" (ma she is to marry Leone, against her will) "fa una povera baronessa, che ho avuto una gran disgrazia, ma non so la quale recita" under a foreign name which I do not know; "ha una voce passabile ed a statura non sarebbe male, ma distona come il diavolo Ruggiero, un ricco principe innamorato di Bradamante, i un musico; canta un poco Manzolinisly* et a una bellissima voce forte ed è gio vecchio, ha 55 anni ed a una" supple throat. Leone is to marry Bradamante, "ricchissimo è," is he the same off the stage? that I cannot say. "La moglie dei Afferi, che ha una bellissima voce, ma è tanto sussuro nel teatro che non si sente niente. Treme fa una sorella di solli del gran violinista che habbiamo sentito a Vienna, a una voce," rugged, "a canta sempre" a quarter of a tone too high "o troppo a buon' ora, Ganno fa un signore che non so come si chiama: è la prima volta che lui recita." Between each act there is a ballet. There is a fine fellow of a dancer whose name is Monsieur Rössler. He is a German

and dances in slashing style. At one of our visits lately to the Opera, we had Monsieur Rössler up into our *paleo* (for we have the keys of Monsieur Carlotti's private box), and we talked with him. *A propos* everything is in *maschera* now: the best of the matter is, that when you have a mask you have the privilege of not taking off your hat. I am saluted without my name being mentioned, only saying *Servitore* umilissimo, Signora Maschera. I answer, *Cospetto di baco*: it's famous fun. The most uncommon thing is that we go to bed at half-past seven. *Le Lei* indovinasse questo, io dirò che certamente. *Lei sia la madre di tutti gli indovini*. Kiss mamma's hand for me. As for thee I send thee a thousand kisses, and assure thee I shall ever remain

Thy sincere brother.

Portez-vous bien et aimez-moi toujours.

(To be continued.)

Note on Weber's Euryanthe.

Dwight's Journal of July 23, contains an article from the London *Athenæum* (of some previous epoch) on Sando, in which the following passage is to be read:

"It would be hard to exceed in shallowness his criticisms on 'Euryanthe,' since he does not even know that Helmine von Chezy derived her story from Shakspeare's *Cymbeline*."

It is very curious that Helmine von Chezy never knew this herself, but lived and died (a year or two since) in the firm conviction that she drew her story from a manuscript in the Royal Library at Paris, which she herself translated for Friedrich Schlegel's '*Samunling Romantische Dichtungen*' in 1804. In 1823, she printed it separately at Berlin with a quite interesting preface, under the title: "*Histoire de Gerard de Nevers et de la belle et vertueuse Euryanthe sa mie*." I am not sure that this is the exact title, my copy of the book being at this writing divers hundred miles away.

Chezy, the husband, was an Orientalist, and while he, during the French Consulate, wrought on Arabic, and Turkish works in the Paris Library, Chezy the wife devoted herself to old French romantic literature.

A. W. T.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

Sept. 3.—The *Courier de Paris* announces, that Mlle. Taglioni had departed for Switzerland, with the intention of passing some days with her charming daughter, in her magnificent villa, on the banks of the Lake of Como. The celebrated *dansuse* will return to Paris early in September, to finish the ballet she is composing for Mlle. Emma Livry, her worthy pupil. The new creation, it is affirmed, is anxiously awaited at the Grand-Opéra, reports the most favorable having already gone forth as to the interesting nature of the subject, together with the magnificent scenery, splendid decorations, and dresses involved in its production. The name has not transpired. M. Flotow is busy writing music to a new book supplied him by M. Gustave Oppelt, the *collaborateur* of his Royal Highness the Duke of Saxe Coburg. This work, we hear, is destined for the Grand-Opéra or the Opéra-Comique. *Indra*, too, we understand, will be produced during the winter at one of the principal lyric theatres of Paris. If the correspondent of the *Indépendance Belge* is to be credited, the emperor has already come to a decision on the plans proposed to him for the reconstruction of the Grand-Opéra. The site chosen is upon the Boulevards, and the place the top of the new street, the Rue de Rouen. The works will be commenced forthwith, and the building will be completed in two years. The departure from Paris of the Prince Poniatowski will not delay, as was at first supposed, the rehearsals of the new opera, *Pierre de Médicis*, which will commence the day after the first representation of *Romeo et Juliette*. Madame Charton Demeur is about to leave Paris for St. Petersburg, where she is engaged for the Italian Opera, and will make her first appearance in Dinorah in the *Pardon de Ploërmel*. M. Bonnehée has made his *rentrée* at the Grand-Opéra in the *Trouvère*, as the Count di Luna.

Sept. 10.—(From our own Correspondent).—Guillaume Tell, Robert le Diable, Le Prophète, Les Huguenots, La Favorita, La Juive, these are the musical

bells upon which the administration of the Grand-Opéra has rung the changes throughout the whole summer months, the only variety in the performances consisting in an occasional change of the *prima donna*, tenor, or harytone, with one or two *débuts*, favorable or unfavorable, as it may be. The public was beginning to be moved at last by the prospects of a change. Bellini's *Romeo et Juliette* (*I Capuletti e Montecchi*) was announced, with Madame Vestvali in the character of the hero. The lady was taken ill, some will have it frightened, and the opera, after being rehearsed multitudinous times, was postponed from day to day, much to the disappointment of the curious, the chagrin of the *habitués*, and the interests of the government.

The Théâtre Impérial Italien has just published its programme for the approaching season, which commences on the first of October. The complete list of artists engaged is as follows: *Prime donne soprani*, Mesdames Bottini and Penco; *prima donna mezzosoprano*, Madame Borghi-Mamo; *prime donne contraltti*, Madames Albioni and Acs; *prime donne comprimaries*, Mlles. Cambardi and Lustani; *primi tenori*, Signors Gardoni, Lucchesi, Morini, and Tamberlik; *primi baritoni*, Signors Badiali, Graziani, and Merly; *primi bassi*, Signors Angelini and Patriossi; *primo buffo*, Sig. Zuechini. Also among the *non "primes"* and "*primis*" may be found Mlle. Emilia Nardi, Signors Cazaboni, and Soldi. Signor Bonetti will be the conductor; Signor Uranio Fontana, *chef du chant*; and chorus master, Signor Chiaromonte. Twenty-six operas are promised, among which I may specify, as novelties or revivals, Bellini's *Capuletti e Montecchi*, Donizetti's *Anna Bolena*, *Polinto*, *Furioso*, and *Regina di Golconda*; Meyerbeer's *Il Crociato in Egitto*; Mozart's *Flauto Magico*; Pacini's *Saffo*; and Rossini's *Un Curioso Accidente*.

M. Roger is on the high road to convalescence, and his medical attendants have permitted him to leave the house. It is confidently asserted that he will shortly be enabled to appear on the stage. Already the most tempting offers have been made to the celebrated tenor by sundry Parisian managers, and no doubt the public will soon have an opportunity of hearing their favorite.

The Théâtre Lyrique reopened on the first instant with the *reprises* of the *Enlèvement au Sérail* and *Abon Hassan*. Madame Ugalde has reappeared in the character of Blondine, which she sang with as much spirit as ever, and seemed to excite new interest by the laurels she had brought with her from Spain. M. Gounod's *Faust* was produced on Tuesday for the *rentrée* of Madame Miolan-Carvalho and the *début* of M. Guardt.—*Lon. Mus. World*.

Germany.

VIENNA.—Mlle. Czillag performed, for the first time this season, the character of Valentine, in the *Huguenots*, at the Court Theatre, with brilliant success.

COBURG.—By order of his Royal Highness the reigning Duke of Saxe Cobourg, the season will open with the *Meunier de Méran*, the new opera of M. Flotow, which has obtained so favorable a reception at Hombourg. The French translation has been confided by M. Flotow to M. Gustave Oppelt, the author of the translation of *Stradella*.

WURZBURG.—Spohr lately honored with his presence a grand solemnity, which was given here by the members of the Royal Institute of Music, when his celebrated oratorio, *The Last Things*, was performed. After the concert, a laurel crown was presented to the glorious veteran, in the midst of the most enthusiastic applause from the entire audience.

BADEN-BADEN.—The Annual Festival in Baden, under the direction of Berlioz, went off this year with the most brilliant success, the chief orchestral works being Berlioz's symphony, *Romeo and Juliet*, two pieces (duos) of his nearly finished opera, *Les Troyens*, MS., and the overture to *Dinorah*. Madame Viardot and Jules Lefort being the vocal performers; Mr. Wuille (clarinet), Ritter (piano-forte), and Herr Engel (harmonium), the instrumentalists.

Berlioz's symphony, performed for the third time in Baden, with the most splendid *ensemble*, produced an immense effect, the composer himself leading, and being enthusiastically received and applauded by the public. The words and music of the *Troyens*, written by Berlioz himself, treat the subject of the conquest of Troy by the Greeks, the famous horse being drawn in the walls, and Cassandra, the unfortunate and never-listened-to prophet, being the chief actor. As far as rhythmus and sonority in orchestral effects go, this specimen of Berlioz's new opera shows quite a new world, originality being combined with great

† Wolfgang's age at this time was 13.

* Manzoli, a celebrated singer of the old Italian school, born at Florence about 1710. Mozart makes an adverb of his name.

musical science. Madame Viardot sang her part with that true artistic inspiration that distinguishes her performances, and for moments gives her more power over her listeners than any other singer with even a finer voice. She was well seconded by Jules Lefort, who had undertaken to sing a rather high part (being written for a tenor), but got through it to the entire satisfaction both of the composer and public.

Italy.

NAPLES.—During the past season, a young and very handsome *cantatrice*, Mlle. Belmont, has been singing the rôle of Rosina, in the *Barbiere*, with great success.

Rossini's *Semiramide* has been produced at the San Carlo, for the first time since 1842. The feebleness of the orchestra necessitated certain curtailments in the score, and the consequence was that the great work of the great *maestro* was a great disgrace to a great musical city.—*Lon. Mus. World*.

England.

GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The full programme of the 137th meeting of the choir is in no way remarkable, or in any respect different to those which have preceded it for so many years. As, however, no one expects novelty to be produced at either Gloucester, Worcester, or Hereford, so none can be disappointed at the unvarying Dettingen, the unchangeable Tallis, or the immutable Jones in D. Neither can surprise be experienced that the *Elijah* should have been repeated regularly each year since '47, and the *Messiah* since—well—since—we can't say when. The selection on the miscellaneous day is not characterized by the best taste in the arrangement,—commencing as it does with excerpts from Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, followed by a portion of Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, and concluding with Spohr's *Last Judgment*. The only variation in the schemes of the evening concerts is the production of Dr. Sterndale Bennett's cantata, *The May Queen*, on the Wednesday, and at each of the others, devoting the first part to one composer, Tuesday being appropriated to a selection from Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, and Thursday to a selection from Rossini's operas. One symphony only is given—Beethoven in D; the overtures being *Don Giovanni*, as aforesaid, Hérold's *Zampa*, and Weber's *Oberon*, with one of Rossini's, name unknown at present. In the miscellaneous vocal selection we find the name of Verdi half a dozen times, Mendelssohn twice, H. Smart twice, Weber the same number, the remaining signatures being Duggan, Leslie, Flotow, Ganz, Haydn (we take them in the order in which they appear), Benedict, Donizetti, F. Berger, Ricci, Bellini, Balfe, Mercadante, and Hatton, who each give a taste of their quality. The principal vocalists engaged are Mesdames Clara Novello, Dolby, Clare Hepworth, and Lascelles, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Montem Smith, Thomas, and Signor Belletti, Mlle. Titiens, Signors Giuglini, Vialletti, and Badiali being specially retained for the evening concerts. The orchestra numbers 70 performers, instrumentalists, and some 230 vocalists, altogether amounting to 300, a number quite sufficient to render justice to the music and fill with their sound the Cathedral or Shire Hall. At the head of the violins stand Messrs. Blagrove and Sinton, who respectively do duty as leaders morning and evening. Mr. R. Blagrove is principal tenor, Mr. Lucas commanding the violoncellos, and Mr. Howell the double basses. The wind instruments include Messrs. Pratten, Nicholson, Williams, Lazarus, C. and T. Harper, Cioffi, &c., Mr. Trust presiding at the harp, and Mr. Chipp, as usual, ruling (or rolling) the drums. Mr. Amott conducts, Mr. Townshend Smith officiates at the organ, giving a voluntary the first morning, and Mr. Done, at the piano-forte, as accompanists for the evening concerts. Miss Summerhayes (a name new to Londoners) is engaged as solo pianist, being announced for Beethoven's choral fantasia and a solo. The tickets are selling rapidly, and we have no doubt that the festival will be well supported, and in no degree less successful pecuniarily than those of 1853 and 1856, when it will be remembered that a surplus was declared, a piece of good fortune of which Gloucester alone seems to possess the monopoly among the Choirs.—*Mus. World*, Sept. 3.

GLASGOW FESTIVAL.—The note of interrogation put forward a fortnight since has brought a precise answer in regard to the Glasgow Festival for 1860—one, too, which is as satisfactory as precise. The managers of that musical festivity (to be held in aid of the town charities) have set about their arrangements originally and wisely. First, their meeting is to take place at the time of the year most convenient to themselves—in February. Secondly, as a pro-

gramme before us distinctly states, Glasgow is too busy in the morning to attend morning performances—hence, the four concerts are to be held on four consecutive evenings. Thirdly, besides such "sure cards" as "Elijah" and the "Messiah," and such a treat "*ad captandum*" as a miscellaneous concert, the Committee feels itself strong enough to bring forward a new oratorio. "Gideon" (concerning which a question was asked) proves to be a work written for the occasion by Mr. C. E. Horsley. All these provisions are wise, sound, and liberal; especially the last one, as affording a chance to a native composer. It is for Mr. Horsley to make his place good; and this we believe, he may, if he will, do. A double quartet of solo singers is to be engaged; also orchestral players, to eke out such a band as Scotland can muster. The conductor is not named. The following statement concerning the chorus must be satisfactory to every one who is desirous that music shall take root and spread in our provincial towns: "The Glasgow Choral Union was instituted in 1843. * * Previous to the formation of the Society, the Oratorio and works of similar character were almost entirely unknown in the West of Scotland; but since that period the Association has produced, in many instances repeatedly, the Oratorios of 'The Messiah,' 'Israel in Egypt,' 'Samson,' 'Judas Maccabæus,' 'The Creation,' and 'Elijah,' besides 'The Dettingen Te Deum,' the 'Lobgesang,' Mendelssohn's 'Antigone,' and other miscellaneous works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Spohr, Horsley, &c. On every ground this Glasgow Festival is well worthy of being looked for, and listened to.—*Athenæum*."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 1, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Opera of *Don Giovanni*, continued.

Richard Wagner.

As there has been so much reference lately in American journals to the "Music of the Future" question, and as we hear all kinds of new composers indiscriminately named together in that category, whether they have or have not any affinity with the man whom Liszt and others long since hailed as the Messiah of the supposed new era, we think that some account of that man, and of his peculiar views and aims, will help to clear up some confusion. We begin with essentially repeating, what we gave some half a dozen years ago (too early for the interest since excited in him), a brief sketch of his life.

RICHARD WAGNER was born at Leipsic on the 10th of May, 1813. He thinks it a good fortune that he lost his father in his earliest years: for after relating the story of a king who drove from his palace a certain young fairy, who wanted to endow his new-born son with a spirit of discontent with the actual and of passionate pursuit of the new, he says that this same fairy comes to us all at our birth, and that we might *all become geniuses*, if she were not repulsed from us by what is called *education*. "Without let or hindrance," he adds, "after the death of my father, the fairy glided in to my cradle and bestowed on me the gift that never left me, and which, in complete independence, has made me always my own teacher, directing me in life and art. Behold, in that consists *all genius*."

But the boy was not isolated from all influences. He had family relations near him, a mother, a sister, a brother, all connected somehow with the theatre, who made him frequent the side scenes; and there he imbibed a dramatic taste. He played little plays, in his own chamber, however, and alone: he invented his own subjects and took no pleasure in the hacknied drama which he saw. He was sent to a gymnasium, ("neg-

lected as his education was,") where he acquired a knowledge of antiquity and a taste for poetry and music, and he even tried his hand at painting, until the painter, who had received him into his house, died.

"I was writing dramas," says Wagner, "when at the age of fifteen I became acquainted with Beethoven's symphonies; these decided my exclusive passion for the study of music, which had acted powerfully upon my organization ever since I heard the *Freyschütz* of Weber. Still, my studies in this art never turned me from my propensity to imitate the poets; only, this propensity submitted itself to the musical impulse, and I cultivated poetry only from the musical point of view. Thus I remember, in my exaltation about the 'Pastoral Symphony,' I composed a *comédie champêtre*, borrowing the subject from Goethe's 'Lovers' Humors.' I made no poetical sketch; I wrote the verses and the music at once, and let the dramatic situations and their musical expression arise conjointly."

In the beginning of his eighteenth year he was deeply excited by the revolution of 1830, and the unhappy fate of Poland. Too young to be an actor in those events, his emotion sought vent in the writing of a great deal of instrumental music, particularly sonatas, overtures and one symphony, which was performed at a subscription concert in 1833. Wagner did not hear it, because poor health had obliged him to leave Leipsic and seek a milder climate at Würzburg, near his brother, professor of singing and father of the famous *prima donna*, Johanna Wagner.

After a year of repose, he became director of music in the theatre at Magdeburg. So far, as he says himself, he had been but an imitator of the style of renowned composers. The *Oberon* of Weber, and the *Vampyre* of Marschner, then in vogue at Leipsic, suggested to him the text of an opera, entitled "The Fairies," which he drew from one of Gozzi's novels. He set it at once to music, a mere echo of his impressions of Beethoven, Weber, and Marschner. About this time, passions of another and more private nature got possession of him and modified his ideas. He wrote another opera, "The Novice of Palermo," which was represented on the Magdeburg stage on the 29th of March, 1836, and failed. His chagrin led him to resign his place. In 1837 we find him at Königsberg as conductor of the theatre orchestra; but, for reasons not known, he remained there only a few months. It appears that he married in this period, as he says, too lightly.

He was afterwards engaged as musical director in the theatre at Riga, and there commenced a comic opera on a subject taken from the "Thousand and One Nights," which his disgust at the life of the theatre and his position soon led him to abandon. He resolved to go to Paris, and wrote the two first acts of his *Rienzi*. Driven by despair, "he broke (as he says) the relations which had existed till that moment," and was *en route* for Paris without sufficient means for such a journey. The vessel in which he embarked was wrecked upon the coast of Norway; but finally he reached the shores of France and in a few days entered Paris, possessing nothing but the sketch of an opera and the hope of better times. "I trusted in the universal language of music to fill the gulf which my unmitigable instinct told me existed between me and Parisian life."

His first care was to look out for immediate aid. M. Maurice Schlesinger, music-publisher and proprietor of the *Gazette Musicale*, gave him employment enough to satisfy his more pressing wants, placed him in relation with artists and literary men, and even tried to direct him by his counsels. He made him compose romances to French

words, so that his name might penetrate the saloons: but the unusual forms of his melodies went against the ears and larynxes of those who tried to sing them. Schlesinger procured him a commission to write an overture for the *Société des Concerts*, and he chose Goethe's *Faust* for a subject, designing to make it the first movement of a grand symphony; but such an enigma did it prove upon rehearsal, that a public performance of it was put out of the question. An opera, in the mixed style, called *La Défense de l'Amour*, met with no more success.

These failures in a small sphere did not disturb a mind so organized as Wagner's; they only made him greater in his own eyes. He looked up to a higher order of success; he yielded to the counsels of his friends, to encourage their good will; but he would be content with nothing short of the Grand Opera, with all its means of musical and scenic effect; the persuasion that this was his true place was what had drawn him to Paris. What he saw at the Académie Royale had surpassed all his imaginings and lent new energy to his desire to exhibit his power in a serious work upon that vast stage. His brain whirled with the excitement of the music in the first opera he heard there; yet before long he felt a hope, nay a certainty of bearing off the palm from all rivals as soon as a work of his own should be brought out. To support himself in the meanwhile, the author of *Tannhäuser* was obliged to arrange vaudeville music for a theatre on the Boulevards, which however did not pay, because it did not answer the purpose. There remained but one resource for Wagner, offered him by Schlesinger; the arrangement of new operas for the violin and cornet-à-piston. Such drudgery made him grit his teeth, and Schlesinger proposed to him to write fantastic pieces for his musical journal, which were translated by another out of the German into French. Here he succeeded better. Two novels from his pen were remarkable for interest of subject and originality of form. The first is a young composer's pilgrimage to Vienna, to see Beethoven; the other the death by starvation of a young musician seeking recognition in Paris. The first embodied his sentiments, the second his personal experience.

Two years of fruitless efforts in Paris convinced Wagner that that was no place for his ideas and tastes. One thought now occupied him: which was to return to Germany and procure a representation in a grand theatre of his *Rienzi*, now completed, and which seemed to him the complete realization of the idea he had pursued from early youth. He had also finished the poem of his *Hollandais volant* (Flying Dutchman), and was negotiating with his country for the admission of these works in some capital. His evil fortunes were suddenly at an end. He received letters from Dresden and Berlin, informing him of the acceptance of *Rienzi* at the theatre of one of those cities, and of the "Flying Dutchman" at the other. A commission to arrange an opera of Halévy for the piano, and the sale of his *Hollandais* libretto, to be used by another composer under another name, gave him the means for this journey, and he left Paris in the beginning of 1842, after three years of torture there, with a new era opening before him.

On the way from Paris, Wagner's mind was pre-occupied with a new work, in which, developing his tendencies more fully, he proposed to break definitively with the existing forms of the musical drama and place the art under new conditions. The subject of this work lay in the old legend and chanson of *Tannhäuser*. "This Tannhäuser," says M. Fetis, "was of a noble family of Franconia, one of those German troubadours who flourished in the 12th and 13th centuries under the name of *Minnesingers*, or singers of love. Tannhäuser was a good knight, according to the old popular German ballad:

"Der Tannhäuser war ein Ritter gut.

"He cultivated poesy and music with equal success, and was a worthy rival of Wolfram von Eschenbach, Walter von der Vogelweide, Rodolph of Rotenburg, Ulric of Lichtenstein, in a word, of the most celebrated, judging by the sixteen songs and ballads that have reached us un-

der his name. In 1207, Tannhäuser, or Thanhäuser, or finally Tanhäuser, received, like all the minstrel poets of Germany, an invitation from the landgrave of Thuringia, to take part in the famous poetical tournament held by the prince at his castle of Wartburg, near Eisenach. Here begins the plot of Wagner's opera. It seems that the good knight had found on his way one of those rare manuscripts of which we have an instance in the "Metamorphoses" of Ovid, and that he was seized with a veritable passion for the allegories of paganism, especially for the gallantries of Venus. He chose this theme for his improvisation, and sang with enthusiasm of the delights of a mysterious place, called the *Venusberg*. A cry of indignation escaped all lips when they heard him eulogizing sensual love, instead of that pure, platonic love which fired most of the Minnesingers for the beauties that existed in their imagination. Declared unworthy of the prize, Tannhäuser went off with a bleeding heart. He was seized with remorse and went to Rome to confess his sins and seek for absolution; but this was refused. Desperate and furious, hoping no joy but in that that had caused his ruin, the poet dedicated himself anew to the worship of the false divinity that had led him astray. He died impenitent and fell into the power of the evil one. Such is the legend handed down from age to age, and still repeated evenings, by the peaceable people of Thuringia."

On his way to Dresden, to bring out his *Rienzi*, Wagner followed the valley of Thuringia, and passed near the castle of Wartburg, the sight of which inspired his project with new force. From that moment he was elaborating the subject of *Tannhäuser*, and earassing his imagination with the hope of fine success. And there we leave him for the present.

Musical Chit-Chat.

Our musical season opens early with a flourish of the operatic trumpets, which, no doubt, will prove stimulating. On Monday evening *Poliuto*, with CORTESI; Tuesday evening, *Sonnambula*, with Mme. GASSIER. . . . We regret to learn that Mr. JAMES C. D. PARKER, who has filled the place of organist and pianist to the Handel and Haydn Society, so creditably for several years, has felt it necessary to decline a re-election, moved thereto by the pressure of manifold professional duties. A young gentleman of much ability, Mr. B. J. LANG, has been elected his successor. The Society will soon commence their winter's work; we hear that it is proposed to take up "Samson;" they could do worse. . . . Signor BENDELARI has returned from Italy, and is ready to meet his numerous pupils in singing. . . . Mme. BISEACCIANTI sailed a few days since from New York for San Francisco.

Here is an honest word on the favorable side of the "Old Folks" business. It is from a private letter of a gentleman of taste and candor, dated Erie, Pa., Sept. 20. We fear, however, our friend found himself in a corner of the musical world, where one must be thankful for the smallest favors.

"Passing through the entry of the hotel were several people dressed in 'Old folks' costume, who proved to be some of our best Boston singers on a concert-giving tour; so, as I had never heard anything of the sort, I was tempted to go.

"There were Miss Twichell and Mr. Adams, and about a dozen other clear and pure voices, with Hall's band, all in excellent drill, and I enjoyed an hour very much. I think such concerts must do good, for the music is very simple and fresh in its character; like Haydn's music, it makes you smile from its childlike simplicity. Everybody going away from such a concert must feel more innocent and natural. I suppose some interest attaches to the odd dresses, and much doubtless to the accurate, crisp time, which is always pleasing whether to cultivated or uncultivated ears; but I think ultimately such concerts must tend to draw people to true music; there is no Italian filagree work about them; the harmonies are rich and grand, and the melodies straightforward and unartificial."

We find the following abstract of the plot of the opera in which Mrs. CORTESI is to make her debut at the Boston Theatre on Monday evening. It will be new here as an opera, although the music was repeatedly performed throughout one winter by our Handel and Haydn Society, in Oratorio form.

"Il Poliuto," or, as it is generally called in Europe, "I Martiri," ("The Martyrs,") is one of the last works of the gifted composer of "Lucrezia Borgia," "Lucia di Lammermoor," and "La Favorita." It is a grand lyrical tragedy in three acts. The scene is at Mitylene, the period that of the third century after Christ, when the early Christians were suffering at the hands of the Roman emperors and their satellites the most terrible persecution, which they bore with divine heroism, inspired and sustained by the faith that was in them. The libretto of "The Martyrs," by Scribe, illustrates the faith, fortitude and constancy of Paulina, a Roman lady, who suffered death rather than deny the faith. The scene opens in a secret vault, where the Christians have been holding religious service. Polyutus, a Roman youth, who has just become a Christian, is among the worshippers. He describes his affection for his wife Paulina, who is not yet converted, and who, in the next scene, joins in votive offerings to the heathen goddess, Proserpina. Discovered by her husband, Paulina finds that he follows the new rites, and such is his enthusiasm that she can hardly restrain him from proclaiming that he is a Christian, in the face of instant death.

In the second act, Felix, Governor of Armenia, father of Paulina, acquaints her with the fact that he has received the commands of the Emperor to put all the Christians to death. Then there arrives Severus, a new pro-consul and a former lover of Paulina, who, it was supposed, had fallen in battle. He is charged with the duty of suppressing the Christians. Severus still loves Paulina, and finding her the wife of another, betrays the greatest anguish, which she shares, but remains constant to her marriage vows. In the next act Neareus, a friend of Polyutus, and a Christian, having proclaimed himself a Christian, is carried in chains to the Temple of Jupiter and placed before Severus and threatened with the torture unless he declares the names of his Christian friends. He refuses, and is about to be put to death, when Polyutus appears and proclaims himself a follower of the new dispensation. Polyutus pulls down the idols and tramples upon them. At the end of the act Polyutus and Neareus are condemned to death.

In the last act we find Severus magnanimously endeavoring to save Polyutus, whose death Felix has resolved upon, but who will be pardoned if he recants. Paulina bears this news to her husband in prison. He refuses to return to heathenism, and she, touched by his devotion to his religion in the face of death, is herself inspired with holy fervor, and becomes likewise a Christian. The concluding scene is in the Amphitheatre, where the Christians, at the demand of the populace, are to be thrown to the wild beasts. Polyutus and Paulina are among the victims, and Severus is unable to save them from the brutal soldiery. The curtain falls as the Christians, with Paulina as the central figure, await, with ecstasie expectancy, the crown of martyrdom.

Mr. Ullman has been good to us hitherto on the score of Mozart, having given us *Don Juan* every season, and the *Nozze di Figaro* of late. We would suggest to him an opportunity of taking from the shelf another score of Mozart, wholly new in these parts, namely: *L'Enlèvement au Sérail*, or "Belmont and Constanza," and of engaging for those characters the parties below mentioned, who have rehearsed the plot in real life. Read:

Letters from Geneva, Switzerland, announce the arrival in that city of one of the favorite Sultanas of Abdul Medjid, and a musician, with whom she eloped. The Sultana has the odd name of Sarsafas. She is a young and beautiful Circassian, who lately was in the harem of the Sultan. She was much prized, and was covered with presents. As she had a charming voice, she took singing lessons from a director of the music of the palace, an Italian named Guatelli. One day, when out driving, she entered a house leading to the Bosphorus and disappeared with the musician, not forgetting the diamonds and other riches which she possessed through the munificence of Abdul Medjid. He was sorely ent by her ingratitude. Perhaps she, whom he called the pearl of his seraglio, will appear sometime upon the boards of the French or Italian opera.

Of Mme. CORTESI's talent, as exhibited in the eternal *Trovatore*, the *Albion* (New York) speaks as follows:

The interest of the performance centred of course, upon the lady, a redoubtable exponent of the school which Verdi originated; the school of emphasis and polyphonic (?) declamation. We have had a plentiful variety of Leonora's, beginning with Steffanone, the best, and ending with ———, the worst. (The reader can exercise his pet aversion, by filling in the name of the prima donna whose favor he has sacrificed.) Mad. Cortesi brings to the rôle a voice still

demonstrative in point of quantity, and moderately impressive as regards quality. Gazzaniga, who was superb in this part, could not compare in these respects with her successor; but here we think the advantage ceases. Passion, when interpreted by an Italian, is always more or less tumultuous. It was Gazzaniga's good fortune *not* to overstep the line of discretion. There was, and is, something in her appearance and bearing peculiarly soft and womanly. In her sternest moment, therefore, we had a sort of compensation for the combined exaggeration of composer and librettist—sufficiently pronounced in this—as in every other work of Signor Verdi. With Madame Cortesi it is different; there is a stern Roman preciseness about her which constantly suggests duty—and frequently hard, sacrificial, duty. This may arise from an overstrained effort to obtain a correct conception of the part, but it suggests a lack of ideality, of the power to elevate. Hence the lady's impersonations are hard, despite her visible effort to mollify them by musical fire. The rôle of *Leonora* is so fragmentary and unconnected, that the defects of Madame Cortesi's style are, if anything, advantageous to it. We were not surprised, therefore, that the lady obtained a very decided success. Beyond a doubt she deserved it too, for zeal honestly displayed, even if a little rampant, is a commendable thing. Moreover, there were moments of great dramatic energy, when the critic could but admire and wonder; especially was this the case in the last act—an act consecrated to the efforts of all who possess real genius.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 27, 1859.—The opera dragged woefully during the past week. The weather was detestable, and the houses not good, although the noble army of "dead heads" turned out in gallant array. The operas last week were *Poliuto*, *Trovatore* and *Traviata*, with CORTESI; and *Puritani*, and *Lucie*, with GASSIER. Cortesi is great in her dramatic intensity, but she does not wear well. She should be a lyric meteor, to flash through an operatic stay for a few short nights only, and amaze and delight us. But as a permanent prima donna she does not do as well as less brilliant performers. Last night (Monday) they repeated *Trovatore*, which is beginning to fall into the sere and yellow leaf. Cortesi produces some very thrilling effects in the *Miserere* scene.

The Vanderbilt, that arrived on Monday, brought a large importation of opera folks, including STRAKOSCH; the prime donne, SPERANZA and CRESCIMANO; contralto, CRIVELLI, a sister of Sophie Crivelli, who married the French Baron, Vigier; FERRI, an immensely be-puffed and exceedingly handsome baritone; TESTA, a mild tenor, and STIGELLI, a tenor who is engaged to "do" Meyerbeer. Strakosch has also engaged the tenor BEAUCARDE, who will make a sensation here. He resembles Mirate in style and appearance, more than any other tenor we have had. GAZZANIGA and COLSON are also engaged for the next season, while Cortesi and Gassier go with Maretzek to Havana.

You know what singularly unattractive women the female chorus singers always are. I feel certain you will receive the information with persistent incredulity, but I nevertheless assure you that we have in our opera chorus here that *rara avis*, a beautiful girl! She has ringlets of the most bewitching "character," and a nose a little tiny bit suggestive of pug, to be sure; but, nevertheless, one of the finest noses of modern times. Her place is on the right hand side of the stage as you look from the auditorium, and, not being accustomed to the footlights, she stands as straight and stiff as a statue. I think that she has no joints in her limbs, for she never moves her arms, not even to make the customary pump-handle gestures. I think if she goes to Boston with the company, you will recognize her and join with me in my admiration. I threw a bouquet at her the other night which fell near her feet without attracting the slightest notice from her, and which was picked up by a lady in red and blue muslin, and corkscrew curls,

who handed it, with an execrable smirk to Cortesi.

Talking about smirks, that Cortesi is great in that line. After the malediction scene of *Norma*, the Christian inspiration of the final duet of *Poliuto*, or the agonized wail of the *Miserere*, she will respond to the applause of the audience by low courtesies, and the most capacious and effectually annihilating of smirks. It is a most disagreeable habit, especially for a great lyric artist like Cortesi.

I have a long story to tell you about SCHLOTTER, and his new musical scheme, which must lie over till my next. TROVATOR.

ST. LOUIS, SEPT. 18.—Our regular Opera season—I say *our*, for it seems to be a settled thing from the success attending the season given by Strakosch last winter, that we are to be treated every winter in future to some performances of the kind, good, bad and indifferent—commenced last week. The town has been flooded during the week by a heterogeneous mass of artists, French, Dutch, Italian and North American. In fact, Mlle. PARODI's great troupe—"the most complete, and greatest combination of Artists ever congregated in one troupe"—opened our new Theatre for a season of about two weeks, with the never-failing *Trovatore*.

We have now the finest Opera house west of New York. In fact, it is not exceeded by many in the country even, the Philadelphia, Boston and New York Academies, with Pike's in Cincinnati, being its only rivals either in size or beauty. The house formerly went under the name of "The Varieties;" but from the multifarious uses to which it had been subjected, had lost all caste with the fashionable part of the community, and it was a daring thing for any manager to attempt to resuscitate its previous good name and restore its popularity, which had waned under the regime of masked balls and Dutch beer-gardens. The present lessee and director, unassisted by wealthy stockholders, took the matter in hand, repainted, frescoed, newly cushioned, put in more chandeliers, provided some new magnificent scenery, &c., and now we can brag—and are not ashamed to talk of "our Opera House."

Signor SBRIGLIA, Signor GNONE, ALAIMO, &c., were names indifferently well known in Boston and New York; and lately so here, except to the few. The prestige of Parodi's name, and the respectability her appearance gave the affair—she always being a great favorite here—drew together a fashionable audience of not less than 2,000 persons. In Sbriglia we were favorably disappointed. Although he sings, especially in Andante movements, terribly flat, yet he has a fine, clear, resonant voice of immense compass, striking C in one instance; and when he gets well aroused, and thoroughly excited and imbued with his part, he vocalizes with a vehemence which would excite the envy of a Brignoli in his happiest efforts. Were it not for his very bad habit, or fault, of invariably setting one's teeth on edge by starting about the sixteenth part of a tone from the pitch, we should place him very high in our scale of excellence. Gnone has to work against the excellent impression left here by the corpulent, jolly Amodio; and we fear that he will not succeed, notwithstanding that the papers all vie in lauding him. He, too, flats, and "improves" his text. He gave us the simple *Il Balen* with variations, which would have killed off Verdi, and made La Grange happy. But we must say we do not think that he improved it at all. In fact, throughout, his interpolations detracted, rather than added to, the music or the merit of his performances, *Norma* and *Lucia* were given on Friday and Saturday evenings to full houses; so that thus far the attempt has been a decided success.—Mr. S. M. BROWN is arranging a series of Saturday afternoon concerts, to be commenced soon, in which he will be aided by all the available talent in the city. But more of this anon. PRESTO.

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A grand and imposing piece of moderate difficulty.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 392.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1859.

VOL. XVI. No. 2.

Translated for this Journal.

Verdi and his Later Operas.

From the French of P. SCUDO.

II. LA TRAVIATA.

La Traviata, (the Lost One), is the heroine of M. Alexander Dumas the younger, *La Dame aux Camélias*, who in the Italian libretto is called no longer Marguerite Gauthier, but Violetta Valery. The scene is transported by M. Piave (the librettist) to the year 1700, to the Paris of the old Louis XIV, which somewhat deranges the economy of this gross picture of certain manners of our modern Paris.

One may ask himself, first of all, if music, especially dramatic music, can treat with impunity all sorts of subjects. Is it in the power of an art so exquisite, an art which can articulate only *nuances*, to descend into the depths of a degraded world, and to lend its divine accords, for three whole acts, to abject passions? That you can sing a *favorite*, only prevented from becoming the mistress of a king by the discovery that she has been deceived; that you do not recoil before a Lucrezia Borgia, the daughter of a pope, the wife of a sovereign, who crosses a story of which she is but an accident, and who finds in the maternal sentiment a source which purifies her; that you have even gone the length of making a buffoon, like Triboulet (Rigoletto) sing, because this buffoon is the father of an only daughter, outraged and snatched from his tenderness,—is much already, and you almost touch the limits of an art, which will lose its prestige and its power forever in attempting to express the extreme bursts of passion, which belong to the beast rather than to human nature. If satire revolts when you make it penetrate the dens frequented by the old Malthurin Régnier, how should it be with dramatic poetry and music which accompanies and which illumines it? I know very well that style can transfigure the lowest objects. But if painters like Rembrandt or Murillo can light up with their pencil the interior of a wretched hovel, or warm with a ray of splendid sunshine a child crouching under the rags of misery, these are miracles of an art which keeps within its own domain, of color; and the subject would be quite unsuitable for statuary, which desires, before all, beautiful forms. Well, so too is it the mission of music to produce beautiful forms; it is a plastic art of the ear, if I may be allowed to use the expression, while statuary is a plastic art of sight. As not all truth is good to utter in the moral order, so too it is absurd to impose on sculpture or on music the reproduction of a reality which lacks the conditions requisite to please the organ which must appreciate it. These reflections are not foreign to the purpose, when we see modern composers taken in tow by the gloomiest dramatic conceptions, and demanding of the story, which they wish to make glow with their harmonies, nothing but condensed tableaux of the most violent passions, on which to squander all the resources of sonority. Who would have said that the blessed

land, which has given birth to Pergolese, to Jomelli, to Piccini, to Sacchini, to the gentle Cimarosa, to Paisiello, to the incomparable genius that created the "Barber of Seville" and "William Tell,"—who would have said that the land of light, the land of serene and ideal melody would have come to getting up enthusiasms for ridiculous melodramas, of making consumptive patients sing, and of exalting, in its blind admiration, a composer without grace, without elegance, without genius truly musical? It is an every day remark, that Italy is sick; her decline is even deeper then she thinks, and we want no better proof of it than the prodigious success obtained to-day upon the other side of the mountains by such works as *La Traviata*!

Divided into three acts, the libretto of M. Piave reproduces the three principal situations of the *Dame aux Camélias*; the supper at the house of Violetta, where she makes the acquaintance of Alfred Germont, their love, and the rupture which ensues on the arrival of Alfred's father; then the ball at the house of Flora Bervoix, with the scene of the port-folio, which terminates the second act; finally the death of the heroine, whose agony prolongs itself throughout the whole of the third act. These pictures, attached to one another by meagre recitatives which do not sufficiently explain the progress of the story, do not offer even the kind of interest found in the piece of M. Dumas. You pass, vulgarly speaking, from fever to chills without the least transition: the truth is, transitions are not the forte of M. Verdi, who only finds certain impassioned accents, which are peculiar to him, when he is seized by a contrasted situation.

There is no overture to *La Traviata*, but a simple symphonic introduction, which has nothing very original. Under a thrilling, sparkling sound (*petillement*) of the muted violins in the highest part of their scale, you hear a little curtailed phrase of *six measures*, which will return in the third act as the expression of the sentiment which ends with killing Violetta. This well known process, which M. Verdi had employed already in *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*, is borrowed from Meyerbeer. In the introductory chorus, sung at Violetta's supper, the inevitable *Brindisi* soon disengages itself—the toast to pleasure, to the easy way of life—which, sounded first by Alfred, the new guest, is then taken up by Violetta with a transport of good humor not unbecoming to the pretty mouth of Mlle. Piccolomini.

Trà voi saprò dividero
Il tempo mio giocondo,
Tutto è follia nel mondo
Ciò che non è piacer.

This piece, of which each couplet is echoed by the chorus, is agreeable and very well adapted to the situation. The duo between Alfred and Violetta, that a *parté* where the two lovers make mutual avowals of sympathy, has nothing remarkable, unless it be some measures near the end, which are found under these words sung by Alfred, while Violetta accompanies him with enticing triplets:

Oh! amore misterioso.

The air which terminates the first act, where Violetta, siezed at heart by the serious sentiment which is to purify her life, yet hesitates awhile between pleasure and true love,—this air is almost a failure, and we can only signalize in it the passage already cited from the preceding duo, which Alfred sings in the distance without being seen by the woman who inspires him with it.

The second act, of which the scene passes in the environs of Paris, opens with a tenor air, of which the best part is the Andante in E flat. M. Mario, who is charged, with the part of Alfred, sings it with taste, and finds there sometimes accents of vigor of which he was supposed no longer capable. The Allegro of the same air is in that tormented and jerked style so familiar to the author of *Nabucco*, the best score of M. Verdi. Immediately afterwards arrives, in the clandestine household establishment of the two lovers, thus keeping the world at bay, the father of Alfred, who expresses his very legitimate grief to Violetta in a *cantabile* in A flat, which one has often heard when he once knows the works of M. Verdi. M. Graziani, with his hot and brassy voice, makes good use of these few measures of melodic common-places, always accompanied by the same guitar in broken chords. The duo which follows, for bass and soprano, between Violetta and the father of her lover, produces an effect, although it is not better written than all that we have cited. The *six-eight* movement which precedes the Allegro of the conclusion, is very well, and M. Graziani sings the part entrusted to him with much sentiment. With equal taste he sings the air which follows:

Di Provenza il mar, il sol,
Chi dal cor ti cancellò?

This air has a good melodic *tournure*, perfectly adapted to the character of the person, who reproaches his son with having forgotten the paternal house.

The finale of the second act represents the great scene of the fourth of the *Dame aux Camélias*, the ball given by Olympia, who in the Italian opera is called Flora. M. Piave, the author of the words, has arranged this tableau in a manner very favorable for the composer, to whom he has offered an occasion to write a masterpiece, had M. Verdi had the science and the imagination which he lacks. The finale commences with a chorus of women in two parts. These are *Zingare*, or gipsy women, who introduce themselves into the ball to tell good fortunes. They are armed each with a tambourine, on which they strike in the strong parts of the measure. To this chorus, which has nothing salient, succeeds a chorus of men, of Spanish matadors, who come to celebrate in unison the prowess of their class. They accompany their words with blows of the staffs which they hold in their hands, and with which they strike the ground. Thus M. Verdi, who has already, in the *Trovatore*, made use of the organ, of a bell and of blacksmiths' anvils, introduces in the *Traviata* these

effects of tambourines and thumpings of stakes. There still remain for him such other effects as the pistol shots and the broken chair of M. Musard! M. Verdi is not the man to recoil before such fine inventions. The chorus in *three-eight* time, in *bolero* movement, which is then sung by these same matadors, is more successful and produces a pretty good effect. We shall not say so much of the scene which commences with Alfred's appearance in the ball, and which is prolonged until the arrival of the father. These interminable dialogues, the episode of the gaming table and that of the pocket book thrown at the feet of the poor Violetta, are a complete failure, and the ear, greedy for musical nourishment, hears nothing but a miserable drone of broken chords which fatigue it without any profitable emotion for the soul. It was just here that there was needed some pure music, a sustained discourse confided to the orchestra and serving to distract the ear while the dramatic action unrolls its secondary episodes and prepares the explosion of the last unexpected turn; one of those sustained discourses such as we have in the finale of *Il Barbiere*, of *La Gazza Ladra*, of *Otello*, in *Lucia*, in *Norma*, in *Zampa*, *Le Pré aux Clercs*, *La Dame Blanche*, *Le Domino Noir*, &c. The *Largo*, which forms the last part of this finale in *La Traviata*, has fullness, especially when the chorus comes in to support the other voices. This ensemble is supported by an original rhythm, whose outline is marked by three bass voices grouped in unison. If this peroration had been better prepared by the incidents which introduce it and explain it, it would produce a much more powerful effect.

In the third act, we have remarked the pretty *Andante* of the duo for soprano and tenor, between Violetta and Alfred, who are reconciled. This passage in *A flat* reminds you strongly of the duo in the fourth act of the *Trovatore* between Azucena and Manrico. The second episode of the *Andante* we have just cited is particularly charming where Violetta sobbing says:

De' corsi affanni
Compenso avrai.

There is under this phrase a distinguished harmony, and particularly a chord of the diminished seventh very happily placed. These are delicacies which we must the more cheerfully acknowledge in M. Verdi, since he is not prodigal of them. The end of this duo is common, and we have nothing else to signalize but the little *quintet* which concludes the work.

We believe that we have scrupulously noted all the pieces at all salient, which recommend the score we have been analyzing: the *brindisi* and introduction of the first act; some passages of the duo between Violetta and her lover; the air of the tenor which opens the second act; the air of the baritone sung by the father of Alfred; his duo with Violetta; the *cantabile* which follows, and certain parts of the finale of the second act; finally the duo for soprano and tenor in the third act. What is wanting to the *Traviata*, which was represented for the first time at Venice, March 6, 1853, is what is wanting to all the works of M. Verdi, — distinction, elegance and variety. These three acts of the *Traviata* show a monotony of colors and an aridity of forms, which have astonished the public itself, and God knows if the public which frequents the Théâtre Italien is difficult in the objects of its admiration! At the least *point d'orgue*, at the least *portamento* made

by a voice of such good *timbre* as that of M. Gratianni, it bursts out in a frenzy of applause. We make no systematic opposition to M. Verdi. A sincere admirer of all that there is beautiful, we are of the school of the good God, who has created the heavens and the earth and who has raised up so many different geniuses in Italy, in Germany, in France, in Spain as well as in England. We have always recognized in M. Verdi certain qualities, of which the first of all is passion; but passion, without the art which makes it fruitful, without the style that relieves its accents and tempers its manifestation, produces nothing but declaimers. We fear not to repeat it, M. Verdi is a musician of the decadence. He has all the faults of that stage, the violence of style, the unconnectedness of ideas, the crudity of colors, the impropriety of language, with enormous pretensions to effect. His formulas of accompaniment, betraying an extreme poverty, are a real martyrdom to delicate ears, which wish to be seduced by the muse, and not taken by violence, not carried by storm like the tower of the Malakoff.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

How we spent Sunday.

"Not ready for church yet!" cried Cousin H. "And the town clock has struck ten. Breakfast not yet begun! But what a delicious breakfast!"

"It's all A.'s fault," replied S. from an inner room, "She never awakened me until 9 o'clock."

I, the delinquent, drew the crimson Chinese cord of my dressing gown tighter and trimmer around my waist, and stepped out of my room to defend myself. Yes, the breakfast was delicious as Cousin H. said, and looked. Rich, ruddy peaches and purple grapes filled the basket, arranged with infinite taste, surrounded by drooping peach leaves, and graceful little acacia branches, — making a becoming drapery for the fruit, — and amid large vine leaves, on a dish, lay some delicious blue-black bananas. Snowy *käse-matte* made the facets of a cut glass dish sparkle softly in the morning sunlight that peeped in sideways at an eastern window. The flames of the burning alcohol curled gracefully around the *Atna*, from which arose a fragrant steam of seething black tea; and Tina the maid, the clever arranger of the repast, was just placing on the table more substantial dishes for the guest, whose morning appetite needs more vigorous food than my Huguenot blood requires.

Cousin H.'s eyes looked his admiration of the cozy table, and from it they glanced around the room. Everything looked its prettiest this bright September morning. At an open west window, a Terra-Cotta lamp, the exact copy of that beautiful Diomed one from Pompeii — Jane Rochester's graceful gift as a memory of our sweet days at the city of the dead, — waved to and fro in the fresh breeze that came in, not unwelcome, tossing playfully about the beautiful leaves and delicate rose crimson blossoms of a glorious *Tradescantia*, whose roots had found a home in the classic lamp, and between the bowed shutters peeped *Verveine* and other flowers, among them most prominent the new comer, S.'s gift, a flourishing *Ilybiscus* as if watching for her morning advent.

Then the decorations of the little room are such as are not always found in more elegant abodes, for artists can make each other's homes more beautiful than the rich man's money can. Original studies of Durand, Cole, Ingham, Edmonds, and Shaw grace the walls, ever speaking proofs of the friendship of a great artist. Clara Wieck's fascinating face, so girlish in its loveliness, dear M.'s latest gift; most fitting from her hands my *Tone Sappho*! a lovely Sully head, and one of Read's exquisite cabinet portraits; books which have been like friends on Suisse

Alps and Italian hills, as well as in South Jersey woods; while scattered about for poetical *entremets* are little *souvenirs* of those lovely eighteen months in Europe, — that sweet St. Martin's summer season, which came just after the autumn of sorrow had darkened, as a respite and preparation for the heavier snow-fall of bitter grief's mid-winter.

Yes! it is a dear and beautiful room, although the humble frame-case which surrounds it, gives no promise of such a nest. Good Cousin H. forgot to scold at our naughty omission of meeting attendance, so charmed was he with the sweet, fresh morning aspect of the little home.

"Music too!" he ejaculated, as he looked with a true Puritan deprecating expression at the open piano on which Tina had put my favorite Sunday book, the "divine Pergolesi's" *Stabat Mater*.

"Yes," I answered, "in lieu of a sermon to-day, which S. can hear every Sunday at home, I am going to give her some of our rich old Chureh music."

His eyes rested again on the breakfast table.

"I vow!" he exclaimed, "I never see this house without wishing for an old bachelor's establishment."

We shouted our scorn.

"An old bachelor's establishment! Why you would have to have an old maid to keep it, remember, and then the whole thing would be spoiled; for so soon as the old bachelor and the old maid united in the business, it would degenerate into anybody's everyday housekeeping."

He grasped his Bible and hymn book with a firmer gripe, and muttering "Old maid!" walked hastily out of the door, evidently bent upon seeking higher wants than the coveting of the coziness of a maiden lady's *ménage*.

We sat down to the delicious breakfast, I, revelling in that soft, luxurious feeling one has, who feels a day of rest before her, after six days of steady occupation have passed. I peeled the luscious bananas and thought of eating them years ago with one, from whom I hold all that is good which I possess. Why should that memory come back just then? I could not help it. I thought of our dreams and visions together, and then of her lonely sleep on the borders of the busy Indian river, in the midst of a crowded cemetery, — she, who hated a crowd! — with a heavy white marble monument on her pure breast — she, who hated restraint. And as I gazed out of the west window on the pine tops, I thought how much sweeter it would be for us both, to be calmly sleeping in each other's arms, under the pines in the dear old woods, where we loved to ramble, and where I now wander alone, and have nothing but soft, cool, velvety moss to weigh us down, and graceful ferns to wave above us, and the beat of the pine cones as they dropped leisurely down, to alternate with the water plash of the creek on the pebbles, in keeping time for the wind music in the tree tops. Oh, how one lives in two worlds when that which was loved best is taken away to another life!

I turned from the table, and while S. said good morning to the flowers that peeped in at the window, and gave drink to the ever thirsty *Tradescantia*, and counted the new scarlet blooms on the *Cocinea* as it crept up the wall, twining caressingly around Chopin's bust, I seated myself at the piano, and played over a few solemn measures. S. left the flowers, and leaned back in the vibrating iron chair, to enjoy the unfolding purple of the chords.

"What does Grètry mean," she asked, "when he says that the opening of the *Stabat* of the divine Pergolesi follows the modulations of the *Folies d'Espagne*?"

"Something by Corelli probably," I replied, "for you remember this remark is in a note to his analysis of *L'Amant Jaloux*, where he says, he used for an accompaniment to one of the bravura passages in that opera the air of Corelli's *Folie d'Espagne*."

I played over the opening duet of the *Stabat* and

we tried in vain to discover any thing that could have the title of "*Folie*" put to it. One theme, a most solemn and dramatic minor, is used to express the sad words, which tell of the Virgin Mother's misery, in the sight of the sufferings of her Lord-Son. The closing of this duet is very touching; tenderly the second voice responds in unison "*lacrimosa*," to the "*dolorosa*" of the first part, and then the sobbing clashing of the minor seventh and Tonic which follows, in the "*dum pendebat filius*," and the wailing little symphony that repeats over as a pendant and completion the same grievous minor seventh, is full of tears.

We followed the inspired work through, lingering longest on the "*Eia Mater*," that being a solo as well as my choice, I could do it more justice than the other passages. I repeated it again and again, dwelling on its simple, pure management. The repetition of the musical thought in the same form, but in the 8th and 9th of the key instead of the dominant, makes it more persistent in effect, and then the resting of the voice on the 5th, struck us most forcibly: the harmony unfolds all the pleading chords the Master's chaste taste allows, — nothing must interfere with his Raphaelesque design, — his Madonna is beautiful in her sorrow, she does not need adornment. And how dramatic the burst of feeling which follows:

"Eia mater, fons amoris,
Me sentire vim doloris."

How simple the melodic design! all in unison, accompaniment and voice, with a stately stepping down from 8th to Dominant, 3d, 2d and Tonic as if to reach a firm support for its blinding, reeling sorrow, its

"Grief so great

That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up — here I and sorrows sit."

And the little coloring that follows, is as soft as the hues in Raphael's "*Divino Amore*."

"Do you remember Grètry's enthusiastic ejaculation?" asked S. "*Pergolèse naquit et la vérité connue!*"

"Yes, and what the quaint old man says just after that, is true. Harmony since the time of Pergolesi has made astonishing progress in its infinite labyrinths. Executants, in perfecting themselves, have given to composers the liberty of unfolding the richness of accompaniment; but Pergolesi has lost nothing; — the true declamation which fill his songs, is as indestructible as nature itself."

"Probably true, so far as music is concerned," said the sententious and logical S., "but the comparison is false. Nature is destructible — vide Ruskin, Modern Painters, Vol. IV. p. 101. But I will allow good old Grètry's comparisons to pass; the light of my great Ruskin did not beam on his darkened day; — all he says about that *Stabat* must be true, for the music of it touches me to the very centre of my heart. Poor Pergolesi! He died of heart-break, did he not?"

"Yes, his last opera, the great *Olimpiade*, met with a most mortifying rejection on its first representation at Rome. Duni — who knows of Duni now? No one but the student of musical literature — Duni's opera was the successful one of the season, and poor Pergolesi's was, not only rejected, but he was insulted. He was pelted with oranges in the open theatre, while directing the performance. The next year when the news of the "divine" composer's death reached Rome from Naples, the repentant public were making a triumph for him; his *Olimpiade* was having an unheard of success, and the bust of the composer was crowned on the very stage, where he had met insult and his death blow. Such is human judgment! Poor miserable stuff!"

"Don't wax indignant: the roots of fame you know must be buried deep in the earth before the gracious blossom of the world's applause buds. Poor Pergolesi!"

My hands wandered over the keys, modulating on some curious hints given by Marx, which rose to my memory form the last week's study, in which the harmonies of the Dominant Chord and succeeding Triads were worked out. S. suddenly read aloud from a book she held in her hand:

"If I myself have not heard and felt the alternating, sparkling and consoling effect of triads, all that I hear of the impression made by the mediæval music of Palestrina will be a tale without meaning." Yes," she repeated, musingly, "'alternating, sparkling and consoling effect of triads.'" — Marx is right, — I felt it just this moment while listening to you. Oh! that wonderful Tone tongue! Sometimes it makes itself so clear to me, and this is a gracious vouchsafement on its part, for I know nothing of it by labor, only by love, and yet it reveals itself to me form and shape. But to return to Palestrina, the Giotto of your art — music. Tell me, is that solemn Stradella *Aria di Chiesa* as old as 'Palestrina's mediæval music?' It should be, it produces on me the same effect Fra Beato Angelico's pictures do."

"No! it is a hundred years younger, this *Kirchen Arie*; that is, it saved young Stradella's life about 1660, and Palestrina flourished a hundred years before that."

I modulated into the key of Re minor, and commenced the solemn opening of this touching prayer, to sing which, always causes my throat to swell, and my eyes to fill:

"If my soul, O Heaven, could be relieved from these desires which torture it unceasingly, then would I endure any martyrdom death could give," are the German words, but the Italian prayer is much more beautiful;

Pietà, Signore, di me dolente, Signor, pietà!
Se a te giunge il mio pregar,
Non mi punisca, il tuo rigor,
Meno severi, clementi ognora,
Volgi i tuoi sguardi
Sopra di me,
No, non fiammai, che nell' inferno
Io sia dannato, nel fuoco eterno
Dal tuo rigor.
Gran Dio! giammai, io sia dannato,
Nel fuoco eterno — dal tuo rigor.

I forbear translating them, crushing out the delicate fragrance. But I will strive to translate into the word-tongue, what the tone-tongue says to me, in this serious old *Kirchen Arie*.

Touchingly the voice cries out for pity on its sufferings, and the accompaniment moans, in muffled tones, its response, shadowing forth the mediatorial 7th, which predominates throughout the aria. In the heights of the despair, in the depths of the sorrow, in the full dominant cry of entreaty, this mediatorial tone breathes hope and consolation.

The last chords died away, and we two women gazed at each other, with streaming eyes, for the inspired old music had appealed to the imagination of sorrow in one heart, and to the fearful real possession of it in the other, touching alike in both the well-spring of sympathy.

(Conclusion next week.)

A Course of Practice for Learners of the Piano-forte.

(From KNORR'S "Methodical Guide.")*

FIRST PERIOD.

After the usual preparatory exercises (for five fingers, scales, chords, &c.), the pupil should now take, as a starting point for the next course of his studies, C. Czerny's exercises, Nos. 31—52. If among these numbers there should be some less difficult than others, which the pupil has already practised, this will do no harm at all; as it is impossible to make selections of compositions which are exclusively and in all particulars progressive as to difficulty; and, moreover, the pupil would be tired, were he never allowed some rest. The order of the numbers men-

* KNORR'S Methodical Guide for Teachers of Music on the Piano-Forte. Translated by G. A. SCHMITZ. Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

tioned is, of course, always to be left to the choice of the teacher, who should try to make their study as useful and interesting as possible. Some of the numbers even have for their aim the improvement of the pupil as to musical elocution. Thus for instance, No. 34 serves the purpose of the *trill*, which the pupil should commence with the principal note, throughout the first part, and in the fifth, ninth, and fifteenth measures of the second part; and only in the other cases, as Czerny too has done, with the assistant note to produce a better flow of melody. Nos. 37 and 39 introduce the *gruppetto* or *turn*, for which embellishment see Müller, Part I., page 70. No. 41 shows the difference between notes followed by a dot and those followed by a rest of equal value; for which see A. E. Müller, Part II., page 15. Nos. 43 and 44 contain exercises in what is called the *strict* or *legato* style, where each voice or part progresses its own way, and requires, on account of the slurs, its own fingering; which, by the way, Czerny has omitted to point out clearly, particularly in the bass part of the last-named number; Nos. 49 and 51 contain exercises on the *Cantabile*, where the object is to draw a melodious tone from the instrument, &c.

Besides these pieces of Czerny, the following four-hand pieces are recommended by way of change: A. Diabelli, Sonata op. 33, in D, and J. Schmitt, Sonata op. 39, in G, the pupil playing the Primo of both; and should any one wish more, the two well-known Polonaises in F, about equally difficult, by Oginsky, (Vienna, published by Witzendorf,) and of Beethoven, (from the forty-second work).

NEW PIECES FOR TWO AND FOUR HANDS.

The mechanical ability already acquired by the pupil is perhaps sufficient to admit of Nos. 31—52 of Czerny's One Hundred Exercises being followed up by other pieces, which, if not more difficult, are, for the most part, larger. Of *two-hand pieces*, the following may be recommended: —

Clementi, 6 *Sonatinas Progressives*, op. 36, and likewise

Kuhlau, 6 *Sonatinas Faciles*, op. 55. In both of these the first half is easier, and may be taken at once. The teacher should direct his attention chiefly to a flowing, connected manner of delivery, (elocution,) which is best gained by compositions of this kind.

F. Kalkbrenner, Variations in C, from his Method, op. 108, reprinted in the author's edition of A. E. Müller's Method, Part I. § 114, which may be followed by No. III. of the same section.

F. Hünten, 4 Rondinos, op. 21, of which take for the present Nos. 1 and 4; and 4 *Rondeaux*, op. 30, Nos. 1 and 2 at this time.

J. Haydn, 12 *Petites Pièces*, (Leipzig, Breitkopf and Hartel,) chiefly for an exercise in the *legato* style; at present, however, using only the easier and shorter ones.

Kuhlau, Easy Variations on Austrian National Airs, (*Leichte Variationen über österreichische Volkslieder*), op. 42, of which the first book may be used, two pieces of which are reprinted in Müller's Method (Part I. § 114, Nos. IX. and X.)

Of *four-hand pieces* of the same degree of difficulty may now be played the following: —

H. Bertini, *Etudes Musicales*, op. 97; the chief aim of which is time and rhythm; selecting, however, the more agreeable ones, and making the pupil only read over the others, as it might be too tedious to practise the rest of them at home.

C. M. von Weber's, 6 *Petites Pièces*, op. 3 and 6; Sonatas, op. 10, of acknowledged value;

C. Czerny, *Rondeaux Mignon*, op. 90, No. 2, in G; and *Grand Valse*, op. 111, No. 2, in C.

During all this time, the pupil must be made diligently to repeat what he has practised already in the Method, out of the lesson hours; but always with pedantic accuracy, so that there may be no creeping in of one or the other fault as to the true touch; which, unfortunately, generally happens, when the teacher is not careful.

TRICHORD POSITIONS, WITH THE OCTAVE.

Here the author would introduce a work, which unfortunately is somewhat falling into oblivion. It is A. E. Müller, *Pièces Instructives*, (Leipzig, by Peters,) the second, third, and fourth books of which, with preparatory exercises and pieces in G major and E minor, F major and D minor, D major and B minor, should, at this period, form the main study of the pupil. The genuine classical style in which they are written, and their thorough suitability for the Piano, make this an excellent preparatory work for classical pieces of Mozart, Haydn, Clementi, &c., which will be studied at a later period.

During the time which the teacher must devote, with his pupil, to Müller's work, he may offer him some agreeable alternation in the two pieces of H.

Bertini, marked Nos. XI and XII. of § 114, Part I. of the author's edition of A. E. Müller's Method, as well as in the remainder of the above-cited *Petites Pièces* by Haydn (of greater difficulty and length.) Of pieces for four hands, the following may properly come in here:—

A. Diabelli, Sonata, op. 37, in C, and Sonata, op. 38, in Bb; (the latter, however, is more difficult.)

MINOR SCALES AND DOUBLE TRILL.

Up to this period the pupil has been directed to the study of only the first half of several works, because he was not able to master the difficulties of the other half. As he is now supposed to be more advanced, the other portion of those may be taken, from which he certainly will derive much information. Therefore he is now referred to the following:—

F. Hünten, 4 Rondinos, op. 21, Nos. 2 and 3, in C and D, containing much greater difficulties, as to time and counting, than the preceding pieces.

F. Kuhlau, Variations, op. 42, Book 2d, of which No. 4, in F, is particularly elegant, and No. 6, in A minor, a touchstone for various difficulties. The remaining half of

M. Clementi, Sonatinas, op. 36, and

F. Kuhlau, Sonatinas, op. 55.

F. Hünten, 4 Rondeaux, op. 30, Nos. 3 and 4, in C and D, like those two of op. 21. Among all these pieces, the Variations, by Kuhlau, in A minor, and the Rondeau, by Hünten, in D, in several places offer greater difficulties. But the very effort it requires to overcome them will prove highly beneficial to the pupil, as experience shows.

After the pupil has thus completed the course of studies laid out in the above-named instructive pieces, there is still left the remainder of C. Czerny's op. 139; and it would be advisable for him to go through Nos. 53-76, (forming the third book of the first edition.) It is true, the pupil, now that he can take several of these pieces in one lesson, will not fancy such short pieces as much as in the beginning of our instruction, when everything necessarily proceeded slowly. To obviate this, the teacher may leave out the less important pieces, or take them only cursorily as an exercise in reading notes, and make the pupil practise only the more interesting ones, or such as serve for little *études*. Of the first kind, for instance, are Nos. 53, 55, 59, 60; of the second, Nos. 54, 57, 67, 68, 71, 72.

Together with the exercises just named, the remainder of the little-finger exercises and *études* in Müller, Part I. § 114, Nos. III.-VII., are to be recommended; among which one by J. B. Cramer, for the third finger, and Nos. XVI.-XIX., among which one for syncopations and three for the use of the wrists, when two notes not far apart, octaves and single tones, are to be played staccato.

CONCLUSION OF THE PIECES OF THE FIRST PERIOD.

It would be rather tiresome to the pupil to practise the last book of Czerny's exercises, (Nos. 77-100 of the first edition;) the composer's object in writing them having been undoubtedly no other than to give exercises in all of the twenty-four major and minor scales. This, however, will not produce an intimate acquaintance with them. Much practice will do that afterwards.

The fifth and sixth books of A. E. Müller's *Pièces Instructives*, as they contain nothing new, and thus are less interesting than the preceding ones, would be too tedious for the pupil.

He had much better turn his attention to—

C. Czerny, two Sonatinas for two hands, op. 49, and Sonatina for four hands, op. 50, (No. 2, in C,) to which may be added, as three real gems,—

F. Kuhlau, 3 Sonatinas for four hands, op. 44, (No. 1 in G, No. 2 in C, No. 3 in F.) All these sonatinas the pupil may practise in the quickest possible movement, (with the exception, of course, of the slow movements,) to try his abilities also in this line, so far as it may not prove injurious to him. If it were not for their rapid execution they might be rather too easy for the pupil.

(To be continued.)

Handel in an Affair of Honor.

(Translated from the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*.)

Upon the ground now occupied by the celebrated Lloyd's Coffee House, in London, there stood, in 1710, an establishment of a similar kind. It was the rendezvous of all the City merchants who came there to transact business.

One day, in the autumn of the same year, a stranger, about six and twenty years of age, was seated by himself at a small table. He looked with an air of indifference upon the crowd of persons passing to and fro in front of him. His brow seemed to contract, as

if under the impression of some sorrowful reflections, and a secret tear from time to time escaped from his lively and intelligent eyes.

This young man was named George Frederick Handel. He had only arrived in London two or three days, and had left Italy for the English capital upon the recommendation of some amateurs of music.

Absorbed in his reveries, he had not remarked that at the same table with himself was seated a tall man of large proportions, who appeared to regard with interest the dejected countenance of his *vis-à-vis*.

This man was a celebrity. His name was Jean Jacques Heidegger, born at Zurich, and married there. Fatal consequences of an intrigue, however, had compelled him to leave his country, and trust to his wits for a livelihood. A rich gentleman, fond of travelling, engaged him as his companion. By this means Heidegger was enabled to see all the principal cities of Europe, where a feeling and taste for artistic enjoyments developed themselves. The rich gentleman also conducted him to London, in which city, by his insinuating manners, he knew how to conciliate the good graces of the young friends who took him under their protection. Certain ingenious observations upon the absurdities of the *mise-en-scène* in operas and masquerades struck the persons entrusted with their management. Some splendid arrangements on one occasion attracted the attention of King George, who nominated Heidegger intendant of the royal and public *divertissements*. This employment gave him, in his sphere, great influence, and brought him five thousand pounds sterling a year—an enormous sum in those times,—which, nevertheless, hardly sufficed to meet the calls of his folly and extravagance.

The exterior of Heidegger presented a singular contrast. He was, as we have already said, robust and tall; he was also well made. His features, however, were repulsive in their ugliness, and so exceptional, that he made a boast of it. He was even the first to laugh at his hideous countenance, and make it the object of inexhaustible jokes. Thus, one day he offered to make a bet with Lord Chesterfield that he could not find in all London a face as ugly as his. The wager was accepted, and Lord Chesterfield introduced as his champion for the prize a very old woman, with a nose like the butt-end of a lemon. At sight of her, the judges of the wager broke forth into peals of laughter, crying, "Heidegger has lost." He, without moving from his seat, took off his peruke, placed it on the head of the old woman, and finished by carrying off the victory. In fact, this change of costume had an overwhelming effect; under her masculine head-dress the old dame became supportable, while Heidegger had the veritable physiognomy of a witch.

A countenance so striking could not fail to attract the looks of the young artist. He raised his eyes to Heidegger, and fancied he saw in his features an expression of raillery. "At last!" exclaimed Heidegger. "You have been weeping a long time like a woman! Be a man." Handel was astonished. "What right," he asked, "have you to busy yourself with my tears?"—"I do not like to see young people bewail themselves shamefully, and for what? For a pair of pretty eyes, or a rosy cheek. Remember the words of Fontenelle: 'A lovely woman is the paradise of the eyes, the hell of the soul, and the purgatory of the pocket.'"

"My paradise is snatched from me," murmured Handel in a low voice. "And that is what chagrins you? Sooner deliver yourself up to the will of an assassin. He at least would put you out of misery." "You despise women, like all debauchees!" "There are no virtuous women; I, with my disgusting mask of a face, even I could undertake to seduce any woman I chose, no matter whom. I maintain the same thing in regard of your *paradise*."

Handel jumped from his seat; "Sir," he cried, with a tone of voice full of nobleness, "whatever your philosophy may be, it gives you no right to mock an unfortunate wretch. Allow me to ask you for your address; I have an affair with you." "I reside in Cornhill-street, and you will always find me at home at seven o'clock in the morning. You have but to ask for *The Owl*; the first child you meet will show you my dwelling." Handel bowed and departed.

The next day, at seven o'clock precisely, Handel walked into the chamber of *The Owl*. Heidegger made him a most gracious salutation. "Pray be seated. Will you take a cup of chocolate with me?" "Sir, I have not come to your house to breakfast with you, but on an affair." "I am delighted; but, before going out, I always take my chocolate. I do not wish to change my habits in any way, and I shall be most happy if you would do as I do. You decline; as you please."

As soon as breakfast was finished they went out to-

gether. Passing before a church, Heidegger entered. "What on earth are you going to do there?" "To pray, to be sure; I always commence business with prayer; that's my custom." "Very well then, I will accompany you," rejoined Handel, upon whom the *sans-froid* of his adversary made a deep impression.

On issuing from the church Heidegger directed his steps towards St. James's Park. "What do you intend doing here?" asked Handel. "I go every morning twice round the great alley; that is my custom." "To-day, I think you will renounce it, and you will not refuse to fight with me?" "To fight with you? Indeed I have not the least desire for such a thing; besides, you have not mentioned the affair you alluded to, and I am anxious to have your communication! Moreover, I would thank you to make haste, as the Royal orchestra of the opera awaits me for the rehearsal."

"The orchestra of the opera! Who are you, then?" "I am Heidegger, the intendant of the king's privy pleasure-purse."

"In that case I have letters of recommendation for you. I am George Frederick Handel." "The composer of whom Europe talks so much at this moment?" "Precisely." "You intend to write an opera here?" "Who told you that?" "Queen Anne." "Then tell Her Majesty I will commence it to-day, and that it will be ready for performance in a fortnight."

In short, fifteen days afterwards, all the fashionable world of London gave an enthusiastic reception to the new opera of Handel, entitled *Rinaldo*.—*London Musical World*.

Singing, for Drawing-room Singers.

Under this head the *Saturday Express* gives some useful hints to amateurs, "dedicated to young ladies who are subject to colds." After defining three indispensable pre-requisites, to wit: the possession of a voice worth cultivating, of a musical ear, and a soul capable of feeling, the writer thus proceeds:

The cultivation of good singing, then, is the cultivation of tone, tune and taste. Now, how to set about it practically, after all this theory?

People may do a great deal by self-culture in singing; indeed this art requires more self-teaching by energy and application than almost any other we know; but to admit that it can be acquired entirely by self-effort, would be simply affirming an untruth. The method of eliciting the voice; of training it to be firm and well sustained; of correcting the error of singing out of tune, which, even when ears are good and voices pleasing, will occur among nine out of every ten pupils, as every singing teacher knows; the management of the breath, all these things tax knowledge and experience to be acquired only by the efforts and experiments of years. To unite the registers of the voice is one effect of the art, to which, at the risk of being considered deprecatory, we must affirm the efforts of the teachers are too seldom directed. It is of little use here to describe the mechanism of the human voice. Not one of you for whose use and reflection these observations are compiled, will sing one bit the better for understanding that the "lungs are highly elastic spongy masses which occupy each side of the chest, and follow its movements." Nor would it enable the amateur lady to sing the "Power of Love" like Miss Louisa Pyne, if she knew and understood that "the portions which compose the larynx are cartilaginous, and four in number, viz., the thyroid, the cricoid, and the two arythenoids."

With all due deference to the charming singer above named, it may be fairly doubted if she knows anything at all technical or surgical of the construction of her own throat, yet who questions her capability to enchant her hearers? But there are certain conditions, without understanding which, no one can sing, at least, in the way they ought. If the students be curious indeed about the anatomical condition of the vocal organs, any elementary work on singing will satisfy them; but they will toil in the dark, if they think to proceed entirely without the suggestions and advice which long practice only can give. When the voice has been exercised for a certain time in sustaining the notes of the diatonic and chromatic scale, when a certain faculty and power have therein been attained, then if the registers of the voice are not naturally united and blended, such a result must be diligently pursued and sought, to give the ease and freedom without which singing is painful equally to the singer and the hearer.

We will suppose the voice in training to be a female soprano, or mezzo-soprano, the latter the commonest order of female voices, and the most interesting in quality and useful in compass. It must be trained very cautiously in regard to the practice of

sustained notes. Ten minutes at a time is quite sufficient. It thus increases imperceptibly in strength and fulness. If the student after this preliminary practice tries to run a scale of an octave and a half quickly, there will mostly occur in the middle part of the voice from F first space treble to C third space, an impediment or obstruction, which makes the voice rough and unequal in tone. To remedy this defect, which very generally exists, should be equally the care of the master and the pupil. Nor can it be done at once; it will require patience and perseverance, showing no results of improvement, perhaps, for a long time. The student must bear in mind that from C below the octave, or Do, to F or Fa (first space), forms one register; from G or Sol (second line), to C or Do (third space), the chest voice; and from D or Re (fourth line), to Sol and La above, the head or acute voice. A great error is often committed by teachers forcing their pupils to sing high, shrill notes of the head register, which are not really belonging to the student's voice. One more fatal cannot be committed; it has indeed ruined innumerable voices. Extent of compass can only be acquired in cultivating the medium notes of the voice. The pupil for the first three months should never attempt a note higher than F or Fa, fifth line on the treble staff; many should sing only the E or Mi, on the fourth space.

To join the registers when they are very disunited, let the pupil practice by octaves, beginning on the Do below the line, singing the note short and repeatedly, and then without taking breath change it to the Do above (third space), repeating this several times till the notes are equal in strength and purity; this course should be pursued with all the notes up to Fa (first space) with their octaves, by which means the head voice and medium, or chest voice, become in time united. Practising intervals serves to unite the voice and form the mouth, they should be practised in ten-minute periods several times in the day. It is the modern method to practice exercises on the vowel A, which must be broadly and fully pronounced as the letter R. This sound is mostly metamorphosed in aw-i-ooo; anything, in short, but the vowel wanted.

To render the emission of the voice perfect, and articulation of words distinct, it is above all things requisite that singers should open their mouths, not certainly in grimace or violent contortions, but so as to render words plain and sounds unmuffled. But to most young ladies this is a grievous obligation. To enforce this necessary condition is one of the greatest difficulties teachers of singing have to encounter; yet the rebellious pupil would freely criticize any public singer who should presume to vocalize with closed teeth and half-opened lips. No wonder we so rarely hear the words of a song; who could read with their mouths shut? Singing under such circumstances is a still greater impossibility. Let them consider, that however ridiculous it may seem, to their apprehensive sensitiveness, to sing with an open mouth, it is infinitely more so to attempt a song with one closed.

The *portamento*, or carriage of the voice from one note to another, is an essential consideration particularly for ballad singing, a branch of vocal music better fitted for amateurs and private performers than Italian bravuras, which, however charming when executed by skilled *cantatrici*, are execrable only when *executed* in a different meaning, that is, murdered by drawing-room singers, who are frequently in total ignorance of the Italian language or Italian science. Ballad singing is an order of vocal effort, which generally pleases the most unsentient hearer, and which can yet fully display the voice, taste, and judgment of the singer. Music which reaches the heart invariably pleases better than that which merely satisfies the critical judgment, but it is precisely in ballad singing that private singers are so deficient. There is generally a mere mechanical delivery of charming music and charming words; there is no soul thrown into the composition, no appreciation, in short, of the talent which composed the melody, or conceived the poem. Is mind and intelligence so rare, then, among our amateur young lady singers? Indeed it is to be feared so. They remind one of female Cymons, on whom only some awakening intelligence can act. A case comes to the writer's mind of the truth of this illustration. A young lady, fair, youthful, and lively enough, learned to sing; but no effort of her teacher could imbue her with the taste and intelligence requisite to feel a song. She sang everything in the most lifeless manner possible, and with the same cold indifference. Whether it was the impassioned adieu of Dermot to his Kathleen, or the tender address of Yarico to her lover, that exquisite song of Himmel's, little known here, it was all sung in the same tum-tum style, from which nothing could rouse her. In a few months, just as her teacher despaired of making any improvement in the pupil, a wondrous change

seemed to come over the latter's vocal spirit. The most plaintive ballads were chosen, and sung with a grace and tenderness of feeling no less wondrous than pleasing and surprising. The pupil was congratulated and praised; and privately, the teacher sought the reason of this sudden progress. He soon found it out. The young student had reached the crisis of woman's moral life, in a word, to use that commonest of all common phrases, she had fallen in love. An ardent romantic attachment it was, and the deep feelings of her heart embued all she undertook, even as the purple light of stained glass shadows all beneath it. Her love threw into her voice the deep sentiment and strong feeling in which previously it was so lamentably deficient. Poor girl! The course of her true love was not destined to run smoothly; her lover died. We never heard her sing but once afterwards, but we shall never forget that voice or singer. Her heart's grief was in the voice, and the effect it produced on her hearers was something terrible. We have merely adduced this example to show the effect which true feeling only can produce in singing. In ballad singing its loss cannot be compensated by voice or skill, and it is indeed doubtful if in any style of music its absence can be really atoned for by any amount of execution or power. In the rudimentary practice of singing we freely confess that Solfeggi appear of little service. By Solfeggi we mean the habit of singing airs without words, or at least only the Do, Re, Mi, belonging to the notes. Scales, intervals, and exercises are indispensable, though not perhaps agreeable; but as soon as a pupil can sing a connected air, by all means let it be a song whose words interest the mind, aiding in giving scope to intelligent vocalization.

We hope we have sufficiently demonstrated the necessity of singing with the mind and heart, as well as the voice. To confer such gifts is beyond any teacher's power. They can be simply suggested, not enforced. It is a good plan to read the words of a song over before studying the air, to see how it is phrased, which observation leads to the last and not least important item in the acquirement of vocal power, which is, the management of the breath.

We suppose the merest child would at once perceive that to sing without breath would be as impracticable as to use a bellows which had lost the power of taking in air. Yet you will find people sing who no more know how to manage the breath they inhale and emit than they would to guide a balloon. On this management, however, mainly rests the difference, allowing there is voice, ear, and taste even, between a good singer and a bad one. It is not enough that you take your breath before a note; you must not let that breath depart directly; you must learn to attain the power of keeping it in the chest ready for use—to dispose of it in sustaining notes, in swelling them, or diminishing; and if the breath is not felt in the chest, it is wrongly taken. It is not so very easy a matter to gain this power of sustaining; moreover, the emotions of the mind are apt to overthrow it entirely. Nervous fear and agitation will prevent singers from doing anything with the air they breathe, but gasp. Musical knowledge, harmonious voices, all succumb to this overwhelming fear. Nothing but steady practice will bestow a power which is the soul of vocal effort. To take breath in songs properly, the singer must learn to phrase—that is, to take breath in the music as we regard stops in reading, always, if practicable, at the end of a bar in the composition, never at the beginning of one, or in the middle of a word.

Having thus pointed out the principal things to be studied by non-professional singers, it only remains to be said, that these remarks are not intended to supersede the necessity of being taught, but to aid reflection and effort in the pursuit of a pleasing and attractive art, which serves to make home happier, and to furnish the recreation which, so often wanting in our own circle, we seek abroad. To sing so well, that a father or husband would rather as a rule stay at home than lounge in a theatre or concert-room, can be no mean or unworthy inducement to young ladies to cultivate an art at once inspiring and elevating to the heart and the intellect; added to which, it must not be forgotten that singing is regarded by medical men to be as conducive to health as it is to innocent happiness.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

M. Gounod's opera, *Faust*, is published; and Mr. Chorley, always an ardent admirer of Gounod, speaks of it in terms which make one wish that it might find its way to representation on our operatic

stage. There would at least be more of the interest of novelty in the experiment than in the revival or first trial of *Polliuto*, "Sicilian Vespers," and other repetitions of the common-places of the class of authors who can and do grow too familiar. We copy from the *Athenæum* of Sept. 10.

Faust: Opera, in Five Acts—[*Faust, &c.*]. The Music by Charles Gounod. Piano and Voice. (Paris, Choudens.) This is the most important stage production of its author, which has been published in a complete form. Only the selected pieces from M. Gounod's second opera, *La Nonne Sanglante*, were printed; and these, though comprising the introduction, the legend, the exquisitely luscious tenor air, the supernatural music, and the dances (numbers enough to establish the reputation of a composer) included little of the great concerted music. That opera, too, perished beneath the grimness of its story and the imperfect manner in which it was executed. The pianoforte score of *Le Médecin* gives small idea of the comedy and charm of that opera on the stage. M. Gounod's first opera, *Sapho*, is only now about to be printed. Meanwhile, to any one having musical sense and appreciation of style (that rarest of modern gifts), this transcript of *Faust* will say enough. Containing, as it does, some matter to which objection may be made, and little music available for concert uses, it is, nevertheless, a first-class opera, by a real musician. The many salient phrases of beauty which the ear seized on a first hearing, gain, in place of losing, by being returned to quietly. The choruses, as we have said, are throughout remarkable; though largely marked by the affection for unisonal writing which characterizes M. Gounod. This is used with great success in the opening choruses of the second act, where the different groups of people, students, burghers, old men, girls, have different melodies to give as they cross the stage,—each of these a sharp, clear, taking tune for many voices. That such fancy means no harmonic poverty on M. Gounod's part, still less want of power to write, is shown by every bar of combination which he has produced; as at the close of this very *Kermesse* chorus,—as in the admirable episode which diversifies the "Fanfare" of the Soldiers' "Chorus," No. 13. It may, however, be carried too far; let the instrumentation be ever so various, or the passage in itself be ever so spirited. Something of the kind is to be felt in the lovely garden-duet, No. 11. As a succession of *solos*, we know nothing in the range of love-music that exceeds this. The phrase, "O nuit d'amour" (p. 117 of the score) and its reply, "Je veux t'aimer," are among the most exquisite breathings of passion in melody; phrases not to be heard without delicious emotion. But they pass (as was said on the performance of the opera) too quickly, where, if wrought a *duo*, they would have produced an effect nothing short of magical.

Examination confirms every good impression as to the pure and beautiful dramatic color thrown over the parts of *Margaret* and *Faust*, the former especially. In the latter there may lie something beyond the reach of music to express. The first notes given to the girl as she crosses the stage during the waltz at the *Kermesse* (one of the best and simplest waltzes of modern times), have the delicacy of the pearl, the freshness of the daisy (to play with the *name-fancy*), in them. *Margaret's* great scene, where she finds the jewels, is excellent in the quaint mournfulness of the old ballad which commences it, and the elegance of its *cabaletta*. The grace of the passage, "Comme une demoiselle," is worth nothing; because it is a characteristic of M. Gounod that his closes are almost always felicitous, satisfying, and new without torment. Of the garden-scene we have spoken. In the church and prison scenes, the heroine's part is raised to its true height with as much force as freedom. The final terzet, where the burst of passion is thrice repeated, each time in a higher key, has in it the sweep and delirium of inspiration.

Less successful, as was said already, is the part of *Mephistopheles*: the fault, it may be, of the character. The *Valentine* is admirable—touched in the true Cavalier color. Short as the part is, it is about the most covetable one for a baritone that we know. The duet trio (No. 15), and the death of the murdered brother of *Faust's* victim, are noble creations. The imprecation of the expiring soldier (pp. 168 to 173) is the most dramatically powerful passage in the opera—M. Gounod's best music.

Many more details are there on which we could expatiate; but those already enumerated will suffice to direct such readers as put trust in us to this remarkable setting of a known story. We know of no serious opera by a French composer in any respect equal to *Faust*,—and maintain that the work entitles M. Gounod to take rank, after—yet with—the

Glucks, Spontinis, Rossinis, and Meyerbeers, who have devoted their genius to the production of that union of melody with declamation which is demanded by the French tragic stage; and whose music from Paris has travelled the world round. Pianists, who like arrangements of operatic music, and who may have some curiosity to test for themselves the justice of the warm admiration expressed, may like to recur to the four-handed arrangements by M. Renand de Villac of the most taking themes from the opera. Those which are dramatic, we need not say, defy such transcription. The opera is about to be published with the addition of vocal recitatives; in another form, with Italian text; thirdly, in full score.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 8, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — We commence to-day the publication of an admirable piece for choirs and choral societies: a *Kyrie* (a *Capella*), for four voices, chorus and soli, by the great song composer, ROBERT FRANZ. It is a truly sacred composition, deep in feeling, dignified in treatment. The music, both in its slow and solemn introduction, and its alike artistically and poetically wrought fugue, is fully in keeping with the reverential and suppliant character of the words, and not like so many of the *Kyries* sung in Catholic churches, not excepting some of Haydn's, a mere piece of florid vocalization. It should properly be sung without accompaniment, in accordance with its a *capella*, or strictly church, style; the piano-forte part here given is simply a bringing together of the four voice parts.

Italian Opera.

FIRST NIGHT. On Monday evening the musical season was in a manner opened; although we could hardly feel, as the poet sings of Spring, "for now comes in the sweet o' the year." The concourse of habitués and of young, eager, gaily clad society was large, but not enough to fill the Boston Theatre. We fancy there was some distrust of the magnetic potency of the Donizetti opera announced "for the first time." Martyrdom in itself is not a pleasant subject, and requires the highest art and grandeur of poetic faculty to quicken it with more than cheap and melodramatic interest; and of this music, as music, of *Poliuto*, or "The Martyrs," there was no distinctive fame, to lift it out of the common category of Donizetti's innumerable secondary works. If there were any high expectations, they can scarcely have survived last Monday's trial.

Put upon the stage with well-drilled thoroughness and completeness, with the full and honest "entirety" of the Ullman-Strakosch troupe from the New York Academy, a very large and excellent orchestra, an uncommonly effective chorus, and liberal stage appointments; favored highly in the quality of the performance, with admired singers for the principal rôles, and Signor Muzio for conductor, it failed not only to excite enthusiasm, but even to impart a fresh musical sensation or add aught to one's stock of tuneful memories worth treasuring. As air after air, and scena after scena followed one another, you felt that you were hearing the old Donizetti operas over again, only with the old life strangely, sadly faded out of them. *Poliuto*, the young Christian Roman, and martyr, has the first *entrée*, with slow *cantabile*, followed by would-be exciting Allegro, as usual, and whether you have known it all in *Maria di Rohan* or *Roberto Devereux*, or where, you may not recall, but it has more than the family likeness of all of them. The heroine, soprano, has her turn, her scena; and presently the robust baritone opens upon you, in his way also, in slow big pathos, and fires up into impetuous Allegro; and either of them might for all the world have

stepped right out from *Lucia* or *Lucrezia*, without change of character or costume, as they were virtually without change of music, except that, while it sounded like the same thing, it was that thing exceedingly diluted. The finale of the second act was the only piece at all effective (it was even redemanded); but that bore no comparison with the Sextet in *Lucia*, or other similarly worked ensembles by the same author and his compeers. Even the stage pomp of a (dramatically unnecessary) Roman procession, at the entrance of the pro-consul, with lictors, priestesses of Mars, captives in chains, a band of reeds and brass discoursing pungent harmonies upon the stage, besides the dumb show of long-trumpeted buccinators and boys blowing *tibiae*, went but a very little ways to relieve the general monotony.

But worst of all, the music is nowhere up to the level of the subject. Even where you have a right to expect inspiration and sublimity, during at least the climax of the heroic action, where the two converted lovers have resolved to die, to give themselves to the wild beasts, and the heroine hears in her soul the sound of the angelic harps (*il suon del arpe angeliche*), the would-be rapturous melody she sings is a most commonplace and trivial tune. Altogether *Poliuto* seems to be a production of the dull and sickly period of Donizetti's creative talent, after he had exhausted himself, and could only repeat faintly his own common-places.

The new prima donna, Mme. CORTESI, made a favorable impression. She is young and fresh, has a good stage presence, acts always unexceptionably, and often with much dramatic force and intensity; indeed, it is in feats of strength and impetus that her chief power, as actress and as singer, appeared to reside. Yet it was power uninspired and unimaginative, so far as we could feel; the hopeful feature of it being that there was nought overdone. Her voice is mezzo soprano of good compass, powerful and evenly developed, but not sympathetic, not thrilling in its strength, nor winning with any delicate intrinsic sweetness; harsh sometimes in the upper register, and with more strength than pathos in those low tones that startle the applauders of what sounds exceptional. She sings well, effectively, although without any very high degree of artistic finish or execution. — Signor BRIGNOLI (*Palinto*) was the same sweet tenor voice as ever, using it to as good advantage perhaps as the music would allow him, and dramatically unroused from his well-known automaton indifference. AMODIO, as the pro-consul Severo, was the same as ever, "only more so." Signors QUINTO and MUELLER retain unimpaired their character for artistic fidelity in secondary, but by no means unimportant parts; their example is refreshing.

SECOND NIGHT. The fresh, unfading melodies of *La Sonnambula*, the most familiar of all operas in Boston, and the most original and vital product of Bellini's eminently melodic genius, were a wholesome restorative on Tuesday evening. That work is full of real melodies; every melody is a new thought, a fresh flower of beauty, unlike the last, always stimulating and pleasing the fancy, though you may have heard them all a hundred times. And everything about the opera, musically at least, seems natural and not overstrained, a spontaneous development of the subject and the situation. If we must have very familiar operas, give us *Sonnambula* before most

of them; for that is genuine and charming, if it is not great; it sprang out of a musical and loving soul, if it is not a "great effort" a la Meyerbeer or Verdi, and one feels pleasantly, at least once a year, to hear it.

It was in the main admirably performed. The choruses were excellent. The new sensation of the evening — and it was one indeed — was the voice and singing, and we may add the hearty, natural acting, of Mme. GASSIER. We were at once struck, and to the end won, by the delicious odor of her voice; a very high-reaching soprano, singularly clarionet-like in the brightness of the highest notes, but also sympathetic as well as clear and pure in its whole range; very flexible, beautifully modulated and shaded in its passages, tenderly sustained in the *cantabile* and revealing with a lark-like ease and certainty and brightness in florid passages like the varied repetition of *Ah, non giunge*, quite satisfying one on that score, if not thridding such incredible mazes of ornament as a Lagrange or a Laborde. Compared with the latter, she has far more that is individual and vital in her song. Indeed her debut as Amina was altogether captivating and refreshing. Her husband, Monsieur GASSIER, has a manly, gentlemanly way of acting, and rendered the music of the Count with a baritone of rich and finished quality; certainly one of the best representatives we have had of that part. BRIGNOLI was even more than usually impassive and not in his part. It required no effort of the Count to restrain Elvino's impatient ardor in the last scene; for the same friendly force that held him back had first to move him. Parts of the melody he sang beautifully, of course; others he slighted, or he hurried the music wilfully, as in the fine concerted piece in the bed-chamber scene. — The house was not so well filled as on Monday.

Richard Wagner.

SECOND ARTICLE.

We left Wagner meditating his *Tannhäuser*, on the way back from France to Germany, where he felt that his artistic destiny was at length opening before him, as he had vainly felt three years before on entering Paris. "I trod anew," he says, writing in his political exile in '48, "the soil of my country with a patriotic and a fervent joy."

Arrived in Dresden, he set about the rehearsals of his *Rienzi*, finding a new sense of satisfaction in the zeal and praises of the singers. The first performance was a triumph; though M. Fétis intimates that the public understood not what it was applauding, and was only carried away by the momentary charm of novelty. At all events he reaped a solid benefit, about which he records his great surprise: "What! I, but just now isolated, abandoned, without hearth or home, I found myself all at once loved, admired, and even contemplated with astonishment! Moreover, as an effect of this success, I found a solid and durable basis of a prosperous existence in my unexpected appointment as chapel-master to the king of Saxony!"

The success of *Rienzi* decided the director of the court theatre at Dresden to put upon the stage the *Fliegende Holländer* (Flying Dutchman), which met with a signal failure on the 2d of January, 1843. Early in '44 it was again produced twice, under better auspices, at Berlin, but on the second time to an almost empty house. The critics spoke of the eccentricity of its musical forms, and this had its weight with the public. One consolation Wagner had, however, in a letter from Spohr, who had produced the *Holländer* in the theatre at Cassel, and encouraged him to go on, in the path he had marked out for himself.

Wagner's hopes of revolutionizing the musical drama seemed for a time dashed. At Hamburg his *Rienzi* had not succeeded. Autograph copies of his two operas, which he had sent to the theatre directors

in several great cities, were in most cases returned unopened. But he lost no faith in his own conception; he ascribed the failure either to defects of execution or to the dullness of the public. The response of here and there an appreciative individual confirmed him in his self-reliance, and thenceforth, he says, he addressed himself not to the masses who had no affinity with him, but to the few whose tone of thought and feeling was analogous to his own. He returned in earnest to the composition of his *Tannhäuser*; the painful and laborious task impaired his health; the physicians urged a suspension of labor and a visit to the baths of Bohemia. There he only half followed their prescriptions, for he already sketched the plan of his next opera, *Lohengrin*.

Returning to Dresden, he commenced the rehearsals of *Tannhäuser*. The director of the royal theatre hoped much from this work, and lavished great expense upon it. It required an enormous orchestra. Actors, orchestra and chorus vied with one another in zeal and carefulness to make the execution answer to the poet-musician's thought; but the result was a disappointment; the audience went off with open signs of discontent, and only one more performance was tolerated. "I was overwhelmed," he says, "by this reverse. . . . This week (between the first and second performances) had for me the weight of a whole lifetime. It was not wounded vanity that pierced me to the heart, it was the absolute annihilation of all my illusions. It became evident to me, that in the *Tannhäuser* I had revealed myself only to a small number of my intimate friends, and not to the public, to whom, nevertheless, I had involuntarily addressed myself by the representation of my work." Cuttings and changes did not save the opera. What should he do to render the beclouded public mind appreciative? for he was in the right way; he was creating the True and the Beautiful!

He sought to get his *Tannhäuser* introduced in other theatres. "I took measures for the propagation of my opera and particularly turned my eyes towards the theatre at Berlin; but I received a formal refusal from the superintendent of the royal theatres of Prussia. The general intendant of music to the royal court seemed more favorably disposed; through his mediation I solicited the royal interest in behalf of the execution of my work, and begged permission to dedicate the score of *Tannhäuser*. I was told in reply that the king never accepted the dedication of a work with which he was unacquainted; but that considering the obstacles to the representation of my opera in the theatre, the king might consent to hear it if I would arrange some portions of it for military music to be played on parade. I could not have been more profoundly humiliated, nor taught to feel my true position with more certainty. From that time all publicity of Art had ceased for me."

Nevertheless, he immediately set about the composition of *Lohengrin*. His sense of separation from the public, he says, excited him to try to manifest himself to his own circle of sympathizers in the full development of his ideas. Three years had passed between the production of the *Holländer* and the *Tannhäuser*; this last was played for the first time on the 20th of October, 1845. The *Lohengrin* was finished in the latter part of 1847, and had begun to be studied by the singers in the early part of 1848, when the political events of that year suddenly interrupted his artistic projects. Wagner was a radical; though he had never borne any active part in politics, he says his instinct led him to take an interest in it the moment that it involved a revolutionary element; that is to say, "when he saw the revolt of human sentiment against the politico-juridical institutions of modern society." Very natural, M. Fétis thinks, for a man who, as we have seen, makes genius to consist in discontent with the existing state of things! "Everything, in fact, is an object of his censure. Religion, the State, the Court, the bourgeoisie, social institutions, traditions, manners, laws, the administration of justice, the forms of Art, taste, and even God himself, nothing escapes him:"—so says M. Fétis. Before this explosion, Wagner had been pre-occupied with a plan of reforming the taste of the population of Dresden by a new organization of the royal theatre and new kinds of exhibitions, but he despaired of achieving anything so long as the theatre was under court influence; nothing but a revolution could render possible the realization of his views: it came! Wagner went down into the street, and the revolution was

victorious. But the triumph was a short one, for the Prussian army came to the aid of the court of Saxony; Dresden was reconquered, and Wagner was a fugitive from his country. Arriving, not without danger, in that beautiful valley of Thuringia, through which he had travelled with enthusiasm seven years before, he followed its windings, agitated by very different feelings.

In a few days he crossed the frontier of Switzerland in the character of a political refugee, and fixed his abode at Zurich, where he has since for the most time lived and worked upon new operas. During the years 1849 and 1850 his name became current in Germany, chiefly through the efforts of Liszt, that lover of new things, to convince the public of the value of the Wagner operas, in which he recognized a new era for Art. Through the Goethe-like supremacy of Liszt in matters of Art at Weimar, the operas were repeatedly brought out there in the court theatre; enthusiastic reports were written to the principal German musical journals, a strong and earnest Wagner party sprang up, headed by Liszt and the editor (Brendel) of the *Leipziger Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, and Wagner seized the favorable moment to set forth his programme of a grand revolution in the musical drama, and in fact in all Art, in his three principal books, entitled *Das Kunstwerk der Zukunft* (The artistic mission of the future), *Kunst und Revolution* (Art and Revolution), and *Oper und Drama* (Opera and Drama), followed by the "Communications to his Friends," from which most of the particulars of this brief sketch, so far, are gathered. In another article or two we purpose to glance at his labors since the *Lohengrin*, and to sum up, so far as we are able, the leading and peculiar features of the "Opera," or "Art-work of the future," in the dramatic exposition of which he is so able and so eloquent, however it may be with his practical exemplifications of it in the operas which he has given to the world.

Musical Chit-Chat.

Good news for the lovers of orchestral music! The "Afternoon Concerts," or "Rehearsals," as we used to call them, of the ORCHESTRAL UNION, with Mr. CARL ZERRAHN again for leader, and with an orchestra of about the same force as last year, will commence some months earlier than usual, namely, next Wednesday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, at the Music Hall, and be continued every Wednesday afternoon, so long as there shall be call for them. This is promising indeed. What will they give us? Always, we suppose, a good Symphony for one thing, and, perhaps a good overture, with the usual variety of lighter matters. We see no reason why these cheap concerts should not last the greater part of the year round, and do much to satisfy the want, as well as create a taste for music of a higher order than street bands and "promenade concerts" have afforded through the summer. We have always believed that weekly, and almost nightly concerts of orchestral music, judiciously mingled and contrasted, in the Music Hall or elsewhere, would be as popular, to say the least, as the Brass Band performances, which have been drawing crowds. They would certainly be more edifying, unless the frequent din of brass has so trodden down and hardened the soil of popular musical feeling, that no finer sensibilities can take root therein. . . . Mr. C. A. ADAMS, our accomplished tenor singer, begs and deserves to have it understood that he was not and could not have been the Mr. A. referred to, in a portion of a private letter which we printed last week, as having masqueraded in the "Old Folks" Concerts out West. Mr. Adams—our Mr. Adams—goes in a few days to Washington, D. C., to sing in concerts, after having given pleasant tastes of his quality at the various watering-places during the summer.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, OCT. 4. — Our opera season has closed, and before this letter is published the artists will have appeared before a Boston audience. In the meantime the chorus singers at our Academy of music, are kept at work rehearsing the choruses for Verdi's "Sicilian Vespers" and "Aroldo." The production of the latter opera will be, however, dependent upon the success of the former. Ullman announces the season to re-commence here on the 17th instant, a week from next Monday, with the new prima donna, SPERANZA, on the first night, and the

much beuffed baritone, FERRI, for the second night.

Some of the papers—the *Herold* particularly—are strenuously urging the constant production of novelties at the opera, though in no other country is that cry for operatic novelty re-echoed. In Italy an opera when produced runs steadily for ten or fifteen nights, the people going night after night, and with constantly increasing pleasure to hear the same music. But here it is quite different. Ullman knows this, and I understand that next season he will take care to give the New York public novelty, at least.

The Philharmonic concerts promise to be unusually attractive this season, as the Society have engaged the Academy of Music, which, last year, the lessee refused to let them have. The first concert will take place on the 19th of November, when the orchestral pieces will be Symphony No. 1, in C, by Franz Schubert; Overture to *Melusine* in F, op. 32, by Mendelssohn; overture to *Fidelio*, in E, by Beethoven, and Introduction to *Lohengrin*, by Wagner, the two latter for the first time. CARL BERGMANN will conduct. Mr. EISFELD has become conductor of the Brooklyn Philharmonic, which announces its first concert for the 5th of November, with GAZZANIGA and MILLS the pianist, as the star performers.

FORMES is expected here daily. He does not intend to go into opera speculations, and his proposed opera company has proved a fizzle. He means to give concerts, most probably in conjunction with ANNA BISHOP and ARTHUR NAPOLEON. He refuses operatic engagements, and charges so much for a single night that it is not likely the managers will engage him. Thus he can devote all his energies to concertizing. He expects to make hundreds of money.

Mr. FRANZ SCHLOTTER, one of our most intelligent and most successful music teachers, is now on his way to this city after a visit to Germany, where he has been maturing his plans for undertaking a series of lectures on the History of Music. These lectures are to be accompanied by illustrations of the various kinds of music of which they treat, and performed on the very instruments in use in various preceding ages. The scientific musical students will be particularly interested in the revival of the works of Palestrina and Bach. I apprehend, however, that a musical enterprise of this character would succeed better in Boston than in this city. In a letter recently received from Mr. Schlotter, he says:

"I shall endeavor this winter to bring my lectures on Music before larger audiences, and have therefore appropriated a good deal of time, during my stay here, to gather additional knowledge.

"I have also conversed with some of the most eminent theoretical and practical musicians in Germany about my project, who all congratulate me on the new undertaking as one of the most beneficial and powerful to cultivate the general taste for the art and to help to bring music to the standard where it belongs also in our own country."

For a week or two musical matters here will be in a state of stagnation, but after that period you will frequently hear from
TBOVATOR.

LEIPZIG, SEPT. 13. — For the past two months, in fact since the Musical Convention of last June, Leipzig has not been the scene of any musical event worth recording; but now autumn, passing rapidly away, will soon bring with it the musical season with its fine concerts—a forerunner of which was the concert of the *Riedelscher Verein*, given on Sunday last, Sept. 11, in the Thomas Church. This society, which counts quite a number of both active and honorary members, has for its object the study and production of the best works of the masters of the old Italian and German schools of church music, and to make a modern public acquainted with that which would otherwise sink completely into oblivion. The society has in CARL RIEDEL a conductor possessing, not only the requisite knowledge, but also a true love for this particular sphere of music; and he is indeed the person to whom the honor of the actual founding of the society is due. This *Verein* give several concerts every year, in the Thomas Church, with accompaniment of orchestra and organ. The thing has been well managed, for, knowing how few persons understand or appreciate this music of a by-gone day,

the directors have made these concerts free, for the better attainment of their object. It has naturally worked in a very successful way, as the public the world over has a decided partiality for *free* concerts. The result, as might be expected, is that the society rarely fail of having a crowded house. Every one, however, must be provided with a ticket of admission, which is easily procured by applying to the agents of the society. Below I give you the programme of this last concert, omitting however the text, which is always printed in full, as well as the greater part of the short biographical sketches of the composer of each piece.

I. OLD ITALIAN CHURCH MUSIC.

1. The "*Impropria*," Motet for two choirs, in 4 and 8 parts, by Palestrina. (Roman School, 1560.)

"My people, wherewith have I afflicted thee?"

2. "*O vos omnes*": Motet in four parts, composed by Tommaso Lodovico da Vittoria. (Roman School.)

3. "*Regina coeli laetare*": Motet in four parts, by Antonio Caldara, (1714, Court Capellmeister at Vienna.) (Neapolitan School.)

II. OLD GERMAN CHURCH MUSIC.

4. "*Dearly do I love thee, Lord*"; Motet in 6 parts, by Heinrich Schütz. (1648. Capellmeister at Dresden.)

5. *Last chorus from the "Passion Music"*; text from the gospel according to St. Mark, by H. Schütz. 1666.

6. "O Lamb of God." Choral, in 5 parts, by John Eccard, (pupil of the famous Orlandus Lassus; from 1608 till his death, 1611, Court Capellmeister at Berlin.)

7. "O rest in the Lord": Sacred song for Soprano, with organ accompaniment, by Johann Wolfgang Franck. (1687.)

The above composer was not an artist by profession, but a practising physician in Hamburg. Between the years 1679 and 1686, he brought fourteen operas upon the stage in the aforementioned city; is said then to have repaired to Spain, when at the Court of Charles II, as favorite of the King, he lost his life through the intrigues of those envying his position.

III. LATER CHURCH MUSIC.

8. Psalm 24. "*Lift up your heads, O ye gates!*": for two choirs *a capella*, composed by Arrey von Dommer; who is a Leipzig musician, but not of any particular prominence. The work had many fine points, but would have been more interesting if not carried out to such a length, as there was only the contrast between single and double chorus, and no variety given by the introduction of solo, duet, or the like.

The entire programme of this concert was executed without accompaniments, with the single exception of No. 7. The performance was, taken as a whole, a praiseworthy one, with however the so often occurring fault of too great length of programme. In default of something better, I subjoin a translation of a private letter by Hans von Bülow, written to some friend here in Leipzig, who has permitted the editor of the "*Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*" to print it. It may interest some of your readers, to whom it is only necessary to state beforehand that Bülow is adopting the piano edition of Wagner's new opera, "*Tristan and Isolde*," from the orchestral score. The opera has not yet been given, but report says that preparations are being made for its performance in Carlsruhe—Wagner having sent this composition to the Duchess of Baden, to whom the work is dedicated. H. v. Bülow writes:

"With the appearance of *Tristan and Isolde*, the outer characteristic of the new German School assumes an entirely new phase. As the "*Nibelungen Lied*"* rests for the present quietly in Wagner's desk, this opera, performable in one evening, takes its place. Here is the realization of Wagner's ten-

dencies, and indeed in a wholly unforeseen manner. No one expected such music from Wagner. This work joins on directly with the later works of Beethoven—no more analogy to Weber or Gluck." (Query. Who ever found any analogy between Wagner and Weber worth mentioning?) "*Tristan and Isolde* stands related to "*Lohengrin*, as *Fidelio* to the *Entführung aus dem Serail*—as the C sharp minor Quartet to the 1st in F major, op. 18. I own to having fallen from one delighted surprise into another. The musician who here still refuses to believe in progress has no ears. On every side Wagner shows his pure, powerful musical knowledge. Of this Tone-Architecture, of this musical detail-work, you cannot form too exalted an idea. In invention, *Tristan and Isolde* is W.'s most potent work—nothing is so sublime as for instance this second act. I have had some experiences with different musicians not specially belonging to our party, to whom I have shown some fragments. One, for instance, was speechless with astonishment: "I would never have expected that from W.; that is by far the most beautiful that he has written; he reaches here the highest point in ideality that the present can imagine." After *Tristan* there can be but two parties, the people that have learned something, and those that have learned nothing (!?) He whom this opera does not convert has no music in him. Such rich polyphony does not exist in all the far too numerous earlier scores. You know me better than to think that I have fallen into a fanatical enthusiasm; you know that I never allow my heart to be carried away without first consulting the cooler judgment of my head. Well, my head has here granted unqualified permission. 'T. and I.' can scarcely become popular; but every lover of music possessing to any extent poetical feeling must feel himself struck by the grandeur and power of the genius which reveals itself in this work. Aside from all the rest, I assure you this opera stands at the apex of the Tone Art as at present existing."

That is a pretty good *expose* of Hans von Bülow's feelings on the subject, and almost as hard to swallow as the articles of the other extreme which have lately appeared in the "Journal," in which the influence of the whole family of 'ologies, sun, moon, planets, and fixed stars upon the composition of a piece in the style of the new school is illustrated and explained.

The opera season commenced about two weeks since with the performance of Rossini's "Tell," the part of Arnold by Herr Young, from the Royal theatre, at Munich; who, as a tenor singer is very popular with the Leipzig public and is engaged for the whole season. "Figaro's Marriage," by Mozart, and Weber's "Freischütz" have since been given. The audiences, however, have not been so large as they otherwise would have been, in consequence of all Leipzig's having gone crazy over a young actress from Vienna, Fräulein FREDERIKA GOSSMAN, of whom Germany can be justly proud. Although quite young, (she cannot be more than nineteen) she is renowned in all the great cities of Europe, and in her particular sphere is unsurpassed; namely, as *soubrette* and in all naive roles. A person entirely forgets in her playing that it is only a pleasant illusion. All the press of Leipzig and vicinity have exhausted their strains in her praise, and after a performance it is really curious to see how half the audience adjourn to the stage door to see her enter her carriage.

Meyerbeer's new opera is now in rehearsal in Dresden, and soon to be brought out in all that perfection and splendor for which the Royal opera house there is so noted.

B.

*It may not be known to all your readers that Wagner intends writing an opera destined (originally at least) for two evenings performance, and has selected the famous old German poem, the "*Nibelungen*," as a text. Wagner's "*Rienzi*," (after Bulwer's novel of that name), has been given with success in Dresden, being "gotten up" in gorgeous style, but so much shortened by leaving out of different scenes as to bring it into the compass of one evening's performance.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

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Translated for this Journal.

The Leipzig Gewandhaus Concerts (1840—1841), Reviewed by Robert Schumann.

FIRST CONCERT, OCT. 6.

Overture to the *Vampyr*, by MARSCNER. — Aria, BELLINI. — Concertino for violin, by F. DAVID. — Aria, BELLINI. — Heroic Symphony, BEETHOVEN.

The choice of just that furious *Vampyre* overture for the beginning of the whole cyclüs might surprise one; something of Gluck's too would have pleased us better. Meanwhile that by Marschner always counts its friends, and even lady friends, among the public, and remains, in spite of its strong allusions to Weber, a fresh, effective piece of music. Moreover the execution was as distinguished as one as has ever been heard. The two airs by Bellini from the *Puritani* and from *Norma* were sung by Fraulein SOPHIE SCHLOSS, who visits us this winter for the second time; her voice is fresh and strong as formerly, and told particularly well in the first air. Whether just these Bellini airs were a judicious selection for the beginning of a first concert, may at least be questioned. If unfortunately we have not any superfluity of German concert pieces for the singer, we have at least enough to make us able to dispense with these entirely, at least in a first concert. And if it be urged in defense, that Mozart, Weber and Spohr have already been heard so very often, let us go farther back. In Handel's oratorios, in Gluck's operas there still lie treasures enough, which require just such a strong, sound voice, as that possessed by the above-named singer, to raise them into notice. — Just now we hear, that she is soon to sing from *Iphigenia*, which can only redound to her honor, as to our delight.

In the violin Concertino, Herr UHLRICH again showed himself worthy of all praise; his playing has gained from year to year in certainty, purity and taste, and its effect is altogether edifying. Of the composition, the last movement spoke to us particularly; but, in striving to make the orchestral part also interesting, the composer does here and there perhaps too much, which, however, can not prevent us from according full approval to the effort in itself as opposed to the insipid manner of accompaniment of other violin composers. In the Symphony of BEETHOVEN, at least, we felt ourselves once more in the old Leipzig concert hall, which has so often vibrated with it. The orchestra was excellent. Herr Concertmeister DAVID stood at the head, as Herr Musik-director MENDELSSOHN was not yet back from his journey to England.

SECOND CONCERT, OCT. 11.

Overture to *Euryanthe*, WEBER. — Air, by DONIZETTI. — Concertino for Bass Trombone, by C. G. MEYER. — Air, by BELLINI. — Symphony (B flat major), BEETHOVEN.

The Director, on his coming forward, was greeted with applause, in which we joined heartily. Upon Weber's compositions special pains have been bestowed since Mendelssohn became

director here in Leipzig, and so that honor always happens to the orchestra, which virtuosos as well as larger executive masses always most dearly covet and unwillingly vouchsafe, that, namely, of the call for a *da capo*. This time, too, it fell little short of it, and the eager expectation of the following number was perhaps all that prevented it. A young female singer was announced, preceded by the fame of great beauty and of artistic culture already considerable; Fraulein ELISE LIST. Sprung from a most highly respectable family, she has already as a child seen the other half of the globe; after which she passed some years in Leipzig, where her father, North American Consul here, has done the highest service in regard to the establishment of the railroad; and recently she came back to us from Paris, where she had been spending the last years. All this must have enhanced the interest in her graceful appearance. Her embarrassment was great; the journal mentioned before, it was her first appearance. Of the beauty of her voice, veiled as it seemed by anxiety, no one could doubt, after hearing a few bars; and quite as little of the good school in which it had been formed; so that one plainly saw that the singer willed nothing it was not in her power to do. But verily, what one can do excellently well under four eyes, he cannot do half so well under a thousand; and if this holds true of men and artists of importance, how much more so of a novice, a young maiden of eighteen! Only rudeness can overlook this. To the credit of our public, the fair and bashful maiden was received most kindly; and if those were disappointed, who think more of empty runs and trills than of the delivery of a very noble organ, still there are in our cultivated city persons enough who know how to distinguish commonplace talents from original manifestations, and with the latter we may class this young singer with entire conviction. What she does not yet possess, may be acquired; but what she has, is not acquirable. Let her hold fast to that, and go on with courage in the path she has commenced.

After her we heard a master, who certainly has stood the fire a hundred times and more, Herr QUEISSER, the trombonist, who was received with applause the instant he appeared. His mastery seems to remain, year-out, year-in, the same, and often makes in its infallibility a grandiosely jovial impression. Most beautifully the B flat Symphony closed the concert with the effect, which all the Symphonies of Beethoven make: that which you have just heard always seems to be the most beautiful of all. Our attention after the Symphony was called anew by a master of the art to the conclusion of the first movement; there is evidently a *bar too much* here. Compare the score, page 64, measures 2, 3, 4. The perfect similarity in all the parts shows an error on the part of the copyist, or even, very possibly, of the composer. Beethoven might not, after he had finished the work, have troubled himself farther about what follows. Whoever possesses the original score, please look into the matter; of course we must hold first of all to that.

(To be continued.)

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

How we spent Sunday.

(Concluded.)

"There are many other compositions," I said, which possess more grace and beauty than this Stradella aria. It is not the melodic form which touches, — like the pictures of early Christian Art, it is more remarkable for its solemn, simple harmonious arrangement. It is even more suggestive than complete, but it has in it that tone, that voice, which sounds like inspiration, and touches the heart as only such tones do. As the severe old Aria sketches out boldly the prayer design, it suggests to the mind the "solemn silence round the throne," while a soul whose deep woe is pressing inward,

"With a hot and clinging pain,
Till all tears are prest away,"

is striving to cry: "Pieta, Signore, di me dolente, Signor, pieta."

"Such a music so clear,
It may seem in God's ear
Worth more than a woman's soft weeping."

And so I often think, my friend, at nightfall, when I sit here alone, the daily bread labor over, with the feverish throbbing of sad memories pressing inward, too weary to weep out my implorings to God, — then this is my prayer!

We remained silent a few moments.

"It saved the young Stradella's life," I continued, and a beautiful, gifted woman sang it at the death bed of poor Chopin. May we not hope it brought consolation to him? It was like an angel's pleading, when that poor tossed spirit glared above the fierce wave-beats of its agony, that glorious voice crying:

"Gran Dio, giuammi io sia dannato, nel fuoco eterno,
Dal tuo rigor."

I drew a little tabouret to S.'s feet, and taking down Liszt's Chopin from the book shelves, leaned on her lap. My sore heart yearned for caresses, — like poor Siebenkäs, "whose inner man was so bruised and bleeding, it longed to embrace any outward being, be it what it would." I pined for loving touches; then most grateful was the firm grasp of S.'s loving arms about my neck, and the warm breath from her lips that rested on my forehead, while I read aloud to her from Liszt's rich Teutonic French:

"Sunday, the 15th of October, a more painful crisis than the preceding lasted for several hours. Chopin bore the suffering with patience and great strength of soul. The Countess Delphine Potocka, who was present, was deeply touched, she wept bitterly; he perceived her standing at the foot of his bed, — tall, *svelte*, clothed in white, she resembled the loveliest angelic form, that ever the most pious painter imagined. He took her for some celestial apparition, doubtless, and as the crisis gave him an instant of repose, he asked her to sing. It was believed at first that he was delirious, but he repeated his request with such earnestness, that who could dare oppose him? The piano of the drawing room was rolled softly up to the door of his chamber, and the Countess sang with real sobs in her voice. Chopin seemed to suffer less, while he listened. She sang that famous canticle which it is said saved Stradella's life:

"How beautiful it is," he murmured. "My God, but it is beautiful! again! again!"

"Although overcome with emotion, the Countess

had the noble courage to accede to this last wish of a friend and compatriot; she seated herself again at the piano, and sang one of Marcello's psalms. Chopin suddenly grew worse: every one was struck with fear; by a spontaneous movement, all present fell on their knees; no one dared to speak, and only the voice of the Countess was heard soaring aloft, like a celestial melody, above the sighs and sobs which formed for it a solemn, muffled accompaniment. Twilight cast its mysterious shadows around the sad scene. The sister of Chopin, prostrate beside his bed, wept and prayed, and never rose from this posture so long as the brother so deeply beloved by her lived."

"And his Lucrezia Floriani," asked S. "Where was she at that sad time?"

"O, if she had been there, my friend, the Countess Potocka and Chopin's sister could not have been; and then instead of this divine scene, there would have been an account, probably as grotesque as the amusing but shocking one given of Mlle. de l'Esplanasse, when she feared D'Alembert was dying, — feared? no, not feared, but was peering in curiously on all death's workings, with the cold-blooded scrutiny of an *esprit-fort*."

"No, it was well for all, that she was not there; for while with Liszt I can do full justice to all Mme. Sand's wonderful genius, I cannot conceive of her possessing power to give happiness or help at any time, to one like Chopin. How well Liszt sketches her: 'Brown, olive hued Lelia! Thou hast led thy steps in solitary places, sombre as Lara, soul-tortured as Manfred, rebellious as Cain; but more ferocious, more pitiless, more inconsolable than they; for thou hast not found one man's heart sufficiently feminine to love thee as they were love!; to pay to thy masculine charms the homage of a confiding and blind submission, a mute and ardent devotion; and allow thy Amazon force to protect his obedience.'"

"The gracious, elegant tone-poet was not made for such a nature; and though Prince Karol might have forgotten for awhile his higher origin, under the mysterious influences of her siren power, he at last soared off into a purer realm, and his last moments on earth were left mercifully undarkened by any Sphinx-torturings of that regard which, in her cunning, adroit account of the intercourse between them she calls 'maternal adoration entirely free from illusion.'"

All these thoughts led us to read from her curious autobiography — as long, and in many places as spun out, as that of Mme. DeGenlis, the Mme. Sand of her day, — all the passages relating to Chopin, and we grew indignant over her unaimable unveiling of the great but sensitive artist's foibles. Why could she not have been as generous as Liszt? Or why did not the memory of that "maternal adoration" impose silence on her?

There are in this life, often, fearful, mysterious ruptures between hearts, which make the future of this world desolate to both, and which no words can explain, nor rectify; all defence or exculpation only vulgarizes and degrades; better leave these griefs to be resolved in another state of being, and envelop the ever aching wounds in the mantle of

"A silence more pathetic than death."

While we were talking, the vestibule door opened, and in came our beautiful N., holding up triumphantly in her fine arms, her baby-boy. Had I been a sculptor I should have seized the *pose* on the instant. It was as beautiful as any classic Nymph and infant Bacchus, that the relics of ancient Art have to show us. Oh! divine Nature, we have thee always with us, and yet we are so blind!

"What are you two doing?" she cried. "Do you know what time it is?"

"About mid-day, — or two o'clock, may be."

"Mid-day! After four, dreamers! I have waited ever since mid-day for you, and finding your coming hopeless, I have come to seek you."

We looked aghast. After 4! And so much yet

to be done before the 6 o'clock dinner. The day had passed like a dream. We sate a little while and talked to the lovely young mother; then, with difficulty, I carried S. off from the delicious habé, — she has a marvellous proclivity towards such dear little animals, — but I was relentless; those woods at sunset must be seen; she must carry to her town home a memory of my dearest haunts.

We rushed up the road, traversed fields and lifted fence-bars, to seek the shortest road to my pet corners, to the path by the swamp-stream, where nod plume-like, superb fans, and bloom the richest Cardinal flowers, whose vivid scarlet blossoms made S.'s eyes dance with delight; — to the Magnolia thicket and stately little pine grove, under whose shade-lapped in the velvety moss, I often long to be at rest. The sunset gilded the atmosphere, and the air was filled with the balmy odor of the pines.

"Read's poetry must be strictly pastoral," I said, "for one remembers it always in such places as this."

Two verses from one of his last poems, "The Singer," trilled on my tongue, and I chanted them aloud, as we gathered ferns, pushed aside the tangled wild vines, tramped over the soft yielding moss, and leaned over the creek bank in the long reeds, for stately, nodding Cardinal blooms and the wind-like fungus Indian pipe and snowy white Serpent-heads:

"To sweeter song the wind would melt,
That fanned him with its perfumed wing;
Flowers thronged his path, as if they felt
The warm and flashing feet of Spring.

The brooklet flung its ringlets wide,
And leapt to him, and kept its pace,
Sang when he sang and, when he sighed,
Turned up to him its starry face."

But we had to leave the beautiful woods and hurry up the hill, for S. had to pay a farewell visit to the attractive uncle and aunt in their picturesque old home, and he, like Epictetus, "sick in body and beloved by the gods."

Sorrow, old age, and solemnity, are sublime attributes, and where the sorrow is silent it is touching, and where the old age is calm and dignified with its solemnity, it is truly venerable; so we both felt, as we walked silently but swiftly home. A delicious dinner, one of Tina's inspirations, awaited us.

"La soupe est justement prête," she said, with a victorious Ude-like air, as we threw off our *chapeaux ronds* and leaned back languidly in our chairs. She knew that news would give us fresh energy, for her soups are artistic, so we drew up to the table and commenced.

Artist-like we both own up frankly to a goût for appetitive repasts picturesquely served. It is not the luxury displayed — Sevres, Bohemia, and Canton, may be left unvisited, so that the *legumes* and *vindes* be fresh, and cooked nicely, "to a turn," the soups savory, the fruits luscious, and the *café noir* like sorrow, black as night in its mass, but golden in its sweet drops, soothing and calming down the generous dinner, as sorrow does the too exuberant life.

We had just finished soup and second course, and were preparing to thrust the silver prongs of our forks in the gorgeous melon before us. S. was toying with some superb Bartlett pears, and I coquetting with some purple grapes, and the beat of the drawing coffee as it fell from the strainer was ringing rhythmically upon the ear, when again Cousin H. came.

"A second time to-day," he cried, reproachfully, "you break your promise. Not ready again for meeting!"

We tried to rouse ourselves, — in vain; we could not leave those charmed delights; so we concluded an armistice. He should go before, and keep a look out for our coming. We drew a delicious sigh of relief as he left us, and relapsed back into our sweet Arcadian life where there are no appointments to keep, no sermons to hear.

But pleasure, like sorrow, also has its end — while

we were again drifting off in a most unprincipled manner, forgetting all about meeting and every thing else, N. came in on us in such a stately, calm way that we had to arise and do her bidding; men can be put off, but a positive woman, — never! So we tore ourselves unwillingly away from the dear after-dinner dreams that were preparing to brood down lovingly over us.

I really and truly wanted to hear K.'s sermon. It was to be a farewell one, — not the farewell ones of the day, those had been preached in the morning to his flock, and in the afternoon to his sabbath school children; but this was to be only a few farewell words to the young men of the community — an unprepared, simple good-bye. I had never heard him preach, and for my own sake I was pleased to hear him thus unprepared, as I would be better able to judge of his natural style and manner.

I found him singularly calm and self-possessed, and preaching with an attractive dramatic effect that would have made of him a fine Shakespearian reader on the boards. Hillard, I think, makes a mistake when he says that while "English Oratory declines into hardness, American Oratory degenerates into sentimentality;" although he speaks more to my opinion when he says that the feminine character predominates in the latter. American oratory is not sentimental, but dramatic; sometimes a little melodramatic, a little questionable in taste it may be, but never sentimental; feminine, because tender and touching, when full of feeling, and enthusiastic and expansive.

K. is dramatic, essentially so, and a poet. He made some fine points. One image, with the accessories of form and gesture, was particularly beautiful. He was speaking of the dry dust and ashes that mere worldly pursuits yield.

"We fashion out," he said, "with curious skill, fair marble cisterns to ourselves; we adorn them with every gracious sculpture, and bring to them all that taste and culture can supply; but when we go to draw up living waters from them we find them dry, and our fevered, parched souls turn away fainting, with hot lips seeking hopelessly, in the dry desert of the world, for drink and refreshment."

Nature has bestowed on K. an elegant, slender, rather languishing form, and endowed him with a most musical voice, which rings out like a clarion, and at times is as plaintive as a horn heard on a lake by moonlight; added to this, he has most graceful gestures, and the self-possession and calmness of mid-age.

I looked curiously around this assemblage, which was a rare sight for me to see, as I have not been for years in a Protestant church, and the congregations of my own faith are so widely different. This was a true American audience of the old Pilgrim stamp; stolid, quiet men, and self-restrained, enduring looking women, most of them hard-working; and I thought, as my eyes rested dreamily on some suggestive faces, of what a wide field there is in our country for an "Adam Bede" or "John Halifax," novelist. Some day such a woman will arise and portray this American life of the interior, this hardy plant of the old Puritan graft. Some woman — not a man, for none but a woman could write such books as "Jane Eyre," "John Halifax," and "Adam Bede," which seize with so powerful a grasp on the public taste.

Strange public! for how is it that it takes so earnestly to books so different in their character? I am a heretic on that subject; I admit it; for while I acknowledge the great merit of "John Halifax," and "Adam Bede," I never shall read them but the once; but "Jane Eyre" has been and will be a companion of my walks, my dreamy after dinner hours and my midnight waiting-moments for tardy sleep.

And now the Sunday is over, and the new week commences with its teaching-toil for me, and unwilling parting from my friend, who goes back to her

town home, bearing pleasant memories, I trust, of her old companion, whose path once lay beside hers, in the golden wheat tracks of gracious, elegant town life, now and forever running so widely apart. Yes, her memories are pleasant, for, as I wrote these last words, a letter from her was laid down before me.

"Dear A.," she writes, "what a host of pleasant recollections I have about you and B. The walks, the talks, the books, the music, the breakfasts and dinners—all are delightful. Tell Tina her soups have made me misanthropical. Last night I read Shenstone's 'Schoolmistress' aloud, which mother enjoyed greatly. Is it not a nice homely picture? The scent of the old fashioned thyme and sweet marjoram seem to linger in its lines, just as that poem of Read's, 'The Singer,' will forever smell to me of the fragrant piny odors of your Uncle's woods, and bring back to me the nodding ferns and gorgeous Lobelias. Tell your Uncle how I love his woods. Good Bye."

September 29, 1859.

A. R.

A Course of Practice for Learners of the Piano-forte.

(From Knorr's "Methodical Guide.")

TRANSITION TO SECOND PERIOD.

Having passed satisfactorily through all these exercises and studies, the pupil may be considered master of the rudiments, and should be led to compositions of medium difficulty, beginning with the easiest of the kind. In the nature of things, no exact definition can be given of such a class. A reference to the compositions themselves, which will be enumerated, will give a sufficiently distinct idea of what the author means.

Preparatory to these there will be new mechanical finger exercises required, but with a greater compass than heretofore.

As the teacher can lay only a few of these mechanical exercises before his pupils at a time, for private study, and so fill only half the time of the lesson with them, he will do well (rather than neglect the musical progress entirely, and least of all in reading notes) to fill up the other half of the lesson by four-hand pieces. He should select, however, rather agreeable pieces, to counterbalance the dryness of the mechanical study. This purpose will be answered by a collection of arrangements, (mostly from operas), edited by Diabelli, in Vienna, called *Euterpe*. The author recollects how his pupils always liked to play especially the following numbers of this collection: 14, 22, 25, 27, 52, (Rossini.) Nos. 255, 259, 261, 263, (Auber.) No. 286, (F. Schubert.)

We now give a list of the *easiest compositions* and *études* of this class, of *medium difficulty*.

J. Pleyel, favorite Rondos, Nos. 1 and 2, in A and Eb, (Leipzig, Peters,) are two pleasing pieces, by which musical elocution may be greatly promoted, although Pleyel has become somewhat antiquated.

G. Liekl, Rondinos, op. 34 and 35, in Eb and A, (Vienna, Haslinger,) contain nicely-treated themes by Paganini and Strauss, and are well suited, in point of difficulty, to follow those of Pleyel.* Here too belong,—

C. Mayer, Variations, op. 41, on a Russian song, in F, (Leipzig, Hofmeister;) and Beethoven, 6 Variations, No. 3, on "Nel cor più," in G, (Vienna, Diabelli.) The first exemplifies the easy and elegant, the last the legato and expressive style.

C. Mayer, Valse, in Eb, (Leipzig, Breitkopf and Härtel,) presents a special exercise in dotted notes, to be held with the greatest care through their full value, whilst in its Trio, (in the manner of F. Schubert's "Le Desiré" Waltz,) the upper voice is to be nicely and carefully slurred. It is found most correct in the author's edition of A. E. Müller's Method, Part I. end of § 114.

F. Schubert, Moments Musicaux, op. 94, (Vienna, Diabelli,) contain a beautiful thought, (in F minor,) which, unfortunately, is not to be had separately.

Suitable pieces for two and four hands at this stage are,—

F. Hüntten, op. 12, 28, 31, 52, 50.

W. Plachy, op. 1.

J. Schmitt, op. 62.

C. Czerny, op. 111, Nos. 3 and 4.

Besides these pieces for two or four hands,—H. Bertini, *Études*, op. 29 and 32, (Leipzig, Peters,) may be especially noted. They were originally designed as a preparation for the famous *études* of J.

* There are, in all, seven of such Rondinos by Liekl.

† Of this Waltz, commonly ascribed to Beethoven, only the germ is found in one of that composer's works.—Tr.

B. Cramer. As the study of the whole might prove too tedious, I make here a selection of one fourth, without, however, intending to impose any restriction upon the teacher. Nos. 1 and 8, in C; Nos. 14 and 16, in E minor; Nos. 39 and 21, in F; Nos. 24 and 48, in C; Nos. 43 and 47, in G; No. 34, in C minor; and No. 37, in Ab.*

Stephen Heller's *Romantic Études*, op. 45, (Berlin, Schlesinger,) books first and second, form an agreeable variety from those of Bertini, which have generally a more classical style; Heller's are interesting throughout, as they are less based upon dry figures, but are agreeable, melodious compositions.

SECOND PERIOD.

PIECES OF MEDIUM DIFFICULTY, FIRST HALF.

Coming to the compositions of *medium difficulty*, which exist in great numbers, the teacher should bear in mind, that (for the beginning, at least) there are two roads on which to advance, according as the pupil shows more of an artistic or of a dilettante tendency. The first leads mainly through the works of Mozart, Haydn, Clementi, and similar composers; the other through those of Hüntten, Herz, &c. It will suffice to enumerate only a few pieces of this kind, (of which there are only too many,) in progressive order, (as far as practicable, as, after all, the main difference in their difficulty depends upon the movement.) These the teacher may study, with his pupil, selecting alternately two-hand and four-hand pieces, according to his own judgment. This list, incomplete as it is, may serve, at least, as a standard in the selection of other similar compositions.

A. For two Hands.

F. Lauska, Sonat. brill. op. 37, in C.

F. Hüntten, Fantasia, (*Donna del Lago*), op. 24, in C. Var. (*Thém. Allen.*) op. 16, in C. Var. (3 Airs Ital.) op. 65, No. 1, (*La Zaira*), in F; No. 2, (*La Niobe*), in C; No. 3, (*La Norma*), in Eb.

H. Herz, Rondo caract. (*Barc de l'Op. Marie*), op. 33, in C. *Les Trois Grâces*, op. 68. No. 1 (*Cavat. Pirat*), in Eb; No. 2, (*Cavat. Semiramide*), in D; No. 3, (*Cavat. Anna Bolena*), in F.

C. Czerny, Var. (*Schmucks Walzer*), op. 12, in Ab.* C. Mayer, Var. (on a Waltz by Gallenberg,) in Ab. *Gelinek*, 9 Var. (on "Wann i in der Frühl.") in Eb. Hummel, Rondo fav. op. 11, in Eb. *La Bella Caprice*, op. 55, in Bb.

Dusseck, *La Consolation*, op. 52, in Bb.

Mozart, Fantasia in C minor; and Rondo, in A minor. *Œuvr. compl. de Mozart*, Cah. VI.

Haydn, Sonat. op. 92, in Eb. See *Œuvr. compl. de Haydn*, Cah. I. No. 1.

Clementi, Presto, in Bb, (first movement,) No. 1. Sonata in G minor, No. 12, *Œuvr. compl. de Clementi*, Cah. I. Toccata, in Bb, (Liv. I. of Czerny's "École du Doigt.")

If any wish for arrangements, they may play *Ouverture Tancréd.*, (Breitkopf and Härtel,) or *Ouvert. Jean de Paris*, (Peters;) nor are the dances by Strauss, Lanner, Labitzky, Gungl, Lumbye, &c., altogether to be condemned; only every thing in its proper time.

B. For four Hands.

Clementi, 6 Sonat., *Œuvr. compl. de Cl.*, Cah. IV.

Hummel, Nott. op. 90, in F.

Mozart, Sonates, &c., *Œuvr. compl. de M.*, Cah. VII. VIII.

C. Czerny, Var. (on Gallenberg's Waltz,) op. 87, in Ab.

F. Ries, Marches, op. 9, 12, 22. Var. (*Air Russe*), op. 14.

Of arrangements in which the pupil may play also the bass, the following are particularly recommended: Spohr, Nott. op. 34, (Peters.)

Beethoven, Septetto, op. 20, (Breitkopf and Härtel,) and the easier sort of Overtures; for instance: *Demophon*; *Swiss Family*; *Joseph*; *Il Pirata*; *Abu Hassan*; *Sargino*; *Elizabeth*; *Maurer*; *Enchanted Rose*; *Fra Diavolo*, etc. Bad arrangements, as contained in various cheap collections to be met with, are to be avoided.

PIECES OF MEDIUM DIFFICULTY, SECOND HALF.

A. For two Hands.

As the way to compositions, gradually larger and more difficult, is prepared mainly by the better class of *études*, which are to be considered as special sup-

* For those who may possess the French edition, or that of Schott & Sons, or Joh. André, we here enumerate the numbers under which these *études* may be found. They are: Op. 29, Nos. 25 and 1 in C, and Nos. 10 and 12, in E minor. Op. 32, No. 8, and op. 29, No. 19, in F. Op. 29, No. 16, and op. 32, No. 25, in C. Op. 32, Nos. 6 and 12, in G. Op. 32, No. 18, in C minor, and op. 32, No. 19 in Ab.—Tr.

* The "Schmucks Walzer" (*Le Desiré*) originated with Beethoven, op. 7; the Waltz itself is by F. Schubert, op. 9.

plements of the instruction book, these shall be mentioned first in the following list:—

A. Schmitt, *Études*, op. 16, Cah. I. A work less universally appreciated, but excellent in details, which has for its main object equality and persistency of touch. Nos. 6, 8, and 13 may be recommended even to finished players.

J. B. Cramer, *Études*, Cah. I. A work famous all over the world; the basis of study for, perhaps, all the *virtuosi*; which aims to secure, not only the greatest possible quiet of the hands in *legato* playing, but, also, particularly the practice of the weaker fingers, the third and fourth. Hints for some passages are contained in the author's edition of this book, with notes, (Boston, O. Ditson & Co.)

A. E. Müller, *Caprices*, op. 29, Cah. I. Nos. 1 and 2. A work truly classical, having for its object chiefly the practice of artificial operations of the hands; as exchanging, interlocking (the fingers of one hand between those of the other), and crossing hands.

C. Czerny, Toccata, op. 92, in C. An uninterrupted exercise in double notes, promoting firmness and persistency in touch, and at the same time written in a more vigorous and pithy style than most of the works of this composer.

C. Mayer, Toccata in E. A counterpart of the preceding, as its object is an easy change of fingers by repeatedly striking the same key. As a composition, it is a model of elegance, being one of the earliest works of this composer.

H. Herz, Exerc. and Préludes, op. 21. Exercises and improvisations in easy, unrestrained form (*à Capriccio*) a key to many passages of Herz. Var. brill. (*Violette*), op. 48 in G. Var. brill. (*Dernière Valse de Weber*), op. 51 in Ab.

C. Mayer, 3d Gr. Rondo in B minor. Towards the end to be played without exchanging the fingers.

C. M. von Weber, Gr. Polonaise, op. 21, in Eb. *Aufforderung z. Tanz*, (Invitation to the Dance,) op. 65, in D. Polacc. brill. op. 72, in E.

The following pieces belong to the class of *Lieder ohne Worte*, (Songs without Words,) which name is given nowadays to almost any thing that is entitled *Romance*, *Notturmo*, *Rhapsody*, *Pensée Fugitive*, &c. They are intended to make the pupil familiar with methods of elocution very frequently occurring in our parlor music.

Field, Notturmo, (No. 5,) in Bb. A kind of serene, noble in the simplicity of the melody, on a broad harmonic basis. This kind of compositions Field was the first to introduce.*

C. Mayer, Notturmo, (No. 3,) in E.

Kalkbrenner, *Pensée Fugitive*, (*La Femme du Marin*) in G.

Leop. de Meyer, *Chant Bohémien*, in Ab.

Henselt, *Chanson d'Amour*, op. 5, No. 11, in Bb, originally in B.

Liszt, *Lob der Thränen*, ("Praise of Tears," by F. Schubert. Transcription in D.

Döhler, Notturmo, op. 24, in Db.

Chopin, Notturmo, op. 9, No. 2, in Eb. On the basis of that of Field mentioned above; only much more complicated, but without injuring the beauty, which, on the contrary, is only heightened by peculiar manners of playing, (*à la Paganini*.) Mazurkas op. 9, 7, (Liv. 1 and 2.) Vals. op. 18, in Eb. 2 Polon. op. 25. Vals. op. 42, in Ab.

These easiest of Chopin's compositions give an idea of the character of the modern romantic school, which is generally placed in contrast with the old classical school. It has its foundation in Beethoven's later works, and in those of F. Schubert; it was, however, not fully recognized until it got a new impetus from Paganini. Chopin† and Robert Schumann, two kindred poetical natures, were the first to own allegiance to it.

R. Schumann, *Popillons*, op. 2. *Kinderszenen*, (*Scenes d'Enfants*), op. 15.

(These two works of Schumann are among the easiest of this composer, who, however, requires less of mechanical practice than of spiritual comprehension.)

Those wishing for arrangements may take two overtures by Mozart, viz.: to Don Juan and to The Magic Flute, (Peters;) one of Gluck to his *Iphigénie in Aulis*; and that of Spohr to Faust.

B. For four Hands.

Moscheles, Rondo brill. op. 30, in A.

Kalkbrenner, Var. (*March de Moïse*) op. 94, in A.

* The waltz known as Weber's Last Waltz is not by Weber, but by Reissiger.—Tr.

* Other notturnos by Field are also very beautiful; for instance, No. 3, in Ab; No. 4, in A. New edition, by Liszt, Schubert, & Co., Hamburg and Leipzig.

† A life of Chopin, and a most excellent exposition of Chopin's genius, as it is embodied in his works, by Franz Liszt, the hero of modern piano playing, and one of the few intimate friends of Chopin, may be found in Nos. 3-11, Vol. I., of "Dwight's Journal of Music."

Piris, Var. (them. orig.) op. 112, in D. Var. (Rob. le Diable,) op. 117, in C.

Of Arrangements.

J. Haydn, Symphonies, arranged by C. Klage, Nos. 3, 7, 9, 14; and,

Mozart, Symphonies, in older arrangements, (G minor, Eb, C with the closing fugue;) also Overtures viz.: *Lulu*; *John of Finland*; *Dessauer March*; *Alfonso and Estrella*; *Preciosa*; *Falconer's Bride*; *The Vestal*; *Olympia*; and others.

(To be continued.)

Mozart—Child and Man.

(Continued from page 213.)

No. 41.

L. Mozart to his Wife.

Mantua Jan. 11, 1770.

We arrived yesterday, and an hour after we were at the Opera. We are in excellent health, God be thanked. Wolfgang! looks like a captain who has just gone through a campaign; the air and the chimney fires have tanned him, chiefly round the nose and the mouth; pretty much like the Emperor. My beauty has not greatly suffered as yet, — fortunately, for I should be sadly grieved.

I went to see the Prince of Taxis to-day, but he was away and his gracious spouse, the Princess, had so many letters to write she could not receive her compatriots. To-morrow we dine with Count Eugene d'Arco. At Verona we saw the *Museum Lapidarium*; you can read the description of it in Keyster's travels. I bring back with me, however, a volume concerning the antiquities of Verona. I should make this letter too heavy and too dear were I to inclose the papers which speak of Wolfgang. I send you one, however, in which there are two mistakes, namely, that they call him *maestro di capella*, and that they make him less than 13, whereas it should be under 14. I could send you all sorts of documents about him, for poets have vied with each other in singing his praises.

No. 42.

The Same to the Same.

Milan, Jan. 26, 1770

On the 16th there was the usual weekly concert at Mantua, in the rooms of the Philharmonic Academy, to which we were invited. I wished you could have seen the *Teatrino Academia*. Never, in my life, have I seen anything prettier of the kind. It is not a Theatre, but an opera house, with private boxes.

Instead of the stage, there is a platform, on which the musicians are stationed, and behind the musicians is a row of private boxes for the audience.

I am at a loss to describe the multitude of people, the applause, the noise, the shouts, the "bravos" succeeding one upon another; in a word, the general admiration. Count Eugene d'Arco showed us every imaginable politeness at Mantua. As to the Prince of Taxis, it was impossible to obtain an audience.

He was returning home just at the moment of our second visit. But we were told that the Prince had engagements which he could not put off, and begged we would come another time. The countenance, the trembling voice of the servant, and his confused expressions, showed me instantly that the prince had no desire to see us. God forbid I should disturb any one in the midst of engagements, especially when to do so involved a long journey and coach-hire into the bargain. Fortunately we have neither of us lost anything by not coming into closer contact, for we saw each other at a distance, and if I saved the cost of a coach, I spared him the fright of having to show me some politeness in return for the honors he met with at the court, and from the nobility of Salzburg.

I send you a piece of poetry written by a Signor Sartoretti, with whom we dined at Mantua. The next day came a servant bearing in gallant style upon a salver a magnificent bouquet, ticked out with red ribbons, to which was appended a four-ducet piece. The verses were stuck in the very centre of the bouquet. I can assure you that I have met everywhere with excellent people, and that everywhere we found friends quite marked in their feelings, who never left us till our departure, and would have done anything to make our stay agreeable. I may mention, for instance, the family of Count Spaursk at Inspruck; Baron Picini, Count Ladron, Cristiani Cosmi, at Roveredo; Count Carlo Emily, Marquis Carloti, Count Giusti, the house of Luggiatti, and especially M. Locatelli, at Verona; at Mantua, the house of Count d'Arco, and especially Signor Rottinelli, who, with his brother and sister-in-law, quite placed themselves at our disposal. The wife was full of solicitude for Wolfgang, as though she had been

his mother, and we did not part without shedding tears.

I must also tell you, that neither at Mantua nor at Verona do concerts pay. Everyone comes in gratis; at Verona, only the nobility do so, as they alone contribute to the concerts; at Mantua, besides the nobility, the military and the citizens do, because the Academy is kept up by an endowment of the Empress. You will thereby be apprised that we are in no likelihood of becoming rich in Italy, and you must learn that it is much if one clears travelling expenses. Hitherto I have always succeeded in this.

In the six weeks since our departure from Salzburg we have spent seventy ducats. For even when living *a parto*, and never dining at home scarcely, supper, the rooms, fire-wood are still so dear, that you never leave an inn without parting with about six ducats for only nine or ten days. I thank God I left you at home. In the first place, you could not have borne the cold: secondly, it would have cost an enormous sum of money, and we could not have had the free quarters we are now enjoying in the Convent of the Augustines of St. Mark, where we are not saved all the expense, it is true, but we are commodiously and safely lodged, and quite close to His Excellency Count Firmiani. Every night our beds are warmed, so that Wolfgang is delighted to go to bed. One of the friars waits on us.

(To be continued.)

Fine Arts.

Miss Hosmer's Zenobia.

(From the Home Journal.)

Your entertaining journal seldom fails in cordial recognition of whatever indicates progressive tendencies in the education and character of women. Therefore, you cannot be otherwise than deeply interested in Harriet Hosmer, spiritually the twin-sister of Rosa Bonheur, of whom one of your correspondents lately gave such a graphic and lively sketch.

When I parted from Miss Hosmer, on her return to Rome, in 1857, her mind was completely occupied with planning a statue of Zenobia in chains, as she appeared in the triumphal procession of Aurelian. The personal beauty and proud bearing of that great Queen of the East rendered her an admirable subject for sculpture; and the costume of the place and period was also extremely favorable to artistic purposes. But the earnest young sculptor foresaw many obstacles in the way of success. The action of walking would obviously be very difficult to render gracefully and naturally in marble; and it required genius to conceive and embody the expression suitable to the Majesty of Palmyra under such painful circumstances. I said to myself: "If my enterprising and energetic young friend accomplishes this task well, she will assuredly deserve a place in the world's history."

She has accomplished it well. I am sure that would be your prompt verdict, if you could see a photograph of the completed statue, which I received from Rome last week.

She has worked at this great statue with such intensity of purpose, and such untiring labor, that physicians sent her into Switzerland to save her life. The production is worth all the concentrated thought she has bestowed upon it. It far surpasses anything she has hitherto done. Many women, if they had accomplished half as much, would think they had a right to put up at the Hotel de l'Univers, and do nothing during the remainder of their natural lives, but repose on their laurels, and be lionized by visitors. But Miss Hosmer is not one of that stamp. Her soul is so absorbed by an intense love of Art, that she will never be satisfied with any stopping-place on the ladder of excellence.

The statue of Zenobia is larger than life size. The head is covered with a helmet, fashioned like a tiara in front, suggested by a medal of the Palmyrean Queen in the British Museum. Under this, in keeping with the royal costumes of the East, is a gemmed fillet, the ends of which fall among her curls, and meet in a pleasing line, the ornamented cincture crossed upon the breast. The left hand clutches the chain fastened to her wrist by manacles in the shape of bracelets. On the right arm, which falls naturally, and easily by her side, is visible a thin sleeve looped up in the Amazonian fashion. Over this first dress is a shorter robe of thicker material. The ample folds of a rich mantle, fastened on the shoulders with gems, breaks up the monotonous outline of the more closely-fitting garments. The whole costume is a charming combination of Grecian grace with oriental magnificence. In the position of the feet and limbs, the artist seems to me to have accomplished the exceedingly difficult task of making a just poise between action and repose. It indicates precisely the slow,

measured tread natural to a stately person walking in a procession. The expression of the beautiful face is admirably conceived. It is sad, but calm, and very proud; the expression of a great soul, whose regal majesty no misfortune could dethrone. Miss Hosmer, in a letter accompanying the photograph, writes: "I have tried to make her too proud to exhibit passion or emotion of any kind; and not subdued, though a prisoner; but calm, grand, and strong within herself." I think the public will agree that she has successfully embodied this high ideal of her superb subject.

Are you not glad a woman has done this? I know you are; or I would not have written to you of my own delight in this great performance of our gifted countrywoman.

This grand specimen of modern sculpture is now at Rome, in the *Accademia dei Quiriti*. It will be exhibited a short time in London, and then brought to this country.

L. MARIA CHILDS.

Page's "Venus Conducting Æneas from Troy."

From the N. Y. Albion.

Mr. Page's picture is now here and on exhibition at the Dusseldorf Gallery. It is a striking, and in some respects, an admirable work,—one which at once asserts its claim to a careful consideration of its merits.

The composition is as simple as it could well be. Venus stands in a shell which is drawn by a pair of doves and pushed by a pair of wingless cupids. In the far distance the Trojan ships are seen, following the goddess. Conventional forms and standards have been adopted with regard to every part of the picture, except the principal figure. The sea, the shell, the ships, the doves, the loves, are all impossible in nature; and this is well enough, for they profess to be nothing more than conventional. But it has been the painter's aim to paint the woman as like nature—ideal nature—as a woman could be painted. He has interposed no drapery, no limb, no shadow to perform the slightest office of concealment. Yet the picture is entirely modest. We have seen many a portrait of a woman clothed to the chin and to the wrists, at which men and women with the least delicacy of perception could not look together, and from which men so endowed would turn with distaste, even when alone. But this entirely naked figure awakens no such feeling. No modest woman ought to be repelled by it; no modest woman will, except in obedience to a feeling not natural, but acquired. Between this Venus and another in Boston by the same painter, and if we mistake not from the same model, there is a great difference. For while this is not immodest, that one is: the immodesty of the other consisting not in the nakedness of the figure, but in the expression of the face and the action of the limbs.

Mr. Page's Venus is the old classical Venus, with all her traits and attributes. The amber hair; the violet eyes; the sweet, voluptuous, deep-cornered mouth; the cheek flushed with the consciousness of beauty; the alluring glance; the figure in which no form is noble, no line severe, but all is rounded to the gentlest wooing modulation; the very pearl, ear-pendant, that Vulcan gave—(one only, for its companion was dissolved by Cleopatra);—these all are there: and the first impression, as the figure is seen through the golden haze which the painter has cast over it, is of the fullest expression of the most entrancing type of womanly beauty. But at a second glance, faults great and manifold appear. The head, of the highest Greek type, is beautiful in itself, but much too large for the figure. The neck is poor in form and unnatural in action. The shoulders are beautiful, but too large for the waist and hips. The breasts are exquisite in form and color, though a little hard and wooden in texture; but they are an inch or two below their proper place upon the bust, and look as if they had slipped down, like a land slide on a mountain. The waist is unnaturally small and far from beautiful; even a corset-wearing woman of modern days would hardly show such manifest effects of compression after having been relieved a little while from her artificial support. Just below the waist, too, is another anatomical fault; for the upper part of the figure is slightly turned to the right, and the depression which there marks the middle of the trunk, is carried very decidedly in the same direction, an error which could only be the result of the painter's having failed to observe that the rotation of the upper part of the human figure upon the lower takes place entirely above the hips. But from the hips down, as well as from the shoulders to the finger tips, the drawing is almost faultless, and the lines in these parts are exquisitely beautiful. The figure is incorrect, both in proportion and in individual parts; but the limbs

are perfect in form, and also in action, if we except the right leg which is turned too much in at the knee; so much, in fact, as nearly to produce the effect of consciousness, and so imperil the modesty of the picture.

It is as a painter (using the word in its strictest sense), rather than as a draughtsman, that Mr. Page wins our admiration in this work. The color is rich, strong, and harmonious, and of that pure and genuine character which is only attained by men who, to an exquisite natural perception of color, add a thorough knowledge and mastery of the resources of the palette. The affected golden tone of this picture granted, as something not to dispute about, its coloring is of a higher order than that of any other modern painter whose works we have seen; we will not except Couture. But not only in color is the work so admirable; the modelling of the figure, the fleshy texture of its surface, the exquisite gradation of light and shadow, reflected lights, and even reflected shadows, including, of course, the preservation of local color under all circumstances, make this picture one of the most remarkable, as it is one of the most attractive, among modern works of Art. We are informed that it is to be engraved in line.

Church's "Heart of the Andes."

From the London Saturday Review.

It does not need a prophet to arise and point to the West, in order to proclaim in what direction we may look for a young and vigorous school of Art. Those who scan the horizon angor a great Art future for America, and we regard with peculiar interest the harbingers of that new school which we anticipate. It would be impossible to predict the direction which it may take, as there are too few works of American artists known in this country to justify any opinion on the subject. We know the reputation gained by the Transatlantic sculptors who have studied in Rome; but we knew positively nothing of American pictures, beyond a few landscapes which found their way across the Atlantic, when, last year, Mr. Church's fine picture of the "Falls of Niagara" showed that Art was not limited to Europe, and that it was not necessary for genius to study in any school but that of nature. It would be superfluous to do more than allude to a picture which was generally seen, and which was fully acknowledged as a great achievement. Mr. Church's was an unexampled and marvellous treatment of water. If he failed to give all the beauty of color, he succeeded in rendering the motion of water, its endless variety, its weight and irresistible force, with the intense truth that only genius can attain. Here was a young artist who had mastered one of the very greatest difficulties of landscape art—representation of water in motion; and so perfect was the rainbow spanning the Falls that at first sight it appeared an optical delusion rather than a creation of the painter. It seemed a ray of light reflecting on the picture the prismatic color of the glass through which it passed. The line of low, distant landscape and sky was, we remember, less satisfactorily treated. Great was the expectation Mr. Church aroused when he sent a second picture to be engraved in England; for, it may be observed, it is only in the way of business that we have a chance of seeing his works.

The "Heart of the Andes" is now shown by Messrs. Day and Son, in the German Gallery, in Bond Street, with all the pomp and circumstance always attending works exhibited separately with a special object. If no one had recorded on canvas such a mighty scene of water as the Falls of Niagara, we have all seen mountains nobly drawn, and so have a standard to judge by. Here we may say that it is not to be assumed that the elevation and size of a mountain proportionally increase the difficulties which an artist has to surmount, and therefore there is as great merit in truthfully rendering the Alps as the Andes. Mr. Church's picture is a panorama on a vast scale. It does not impress one at first sight, and it is only by examination that full justice will be done to the remarkable qualities it exhibits. The spot selected is on the Equator, several miles from Quito. The artist is supposed to be on high ground. A river, which has broken over rocks, flows beneath him, and on either side are bold groups of trees, detached from the forest, which has its glades, secret streams, luxuriant vegetation all brought out; whilst in the foreground are bright flowering shrubs in full bloom, crimson passion-flowers and other creepers tangling around the trunks of trees, in the branches of which we see brilliant tropical birds. Beyond this dexterous and elaborate detail lies a tract of country—hill, dale, village, lake, and waterfall being given with great care. For miles the eye sweeps on with the plains to the great chain of mountains which grow out of the distance, and rise gradually towards the sky, rearing peak above peak till they are lost in the clouds, be-

yond which the region of eternal snow tells white against the blue sky. Two small figures before a little cross near the foreground enable one to estimate the vast scale of this grand panorama. There must be something bold in the heart of a man who sits down deliberately to paint such scenes, but for all this Mr. Church has not the pure feeling for mountain gloom and mountain glory. It is not necessary to have seen a particular mountain to recognize the general truth of its portraiture; so in the American artist's mountains we do not doubt the exactitude of the outline, but we miss the delicate, subtle hand that would have lingered tenderly in tracing the detail of spur and cleft, and, in spite of the snow, following the articulation of what has been called the skeleton of the mountain. A blurred sketch of Welsh hills, by David Cox, seizes on the mind, and has more of the true elements of grandeur than Mr. Church's ten feet of panoramic view of some of the highest mountains in the world.

A certain mastery of manipulation Mr. Church undoubtedly has, but whether he is in the highest sense a great artist we are not prepared to decide. The "Heart of the Andes" exhibits his versatility rather than increases his reputation. The local color of American scenery is new to us; yet, arguing from what we know, the proofs would confirm us in the opinion that Mr. Church is not a great colorist. We know the exquisite tints of American shrubs and flowers transplanted from their natural soil, and then we ask why they should lose their brilliant luminous appearance and delicacy by being painted in the Tropics. The painting might have been expected to be startling in its vividness, yet, on the contrary, it is opaque, the texture reminding us of German painting on copper. It is summer, but there is no warmth; there is sun, but it is simply light, without heat. The mountains are leaden, like the clouds; the sky has no luminousness. There is no tender dying away of tint, without which Mr. Ruskin has said there is no good, no right color. We much regret that Mr. Church has never been in Europe, has never seen the masterpieces of his art. Nor, for the present, is he likely to do so, for he is now devoting his ambitious energies to painting icebergs in Greenland. It is impossible, however, that so determined and adventurous a man should fail to achieve success, with youth, talent, and discipline in his favor. His fellow countrymen admire and applaud him because he "sticks at nothing." He should follow the bent of his own genius, without forgetting his real public—men with eyes and hearts trained in the study of the noblest works of Art. To them he must look to win his highest praise, higher than the admiration of the untravelled American connoisseur. We look on Mr. C. as the probable founder of a school of landscape painting. Something grand and revolutionary in Art should, one might expect, be originated by the influences of nature on a grand scale, moulding the minds of those who study the secrets of her beauty; yet this is not necessarily the result, if we may generalize from a particular instance, and speculate whether it is as true of a people as it is of an individual that the first flights of genius are rarely very original. There is an old way of trying wings to feel how high they may soar.

Transatlantic literature has as yet scarcely produced any great national work. The best books are, for the most part, founded on European models, the most original are the wild shoots grafted on the Old World stock. Will it be the same in art as in literature? Shall we see a gradual development, or shall we be startled out of all precedents by true American art, Minerva-like, springing full-grown into the astonished world? The "Falls of Niagara," by Mr. Church, would make us incline to the latter hypothesis; and we await what he may hereafter send us with the greatest curiosity and interest.

Life's Autumns.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

We, too, have autumns, when our leaves
Drop loosely through the dampened air,
When all our good seems bound in sheaves,
And we stand reaped and bare.

Our seasons have no fixed returns,
Without our will they come and go;
At noon our sudden summer burns,
Ere sunset all is snow.

But each day brings less summer cheer,
Crimps more our ineffectual spring,

And something earlier every year,
Our singing birds take wing.

As less the olden glow abides,
And less the chiller heart aspires,
With drift-wood beached in past spring tides
We light our sullen fires.

By the pinched rushlight's starving beam,
We cower and strain our wasted sight,
To stitch youth's shroud up, seam by seam,
In the long arctic night.

It was not so—we once were young—
When Spring, to womanly Summer turning,
Her dew-drops on each grass-blade strung,
In the red sunrise burning.

We trusted then, aspired, believed
That earth could be remade to-morrow;—
Ah, why be ever undeceived?
Why give up faith for sorrow?

Oh, thou whose days are yet all spring,
Trust, blighted once, is past retrieving;
Experience is a dumb, dead thing;
The victory's in believing.

"Professor."

The most sadly persecuted word in our language is Professor. It once indicated a class of learned men, who filled the highest seats in the universities, and implied a world of erudition and many accomplishments. Professors, for the most part, were gentlemen of great refinement of manners, accustomed to the best society, and welcomed as men of most agreeable manners and capacity for affording solid and rational entertainment. It is difficult to distinguish, in this graceless time, between the legion of personages whose names are published with this prefix, until the character of their business is known. We were informed, a day or two since, that "Professor"—— would enter the cages of certain wild animals in a travelling menagerie, and were really at a loss to know whether the astounding announcement was credible. It might possibly be that some learned theologian, desirous of practically illustrating "Daniel in the Lion's den," had ventured on this singular and startling method. Or, perhaps, some other learned professor, devoted to the advancement of learning, had chosen this occasion to study the habits of wild animals for the benefit of his college, but our doubts were dissipated by reading that he was the successor of Van Amburgh, the caravan man.

A man may be a professor by simply possessing an art or trade. In this sense, every physician, attorney, clergyman, mechanic, or blackleg, is a professor, and the menagerie man was therefore literally correct when he ambitiously appropriated the title. The word has not, until a very recent time, been applied to any other than one who teaches in a seminary of learning, and Professor Agassiz would not wish to be classed with "Professor"——, who hangs a tame lion and cuffs a sickly tiger about in a wooden cage.

Every dancing-master is now-a-days Professor; plain mister is altogether put aside, and Rarey, the horse tamer, claims the title which is so well and honorably borne by Agassiz, the naturalist, Hitchcock, the geologist, by Silliman and Robinson.

The great naturalists, whose intimate acquaintance with nature enables him to reconstruct a fish from its broken and fragmentary bones, the learned gentleman who, from his study, sends out editions of the classics, or writes most profound disquisitions on mental and moral, is professor with the sable personages who removes spots from old broadcloth, or the less respectable quack, who advertises his nostrums and his cures. The title is no longer redolent of the atmosphere of college, and laden with recollections of the laboratory and the library; it has fallen on evil times.

It is now a convenient caption for dabblers in all sorts of arts, the aim of which is to get a living out of the public with the least possible labor, and requiring the exercise of no capital, except impudence. Alas! for the once honored word; the time has come for it, like furniture worn out, to be turned out for the use of the "lower classes."—*Buffalo Express.*

Musical Correspondence.

(A rather Verdi-ish letter.)

ST. LOUIS, OCT. 6.—Since my last communication, we have had an operatic performance every

night, which, if continued much longer, may possibly prove a "leete too much of a good thing," as our citizens at this period have not yet fully realized and appreciated their duty of attending every night for several weeks, nor are their purses plethoric enough to withstand the drain of the constant "carriage and four tickets."

In the metropolis we may visit the opera night after night and encounter new faces; but in a small town of the size of St. Louis, only a certain class attend, and their places are filled so regularly that one soon recognizes almost every attendant, and knows just how much this new "elegant fan" or that "exquisite boquet" cost, or how much was invested in total to produce such an effect.

But we are wandering. We have been favored with everything but *Sonnambula*; *Lucrezia* once; *Ernani*, three times; *Trovatore*, twice; *Traviata*, three times; *Rigoletto*, once; *Norma*, twice; *Favorita*, once; and *Poliuto* four or five times.

In reviewing that list, our first impression is that this troupe runs to Verdi; and we venture to say, "and we say it boldly," that take it when you will, in spite of the sneers of various astute critics, the music in Verdi's operas pleases more and draws better houses than that of any modern composer. *Trovatore* and *Traviata* are full of melody, drawn though it may be from other sources, yet Verdi has the tact of arranging his music, producing startling effects here, and fine contrasts there, which please, and which are not excelled. His concerted finales in *Trovatore* and *Ernani* are masterpieces; and his instrumentation, although perhaps too noisy at times, and often abrupt in modulation, has a smoothness and melody about it which always will please. Hence Verdi will remain popular, and his works will be performed wherever an operatic performance is given.

When our troupe first came, we were promised *Martha*, *Don Giovanni*, *Vépres Siciliennes*, &c.; but their success has been of such a doubtful character that the expediency of any extra expense is questionable; and besides that, the tastes of the people must be consulted. The mass rule here.

ALAIMO, described as a broken down prima donna by New York critics, has pleased some and disappointed more. Her voice is a cross between a shake and a squeak, and she can strike no prolonged or high notes without producing a decidedly unpleasant impression. Still she has fine abilities as an actress, and redeems herself, when she has an opportunity. She sung *Norma*, with PARODI as Adalgisa, rather a novel cast and one which did her no credit, coming as it did after Parodi's rendering of the same role.

The singer who has "filled the bill" most acceptably to the audience is Signor GNONE. He has improved very much, sings true, intonates correctly, thus relieving himself of our first main criticism, and, the cold, under which he was laboring at first having left him, he appears to have a powerful, fine organ, and under good control. Our favorable verdict has been upheld by the audiences in attendance.

To-night, we believe, is the last night. From here they go to Louisville. The season, on the whole, both pecuniarily and artistically considered, has been a decided success. They leave with the regrets of many, and the "Almighty Dollars" of still more.

PRESTO.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 15, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — *Kyrie a Capella*, by ROBERT FRANZ, continued.

Italian Opera.

The audiences at the Boston Theatre, since the first two nights, have continued reasonably large, until *Don Giovanni* claimed and had the usual crowd. *Martha* and *Ernani* proved the next most attractive among the hacknied favorites. *Norma* was given on the third night, last week, which we did not witness, but can credit what is said of the strong impersonation of Mme.

CORTESI — strong, but not imaginative, we must believe—and of the sensation created among those whose ears have hungered for a strong *tenore robusto*, by the new debutant, as Pollione, Signor (or rather Herr) STIGELLI.

On Friday evening *Martha*. A very few hearings suffice to exhaust the musical significance and take off the bloom of Flotow's light and pretty melodies. The chief charm of the work lies in its facile, Frenchy, conversational humor, in the readiness with which it lends itself to the graceful comic acting of those who are at the same time artists in their singing. In two, perhaps the most important parts, we had already had the best that could be had. It was impossible to go to *Martha* with minds not preoccupied by the admirable Nancy of Adelaide Philipps and the former Plunkett of Herr Formes. Signor JUNCA sang the music of the latter well, with rich and musical bass voice, but without a gleam of humorous sunshine in his uniformly solemn face, without the slightest unction, and with wise abstinence from all attempt at comic by-play. Of course Miss Nancy had no chance to do much, even if it had been in her, and Mme. STRAKOSCH, with a contralto rich and warm, but hard and worn in parts, and a fine presence, made but a stiff and clumsy figure where much action was demanded.

But Mme. GASSIER was a charming Lady Henrietta (*Martha*). If not so marvellously trained an instrument for every florid, flute-like passage as Laborde's, her voice has richer color, more individuality and freshness, while there is the advantage of vitality and grace in all her movements; and she is surely one of the most finished of the soprano singers. The Lionel and poor Sir Tristram were as we had known them. In the latter character Herr MUELLER was as conscientious and as clever as he always is. BRIGNOLI seems always happy when he has an air so comfortably pitched in the best region of his voice as *M'appari*, &c., and he sang it this time exquisitely, giving himself out for once entire; a repetition was insisted on and gladly granted. On an earlier occasion we were glad that he victoriously resisted one of the idle, unreasonable and obstinate *encores* of a portion of the audience who sought to tyrannize over the rights of others. The general performance, orchestra included, was comparatively slipshod.

On Saturday afternoon came a *Matinée*. The opera of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and the last scene of *La Favorita* made out the feast. In the former, Mme. GASSIER won still more deeply on the sympathies of her audience by the artistic beauty of her singing and the natural pathos of her acting. The new tenor, STIGELLI, we saw only in the great Sextet (betrothal) scene. His voice is, indeed, manly and sonorous, with something of the old Benedetti ring to it; but it was sometimes forced unpleasantly in the higher tones, and even resorted to the sorry shift of the falsetto once or twice. He sings and acts, apparently, with all his might, (not saving himself after the comfortable model of our friend Brignoli), and, being far from elegant in figure, or graceful in motion, some of his dramatic climaxes would border on the grotesque; his fury, when he tore the ring from poor Lucia's finger, was simply savage. But he left the impression of an earnest, conscientious tenor — a rare animal — and of one with

good material in him, vocal and intellectual — equally a rare thing with tenors. We hear he is a German. M. GASSIER, as Ashton, was very satisfactory.

The *Favorita* scene we did not see. Mme. CORTESI claiming the excuse of illness, Mme. STRAKOSCH took the part.

Il Trovatore was performed on Tuesday evening, and necessarily suffered by comparison with the admirable representation given by the troupe of last winter, which was made so brilliant by the rare perfection of the singing and acting of ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS in the character of Azucena — by far the best we have ever had here. Mme. STRAKOSCH, who took the character on this occasion, did it wonderfully well, considering that her part is an uncongenial one for her, and requires a stronger physique, less delicate than hers, to do it full justice. Her conception of the character is excellent, and her singing that evening was the best we have ever heard from her, showing growth and progress, good schooling and good taste. AMODIO was hoarse, occasionally making a good hit, but oftener, a rare thing for him, falling short of his usual mark. The audience sympathized with his disappointment and heartily applauded every success. CORTESI was brilliant indeed, rendering especially the *Miserere* scena with fine dramatic effect, and showing all her best qualities to the best advantage. BRIGNOLI was himself, with voice almost unsurpassed and calling down the most rapturous applause that an audience can bestow, when he sang as he almost alone can sing, and barely escaping, at other times, well deserved hisses for his indolence, indifference, and neglect of everything else that an audience has a right to demand of a lyric artist, who presumes to appear in public, and ask for its favor and patronage.

A rare contrast to Brignoli is STIGELLI, great in every point in which Brignoli is wanting, falling far short of him, *per contra*, in those features in which Brignoli is unapproached. His *Ernani*, on Tuesday evening, was one of the finest performances of the character that any tenor has vouchsafed us, setting aside entirely the rare *C in alt*, that brought down the house, with one consent. He, by constant and unremitting attention to every detail of the character, always doing his utmost and his best, gave an effect to the part that is rarely attained. The finale of the opera was better given than it ever was upon our stage, by Stigelli and the GASSIER pair, and will be remembered by those who heard the performance of Tuesday as one of the choice musical reminiscences. AMODIO again was hoarse, effective only at times, at others singing feebly and false. Indeed the success of this performance lay entirely in the effects of the concerted pieces, as none of the solo parts were remarkable, and, at times, matters seemed to be at loose ends, betokening scant and careless rehearsals. The *Carlo Magno* chorus, of course, was encored, as the Boston traditions now require, and the curtain rose again for its repetition. Take it altogether, *Ernani* was given with fine effect, due to the careful and spirited efforts of the Gassiers and Stigelli, in particular points, rather than to any general merit that should pervade the whole.

On Wednesday evening came the never failing

Don Giovanni. Never failing music, but often greatly failing in performance. This last rendering, as a whole, was but indifferent, very good in parts, in others very bad. These Italian singers, many of them, have a way of treating Mozart's music as if they did not believe in it; they cannot feel a genuine artistic glow in helping to present a music written purely for Art's sake, and not cut out for such vocal triumphs as they are in the habit of achieving. The whole piece, too, is lightly huddled through, as if the end were simply the reaping of what dollar and cent profit there may be in the intrinsic attraction of the music, without taking pains to do more justice to that music than an easy public absolutely demands. In the great banquet scene (the first finale), always advertised of late as a magnificent feature indicative of the liberal scale on which the whole piece is given, it seems taken for granted that enough is done when a couple of hundred novices, in masks and dominos, are turned in in a drove upon the stage, to shout a couple of lusty chords in the Liberty chorus, and for the rest stand utterly unknowing what to do with themselves. No dancing; no gentlemen and ladies in the stately minuet; no waltzing; all of the rustic sort; and nothing on the stage in answer to the three dance tunes of the orchestra except a few awkward movements of here and there a clown or two leading off, without followers, in a very *obligato* "country dance." Many of the noblest arias were omitted,—more of them this time than usual. *Tempi* were hurried, characters and scenes caricatured or slighted, the melody Italianized with modern commonplaces without rhyme or reason or any warrant but the singer's vanity; and so on still, as more or less it ever has been in our operatic experiences. And yet the wondrous fascination of the music, the magnetism of the Mozart inspiration, still asserts its power in spite of all; and notwithstanding some ennui which must be suffered in all poor performances, there was a large preponderance, this time as before, of sincere delight in the vast audience.

It would be an unprecedented case, too, if we did not have at least some one important part to be remembered hereafter as excellent, against that always "coming" good time, when it shall find its complement in other parts of equal excellence. So far we have enjoyed the rôles of *Don Giovanni* one by one. We never again shall see or hear such a Zerlina as Bosio; nor such a Leporello as Fornes; nor, perhaps, a better Donna Anna than Lagrange or Grisi; nor a tenor to approach Mario in *Il mio tesoro*. This time we missed all those, but we had the central figure of the Spanish Don presented with more gentleman-like dignity and grace, free from all coarseness, as well as with a refined, artistic use of a rich, musical and manly baritone, than ever before. M. GASSIER is henceforth our Don Giovanni; that is to say, the Giovanni of our ideal combination of the actual materials that from time to time have come within our reach. Mme. GASSIER's Zerlina was, in many respects charming both in song and action; but she was guilty of much vulgar alteration of the pure Mozart melody, to make it run into the well-worn (or ill worn) habits of the current Italian operatic voice—(nor was our gentlemanly Don himself quite clean of the sin of now and then a common-place cadenza). But we must own a preference for Mme.

Gassier's Zerlina over that so much praised of Piccolomini.

Mme. CORTESI did not seem to enter into the noble music of Donna Anna with much soul or real interest. There was plenty of physical intensity, which would have been in place with Verdi, but was powerless here. The voice grew harder and more unsympathetic with each increasing effort; and as the Elvira (Mme. STRAKOSCH) also sang not over sweetly, while Brignoli was lifeless and not in his best voice, it may be imagined how far short of delicately blended harmony the always encored Trio fell. The sheepish indifference of our spoiled Ottavio, too, in the first scene, in the duet with Donna Anna, spoiled all, except as the listener sought refuge in the orchestra. Signor JUNCA, the serious gigantic man, gave a respectable (perhaps too respectable), although rather novel presentment of Leporello; he seemed to have grown old and quite grave in the service; but his singing was for the most part good, though sometimes out of tune, and his acting better than we could have expected. Sig. MUELLER's statue was excellent; his ponderous tones, with those of Gassier, in the last terrific scene, were very impressive.

One duty and one purpose which we had upon our mind unfortunately escaped us last week; we cannot discharge it better now than by endorsing the following paragraph from the *Courier*:

THE OPERA BULLETIN.—This is the name of an abomination which, under the semblance of a play bill, is nightly served out to the patrons of the Boston Theatre. It has four pages, only three of which are printed, seemingly for the reason that all the available ink has been used on the first three sides.

It is dirty to handle it, it is painful to look at the only useful part of it, it is sickening to read it. It is an advertising sheet, probably having this prime attraction, that it is published without expense to the "management." It contains many advertisements of very respectable firms, but they are so badly presented to the public eye that the owners of the wares so announced ought, in self-defence, to buy up and destroy each day's issue before it leaves the printing office. Then there are some advertisements which do not suggest ideas quite pleasing and agreeable. We know that we are poor ailing creatures, all of us humans, but for mercy's sake, let us try to forget that fact when we are at the opera. Who can enjoy Bellini when his misanthropy has just been aroused by a list of thirty or forty of the most loathsome diseases peculiar to post-Eden man, even though the antidote is offered by their side. Think of the terrible mingling of *Ah! non giunge with 'Swelled Nose'—Ah! bello a me ritorno with 'Felons'—Spirto Gentil with 'Sore Eyes'—Il mio tesoro with 'Chilblains'!*

Then the redundant advice to "every mother with children"—"all heads of families"—but we turn for relief to another column. Here we come upon a hideous wood cut of a set of false teeth—of false teeth surrounded by a halo of dental apparatus; picks, saws, keys, pincers, wrenches, hammers, single teeth.

The sweets of literature invite us to another part of the wretched little nuisance; there we find a choice selection of the oldest Josephs, witless and vulgar. But enough of these disagreeable reminiscences. Mr. Ullman ought to be more grateful to his patrons than thus to poison the moments they are made to wait for his dilatory curtain.

Afternoon Concerts.

The first concert of the ORCHESTRAL UNION, on Wednesday afternoon, drew a moderately large audience to the Music Hall. The programme and performance were of the best that we have had on such occasions, and we can hardly doubt that a repetition of just what was heard this time with so much pleasure, hating a piece or two of the lighter sort, will bring a crowd to listen next time. These were the pieces:

1. Symphony. Jupiter. Mozart.
2. Grand Waltz. Controversen. (First time). . . Strauss.
3. Overture. Semiramide. Rossini.
4. Alexandrine Polka. Strauss.
5. Andante. From Second Symphony. Beethoven.
6. Finale. From "Romeo and Julietta." Bellini.
7. Barattinske Marsh. (First time). Strauss.

The first sound of Mr. ZERRAHN's orchestra—of twenty-four instruments in the Symphony, increased to thirty in the Waltz—was most satisfying and refreshing. A rich ensemble and smooth execution brought the old "Jupiter" Symphony home to us at once with a most welcome feeling; and it was eagerly drunk in by all ears to the end of the four movements. Yet select as the orchestra now is, and in good working order, it will not do to rest in indolent assurance that there is no room for improvement upon such a rendering of a Symphony; there are a thousand little delicacies and finesses of detail, in the accent and shading of phrases, the strict timing of dotted notes, the *pianissimos*, &c., which make the schooling task of a fastidious conductor verily an endless one.

The Strauss pieces, and the Rossini overture were rendered very effectively. That Waltz had really more in it than you find in many overtures: a great variety and contrast of ideas, with splendid orchestration. The Beethoven Andante was not so smoothly given as the Mozart Symphony; the horns stammered badly sometimes; but it failed not to enchant the listeners.

There should be crowds every Wednesday afternoon to hear such music—and so cheap.

Musical Chit-Chat.

The types gave a ludicrous version of one part of our notice of the Opera last week. Bottom, the weaver, was not quite so strangely "translated." He said: "I see a voice," but not in his height of fancy rose he to such "flowers of odious savors sweet," as to discourse of the "delicious odor" of a singer's voice! *Color* was the word we wrote, keeping within limits of poetic license, like the respectable authority just quoted.

The Classical Concert of Messrs. EICHBERG and LEONHARD is fixed for Saturday, Nov. 12th, at the Meinaon. The programme will include a Concerto for the Piano, by Bach, (Mr. Leonhard, with string quartet accompaniment); some songs by Franz, and an air by Bach, to be sung by Mr. KREISSMANN; Beethoven's Violin Concerto (Mr. Eichberg); a Rondo by Schubert, for violin and piano (Eichberg and DRESEL); Beethoven's Sonata in C minor (violin and piano); a Scherzo by Chopin; a Chaconne by Bach, and Prayer, by Tartini, for violin solo.

Music Abroad.

England.

SCENE AT AN ENGLISH CONCERT.—SPEECH FROM A PRIMA DONNA.—On the 15th of September, at the Gloucester Musical Festival, held in the cathedral of that town, a scene occurred which is described in the *London Times* as follows:

The indisposition of Mr. Sims Reeves has been alluded to. It was observed on all sides during the performance of *The May Queen*, and no one ought to have felt surprise, however he may have experienced disappointment, at the omission of a ballad allotted to that gentleman in the second part of the concert. When, however, Madame Novello had sung "Prendi per me" out of its place, and on her retiring there were no signs of Mr. Reeves, the audience began to be restive, and would not be pacified until one of the stewards (Mr. T. G. Parry) came forward and addressed them. He said (as nearly as we can remember) "Ladies and gentlemen,—It seems to be the principal duty of the stewards to make apologies for Mr. Sims Reeves. The stewards have done all in their power, but as Mr. Sims Reeves has quietly walked off, the stewards cannot fetch him back, and I hope they will not be blamed. He has found a good friend in Madame Novello, who has kindly consented to sing a song in his stead." This address was received with mingled applause and hisses. It did not, however, satisfy Mr. Reeves's substitute, who, protesting that it conveyed an erroneous statement of the facts, declared that she would not sing until it had been corrected. The Mayor of Gloucester (on the refusal of his colleague to set matters right) then volunteered a further explanation, which amounts to this:

"Ladies and gentlemen—I have the pleasure to inform you that Madame Novello will give another song in place of Mr. Sims Reeves."

Cries of "Not enough," "We know that already," greeted the ears of his worship after he left the platform, after having delivered himself of this weighty piece of information. Being apprised of the inadequate manner in which he had accomplished his self-imposed task, the Mayor returned to the charge, and addressed his turbulent co-citizens afresh. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I am to state that Mr. Sims Reeves, being ill, was compelled to leave."

This speech, a worthy pendant of the other, was answered by shouts of laughter, and it seemed unlikely now that the disturbance would be quelled at all. After a long interval, during the progress of which the Shire Hall threatened to be turned into a bear garden, Madame Clara Novello made her appearance on the platform, to fulfill, as was generally surmised, the task she had undertaken as deputy. Shouts, cheers and plaudits greeted her from every part of the room, and when these subsided, she opened her lips, but not to sing. Instead of "Bonnie Prince Charlie," it was, "Ladies and gentlemen." Calmly, unaffectedly, and yet firmly, Madame Novello, like a musical Portia, admonished her hearers. She spoke to the following purport:

"Before he went away, very ill, Mr. Reeves explained to the conductor his total inability to sing his ballad in the second part; but, with a desire that the audience might not be losers through his indisposition, which was not his fault, he applied to me to introduce something in its place, and even sent for a copy of the ballad I am now going to have the honor of singing to you, with much less ability than he would have shown. Mr. Amott, with whom alone the artists engaged at the festival can communicate on business, was consulted, and gave his approval; and not satisfied even with this, Mr. Reeves spoke with one of the stewards, who also consented to the change. Had this been stated, no fault could possibly have been laid to his charge. I thus take the liberty to address you, ladies and gentlemen, because I will not, if I can help it, allow a brother artist to be unjustly accused, as Mr. Reeves was, of course unintentionally—in the explanation given this evening, or to be blamed when he is entirely innocent, and especially when he had taken all the precautions in his power to compensate for any disappointment."

The tones of the nightingale had more persuasive eloquence in them than the voices of the steward and the mayor. The fair apologist (who speaks, by the way, quite as musically as she sings), was completely overwhelmed with the demonstrations of complete satisfaction that her quiet speech had elicited, and the peace of her "brother artist" was made with the public. We do not remember a more graceful act on the part of one artist to another, an act implying a strong sense of right, no little moral courage, and the total absence of a certain feeling of jealous rivalry from which even the most distinguished members of the profession are not invariably exempt.

DUBLIN.—Two miscellaneous concerts will be given in the Ancients' Hall, Brunswick-street, on Monday and Wednesday evenings in next week, when Madame Lind Goldschmidt is announced to sing with Signor Belletti. This will constitute an unexpected pleasure for the good folk of Dublin, who anticipated hearing Madame Goldschmidt at the approaching Handel Centenary Festival only. The eminent violinist, Herr Joseph Joachim, has also been engaged. Madame Goldschmidt is put down to sing the cavatina, "Qui la voce," from *I Puritani*; the scena, "Care campagne," from *La Sonnambula*; the grand scena from *Der Freischütz*; the air, "On mighty pens," from the *Creation*; Swedish "Echo song," and an air to Moore's words, commencing:

"This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given."

composed by Mr. Otto Goldschmidt. It therefore appears certain that Madame Goldschmidt is determined to return to public life once more, more particularly as she has agreed to sing at Belfast as well as Dublin. It is possible that her acceptance of these engagements may resolve itself into a mere mission of charity. The general impression here, however, seems to be that the announced concerts are but preliminary to the great artist's reëtrance on the scene of all her glories, and that the name of Jenny Lind will again shine forth bright among the brightest of the reigning queens of song. The approaching Handel Festival is creating the utmost excitement among all classes of the musical community, and the demand for tickets surpasses all expectation. A peculiar interest attaches to the performance of the *Messiah* in Dublin at this moment, and under the present circumstances. Handel's great work was first performed in Dublin, in 1842, on behalf of the funds of the Mercer's Hospital. For the charities of the same institution the centenary performance of the same oratorio is about to be given, and the celebration will be at once a homage to the genius of the composer, and a recognition of the fact that the greatest masterpiece of sacred music was first introduced to fame in Dublin. The committee have finally settled that the oratorio shall be performed during the last week in October. All the arrangements have been concluded and the forthcoming festival is expected to be the most imposing, if not the grandest, ever given in the Irish capital.

Paris.

The correspondent of the London *Musical World*, Sept. 17, writes of Vestvali's debut as Bellini's Romeo:

Madame Vestvali is adapted by nature for contralto parts. She is extremely tall, of commanding appearance, and even more masculine in looks and bearing than Mdlle. Johanna Wagner, with whom, by the way, she has many things in common. Her voice is deep, full-toned, powerful, and in *timbre* singularly sonorous. She possesses nothing of the Italian fluidity and clearness, but sings more after the manner of your English artists, whose voices seem to be, as it were, confined to the throat. Madame Vestvali is too prone to display her low notes, which, being greatly guttural, are by no means greatly agreeable. She is given to exaggeration, too, and emphasises a great deal more than propriety demands. With all these faults the lady has considerable merit. The quality of her voice at once recommends it to the hearer: a splendid figure, and a face, if not exceeding handsome, full of meaning and character, offers no inconsiderable claims to popular favor; while energy, expression, and a power of realizing emotions are equally at command of the artist. Madame Vestvali is not a finished singer, like Alboni or Guarducci; she is rough and rugged, like Johanna Wagner, and resembles her more than any one I have seen. A part like Romeo requires an artist with the powers of a Malibran to do it justice. Mad. Vestvali was more successful in the acting than the singing. In fact, the music of Romeo is little suited to her bold and vigorous style. In the last scene, where she has to sing Vaccaj's music throughout, she both sang and acted with great force, and moved the audience, for the first time, into something like emotion. The flowing and graceful *cantilenas* of the earlier part of the opera did not suit her at all. In my humble opinion, it would have been much better for the *débütante* to appear in *Azucena*, as the energetic strains of Verdi would have found in her a more perfect interpreter than the smooth *cantabiles* of Bellini. What effect the new production and the new singer have had upon the public, I cannot at this moment inform you.

Many seem to think that it was an utter waste of time to produce Bellini's mawkishly sentimental opera on the boards of the great national theatre. I am told Madame Vestvali made it a *sine qua non* that she should come out in Romeo. If that be so, it would appear that she was more desirous to display the grace of her person than the qualities of her voice.

Madame Gueymard-Lauters made a delightful Juliet, singing the music most charmingly, and acting with grace and feeling, if not with intensity and power. M. Gueymard was well suited in the "fiery Tibald," who, however, in the opera, appears to have lost all his fire.

I have only room to say that a new operetta, in one act, entitled, *Le Fauteuil de mon Oncle*, words by M. René de Rovigo, music by Mdlle. Colinet, has been brought out at the Bouffes Parisiens with success; and that Madame Miolan-Carvalho made her *rentrée*, and the tenor Guarduini his *début*, at the Théâtre-Lyrique, in *Faust*.

VIENNA.—*Der Wanderer*, a local journal, announces as an official fact, that the suppression of the Italian Opera has been definitively resolved upon.

The difficulty of obtaining Italian artists, and the neglect of national singers for foreigners, have been assigned as the cause. The *Pardon de Ploërmel*, it is said, will be produced at the Court Theatre, in the month of November. The principal characters will be entrusted to Mlle. Liebbart (Dinorah), and M. Beck (Hoel). The revival of Marschner's *Hans Heiling* is also announced.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—The Italian opera was announced to commence the second week in September. The composition of the *troupe* is as follows: *prima donna*, Mesdames Bernardi, Brambilla, Charton-Demour, Lagrœna; *prima donna contralto*, Mad. Nantier-Didiée; *contrapranza*, Mad. Everardi; *prima tenore*, Signors Calzolari, Mongini, Tamberlik; *tenore*, Signor Bettini; *baritone*, Signors de Bassini, Everardi, Giraltoni; *basso profondo*, Signor Marini; *basso buffo*, Signor Rossi; *basso*, Signor Polonini. The campaign opens with *Maria di Rohan*; and Meyerbeer's new opera, the *Pardon de Ploërmel*, will be the earliest novelty of the season.

MILAN.—The autumnal season of the Scala was to have opened on the 5th inst., with Mercadante's *Giuramento*. Two new operas, *Riccardo III.*, written expressly for the theatre, by the maestro Meiners, and *Lorenzino*, by Pacini, are announced. Two grand ballets also are named, *Una Stella* and *Cleopatra*. Mlle. Poinot is engaged as *prima donna*, and will make her *début* on the opening night, as Elisa in the *Giuramento*, with Madame Marini, Signors Gentili and Crivelli.

Special Notices.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

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The Leipzig Gewandhaus Concerts (1840—1841), Reviewed by Robert Schumann.

(Continued.)

THIRD CONCERT, OCT. 22.

Symphony (E flat major), MOZART. — Aria by DONIZETTI. — Concerto for Violin by F. DAVID. — Overture to the *Berggeist* (Mountain Spirit) by L. SPOHR. — Air by BALFE. — "*Klänge aus Osten*" (Sounds from the East), Overture, songs and choruses by H. MARSCHNER.

The Symphony is familiar, especially the Andante, which, once heard, is not easily forgotten; this movement, too, received the most applause; the others passed by in silence. The aria by Donizetti, a brilliant piece, brought the most tumultuous applause for the singer, Fraulein Schloss; she sang with ease, very carefully, and with a power of voice such as no other singer here at present may possess. The player of the Concerto was loudly greeted; he was at the same time the composer; the composition, too, a new one, now for the first time played by him and heard in public. Certainly it is worthy of a friendly recognition, the way in which Herr Concertmeister DAVID gratifies the Gewandhaus public every winter with something new; it shows a degree of attentiveness not everywhere possessed by those once firmly seated in an office. In tendency and purport, for the rest, this composition classes itself well enough with similar ones of earlier date; that is, the virtuoso wants to show, that he knows also how to compose, while the composer, *vice versa*, likes to shine as virtuoso. That over-muchness in the accompaniment, which we have already recently remarked, occurred again too in this composition; and again the last movement was the most successful and effective. The public called the artist out again when it was finished, — an unusual occurrence here.

The Overture by Spohr made little impression; that to *Jessonda* has by far more friends; and that to *Faust*, too, we should like to hear once more in the Gewandhaus. — The Air names to us a name that never came up here before, and which in God's name may as well keep away still longer; it is a watered Rossini; the composer, for the rest, an Englishman, whose operas have had success in England. It was partly owing to the mediocre composition, and partly to the still great timidity of the singer, that this number of the programme made no success. We are sorry for the young distinguished talent, which had on these accounts to undergo the most unfavorable judgments. Anxiety, we know, is particularly dangerous to the higher tones, and the singer sometimes failed in attacking a note, as it has happened with a thousand *debutantes* before her. But we will not on this account forget the wondrous purity of intonation on the whole, which is a peculiar distinction of this singer, nor the melting quality of the voice, which through all her embarrassment flows out so richly, reminding one of the organ of Pauline Garcia. On the other hand we would urge it upon the singer's atten-

tion, that she takes the *tempi* too slow throughout; let her try it faster, and she will succeed. Self-confidence and courage are especial arts in Art; let her exercise herself in them. Within his own four walls the artist should be modest towards himself, most conscientiously industrious; but before the public let him show courage, even a little joyous boldness, and the favorite is made.

At the close of the evening we heard still another composition (still in manuscript) by H. MARSCHNER; it promised something wholly new, and gave it too in form. "Sounds from the East" it was named, and presented an overture, songs and choruses, in unbroken succession. Berlioz in Paris seems in his last Symphony to have aimed at something of the same sort, only he based it on a world-known drama (*Romeo and Juliet*). The poem to Marschner's composition rests upon Oriental love relations, treated in rather a prosaic and commonplace way by the poet. Besides the loving couple we have a soothsayer, of whose appearance at the beginning one would like perhaps to see the reason afterwards; also a people's and a robber chorus. As we have said, had a Rückert lent his hand to the composer for the work, something more deeply effective might have come to light. By all means we must praise the beginning, to which the composer felt himself emboldened, and which others only need to follow up, to enrich the concert room with a new kind of music. The composition has many charming parts; this holds true in particulars of the overture, which, as a whole, would gain by shortening. The leading rhythm is one already often used, especially for Oriental situations; but it appears at one time entwined by a violin passage, of which the effect is most beautiful. At the conclusion there is too much noise. The Gypsy song pleased, with the third rising to the major at the end; and still more the Serenade, which of all the numbers had the most Oriental coloring; also Maisune's song spoke to us, in spite of the awkward poetry. The Robber chorus, it seems, was not at once understood by all; it is peculiar. In the concluding number the words: "Assat, where art thou" were distinguished by particularly beautiful song. The whole work, which we should like to have repeated once, received lively applause.

FOURTH CONCERT, OCT. 29.

Introduction and First Scene from *Iphigenia in Tauris*, by GLUCK. — Concert overture by JULIUS RIETZ. — Aria with chorus, by ROSSINI. — Divertissement for Flute, by KALLWODA. — Songs by FRANZ SCHUBERT and F. MENDELSSOHN. — Symphony by FRANZ SCHUBERT.

"A beautiful concert!" was the general exclamation at the close. There are many musical days when there seems to be no longer any public, but only the rustling train close following every movement of the artist-souls and bodies that go on before; while on other days this public seats itself formally before them, covered, as it were, with skins and furs, and takes in nothing. The 29th was a musical day of the former sort. Cer-

tainly the music contributed somewhat to it. Many a heart still beats for Gluck, although he loses in the concert room. The singer did her best to make it succeed: — Fraulein SCHLOSS, whom we see always improving. The overture by Rietz came out more clearly this time with its fine designs, than in an earlier performance. At that time an important place of honor was accorded it in these columns, and now this judgment seems to find confirmation on the part of the public; it was received with an interest which must have kindled the composer, had he been present, to new works. May the approval have no less effect upon him absent!

The following number won applause too through the graceful delivery of Fraulein LIST; her enunciation of the Italian is much to be praised. In the songs she accompanied herself at the piano; this we all know has a peculiar charm, which won also here. The songs were *The Wanderer*, and *Auf Flügeln des Gesanges*. The first she sang particularly finely; the other she took a little too slow, but it sounded lovely enough. The Flute piece was an old one, which we remember to have heard ten years ago; the player one of well known excellence, Herr GRENSER, first flutist in the orchestra. And so, amid edifying and lively enjoyment, we came at length to the SYMPHONY, the crown of the evening. A thousand hands were raised in applause. Could Schubert have seen it with his own eyes, he must have imagined himself richly a king. And so we went intoxicated home from all the beautiful images, which must have mirrored themselves long afterwards in many souls.

FIFTH CONCERT, NOV. 5.

Symphony (G major), HAYDN. — Air by MOZART. — Capriccio for pianoforte with orchestra, by FERDINAND KUFFERATH. — Aria by DONIZETTI. — Two Overtures (Nos. 1 and 2), to *Leonore*, by BEETHOVEN. — Three Etudes for piano-forte, by F. KUFFERATH. — Duet by ROSSINI.

The Symphony has, more than others of Haydn's, something prim and old-fashioned (*zopf-iges*, literally, wearing a cue), about it; the Janissary music in it is even rather childish and tasteless, — which, with all love for the master, as he ever must remain, we ought none the less to deny. The Scherzo, in our opinion the movement which lies nearest to our time, was strangely just the one that was not applauded, while all the others were. — The Air was that of the Countess in *Figaro*; the singer, Frä. LIST, who sang the Recitative nobly and finely, but was not so happy at the close. But the public always clings to what is nearest, and therefore to the close; if that succeeds, the whole has triumphed. Unquestionably the singer this time had to feel this, and, owing to the single failure of the close, to see the finely achieved first half of her performance forgotten.

In the following number a young composer and pianist, now residing here, Herr F. KUFFERATH, from Cologne, appeared for the first time, and in a way most worthy of consideration. His com-

positions told of decided talent and of a noble direction, which seems to have been influenced, consciously or unconsciously, by a master who lives near us. But he is not, as has been here and there reported, a formal pupil of Mendelssohn's. In the *Capriccio* the introduction pleased us particularly: the *Allegro* had no altogether happy form: it lacked a middle part; besides that the transposition of the at first brilliant passages to the minor at the close can very seldom be effective. The orchestra was skilfully, often finely, but often also too much and too strongly treated. The very distinguished player had, after the *Capriccio*, a *succès d'estime*, which rose after the *Etudes* to a more hearty one, with a calling out, although to us the *Etudes* seemed less individual in their composition, at least so far as real power of melody is concerned. At all events it was so honorable a debut, that we may almost promise a secure and happy future to the young and very industrious artist.

Fräulein SCHLOSS was in splendid voice, and sang with such a *bravura*, that the public were transported and she was obliged to sing *da capo*.—The two *Leonore* overtures which were performed, were both in C; the one, probably the first which Beethoven wrote to *Leonore*, published in score by Haslinger,—the other, undoubtedly the precursor of the great printed one in C, being still in manuscript in the possession of Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel. The *Neue Zeitschrift* has already noticed this four-overture phenomenon. This time, too, the second one took mightily with the mass. How comes it, that the owners of the score keep back the publication so long? We would have all the world share this delight.

(To be continued.)

(From Novello's Musical Times.)

Domestic Music.

INTRODUCTORY.

Contributed by E. HOLMES.

The veteran who still receives from Music his chief solace and recreation from the fatigues of daily labor, often retraces with pleasure the history of his early sensations and the gradual opening of his interest in the beauty of the art, desirous to compare his experience with that of others, and wishing that the same good gift may be yet more widely participated. It may well afford matter for meditation on the hidden sense and symmetry of sounds, as well as on a man's own self and durable power of enjoyment, when he compares his pleasure at a fine instrumental movement—say a *Larghetto* of one of Mozart's *Pianoforte* Quartets—at eighteen years of age, and at sixty. He enjoyed in youth, when he knew not the name of a single chord or any rule of composition; he enjoys in age, when none of these things are mysteries, and the only wonder is, that pleasure in the same thing should be so constant and unchanged. The association of ideas enters much into our gratification in some departments of the arts; pleasure has a mixed source in vocal music, in poetry and in painting, enduring as are their best things. Instrumental music alone claims complete abstraction, and possesses a separate existence, symmetrical proportions and laws of its own. "Never less alone than when alone," may be fitly said of one who has conquered most of the mechanical difficulties of the *pianoforte* and organ, and who by the ardent study of master-works has penetrated their spirit and characteristic meaning. With a good library at command, the musician within himself possesses boundless resources of enjoyment, and solitude instead of oppressing becomes his best friend.

The *pianoforte*, besides its own peculiar music,

may transport into the lonely apartment the most glorious memories of the orchestra, the opera, the concert, and the cathedral. Imagination fills up the work of ably-used fingers. More complete still is the satisfaction derived from skilful management of the unbounded varieties of the organ, listening to which no void exists in the deserted church; companions for the ear fill out its empty aisles; and it is wonderful, even to the initiated, that all this compass of tone, and change and contrast of stop with stop—this perpetually satisfying variety, should be at the command of one sole person. In times when public music depends on the consent of hundreds, or is often a money speculation in which pleasure is lost, it is well occasionally to remember what a man may have at his own control, and enjoy at liberty. What he gains by his application and taste, for the delight of himself and friends, is perhaps the greatest heritage of human felicity, and the more so that the aim is to produce and not to invent music; for the composer, even under the spell of genius, has weighty responsibilities; and the trials of self-denying virtue which exercise him, render his life indeed heroic, but far from uniformly pleasant. To play for the stake of renown and immortal fame is certainly the loftiest aim of the musician; where that cannot be done, it is perhaps next best to know what good exists in music; to what purpose the old composers labored,—what they themselves enjoyed; to kindle the flame and diffuse the influence for social happiness in those secret sympathies of soul which knit families and brotherhoods in their worship of the good and true, and separate them from the people who "delight in a vain thing."

Of the musician who thus enjoys his instrument, playing for himself or others indifferent to applause, selecting what pleases him best, and making experiments at will, many examples occur to us. For home pleasure, or the music lecture-room, nothing exceeds in effect a well-rendered score, with the instrumental features of the symphony, the opera air or chorus, ingeniously brought within the compass of one performer. How well the late Dr. Crotch used to do this! What a treat it was to hear him play "Qui sdegno" in the *Zauberflöte*,—keeping the bass air in its place in the left hand, and missing no note of tenors or bassoons—preserving the clearness of the orchestra amidst parts that mingled in hand-fuls! And Mr. Adams, too; what masterly reminiscences of the orchestra were given in his lectures! The noble province of the piano in their performances cannot easily be forgotten; and though the leisure or the ability to imitate such excellence cannot be common, the mere acquisition shows in them what pleasure they had in it, and what a man alone may do. The whole realm of music was at their command; whatever was the subject of their lectures, they conjured up the pleasures of musical memory, in them, with a speciality of talent which the learned alone could fully appreciate.

In what manner that pleasure in sounds, which "grows with the growth," and ripens into a life-long enjoyment of music, receives its first bias, is in some houses an interesting topic of family history. There is a baby. It may well invite attention if young master, quieted by the cradle song, astonished at the long drum, by degrees an amateur of the street and then of the church organ, finally marches with rapture to the sounds of a military band. And yet the developments of nature are often unnoticed, until the phenomenon appears in boyhood of a true musical scale formed, and a real sensibility to the art possessed by one who has had no instruction or example. Where music flowers up amongst weeds, it gives much occasion to wonder and reflect on natural causes, for almost all who attain a certain ability and excellence in the art may trace the growth to its source, in some tradition or accident of their youth. There always is an influence, and something strikes the note of destiny however it may be disregarded.

The manner in which children educate themselves in music is, in some cases, singular and mysterious. Born with this sensibility, amidst surrounding disadvantages, the child takes for a

time what he can get, and is content; but restlessness comes, he *must* discover better things, and so he ascends by degrees as experience encourages him in knowing the truth, until he can fully sympathize in and appreciate the beauties of the great composers. *Appropos* of this "restlessness." In the closes of English songs, and the music heard in houses in the early part of this century, the seventh in the dominant chord leading to the close was almost always omitted. The uneasy sense of a want in the endings of that day thus created, is deeply seated in our memory; and it was with proportionate pleasure we afterwards discovered what had been so long wanting. As modern and German music gradually prevailed, the seventh became universal, and the cadence which satisfies the ear was generally adopted. In the childish exercise of vocal music superintended by an intelligent master, there is nothing which points with more certainty to the native sensibility of the pupil, and its degree of acuteness, than his feeling of the seventh and third in a close. True, nature imparts the accent long before the rules of harmony are thought of, but yet science, which teaches what is right and what wrong, is a delightful aid to instinct. So much there is in music to be digested only by the well-trained ear, that the uneducated musical adult must undergo many painfully vague sensations, and wind his way through many a thorny labyrinth, while listening to fine compositions. Perseverance, however, comes in the end to his aid, and he is not entirely unrewarded.

The most curious recollection we have of boyish self-culture in music, relates to the discords of suspension, the seventh in all its varieties, also the fourth and ninth, which we hear from every organ and orchestra, the salt of good harmony, its life and perpetual fountain. Now, if a well-regulated student receives a lesson from his professor about these discords, how they are prepared and resolved *secundum artem*, it does not usually trouble his night's rest if all the notes of the gamut knock their heads together, jostle and set themselves right again, according to rules laid down and received. But it fares differently with the enthusiastic youth who is pursuing music without guide or compass, and whose scientific progress is as yet inadequate even to define the difficulties which perplex him. He has his own discoveries to make; and, on the verge of any success, feels all the agitations of the old philosopher, who thinks he has just transmuted the fabulous gold, or discovered the *elixir vite*. An idea strikes him in bed, and he cannot rest till he has satisfied himself, though the time is rather unfavorable for experiment, it being about two o'clock in the morning, in the month of January, with a frost intense. The fact is that he has made a discovery; the mysterious sounds which play about his ears on Sunday, and occasion such delight, are certainly produced by two sounds hitting against each other, sometimes at a whole tone, sometimes a half tone distance, but always consonant at the ending; these may certainly be seen in his own M.S. fugue of Handel, which lies below, just copied. No time is to be lost in testing the fact. He dresses in haste, great coats and handkerchiefs thrown on at random form a grotesque figure, and after divers ineffectual plunges at the fire-box, he at last steals down with his dismal lamp, to play the passage very softly on the piano, for fear of alarming the family with ghostly nocturnal sounds. O, the gloom, the cold, and the silence of that midnight studio! men who sit up alone at the piano, and play deep into the night till they fear to be roused from their reverie by a great rap on the back from some unseen stealthy visitor, may imagine it, no one else can. But then the pleasure and triumph of first discovering a discord of suspension! of feeling removed from the "profane vulgar!" of becoming a member of that scientific and exclusive body, the musicians who rejoice in discords! Certes, our hero of the brass lamp, though ungracefully accoutred, had entered the halls of the heroes, and shaken hands by sympathy with Handel, Haydn, and Mozart, he was entered of the fraternity of music, and deserved to sleep quietly. Laughable as is this history of the pursuit of a

discord, it is fact; and smile as we well may at making discoveries which are "mares' nests" only to ignorant boyhood, this is the fate of the self-educated. But a man enjoys most what he finds out for himself, and the effort always claims respect. Even now, the inquiring mind might undergo, for its rest and quiet, the like forced marches, were it not for the social diffusion of music, which is passed from man to man like the Latin of boys in a grammar-school.

About the commencement of the century, practical art was a sort of private property of the professors; nobody else knew how to finger the scales, and they long enjoyed a right of common, and were *deposed* upon them. Hook's *Guida di musica* lay upon every harpsichord, and jingling "In my cottage" at tea-time, our mothers quietly awaited the French invasion. It was then hazardous to publish a song in three flats; ladies recoiled. Few, in fact, took the trouble to learn when few knew how to explain, and as the route to music was dark and difficult, traditions caught up by ear and memory prevailed. All amateur artistic effort was held prodigious; if you played a little piece of Handel, sang a second easily, or rattled up and down the scale of G, you were most likely a marked individual. The Clementis and Cramers, like stars, dwelt "apart," their secrets were unapproachable; but, in return, the amateurs found distinction among their own set tolerably easy: this reigned at Blackheath, that in the Strand,—one was the finest in this street, another prevailed in that; the first fiddle or flute exhibited their practice to admirers of their own; some one always volunteered to pass judgment, and blow the trumpet of fame. Many still remember the figure of the eminent violoncellist, once the magnus Apollo of city circles. What a poorly reputation it was! Bank stock, turtle soup, Beethoven's trios, all commixed, buttoned up and represented to the life in the person of one jolly Englishman, demand this passing tribute. The time abounded in characters and in curious and instructive histories, too long to notice here, of men led on partly by the love of music, and partly by the whisperings of "a gentle usher, Vanity by name." But there were real honest wants that oppressed the amateur of this age. Concerts called oratorios, performed at the theatres in Lent, came but once a year; and except "The Sons of the Clergy" meeting, that great and solemn anniversary which used to be celebrated with an orchestra, in St. Paul's, opening all heaven in the *Dettingen Te Deum* and *Jubilate*, no more music could be expected, and the last note sounded sadly the knell of pleasure. What joy remained "in my cottage," or how could we resume "the battle of Prague" of an evening, while Schmitt the trumpeter was competent to take another turn at his solo in the *Dettingen*. Honest old Schmitt was a "full man," and blew his short trumpet with ferocious energy for the honor of Handel and fatherland. Griesbach, oboe in that long-winded solo of *Esther*, also seemed in extremity when the band caught him up. Everything was done heartily, and if somewhat coarsely, the echoing roof carried it off, and the reverberating Halleuhahs, the choral Amens, rolling through the cathedral, or giving place at times to pauses of silence as sublime, impressed the imagination with such reminiscences of grandeur that all domestic attempts for a time became insipid and distasteful. Thus was our great London festival always fresh at the end of a year; those who wished that it took place every day (and there were some), showed but small insight into the constitution of man or of music. With the Ancient Concerts closed, and the Italian Opera denied to the unprivileged amateur, it may be imagined at what long and dreary intervals the grandeur of the art was realized. At that time, though the greatest artists existed, though glee-singing was cultivated to perfection (by the Vaughan, Billington party, for example), musicians lived almost exclusively for the pleasure of the great. If any star appeared at the oratorios, it was an era in life, and served as table-talk for months and years. Whether Catalani was more wonderful than pleasing was debated at many a fireside; all agreed

that she clipped the Queen's English in her oratorio music, and a native lark was often preferred. The Lent oratorios, to which the family of the Ashleys seemed to have a patrimonial right as managers, were a relic of the music of Handel's days, when the art of pleasing an audience was little understood. The taste and skill of modern art, which knows how to retrench, and after serious things to reanimate the drooping ear, were unknown; everything came as it stood in the music score, and the consequence was many a weary night. Some doubted of music as a pleasure for life; they liked and disliked by turns; or looked upon it at best as a toy for green youth. London, however, possessed fine organs, and the pluralist blind men of the day entertained among their deputies some obscure men of talent and a great love of music. Their example kept the sacred flame alive in many a home. But the chief appointments were often made with a sad favoritism. A church we well remember, where after the second lesson the congregation listened to a voluntary played with one finger on the full organ; and as for psalms, no mortal could make out the tune of them. Such were our musical *illuminati* at the beginning of the century!

(From Novello's Musical Times.)

Death of Edward Holmes.

It is with much and real sorrow that we have to chronicle the death of this classically-refined musician, and accomplished and honest critic. He died, after a ten day's illness, on the 28th of August.

Mr. Holmes was contemporary with, and fellow-scholar with John Keats at Mr. John Clarke's Academy at Enfield. He was Keats's junior, but sufficiently near in age to be his companion; and their friendship continued till their separation, by the death of the Poet. Both received the whole of their scholastic culture, almost from its bare commencement, at Enfield.

Upon leaving school, Edward Holmes was apprenticed to the elder Mr. Seeley, the bookseller, in Fleet Street. His first love, Music, however, beguiled him; and having received an introduction to Vincent Novello, he became his pupil, quitted the trade of book-selling, and prepared himself for the study which engrossed the whole of his thoughts. He was for several years an inmate of Mr. Novello's home; and inexpressibly joyous and happy were those years.

When the *Atlas* newspaper was started, he undertook the department devoted to musical criticism; and the articles which he contributed for several years to that paper, gave an impetus and dignity to musical commentary that was acknowledged throughout the profession. It was during his engagement upon the *Atlas* that he produced that elegant work, "A Ramble among the Musicians in Germany." From the *Atlas* he passed to the *Spectator*; during which engagement he brought out his "Life of Mozart," in the compilation of which he has, with exquisite tact and modesty, so contrived to keep the writer in the background, that, by an interweaving of the great musician's letters, he has given to the work almost the air of an Autobiography.

He has from time to time contributed some admirable articles to *Fraser's Magazine*; and the readers of the *Musical Times* need not be reminded of those fine analyses of the Masses of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, &c., &c., that he has for years been writing for their instruction and delight. He had undertaken to write a series of papers in this periodical, "On the Cultivation of Domestic Music;" of which only the first was completed. This is given in the present number.

Edward Holmes was not merely a refined, an exquisitely-refined judge of music; but so devout a worshipper of the science, that he never could be induced to compromise its true interests by identifying himself with the inferior productions of the day, however popular and fashionable. He has resigned a pupil who refused to learn the compositions he recommended, and insisted on playing what he considered trash.

But apart from his beloved Art, Edward Holmes was endowed with as rare a taste in the classical imaginative literature of his country; and, upon this topic, we have known very few who could talk so well as he. Like some few geniuses, however finely he wrote, his conversation rivalled his diction. An evening with Holmes, and with Shakspeare, and the great early novelists, was never to be, and never will be forgotten by many.

He had a strong affection for his earliest friends, and children associates. He married the sister of his attached friend, the late Egerton Webbe, grand-daughter of Samuel Webbe, the Gloucester composer. Th

wedded life was but of little more than two years' duration; in that period, however, it will ever be a consolation to the bereaved one to know that her sweet affection had rendered the closing scene of his life one of intense happiness.

A Course of Practice for Learners of the Piano-forte.

(From KNORR'S "Methodical Guide.")
(Continued.)

THIRD PERIOD.

COMPOSITIONS OF GREATER DIFFICULTY.

Among the pieces of greater difficulty are, the (earlier) Sonatas of Beethoven, the study of which ought now to employ the pupil mainly; since they so far outstrip most of the other compositions of the same form as to enable us almost to dispense with them. Many sonatas of undoubted value are not appreciated because of the superior excellence of Beethoven's; and the limits of this little book forbid the enumeration of any but the best and most important works.

At this time, too, the pupil is again directed to the study of *études*, which serve, as it were, as a continuation of those previously practised; but no one collection of *études*, as they are put down in the following list, should be played through uninterruptedly, but rather single *études* from the different works alternately, in order to avoid one-sided mannerism.

A. For two Hands.

J. B. Cramer, *Études*, Cah. II. III. IV., Nos. 22-84. A selection of twenty-one excellent exercises from these three books, corrected and fingered, is contained in the second book of the author's edition of Cramer's *Études*, (by O. Ditson & Co., Boston). See § 36. This book contains only such *études* as are prominent for their mechanical and musical value.*

A. Schmitt, *Études*, op. 16, Cah. II. In this book there are some numbers which cannot be replaced by others from other collections of *études*; as, Nos. 6, 7, and 18 in C, No. 13 in E, and 28 in G. The others are less important.

Kalkbrenner, *Études*, op. 108. They form originally the second part of Kalkbrenner's Method, and are, with regard to difficulties, on a level with the more difficult ones of Cramer. The attention is particularly directed to a little *étude* in A minor, in the beginning of the work, where single fingers are constantly to be held down; moreover, to a larger one in E minor; also to a fuguetta in G, for the left hand alone, and an exercise on the mordent in G minor.

F. Ries, *Exercices*, op. 31. Among these exercises, which are, on the whole, to be counted among the most difficult, one in D is especially remarkable, written for the purpose of making the hands independent of each other. See what has been remarked on this subject in A. E. Müller's Method, Part I. § 47, of the edition referred to in this treatise.

M. Clementi, *Préludes et Exercices*, Cah. I. II. The most excellent work that has been written on practising scales. It requires, however, necessarily a previous full command over the scales in all parallel and contrary motions, and is to be made the basis only of the freest artistic development. Most of the exercises go in the fastest movement, without which the performer would miss the benefit intended by the author. The preludes being very easy, many have been misled to take the work at an earlier period, sometimes even for beginners.

Ign. Moscheles, *Studien*, (Studies), op. 70, Book I. and II. As the work is intended originally to give higher perfection to players already finished, it has chiefly to do with musical elocution, (playing with expression.) The composer deviates very perceptibly, in this respect, from the form of *études* heretofore customary, (as those of Cramer,) and has certainly united the beautiful with the useful. The better *études* of the first book, which is almost throughout worthy of recommendation, are easily recognized; in the second, especially No. 13 in D, 18 in F sharp, 19 in A, 22 in F, are valuable, (the two last for exchanging fingers.) It is a pity that there is sometimes more than one fingering given above the same notes, which only perplexes the pupil; moreover, the fingering frequently lacks the necessary simplicity, certainty, and consistency. It has always been the author's opinion that only one fingering, selected with the greatest possible care, should be given; this would enable the pupil, by comparing different passages thus carefully marked, to find much more easily

* For such as may possess the complete *études* of J. B. Cramer, (eighty-four in all,) we here mark down the order in which these twenty-one *études* of the II., III., and IV. books have been selected, and, with greatly improved fingering, arranged by our author. They are, Nos. 22, 23, 33, 37, 36, 24, 32, 31, 27, 64, 45, 42, 54, 46, 63, 77, 39, 40, 79, 81.—Tr.

for himself a sure and universal principle of fingering. The addition of a second mode of fingering is only appropriate when the first requires too wide an extension of the fingers,—which may be obviated for small hands by passing fingers under and over,—or when musical elocution, especially in regard to rhythm, might profit by it.

L. v. Beethoven, Sonatas, op. 2, Nos. 1-3, the second of which, in A, is perhaps the least practical for instruction. Sonata, op. 7, in Eb. Sonata, op. 13, (*Pathétique*), C minor. Sonata, op. 22, in Bb. Sonata, op. 26, in Ab. Sonata, op. 27, (*quasi una Fantasia*), in C sharp minor. Sonatas, op. 29, (or 31,) No. 1, in G, and No. 2, in D minor.

F. Schubert, *Fantaisie, Andante, Menuetto and Allegretto*, op. 78.

B. For four Hands.

Onslow, Grand Sonata, op. 7, in E minor. Grand Sonata, op. 22, in F. minor.

Moscheles, Grand Sonata, op. 47, in Eb.

Hummel, Grand Sonata, op. 92, in Ab.

C. Czerny, Grand Sonata, op. 10, in C minor.

Mayseder, Grand Duo, (*D'après le Trio*, arr. par C. Czerny, op. 34, in Bb.

F. Schubert, Grand Duo, (*D'après le Quintuor*, arr. par J. Czerny,) op. 114, in A.

The richest mine, however, is to be found in F. Schubert's original compositions for four hands, who cultivated this field of musical literature most extensively. It would be superfluous here to enumerate those compositions, as each one has its peculiar value and each is more excellent than the preceding. As the pupil has, until now, in most of his pieces for four hands, played the first or upper part, it will not be inappropriate to give him now the second part to play, that he may learn how to accompany well. To do this, he is not only to enter into the other player's, or singer's manner of expression, but he has also to learn how to subordinate the accompaniment to the principal part without injuring the clear accentuation.

Of arrangements, suitable to this period, are to be recommended the

Symphonies of Beethoven. No. 1, in C, (by Zulebner;) No. 2, in D, (by Mockwitz;) No. 3, *Eroica*, in Eb, (by A. E. Müller;) No. 4, in Bb, (by Watts) No. 5, in C minor, (by F. Schneider;) No. 6, *Pastorale*, in F, (by Mockwitz;) No. 7, in A; No. 8, in F; No. 9, with chorus, in D minor, (by C. Czerny.) The pupil may not so much study them, but read them at sight. Next to these, the following are the most interesting productions of this form:

F. Schubert, Symphony, in C.

Spohr, Symphony, in F minor, (*Weilhe der Töne—Consecration of the Tones*.)

R. Schumann, two Symphonies, in Bb and C.

Besides these symphonies, the following Overtures belong here: *Vampir*, by Lindpaintner; *Water Carrier*, by Cherubini; *Euryanthe*, by Weber; *Jessonda*, by Spohr; *Egmont*, *Fidelio*, *Coriolanus*, and *Leonore* (No. 3,) by Beethoven; *Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Hebrides*, by Mendelssohn.

(Conclusion next week.)

THE "TROVATORE" BUCKLEYFIED.—We do not know when we have had a more hearty laugh than we had last evening, over the catastrophe of the "Trovatore" of Verdi, as personified by the Buckley brothers, and presented at the Amphitheatre. One thing can be said of this way of doing the opera, it makes the plot, the story, the meaning of the thing much more plain, clear and comprehensible than do the French or the Italian versions. That *Manrico* is not the son of *Azucena*, but the brother of the *Count*, and that it was somebody else and not *Manrico* that was burnt, before, it was always difficult to satisfy us, from all and any thing we could gather from the performance of the opera. But lo! the Ethiopian version, instead of making the matter darker, as would naturally be anticipated, makes the whole thing perfectly diaphanous. The most careless observer, though a fool in such matters, can see through it as clearly as through a crystal.

But the catastrophe! The admirable poetical, historical and moral justice with which, poor *Manrico* having been cooked by his brother, all the rest of the *dramatis personæ*, like so many Shadrachs, Meschechs and Abenegos, are also doomed to suffer incineration, strikes the beholder with irrepressible admiration. We remember of but one parallel instance in the whole range of the drama, one of equal extent of mortality in the closing scene. Of course, we shall be universally understood as referring to a tragedy called "Hamlet," written some centuries ago by one Shakespeare.

A good deal of the best part of the music of the "Trovatore" is sung in this travestie. The "Misere-re," or tower scene, in the last act, was very justly and creditably rendered. Miss Gould evinced the possession of talent and ability which would procure

for her popularity on the legitimate lyric stage. She does her several difficult *morceaux* very well, indeed. Swaine Buckley, as *Manrico*, sings the song in the tower very sweetly and with great effect. Bishop, as the *Count*, is the very essence of burlesque.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Hints on Organ Playing.

1. ON ORGAN TOUCH.

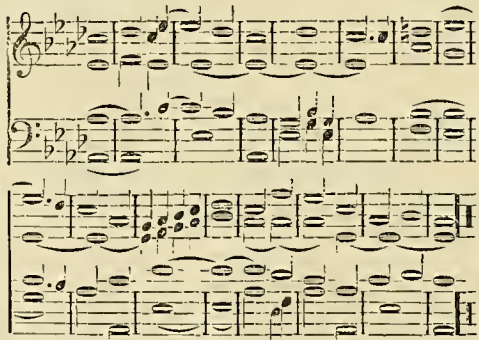
That great bngbear, "organ touch," not seldom considered more as a natural gift than as a thing acquired by diligent study, is certainly an interesting theme to write about—could writing do it any justice.

The Organ-touch is generally said to be the reverse of, or at least entirely different from, the Piano-touch. I say, as far as the *touch* (or the manner of striking the keys) is concerned, No! The keys, in Piano, as well as Organ playing, have to be struck suddenly and decidedly; there is no such thing as pressing down, if by pressing any lesser degree of velocity in getting the keys down is meant. A prompt, sudden striking of the organ keys cannot produce a piano-like effect of the organ, but will insure a prompt speaking of the pipes (especially of the "reeds"), a desirable attribute in organ playing. It is, therefore, not so much the manner of striking or touching the keys which makes a good organ-touch, but rather the manner of taking the fingers off the keys, or the perfect control of the player over his fingers; 1st, in holding each note to its full value of time, and 2d, in playing passages of single notes, as well as of chords, in such a smooth *legato* style, that one note follows the other without any interruption of sound, just as in walking, one foot is not raised until the other reaches *terra firma*. A proper *legato* playing will insure a good organ-like effect; and a student, who has gained so much control over his fingers as to raise them at the right moment has conquered the true Organ-touch.

2. ORGAN STYLE. "GIVING OUT THE TUNE."

If there are wrong conceptions abroad of the nature of the Organ-touch, it has been my lot to observe that true Organ Style is more generally and more grossly misunderstood. According to very generally prevailing notions, an organist seems never to be permitted to strike the same chord or even the same note twice in immediate succession; such performance would be considered, it seems, as profanity and a violation of "organ style." Before practically proving the absurdity of such a style, I remark, that, although I am writing for the benefit of students of the Organ, yet I am compelled to say that not a few players of pretensions seem to labor under this false idea of playing; for not only were all my pupils taught so by all their former teachers, but I have with but few exceptions, even in some "leading church," heard tunes given out in the following style:

Federal Street.



Now, I ask in the name of common sense, whether here is not too much of the good thing "legato;"—whether it is not censurable in the last degree to despoil a piece of music of the great beauties: rhythm, movement,—and give simply the naked harmonic skeleton of it? Is the Organ only fit for the display

of Harmony? are its tones not capable of Melody also? And, supposing that less familiar tunes were given out in the above style, what good would it do to a congregation or a choir? Could any congregation get even a mere glimpse of the Melody to be sung, or could a choir get any distinct impression of the movement? What, beyond giving the mere pitch, can be the use of "giving out" a tune in such a manner? Does not he who ought first to appreciate the dignity and usefulness of his instrument, thus render it a mere pitch-pipe?

That I may not be misunderstood to recommend *staccato* playing, or even playing a tune at all times, "just as it is written," I will say: beginners and all those who are not fully conversant with the rules of Harmony, will do best to play "legato," but strike every note nevertheless. The following manner of playing "Federal Street," when giving it out, will more fully explain my views in this case:



While I recommend this manner of playing when "giving out," I mention in conclusion that the uniform rule for playing to congregational singing, will be: Play as written! The playing to a well drilled choir may admit of some modifications, which to point out, however, so as to exhaust all cases, would require too much space. JOHN ZUNDEL.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Field and Clementi.*

JOHN FIELD was born on the 26th July, 1782, in Dublin, where his father played the violin in the orchestra of the theatre. The first instruction he had on the pianoforte was given him by his grandfather, an organist. Subsequently, he became the pupil of Muzio Clementi, whom the French used jokingly to call the "Papa of pianoforte players." As a youth—after having spent his boyhood in rather an idle manner—he accompanied Clementi in his travels, and excited the greatest admiration by his playing, especially in Vienna. In 1803, Clementi took his pupil with him to St. Petersburg, where he lived in a most retired manner, occupying a couple of small rooms, looking out into the courtyard of the Hotel de Paris. Here Clementi gave lessons on his instrument from morning to night, at five-and-twenty roubles a lesson. As long as he was himself thus employed, he carefully avoided directing attention to the talent of his pupil, to whom only a very subordinate part was allotted at the concert of Mad. Mara. Field's parents had paid Clementi beforehand one hundred pounds, the sum agreed on for Field's board and education, but the young musician had great difficulty in getting a pair of boots mended, and when, on one occasion, as he was travelling between Narva and St. Petersburg, he lost his hat, he had to wait more than a month before the strict "Papa" would give him five roubles for a new one, and, during this period, the young man had to stop in-doors, his only resource being the piano. Clementi did not purchase even for himself any warm clothing for the winter, so that it is almost superfluous to say that Field got none. His food, too, was, thanks to his master's avarice, of the most simple kind, consisting of tea, bread, butter, cheese, &c., all of which articles he was himself obliged to fetch from the provision booth (*louken*.)

At the English Club, where Clementi generally received five hundred roubles for the share he took in the evening's entertainment, he was once unable to attend on account of indisposition, and so he sent

* From a biographical sketch by E. Gerber, in the Vienna *Recessions*. Most of the facts related were communicated by F. A. Gebhard, now eighty years of age, who still resides at Moscow. He is on the pension list of the Imperial Theatre, and was a friend of Field for three and thirty years.

John Field. The young man was welcomed in a friendly manner by his countrymen, who did not miss the "papa of pianofortes." Field handed over to his master the five hundred roubles he had received, and Clementi did not make him a present of even one. Field could never go to the theatre, except on one occasion, when Clementi took him into the orchestra, because it cost nothing.

The time for Clementi's departure was approaching. One evening, Field accompanied his master for the purpose of being introduced to Mademoiselle Demidoff, one of the latter's pupils. Field met a small and select circle, and was, at last, prevailed on by the young and beautiful Mademoiselle Demidoff, to sit down to the piano. Every one was enchanted with his playing. His youthful and modest manner, his strong, slim form, his noble features, his large blue eyes, and his head of light, curly hair, all enlisted the sympathies of his audience in his behalf.

Field now became the young lady's instructor. Having again enhanced the enjoyment of a *soirée* at the English Club by playing for Clementi, he wanted to spend the proceeds in giving an entertainment to his young artistic colleagues. This occasioned a violent altercation between him and his master, but it ended in his having to hand over the five hundred roubles.

Field now determined to find some mode of revenging himself.

The day previous to Clementi's departure, (1804) he invited his young friends, about twenty-five in number, to a grand dinner at his hotel. Before his master left the house, Field hurried to the landlord and informed him that Clementi had resolved on giving, that day, a farewell dinner, with the best wines, to a party of twenty. The landlord was astonished at the liberality of the miserly "Papa" Clementi, who had never before once dined in his establishment, and as Clementi, at that moment, entered the room on his way out, Field said hurriedly to him: "It is all right, Mr. Clementi, it is not—the landlord is to give you to-morrow morning the bill for what has been ordered?" "Yes, yes," grunted Clementi, as he hastily slipped out of the house, for it had been agreed between the two that Field, in consideration of his performance the previous day, was to have a dinner and coffee afterwards at Clementi's expense.

The guests assembled, ate, joked, and enjoyed themselves greatly. According to his custom, it was late before Clementi returned. The following morning, the landlord greeted him with the bill. Clementi jumped up, stormed, raved, and wanted to thrash Field. But it was all no good; he was obliged to pay.

During his long illness, a lady asked Field: "Are you a Roman Catholic or a Calvinist?" "Madame," he answered, smiling blandly, "je suis Claviciniste."

John Field died at Moscow on the 11th January, 1837.—*London Mus. World*.

Mozart—Child and Man.

(Continued from page 228.)

No. 43.

Wolfgang Am. Mozart to his Sister.

Milan, January 26, 1770.

I rejoice with all my heart that you should have been so much amused at the sledging party you describe, and I would wish you a thousand opportunities of amusement, that your life might be passed in joy. There is one thing, however, which grieves me, which is that you should have allowed that poor M. de Moelk to suffer and sigh so, and that you did not mount the sledge beside him, that he might have had a chance of upsetting himself with you. How many handkerchiefs must he have used up on that day to wipe up the tears which you must have caused him to shed. It is probable that he may have ingurgitated, before coming, three ounces of tartar to purify himself. I know of no news, unless it be that M. Gellert,* the poet of Leipsic, is dead, and that since his death he hath made no more verses. Just before commencing this letter I finished an air of *Demetrio*, which begins thus:

"Misero tu noi sei
Tu spieghi il tuo dolore.
E se non desti amore
Ritrovi almen pietà,
Misera ben son io
Che nel segreto laccio
Amo, non spero e taccio
E l'idol mio noi sà."

The opera at Mantua was fine. They played *Demetrio*. The *prima donna* sings well, but she can scarcely be heard. But for seeing her gesticulate one might believe she was not singing, for she does not know how to open her mouth, and a mere breath es-

apes from it: but this is no new matter for us. The *seconda donna* looks like a grenadier; she has the voice of one, but does not sing badly, however, for a woman who is a novice. *Il primo uomo il musico* sings well, but with an unequal voice. He calls himself Casselli.* *Il secondo uomo* is old. I can't bear him. The tenor is named Ottini; he does not acquit himself ill, but keeps up with difficulty, like all Italian tenors. He is our friend. I do not know the name of the second. He is young yet, but that is not a very rare quality. *Primo ballerino*, good; *Prima ballerina*, good; and they say she is not at all coy; as for me I have not seen her close. The rest are as they all are. There is a *grotesco* who skips and capers wonderfully but who cannot write as well as I; the orchestra is passable. That at Cremona is better. The first violin is named Spagnoletta. *Prima donna* not bad; old as the devil, as I fancy; she sings less well than she plays; she is the wife of a violinist who is one of the orchestra, and her name is Masci. The opera was entitled: *La Clemenza di Tito*. *Seconda donna*, not bad, young, but nothing extraordinary. *Primo uomo, musico*, Cicognani, an agreeable voice and a fine *cantabile*. The two other *castrati*, young and passable. The tenor's name is *Non lo so*; he has an agreeable person and resembles Leroi of Vienna. *Ballerino primo* good, and a great tall devil, plus a dansense who does not caper badly; what a *capo d'opera*! a good creature on and off the stage. The rest as the rest is everywhere.

I have not much to tell you about Milan. We have not yet been to the Opera. We heard that the new opera has not succeeded. The *primo uomo*, Aprilo,† sings well and has a fine voice, very equal. We heard him in a church where there was a grand festival.

Madame Piccinelli of Paris, who sings at our concert, plays at the opera. M. Pick, who danced at Vienna, dances here. The opera is called *Didone Abandonnata*, and soon will not be played any more. Signor Picini, who is writing the next opera, is here. I have heard that his opera will be called *Cesare in Egitto*.

Wolfgang von Mozart,
Noble of Hochenthal.

PROGRAMME OF A CONCERT GIVEN BY MOZART AT MANTUA.

Programme of musical compositions which will be executed at the public concert of the Philharmonic Academy of Mantua, on the 16th of January, 1770, in the evening, on the occasion of the visit of the very youthful and very skilled Signor Amadeo Mozart, aged fourteen years.

1. Symphony composed by Signor Amadeo Mozart.
2. Concerto on the harpsichord, executed at first sight by the same.
3. Air, sung by a professor.
4. Sonata for the harpsichord, executed at first sight by young Mozart, and repeated, with variations of his own composition, in a different key from the first.
5. Violin concerto by a professor.
6. Air improvised and sung immediately by Signor Amadeo, with harpsichord accompaniment to words written expressly, and not before seen by the composer.
7. Another sonata for the harpsichord, composed and executed by the same, on a motive proposed extempore by the first violin.
8. Concerto for the hautbois by a professor.
9. Fugue composed and executed by Signor Amadeo on the harpsichord, and carried through completely, according to the laws of counterpoint, upon a simple theme proposed extempore.
10. Symphony executed on the harpsichord by the same, with all the orchestral parts, from the violin part alone, placed before him without previous acquaintance.
11. Duo by two professors.
12. Trio, in which young Amadeo will play a part extempore.
13. Symphony composed by the same.

(To be continued.)

* A tenor whose career was of the longest on record. He appeared first at Milan in 1733.
† Born in the kingdom of Naples, 1746, one of the masters of Cimarosa.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

The Grand Opéra is doing nothing worthy of notice, but at the Opéra-Comique an important event has taken place in the shape of Madame Marie Cabel's *rentrée*, and the revival, for that occasion, of *L'Etoile du Nord*. The house was crammed to the

ceiling, and the charming Catharine was received with unbounded applause, in which the *vrai public* beat the *claque* hollow. The opera has lost nothing in the favor of the Parisians, and it was listened to throughout with scarcely less enthusiasm than when its brilliant and highly-colored music first charmed their ears. The execution was, on the whole, satisfactory. Faure resumed the part of Peter, so well suited to his powers, and in which it would be difficult to surpass him. Both he and Cabel were recalled at the fall of the curtain. The new opera of *La Pagode* is still delayed through the indisposition of Madlle. Bousquet. Meanwhile, Ambrose Thomas's *Song d'une Nuit d'Ete* is to be revived for the first appearance of Madlle. Montrose, and the part of the "divine Williams" is to devolve this time on Montaubry. Shakspeare the hero of an *opéra-comique*! The Swan of Avon uttering the trills and flourishes of a French bird-organ! Were our Shakspeare worshippers as sincere as they are quarrelsome, they would cease to squabble over poor Collier's folio, and unite to make this a *casus belli*, offering, like the French colonels, to fetch the deserters out of their infamous dens. But to proceed with my news—Limnander's *Les Blancs et les Bleus* has been put into rehearsal, and a great deal is expected of this new work. Jourdan, Troy, and Madmle Wertheimer are to appear in the principal parts, and Madlle. Bousquet will inherit the part originally destined to poor Madlle. Brenillé. The part of the *colporteur*, the hinge on which the whole turns, is to be entrusted to Ambrose.

The Théâtre Lyrique, which since its re-opening this season has done little to attract the public very powerfully, gives signs of more vigorous action for the future. M. Gounad's *Faust* was revived the other day, and, strange as it may appear, the public seemed to take to it. The phenomenon is due, no doubt to a large extent, to the charms of Mad. Carvalho's admirable singing and acting, that lady having reappeared on her native stage, with her blushing London honors thick upon her, in the part of Marguerite, the music of which she sings with all that perfection of taste and intelligent grace which belong to her. She is, by the way, as sparing of ornament in this part as in others she is prodigally lavish, producing her effects by the force of simplicity and *naïf* grace, and, when the situation demands it, by the breadth and energy of her expression. Guardî, who was to have made his *début* last winter in *Faust*, has now assumed the part, but with no very striking success. He is, in spite of his name, a Frenchman, is handsome in person, and possesses a voice of considerable compass and power, which he is, however, not content to use within the limits of nature, but forces it according to a foolish practice but too common with the singers of the modern school, thus giving a tremulous and otherwise disagreeable character to the sound. He is in other respects promising, and, avoiding this fault, with study and experience may take a respectable position. The Bouffes-Parisiens are open again in the Rue Choiseul. Madlle. Tautin made her re-appearance in *Le Mari à la Porte*. *Geneviève de Brabant*, from which great fun is anticipated, is, as they say in English bills, "in active preparation."—*Cor. London Musical World*, Sept. 24.

London.

The musical features of the ensuing autumn are still hidden in the womb of conjecture. It is not yet even known whether M. Jullien's concerts will take place, although there has been considerable talk about some arrangement between the "Man of the People" and Mr. E. T. Smith, for Drury Lane Theatre. That Drury Lane is, of all places, the place for M. Jullien, there can hardly be a doubt. He never was so brilliant anywhere else, except at old Covent Garden, before that was turned into the Royal Italian Opera—the late Royal Italian Opera, which was destroyed by fire. No one less than M. Jullien can dispense with elbow-room.

About a younger institution than the Jullien promenades—the Monday Popular Concerts—there is no kind of uncertainty. Early in November the quartets, sonatas, and other instrumental works of the great masters, relieved by just enough of vocal music to impart variety without modifying the professed character of the entertainment, will be heard from week to week. The Monday Popular Concerts have opened a new field of recreation to the general public. Such an enterprise was as original as it was bold. Scarcely any one at first believed in the possibility of its ultimate success; but the results showed that the anticipations of the founders sprang from a truer instinct of the popular mind. There never was a greater or a worthier success. The people flocked to St. James's Hall, enjoyed the quartets, quintets, and other pieces (which had been maligned as incapable of understanding) with the heartiest relish.

* Celebrated for his fables and tales. Born at Hainichen in Saxony in 1715; died at Leipsic in 1769.

The concerts, in short, became a general topic; their hebdomadal re-occurrence was looked forward to with eagerness; and the tones swept from the lyre of the most gifted masters (to parody Charles Lamb)

"Made Monday night the sweetest of the week."

If M. Jullien thunders for six days uninterruptedly, and each successive Monday brings the more delicate strains of the *musica di camera*, the autumn and early winter will be fruitful enough in harmony.

The sacred Harmonic Society will, of course, be on the alert, and make its thousand voices heard from interval to interval, with such effect as almost to engender a belief that Exeter Hall is really a musical hall instead of an enormous conventicle. Will the Sacred Harmonic Society bring out any novelty? There is M. Hiller's *Saul* for example; and an oratorio by Herr Molique is spoken of as all but finished.

All well-wishers of Mr. Henry Leslie and his excellent choir (and they are legion) will be glad to know that the Chief has determined on giving up the "prize" system, which was essentially a miscalculation. Here, too, will be musical food for the dull months, Mr. Leslie being in the habit of anticipating Christmas. We have heard talk of some interesting revivals, and among the rest a specimen or two from the elder Italian composers, Palestrina of course among the number. Why should not Jomelli's "Miserere" be tried? Handel's Funeral Anthem was not found too sombre, and Jomelli has the right sort of stuff in him. "The opera was fine; it was Jomelli's"—says Mozart, in one of his letters from Italy. That brief sentence should have been a passport to future ages.—*Musical World*.

GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The Gloucester Festival was established nearly a century and a half ago, in aid of the funds of "the Charity for the Relief of Widows and Orphans of the Clergy" of the three dioceses of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester. The inauguration, as usual, commenced with full service in the Cathedral, on Tuesday morning, the 6th of September. About 300 performers were congregated, who, being all of a superior class, produced effects as pleasing, if not as powerful, as a much larger body of musicians. The service was opened with an organ voluntary, and the preces and responses, as of old, were Tallis's, and produced the usual grand and impressive effect. The collection at the doors amounted to £203 14s 8d, thereby exceeding the first morning of the last Gloucester Festival by £40. The great musical feature of the first morning performance was the *Dettingen Te Deum* of Handel, which is invariably given. It went off, on the whole admirably. The anthems were Mendelssohn's "As the hart pants," and Atwood's "Coronation anthem."

On Tuesday evening, the first secular concert took place. The programme was not of undue length, and was still shortened by the omission of three pieces for which Mr. S. Reeves had been set down. His absence was explained to have arisen from a severe cold, increased by a wet journey. The first part of the concert consisted of a selection from *Don Giovanni*, in which Madame Clara Novello, Mlle. Titiens, Miss Dolby, Signori Giuglini, Belletti, and Badiali took part. The second part was composed chiefly of English songs, and the whole terminated at eleven o'clock. Most of the company remained two or three hours longer to participate in the dance which always follows the first concert at Gloucester.

Wednesday morning's performance was Mendelssohn's ever attractive oratorio, *Elijah*, which drew together a large attendance. Mr. S. Reeves, to the great gratification of the audience, was present. The principal soprano music was sung to admiration by Mme. Novello, the prop of the oratorios at these festivals. Miss Dolby also sang in her usual correct style. Sig. Belletti performed the part of Elijah with great talent and effect, though he wanted the true English feeling which others have given to this music. Mrs. Hepworth, Miss Lascelles, Messrs. Montem Smith, Hunt and Thomas, also took part in the oratorio.

At the evening concert on Wednesday, Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen* formed the first part, and was performed admirably. The principal solo parts were sung by Mrs. Clara Hepworth, Miss Lascelles, Mr. S. Reeves and Mr. Thomas. The second portion of the concert consisted of a miscellaneous selection from different sources. Mr. Reeves, whose name was announced for a ballad, had left the concert-room, owing to indisposition, and his absence gave rise to some disturbance. (See last week's paper.)

Mlle. Titiens, Miss Dolby, Sig. Giuglini, Belletti, and Vialletti, also joined in the second part of the concert.

On Thursday morning, there were three attractive pieces in the sacred performance, viz: *Engedi*, (the "Mount of Olives,") Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, and Spohr's *Last Judgment*. Mr. S. Reeves, being actually confined to his bed, was unable to appear, and the music allotted to him was sung by Mr. M. Smith.

Mme. Novello surpassed herself in all the principal soprano music, and never was her magnificent voice heard to greater perfection. The other solo parts were sustained by Mrs. Hepworth, Miss Lascelles, Mr. M. Smith, and Mr. Thomas, who contributed to render this a most successful performance.

The third and last evening concert included a variety of miscellaneous pieces, and the audience were much gratified with the selection. Miss Summerhayes, a young pianist of great promise, was received with every manifestation of delight, and was encoined in Wallace's fantasia on "Robin Adair." The singers were the same as on the previous occasion.

On Friday morning, the *Messiah* attracted one of the largest audiences ever assembled in Gloucester Cathedral, and the performance was probably the best during the week. All the singers were at their post, including Mr. S. Reeves, who had been able in a great measure to recover his powers. The choruses, sung by the united choirs of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford, were marked by their usual precision, and great pains had evidently been taken to render their part in the performance altogether perfect.

The following is an account of the numbers that have attended the performance during the week:—Tuesday morning (Cathedral), 1700; evening concert, 415; Wednesday morning, 1450; evening, 350; Thursday morning, 1546; evening, 642; Friday morning, 2800. The collections were as follow:—Tuesday, £201 1s. 6d. Wednesday, £161 11s. 4d. Thursday, £214 3s. 6d. Friday, £456 18s. 11d. Total, £1033 15s. 3d.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 22, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — *Kyrie a Capella*, by ROBERT FRANZ, concluded.

Second Afternoon Concert.

The ORCHESTRAL UNION had again a moderately large audience, last Wednesday, mixed of the usual proportion, of earnest or at least respectful listeners, and of those (*ladies* they are supposed to be) who, not regardless of proprieties and of the rights of others, accompany the music with the laughing gabble of their own interesting voices. Still the Symphony found a great majority of most attentive and delighted listeners, and seems to have become as indispensable a popular feature in the programmes, as the polka and the arrangements from well known operas. This time again the selection was a rich and choice one for an afternoon; as follows:

1. Symphony. In G minor.....Mozart.
2. Waltz. Maiblumchen.....Herzog.
3. Overture. Egmont.....Beethoven.
4. Trich Trach Polka.....Strauss.
5. Reminiscences of Tannhauser.....Hamm.
6. Allegretto. From 8th Symphony.....Beethoven.
7. March. Star of the North.....Meyerbeer.

With none of the majesty and greatness of the "Jupiter," the Symphony in G minor is almost as interesting a work of Mozart, one of the loveliest and most perfect of his inspirations,—one of those creations which gives evidence enough that it must have sprung up in his imaginative brain a complete whole, all at once, as he says in that famous letter of his to the Baron, in which he describes his manner of composing. In one of these orchestral works of Mozart you are sure to enjoy a mellowness and lusciousness as of some choicest fruit at the precise moment of its perfect ripeness. The melodic phrases wind in and out subtle grace and symmetry, and the tone-colors with are all blended in harmonious beauty which you can as little criticize as you could a rich sunset sky. Nothing but very rough and bungling execution could make it otherwise. From this, happily, it is quite safe with such an orchestra and under Zerrahn's baton. But, much as we enjoyed the beauty of the first movement especially,

we felt that it was capable of finer phrasing and more delicate shading in many parts.

The *Egmont* overture only needed a greater body of strings to make the fire and vigor of its dramatic inspiration fully felt. As it was, it was very impressive. We hope its pendant, the *Coriolanus* overture, which is still more wonderful, will find a place upon the programmes of the season.

The Opera.

By far the finest and most interesting prima donna of the troupe, the charming little Madame COLSON, was reserved for the two concluding performances of Mr. Strakosch's short season. And then she appeared in pieces and in circumstances which afforded but a tantalizing taste of her. On Friday night in *Martha*, for a satisfactory performance of which this company had already proved itself incompetent in the want of lively representatives of the two important parts of Nancy and Plunkett. As it was, (the music having already worn itself threadbare) the whole charm must have been in the never-failing grace and naturalness of action, and the refined, artistic singing of Mme. Colson. Both as singer and as actress she is always an artist and a lady on the stage,—always satisfying and never overdoing, whether in sparkling humor or in pathos. This we take for granted as to *Martha*, for we did not hear it.

In the closing Matinée of Saturday, she appeared in *La Traviata*, singing and acting the part with rare perfection. Her voice is a fine and silvery one, is very clear and penetrating, musical in equality and evenly developed, very flexible and most artistically trained. Song and action are one with her, so easy is her singing and so informed with expression. There is only too much of the tremble, the fashionable "wobble" in her voice; and so it was with Mme. Gasier. But what a wretched, poverty-stricken, trivial affair the opera itself is musically!

And this time it was hurriedly and meanly put upon the stage, reduced to the most meagre outline. Doors would not open when the flushed singer would rush out to cover himself from the terrible storm of applause after a great effort; the ball-room scene was empty of bystanders when the masqueraders, with their childish, hum drum tunes, came in to entertain them; scenes hitched in the shifting, and all was at sixes and sevens. This made it unfortunate for the debut of the young American tenor, Mr. SQUIRES, who in spite of all these drawbacks really achieved a very considerable measure of success. His voice lacks power and endurance, but it is singularly sweet and musical, and modulated for the most part with most delicate expression. In some passages it seemed to summon up power and make itself quite telling; but oftener its sound was almost lost amid the unreasonable and coarse noise of the orchestra. Mr. Squires is what is called a *tenore di grazia*, a delicate and graceful tenor, as distinguished from the manly *tenore robusto*. He must be a charming parlor singer; nor will he, it would seem, after sufficient practice, lack the power to carry through a part upon the stage effectively. In personal presence and movement he is agreeable and gentlemanly, but naturally he was somewhat restrained in action by the embarrassment of such a debut. He promises to become a real accession to the list of operatic ten-

ors. — AMONIO did the paternal dignity and pathos, somewhat hoarsely.

In the first scene of *La Favorita*, which followed, we were glad of a better opportunity to hear the robust tenor of Sig. STIGELLI. He has made a sensation here, and, as usual in the first surprise of such experiences, his praise has been overdone. He certainly sang *Spirto gentil* admirably, with sustained richness of chest tone even to the highest notes, and with real fervor; but it is idle to pronounce his singing "equal to that of Mario and Salvi!" Throughout, his singing and his action were manly and impressive, without that grotesque overdoing which we remarked in *Lucia*. Mme. STRAKOSCH exhibited some fine dramatic power of voice and action in the part of Leonora.

Between the plays, Miss FAY, of Boston, won great applause by her singing of the aria, *Caro nome*, &c., from *Rigoletto*. It had not the fine, delicate expression of Mme. Biscaccianti, but it showed, in higher perfection than before, that rare flexibility and even development of a clear and bird-like voice, and that easy execution which have made her distinguished in the concert room.

The richest part of the *Matinée* was perhaps the perusal of the remarkable printed document which was thrust into the hands of the audience, and which proved to be the Napoleonic manifesto of the Management, making the dear public privy to all the imperial policy and plans for the forthcoming operatic season. The announcement of the union between Ullman and Strakosch is made with the solemnity of a Villafranca treaty, thus:

The new features of the present season may be epitomized as follows:

FIRST.—The union between B. Ullman and Maurice Strakosch.

SECOND.—The kindly support given to them by some of the stockholders of the Academy of Music, in New York.

THIRD.—The system pursued in the engagement of new artists.

FOURTH.—The production of a number of new Operas and the revival of others that have been heretofore popular, with an entirely new mise en scene.

The union between Messrs. Ullman and Strakosch is a step that will consolidate the stability (!) of the Opera in America. Since Maretzek became the Manager of the great Opera House in Havana, they have had the sole control of Opera in the United States. Although personally they have had the most friendly feelings towards each other, yet the fact of the existence of two different companies, possessing the same repertoire, and wishing to play in the same cities, &c., &c., has interfered more with their own success, as well as that of the Opera, than the general public are aware. Their association has already enabled them to unite all the talent in one company, to organize the orchestra and chorus in a manner more complete and perfect than it ever has been before. By devoting their combined attention to one common object they have no doubt they will be able to promote their own interests, while the public will be gainers in every respect.

But the richest portion of the Manifesto is what follows:

The Directors now approach a subject of great importance—viz.: the system they have adopted in the engagement of new artists. Until now no manager has considered his season safe unless he was able to get some London celebrity. So far has this idea obtained possession of them, that it has been a matter of secondary importance whether that reputation was borne out by artistic merit and justified by what the artist "is," and not by what he "was." In several instances the Manager has paid very large sums for the engagement of an artist, whose name certainly filled the Opera House for one or two nights, but whose salary for the balance of the season kept the managers in a continual embarrassment. The Directors need only allude amongst others to Mr. Formes, who drew on his opening night \$3,000, and took his leave before a house of little over \$600; besides occasioning a loss of over several hundred dollars, whenever he was put up as the attraction. So well do artists

know the value American managers are wont to place upon a London or Paris reputation, that many sing for years in London at a nominal salary, for the purpose of obtaining an engagement in America, which, after a few months' service, leaves them in affluent circumstances. They actually make their fortunes when their voices are gone, and when they could obtain no first class European engagement.

The Directors believe that the American public are quite able to judge for themselves, without requiring the endorsement of London or Paris. Facts tend to prove that most artists who came to London with an American reputation achieved there a success which took their most ardent American admirers by surprise. Malibran, Bosio, Castellan, Didicé, Graziani sung, and were appreciated in New York before they obtained their high position in Europe. To this list will assuredly be added Brignoli, whenever he thinks proper to accept the London or Paris engagements which are offered to him. To rely simply on artists from London and Paris, many of them with worn out voices, to pay them the exorbitant prices they or their managers ask, must ultimately tend to the ruin of the Opera in America and the American manager. From letters in the possession of the Directors it can be proved that Mlle. Piccolomini, a few months before she signed the engagement with Mr. Lumley, was willing to come to America for one-fifth of the salary they were obliged to pay last year for her services; yet they had not the courage to engage her, because she was unknown in America, having only sung in Italy.

Guided, therefore, by this experience, and fully convinced that young and fresh voices must henceforth be the order of the day, the Directors have determined to deviate from the old beaten track, and to obtain their artists from the same source from which the London managers get theirs. For this purpose Mr. Strakosch, whose thorough musical knowledge eminently qualified him for the undertaking, proceeded direct to Italy, and after hearing a great number of artists, he succeeded in engaging ten new singers, notwithstanding the competition from European managers, which, however, compelled him to pay somewhat higher prices than he expected.

Amongst the new artists whom Mr. Strakosch does not hesitate to recommend to public favor, are some, who, although still in all the freshness of their natural gifts, possess high Italian reputations, that have stood the test of numerous seasons at the principal Italian Opera houses, whilst the others are classed among the rising stars on the operatic horizon, and are pointed out as the probable successors to those who will soon be compelled by the gradual decline of their powers to forsake a field which they have so long and honorably occupied.

This skilful but transparent flattery of the American public prepares the announcement of the new singers, (we have already given their names) whom Mr. Strakosch has picked up in Europe, and whose fame, it would seem, is of the future, of which future we are graciously allowed to have the making. But there is hope where there is *Speranza*! We are more anxious to know what the operas will be. Much is promised as to new ones, and four are mentioned, from only one of which can we anticipate much pleasure, namely, Mozart's *Zauberflöte*. Of the others, two are by Verdi ("Sicilian Vespers" and "Aroldo"), and the third is Halévy's *La Juive*. CARL BERGMANN is to be conductor in the German Operas, and Signor MUZIO in the Italian.

Musical Chit-Chat.

The review of one of the famous Leipzig Gewandhaus Concert seasons, which we commenced translating in our last number, and propose to continue to the end of the twenty concerts, will certainly be read with interest by those who have followed up the orchestral concerts here at home, and who are by this time more or less familiar with most of the compositions mentioned. When we consider that the conductor of the concerts was MENDELSSOHN, and that the reviewer is ROBERT SCHUMANN, we may feel pretty sure that both the matter and the comments will furnish not a few good hints. Schumann's criticisms are brief, but often quite significant, abounding in little felicities of thought and expression,—although they must suffer somewhat in translation.

We dropped in for a few moments upon the HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY, in their room under the Music Hall, last Sunday evening, and found them eagerly and carefully rehearsing some of those splendid choruses in Handel's "Samson," including one

or two which they have always hitherto omitted. "Let your celestial concerts all unite" rang out superbly. We trust they have many "celestial concerts" in store for us this coming winter; and that, among others, "Israel in Egypt" will be one in which "all" will heartily "unite" at last, in singing and in praising, despite the unbelief with which it was mal-treated and withdrawn last winter. . . . The Germans of Boston and its environs are busily engaged in preparations for the Schiller Festival, to which they mean to treat as many of the admirers of German Literature and Art, as they can reach by invitation, on the 10th of November. The exercises will take place in the Music Hall, which will be significantly decorated. The Orpheus will sing Schiller's "Ode to the Artists," as composed for men's voices by Mendelssohn, and the "Bacchus" Chorus from the *Antigone* by the same. Zerrahn's orchestra will play some noble overtures; and an address, in German, is expected from Dr. SOLGER; another, in English, from the Rev. Dr. F. H. HEDGE; and a poem, in German, from Professor SCHERB. In New York they are making most extensive arrangements for the celebration of this hundredth anniversary of the birth-day of the Poet whom all Germans love; the *Evening Post* says:

It will take place during three days, beginning on the 9th of November next, either at the German Theatre, Niblo's, or the Academy, which is to be appropriately decorated, and where tableaux from designs by the artists Leutze and Lang, from the leading works of the Poet, will be exhibited. Beethoven's Symphony, No. 9, will then be performed by seventy musicians, under the direction of Eisfeld, Anschütz, and Bergmann. Four addresses are next to be delivered, two in English and two in German, the former respectively by Mr. Baneroff and Mr. Bryant, and the latter by Dr. Schramm and Dr. Wiesner.

In the course of the day a statue of Schiller, by Karl Müller, will be inaugurated in the Central Park.

The Schiller Society in Marbach (Schiller's native town) is to be presented by the New York society with a prize poem, a medal and a programme of the Centenary in New York.

The *Home Journal* says DRAYTON's "Parlor Operas" are a complete success in New York:

These little operas, or operettas, include a moral potion done up in a casket of brilliants. The music is confined to the most choice selections of noted composers, and the libretto is a domestic incident, told in a novel and attractive way. Persons who have visited the *Opera Comique*, or the *Variété*, in Paris, will have some idea of Mr. Drayton's opera; for he is the only person in the world who has fully translated the naïveté, grace, and humor of the French stage, in word and action, into English. Mr. Drayton is a student of the *Conservatoire de Musique*, in Paris. He was also the favorite pupil of Lablache and Ponchard, and he is really a thoroughly educated singer, according to the best standard of musical taste and acumen. He was born in Philadelphia, and educated as a topographical engineer. Having been called to Washington to pursue his profession, he was there considered one of the most gifted, and really the handsomest man in that gay capital; but a domestic affliction made him count all human gain and worldly ambition as a rope of sand, and he therefore gave himself up to the goddess of music. As the first American student at the Paris *Conservatoire*—he having thereby evinced a preference for the French school over the Italian—his musical education became an object of solicitude with the professors of that national institution, and no efforts were spared in his education. They found in Mr. Drayton a gifted and noble specimen of an American; and he was one of the principal favorites of the best families in Paris, such as Madame Lamartine, Madame Clark, and numerous others of the first class. At the close of Mr. Drayton's studies at the *Conservatoire*, he passed examination with marked eucumisms from the principal professors in Paris, and the Minister of the Interior tendered him a *début* at the Imperial Opera, which he was most reluctantly obliged to decline. After concluding his engagements in France, which were contracted while a student, he went to England, where he has been the favorite and the fashion ever since, or up to his departure thence for this country.

The country swarms with opera singers, foreign and native, employed and unemployed. The following enumeration from the Philadelphia *Bulletin* is by no means complete, but will give an idea of the abundance of the article:

Here we have a list of newly imported artists, who belong to the Ullman-Strakosch-Maretzek troupe, that is to appear during the coming winter, in this city, as well as in New York and Boston.

Mlle. Speranza, a prima donna soprano, described as "young and beautiful."

Mlle. Crescimano, another prima donna soprano, of whose youth and beauty our report speaketh not.

Mlle. Cruvelli, a contralto, sister of the great Cruvelli, now *la Baronne Vigier*.

Signor Gaetano Ferri, a new and superior baritone.

Signor Susini, who sang here with Grisi and Mario, some years ago, and who has lately been fighting for Italian liberty.

Signor Beaucardé, a tenor of high reputation, who has sung successfully in London and Paris, as well as in Italy.

Signor Testi, another tenor, of whom we hear only that he is good.

In addition to all these we have in the country, in N. York, Philadelphia, Boston and elsewhere, a swarm of artists, some engaged and others without engagements, some of whom we name—Madame Gazzaniga, Mme. Gassier, Mme. Cortesi, Mme. Colson, Mlle. Frezzolini, Mlle. Parodi, Mlle. Alaimo, Madame Strakosch, Mlle. Phillips, Mlle. Francesca Natali, Mlle. Agnes Natali, Miss Anne Wisler, Mme. Anna Bishop, Signors Brignoli, Stefani, Macafarri, Sbrigida, Stighelli, Gassier, Amodio, Junca, Ariavani, Coletti and Gasparoni.

In addition to all these, we hear of a company that has been in Brazil, now in this country, but unemployed; and there are or soon will be, two companies of French artists, for the new Opera House and the old one in New Orleans. If the inferior artists, the supernumeraries, chorus singers, instrumental performers, and business men of all the opera companies could be enumerated, doubtless there would be a full regiment of opera people, chiefly composed of Italians and Germans—a foreign legion, devoted to the service of the almighty American dollar.

Why should not Choir Boys have their excursions, as well as other resounding companies, who make more noise to perhaps less purpose? The *Newport News* (a few weeks since) has this:

EXCURSION OF MR. TOURJEE'S JUVENILE CHOIR TO PROVIDENCE.—We made slight reference in our paper yesterday to the presence of Mr. Tourjee's Trinity church choir of lads on board the Perry. They made an excursion to Providence in the afternoon, and were received in Grace Church by the choir of St. Andrew's Church, also boys, under the Directorship of L. T. Downes, Esq. After the customary greetings, the two choirs sang several chants to Gregorian Tones, and psalms to the grand old chorals, *Te Deums*, &c., in some instances together and in others alternating, giving most excellent effect to the performance, and closing with that good old choral "Old Hundred." Rev. Mr. Henshaw, Rector of St. Andrew's church, then addressed the two choirs on the subject of their vocation, and the whole proceeded to the boat. It was a gratifying occasion to all who witnessed it, and it has already been suggested that there be at no distant day, a similar re-union of the boy-choirs of Newport, Providence, New York, and Boston at one of the above places.

The New Orleans manager, M. Boudousquié, has made up his *corps opératique*, the bulk of which we have already chronicled. The *Picayune* of the 13th ult., adds.

When we last wrote on this topic, he had not secured that important feature, a *tenore robusto*. We have now the satisfaction of informing the music-loving public that that deficiency has been made up, and that in Mons. Eclarat we shall find our most exacting demands fully gratified. Besides him, Mons. Charles Petit, a pleasing *tenore léger*, and Mme. Berthilde Maréchal, *jeune première*, *première ingénue*, and *seconde dugazon*, have been engaged, and now the new opera company may be considered complete.

Eighteen of Mons. Boudousquié's troupe were to leave Havre for this city on the Wurtemberg, on the 10th inst. On the 20th, fourteen of them will embark, at the same port, on the Bamberg, and six of them will come on the steamer Ocean Queen to New York, on the 12th of October.

Besides those already announced as forming the company of the Orleans theatre, we learn that Mons. Canonge has engaged Mme. Dalmont, *première chanteuse légère*, who has been a most successful Parisian artiste, Mdll. Girard, first *dugazon* of the Theatre Lyrique, Paris; Mons. Cabrel, premier *tenor léger*, from the Opera Comique; Mons. Gilbert, from the Odeon, a fine comic actor; Mons. Pourgand, from the Gaieté premier *rolé*; Mons. Mesmacre, second comic actor, from the Bonfès and the Theatre de Bruxelles; Mons. Dietrich, second bass, and Mons. Varnoult, decorateur.

Musical Correspondence.

CINCINNATI, OCT. 14.—The opening concert, for this season, of the Cecilia Society took place on Tuesday Evening, Oct. 11. The performance consisted of the first part of "Elijah," and we echo the sentiments of all who were present, when we say that it was a decided success, and reflected the highest credit upon the able director, Mr. F. L. RITTER.

Mme. RIVE (soprano) sang her part with consum-

mate ability, and in the duet between Elijah and the widow achieved a decided triumph. We regretted very much that the first part of the oratorio did not contain more alto parts, and thus afford more opportunity of admiring the fine organ of Miss FANNY M. RAYMOND. The part of Elijah, rendered by Mr. GARLICH, was sung in fine style, and with true artistic conception and fervor; giving evidence of a thorough appreciation on the part of the performer of the sublime passages with which this work abounds. The beautiful tenor aria, No. 3, was well sung by Mr. MEYER—an occasional tremor alone being observable, which doubtless, will be removed by more frequent appearance in public.

The choruses were admirably rendered, and with a decision and spirit which we have seldom seen excelled, exhibiting a marked improvement on some of the former concerts.

We are gratified to learn that the 2d part of "Elijah" will be brought out separately, and afterwards the entire oratorio.

The members of the society may justly congratulate themselves upon the unqualified success of the concert, and under the energetic management of Mr. Ritter are steadily progressing in the right direction.

We hope to be able to record still further triumphs during the coming winter. J. A. D.

NEW YORK, OCT. 18.—The opera season opened last night; but such a disastrous affair was seldom heard of in operatic annals. SPERANZA, the pretty young singer, had been advertised to make her debut in *Traviata*; but when the opera goers arrived at the Academy of Music, placards were thrust into their hands announcing a change of opera. Speranza, it appeared, was sick and could not sing. So CRESCIMANO, a prima donna, who was not to appear till the end of the week, took her place, and *Trovatore* was announced in place of *Traviata*. Quite a number of persons went away.

The large audience that remained were, however, subjected to another disappointment. AMODIO was as hoarse as a frog! The poor elephant couldn't sing a note! He made pantomimic gestures and hoarse whispers, but in his part in the final trio dropped even these demonstrations, and let the weak, attenuated accompaniment proceed without any vocal aid. It was shocking. ARDAVANI, a harmless, well meaning young singer, took his place in the remaining acts.

The prima donna, PHILIPINA CRESCIMANO, made, notwithstanding all these circumstances, a flattering debut. She is young and tall, with dark eyes and hair, and expressive but not beautiful features. Her voice is a Soprano of extensive compass and power, with some thrilling low notes. Her high notes are beautifully fresh—execution only tol-lol—acting bordering on the tol-lol—success on the opening night also tol-lol.

She sang the delicious air *Sul ali de' rosee* better than any one here since the days of La Grange. Now that is saying a good deal, but it is true; and the audience recognized her merit by hearty applause. In the duet with baritone, following the *Miserere*, she was ineffective, but did well.

Yet notwithstanding her success with the audience, the critics treated her first effort rather coldly and await her performance in *Ernani* on Wednesday, before giving a decided opinion.

SPERANZA is announced for Thursday in the *Traviata*.

Mrs. JUNIUS T. STAGG gave a concert here the other evening with fair success. She was well known when Miss Lewis, as an excellent amateur singer, and now, through reverses of fortune and an insane husband, decides to enter the musical profession. She is an agreeable contralto voice of but limited power. At a second concert, when less frightened, it will be easier to judge of her merits. Yours. TROVATOR.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

O dear me, I wish I were married. E. W. Locke. 25

A light comic song for young ladies.

Pen and Ink. A serio-comic song. Wallerstein. 25

A very humorous affair,

Instrumental Music.

General McMahon's Grand March. A. Siler. 25

A stirring piece of music, well named after the hero of Magenta.

Luisa Miller. Fantasia. René Favarger. 75

A very brilliant Fantasia, written by this distinguished player and teacher at the time when Verdi's "Luisa Miller," through the talent of Mlle. Piccolomini, who had taken the principal part, was enjoying an immense popularity in England. Several of the fine airs in the opera have never lost in favor with the public. It is on these that Favarger has composed his sparkling Fantasia.

La Traviata. Morceau de Salon. R. Hoffman. 50

An elaborate transcription of the favorite air of "Pargi, o cara," in the style of the much lauded *Trovatore* Fantasia by the same author.

For two Performers on two Pianos.

Martha. Fantasia brillante. H. Alberti. 1,50

This piece has been composed to meet a want which has long been felt by the Music teachers in large institutions, viz., to have some Duets for two pianofortes which were within easy reach of such of their pupils as play Grobe's Shells of Ocean or Beyer's Boquet of Melodies, and all sufficiently brilliant and apparently difficult to please a miscellaneous audience at exhibitions. "Martha" is the opera of the day, and a better selection could not have been made on the part of the author. Two other Fantasias by the same author, on "Trovatore" and "Traviata" are equally good.

For Flute and Piano.

Gems from Lucia di Lammermoor. J. Clinton. 75

A pleasing arrangement of the favorite airs, in the style of a Fantasia, among which Edgardo's song, "Fra poco" is prominent. It is written for *dilettanti* and of about the same difficulty as Cramer's well-known Potpourri.

For a Brass Band.

Syracuse Polka, arranged by B. A. Burditt. 1,00

Serious Family Polka. " 1,00

Two old favorites with piano players. They are printed on cards and calculated to be performed with from 8 to 14 instruments.

Books.

MUSICAL MIRROR. For Schools and Classes.

By Sireno B. Phipps. 50

A new candidate for public favor, and one which endeavors by the simplicity of its system of instruction, to adapt itself to the actual wants of those for whom it is designed. Extreme care has been exercised by the author in his selections of words and music, rendering it well calculated for Seminaries, particularly those devoted exclusively to the education of young ladies.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 395.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1859.

VOL. XVI. No. 5.

Lord, Thou art Great.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SEIDL.

"Lord, thou art great!" I cry when in the East

The day is blooming like a rose of fire,
When, to partake anew of life's rich feast,
Nature and man awake with fresh desire.
When art thou seen more gracious, God of power!
Than in the morn's great resurrection hour!

"Lord, thou art great!" I cry, when blackness shrouds
The noonday heavens, and crinkling lightnings
flame

And, on the tablet of the thunder clouds,
In fiery letters write thy dreadful name!
When art thou, Lord, more terrible in wrath,
Than in the mid-day tempest's lowering path?

"Lord, thou art great!" I cry, when in the West,
Day, softly vanquished, shuts his glowing eye;
When song-feasts ring from every woodland nest,
And all in melancholy sweetness die;
When giv'st thou, Lord, our hearts more blest repose,
Than in the magic of thy evening shows?

"Lord, thou art great!" I cry at dead of night,
When silence broods alike on land and deep;
When stars go up and down the blue-arched height,
And on the silver clouds the moonbeams sleep;
When becomest thou, O Lord, to loftier heights,
Than in the silent praise of holy night?

"Lord, thou art great!" in nature's every form!
Greater in none—simply most great in all;
In tears and terrors, sunshine, smile and storm,
And all that stirs the heart, is felt thy call;
"Lord, thou art great!" O let me praise thy name,
And grow in greatness as I thine proclaim.

Moravian, (Bethlehem, Pa.)

Translated for this Journal.

The Leipzig Gewandhaus Concerts (1840—1841), Reviewed by Robert Schumann.

(Continued.)

SIXTH CONCERT, NOV. 12.

Overture: *Die Waldnymph*, (The Wood-Nymph) by W. STERN-DALE BENNETT.—Air by C. M. von WEBER.—Solo for Violoncello, by B. ROMBERG.—Cavatina by MOZART.—Fantasia for Violoncello, by KUMMER.—Recitative and Concluding Chorus from the *Creation*, HAYDN.—Symphony (A major,) BEETHOVEN.

BENNETT'S charming overture opened the evening. Whoever has not yet heard it, may conceive of it as a sort of nosegay: Spohr contributed flowers to it, and so did Mendelssohn and Weber, but Bennett himself furnished the most, and the way in which he has arranged them with a tender hand and combined them in a whole, is fully and exclusively his own. The orchestra took loving care that nothing therein should get injured.—In the *Freyschütz* aria (*Wie nahte mir der Schlummer*) Fräulein SCHLOSS shone and pleased very much, as also in the air from Mozart's *Figaro*. One sees that the singer strives continually forward, and also aims at many-sided culture.—The Violoncello pieces were played by a guest ("star") Herr *Kammermusik* GRIEBNER, from Berlin. The first one threw an apple of discord amongst the public. After the conclusion there were some hisses heard amid the clapping, which referred chiefly to the choice of the

composition, a thoroughly tedious one in fact. And so there arose a rather obstinate contention between hands and lips, in which the first bore off the victory. Plainly this animated the player, who brought his second piece to an end unimpeached, and indeed with tumultuous applause. The artistic performance in itself was nothing extraordinary, but it deserved respect, and certainly no hissing. The numbers from the "Creation," glorious old work, are always heard with joy; the Tenor was a new one, Herr PIELKE, who gives hopes; the other solo voices were Fräulein SCHLOSS and Herr WEISKE. For a conclusion, the Symphony in A, about which we will not repeat what all know.

SEVENTH CONCERT, NOV. 26.

Symphony (B minor), KALLIWODA.—Aria by DONIZETTI.—Fantasia for Clarinet, by REISSIGER.—Overture to *Freyschütz*, WEBER.—Concertino for Violin, by MATSEDER.—Scena with Chorus, by ROSSINI.

CONCERT FOR THE FUND FOR OLD AND INVALID MUSICIANS, DEC. 3.

Jubilee Overture, by WEBER.—Air by MOZART.—Fantasia for Pianoforte, Chorus and Orchestra, BEETHOVEN.—LOBGESANO (Hymn of Praise): a Symphony-Cantata, by F. MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLOMY.

In the seventh subscription concert we heard once more KALLIWODA'S newest Symphony, which the composer himself produced here for the first time a year ago. At that time the *Zeitschrift* remarked the peculiar tone that breathes through it, as well as the tender instrumentation which betokens the ever progressive musician. This time, too, the Symphony produced the most agreeable effect, if it was not so fiery, as it seemed then when the composer conducted it in person; for the rest, it was played and led most admirably. The work has recently appeared in print, and lies before us for more careful comment.—The other numbers of the concert offered less of new interest. The Donizetti aria was utterly empty of all music, and was sung by the cantatrice without success and without the applause which follows other Italian things. Herr HEINZE played his clarinet piece very well; he, as well as the violin player, Herr SACHSE, were friendly received in their debut. The *Freyschütz* overture made its impression as usual; so too, with the Italian part of the public, the Finale from *Semiramide*.

The Concert for the Fund was remarkable for the exceeding beauty both of compositions and performance. The conductor's desk was decorated with wreaths of flowers; a most timely act of homage to the master, who has so often worked from that place in the praise of true Art, and who has this time, too, contributed to the ennobling of the concert by a work of his own. When he stepped up to his place, the whole public and orchestra rose with an enthusiasm which it was a joy to see and hear. The "Jubilee Overture" was the translation of this feeling into music; the jubilee would never end. To sustain such joyous musical life at such a height, were perhaps only possible to a Malibran, or a Schröder-Devrient.

Fräulein SCHLOSS sang well, but somewhat timidly; this was generally felt. Nor did Herr KUFFERATH play with energy enough, although always musically and like a good artist. This extraordinary composition of Beethoven, in which the player is scarcely more than an orator placed between great masses of people, is just one that requires—to continue the figure—good lungs, in order to be understood in detail through it all. The total effect was edifying.

Then followed the chief piece of the evening, MENDELSSOHN'S *Lobgesang*, which, having already been produced here at the Gutenberg festival, was altered by the composer, for the present concert, with, as we believe, increased effect in certain passages. All praise to the majestic composition, as it was and as it now is! Already before now we have expressed it. Whatever blesses and ennobles man, we find united here: pious feeling, consciousness of power, its freest and most natural expression; not to speak of the musical art of the master, of the inspiration with which he wrought peculiarly in this work, especially at the place where the male chorus takes up the principal part. We must not close this praise without one for the performers, one and all; especially for the solo voices: Frau Dr. FREGÉ, Fräulein SCHLOSS, and Herr SCHMIDT. One thought alone seemed to animate all: thanks to the artist for his labor, and the desire to do justice to his work by the most loving care in the performance. The end of the concert was only the beginning; it only wanted that they should snatch down the flowery wreaths, and twine them round the Master's temples.

EIGHTH CONCERT, DEC. 10.

Symphony (in F), BEETHOVEN.—Adagio and Rondo, for Pianoforte, THALBERG.—Finale from *William Tell*, ROSSINI.—Overture by CHERUBINI.—Two Etudes for Piano-forte, by HENSELT and CHOPIN.—Ensemble from *Cortez*, by SPONTINI.

Of the Beethoven Symphonies the one in F (No. 8) is perhaps the least often played and heard; even in Leipzig, where they are all so familiar, almost popular, we cherish a prejudice against just this one, to which, however, hardly another one of Beethoven's can be compared in humorous depth. Climaxes, like that toward the close of the last movement, are rare even in Beethoven; and during the Allegretto in B flat one can do nothing but—be still and happy. The orchestra gave a masterpiece; even the catchy Trio with the strangely comforting, sad horn melody went well.—The piano-forte piece was played, and for the first time in this place, by Fräulein AMALIE RIEFFEL, from Flensburg, a young girl of scarcely eighteen years. To form a conclusion as to her whole artistic capacity from her first appearance, would perhaps be doing what were anything but agreeable to the young artist herself, cheering as the great applause must have been for her, which she received after the piece by Thalberg. But she has accomplished far more, as the present writer has had occasion to know in private; her facility is very great, her delivery individual, often poetic, and she pursues her art

with an entire devotion and with an iron will, which has remained peculiar to her in spite of an almost impetuous artistic temperament. The latter was most shown in her playing of the *Etudes*, which she took with unheard of rapidity, so that in truth much was lost. There was no want of applause, to be sure, after the *Etudes*; but it was decidedly more general and more hearty after the concert piece. Surely it is not the last time that her name will occur in these columns; she has yet before her a rich future.

About the larger ensemble pieces of Rossini and Spontini,—being such well known compositions,—we have nothing to remark. But in the Overture by CHERUBINI, the question occurred to us, whether this great man and master is not still too little known and prized, and whether the present is not just the time,—now that the understanding of his compositions is brought so much nearer to us by the way which the best recent music has taken—to seek more acquaintance with the man who during Beethoven's life was certainly the second master of modern musical art, and who since Beethoven's death may perhaps be regarded as the first composer living.

NINTH CONCERT, DEC. 16.

Overture to *Oberon*, by WEBER.—Air from *Figaro*, by MOZART.
—Sonata for Piano-forte and Violin, BEETHOVEN.—*Lobgesang* (Hymn of Praise), MENDELSSOHN.

The reviewer has but little to communicate about the concert; long before the commencement there was not a seat to be had. In brief, His Majesty, the king of Saxony, had announced his intention to be present. Reason enough for bringing forth the best. It was a right royal concert. The air was sung by Fräulein SCHLOSS; the Sonata, the great one in A, was played by Herr Music-Director MENDELSSOHN and Herr Concert-Master DAVID. We are informed that His Majesty the king expressed his thanks in person to the artists, and stepping up to the orchestra, at the conclusion of the *Lobgesang*, repeated the same most graciously to the composer. It was a laurel of another sort, which equally adorned the angust giver and the artist who received it. The public held itself during the whole evening in respectful silence, which was only interrupted on the entrance of the regent by a jubilant acclamation, and after the *Lobgesang* by a joyous, thankful greeting of the work.

(To be continued.)

Mozart—Child and Man.

(Continued from page 237.)

No. 44.

Leopold Mozart to M. Hagenauer.

Milan, 3d February, 1770.

Yesterday we attended the full rehearsal of the new opera, *Cesar in Egitto*, which is mighty good. We have seen the Maestro Piccini* and Madame Piccinelli, and we conversed with them. Wolfgang, who disports himself every day in his warmed sheets, cannot write to-day, because he is composing two Latin motets for two *castrati*, one fifteen, one sixteen, who sing mighty well—they are two comrades whom he could not refuse. I saw in the papers, that they fully reckon upon us at Bosolo.

No. 45.

The Same to his Wife.

Milan, 10th February, 1770.

We dined at Count Firmiani's, who is better; his Excellency was pleased, after dinner, to present Wol-

gang with the works of Metastasio, in nine volumes. It is one of the finest editions—that of Turin; the whole is mighty well bound. Thou canst imagine that this present is mighty pleasing to me as well as to Wolfgang. The count is particularly impressed with Wolfgang's talent, and treats us with every sort of distinction. It would be too long to recount to thee the proofs which Wolfgang gave of his knowledge before the *maestro* Sammartino, and a crowd of persons of the greatest skill. He astonished them all. Thou knowest what takes place in these cases. Thou hast often enough seen it. We have had an opportunity of hearing all sorts of church music, among others yesterday the requiem of the old Marquis Litta, who, to the grief of this great family, died during the Carnival, whereas they would have been delighted to see his life spared till Lent. The *Dies ire* of this mass lasted nearly three-quarters of an hour. All was over at two in the afternoon.

Do not thou go and imagine that I am about to give thee a description of the religious practices of this country; anger would prevent me. I am scandalized at them. All consists in music and in church ornament. The rest is the most abominable extravagance. Wolfgang is delighted to receive a letter.

P. S.—From Wolfgang. Talk of the wolf and you see his tail. I am charmingly well, God be thanked, and cannot wait for the time when I am to receive an answer. I kiss mamma's hands, and send a tender kiss to my sister. I remain the same. What? The same harlequin Wolfgang in Germany, Amadeo, in Italy.

DE MORZANTINI.

No. 46.

The Same to the Same.

Milan, 17th February, 1770.

I think with thee that the winter is not so dangerous in Italy as the summer; but we hope God will preserve us. When we do not injure our health by irregularities, by excess at table, and we are free from organic defect, there is nothing to fear. Everywhere we are in the hands of God. It is not in eating or drinking that Wolfgang will injure his health. Thou knowest he is temperate of his own accord, and I assure thee I have never seen him so careful of his health as in this country. All that he thinks not good for him he puts aside; there are days when he eats very little, which does not prevent his being fat and well, and from morning till night cheerful and contented.

The tailor has just left us. He brought us cloaks and coats. I was looking at myself in the glass while he was trying them on, and I said to myself, "Here I am, in my old age, obliged to commit follies like every one else!" Wolfgang's dress becomes him admirably, and since it was necessary to launch into this foolish expense, my consolation is the thought that it will serve for all sorts of things, and at the least for linings and aprons.

To-morrow Count Firmiani receives the Duke and the Princess of Modena, who have just heard Wolfgang. In the evening we go *en masque* in grand gala to the Opera. After the Opera there will be a ball, and then we will return in the carriage with our excellent friend Signor Don Ferdinando, the Count's *major domo*. Next Friday there will be a public concert; we shall see what it will bring. In any case Italy will have brought us no great things. The true and only gratification here is that we meet more musical taste and intelligence than elsewhere, and that the Italians understand how much Wolfgang knows. For the rest we must ever be content to receive payment in bravos and exclamations, to which thou mayst add every imaginable politeness with which we are received and invited on all occasions in the best houses. Wolfgang respectfully kisses the hands of the Countess d' Arco, whose tender marks of affection are far more agreeable to him than many a kiss from younger lips.

P. S.—From Wolfgang. Here am I, there am I. Dear little Mariette, I am very glad thou wert so frightfully amused. Tell Ursula that I still believe I gave her back all her songs; but if, by chance, I carried them away in our Italian luggage, amidst my lofty and important preoccupation, I will not fail, if I find them, to insert them in my letter. *Addio*, children, take care of yourselves; I kiss a thousand times the hand of my mother, and for thee I send a hundred kisses on thy astonishing and ugly visage. *Per fure il fine*. I am all thine.

(To be continued.)

Mohega, the Flower of the Desert.

(From the Milwaukee Weekly Sentinel, Oct. 17.)

A MUSICAL DRAMA BY EDWARD SOBOLEWSKI. EDWARD SOBOLEWSKI, Esq., late conductor and director of the royal opera at Königsberg, Prussia, and the opera at Bremen, has brought out a musical

drama in Milwaukee, of North America. Mr. SOBOLEWSKI is a pupil of the great C. M. VON WEBER, and the facts, as above stated, are of some moment in musical affairs. Many of our best local musicians and critics, in their enthusiasm, have anticipated criticism and lauded *Mohega* in a most unbounded manner. We have been told that there is not a man in America capable of passing judgment on the effort of SOBOLEWSKI, and that until the score of *Mohega* reached the *Leipzig Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, the criticism of America must remain suspended. However proper such a course may be, it is not in strict accordance with the spirit and character of the people whom the composer proposes to delight; nor is it quite so reasonable as his too ardent admirers would have us suppose. *Mohega* will stand or fall upon its inherent worth, regardless of the dictum of those intensely scientific and critical journals of operatic Germany. If its originality and power are such as to effect the mind or the heart with the burden of an old story, in a new or intense manner; if it deals in the emotions with new sweetness, or in breathing of patriotism creates a new thrill, it has been measurably successful, and Milwaukee will have the honor of contributing the first really successful opera to the American stock.

Mohega is entitled on the *libretto* "An episode of the American Revolution." The first act is located in the valley of Wyoming, and the audience are treated to the noisy part of the massacre which there took place. The whole of this act is full of startling effect—rapid action—and quick transitions from scene to scene. The music flows like a torrent, or rather dashes, from circumstance to circumstance—sparkling, foamy and liquid. Not a moment serene, never welling up in those transparent "sheets of melody"—if we may use the expression, wherein one has time to catch the reflection of elaborated passion or highly wrought sentiment; its own hurry and activity destroys the images we look for. And yet, if the music lacks depth, its vivacity more than compensates in this act where there is little sentiment to express, and all the scenes partake of the didactic rather than of the emotional character.

The second act affords us *sweet* music, occasionally brilliant but never powerful. We become aware that *Mohega* is in love, Ellen is in love, Butler is in love, Pulawski is in love, but with the exception of *Mohega*, the music is rather an accompaniment than an embodiment of the passions.

We begin to feel a genuine pity for Ellen, who between Butler and Pequod sustains an alternating persecution which culminates in the savage tying her to a tree and after lighting the fire which is to consume her, amuses himself in fancying she is a target, at which our pity leaves us, and a slight sense of the ridiculous takes its place. In fact, with the end of the first act, the lively interest immediately flags. The duetto commencing the second act is somewhat too long for dramatic effect, and were it not for the brilliant accompaniment, would be tedious. The introduction of the "Star Spangled Banner"—aside from its being an anachronism—in this connection, has the semblance of burlesque, especially as Pulawski sings a verse of it in English and dwells determinedly on the unemphatic words. We question the taste which puts this comparatively recent song into the mouths of Revolutionary heroes. It bears the appearance of clap-trap. Pequod having exhausted his arrows in tormenting Ellen, suddenly, and we think unaccountably, falls asleep during the very loud lullaby of Ellen.

The third act commences with an exquisite melody, without exception the gem of the piece, which was rendered by Miss SOBOLEWSKI with much feeling. Her voice is of ordinary compass, and her *role* tried it most effectually. Her enunciation is clear, distinct and accurate, and she touched the chromatic passages with the precision of a well cultivated soprano. Every shade of sound was well defined, and there was much of the warmth and fervor of genius at times apparent in her voice, though we believe there was not a cultivated ear in the audience but well knew she was forcing it above the natural compass repeatedly. This act draws to the catastrophe in true "Bowery style." Butler fires his pistol at Pulawski and wounds Ellen instead; Pulawski himself is immediately afterward mortally wounded; Pequod shoots Butler, and *Mohega* dies because her true love dies. Having thus disposed of the chief characters, naught remains but to wave the American flag over them, which is done, and the chorus give us the last verse of the "Star Spangled Banner."

It cannot but strike the careful auditor who has perused the *libretto*, that there is the greatest discrepancy between this flimsy plot and the instrumentation. The latter is throughout brilliant, the former tame and hackneyed. Were it not for the skillful manner in which the author and composer keep up

* Nicolo Picini, born at Bari, in 1728, the rival of Gluck, composed more than 150 operas. The musical public of Paris was ranged at the time into two great parties, the Picinists and the Gluckists. He died in 1800, at Passy.

a running succession of events, groupings and changes, the representation must have been the dullest possible affair. Nor could any merit of vocalization have redeemed it. As we have stated above, there are bits of exquisite composition scattered through the drama—the *Terzetto* of Ellen, Pequod and Butler, in the commencement of the first act, and the prayer of Ellen in the third act, are glimpses of Mr. SOBOLEWSKI's power. But they are mere glimpses; the rest is *pretty*. It was absolutely necessary to have a good conception, ere the composer could display his strength. He very evidently did not have that conception in *Mohega*. Vocal music is the perfection of elocution. That perfection consists in the degree of accuracy and intensity with which it portrays the passion, feeling or sentiment. If there exists no passion or cause, the music is mere sound, signifying nothing. It is also necessary for music to hear on its pulsations something beside the mere echo of itself in order to effect the heart; no mere adjustment of tones, however nice, can reach the right chord of sympathy unless they are freighted with something even more immaterial than sound. It is with these facts in view that operatic music should be criticized, and it becomes apparent that the deeper the motives, the finer the shades of feeling dealt with and successfully wrought into melody, the greater the success of the master. In *Mohega* there is nothing of the *spiritual* or the mental.

The drama passes before us like a well ordered spectacle, accompanied with instrumental music, of the greatest excellence. The patriotic idea which underlies and ought to animate the whole machinery of the play with some degree of grandeur, is muffled; we hear its tones, but they are deadened ones, and do not take hold of the soul. The plot is vigorous but heartless. It moves with all the strength and vigor of life, but takes no hold upon our sympathies. It lacks the sympathy of soul. The master mind failed to infuse the very spirit of his theme into the staff. The several shades and revelations of regret, despair, hope and grief, are delicately limned; but we must confess, the coloring is not here to deceive us or to interest us, as it should, with the semblance of life. And lest this should be charged to the representation, we will assert, what has been uttered by many in our hearing, since Tuesday evening, i. e., the performance of *Mohega* was the most creditable vocal and dramatic exhibition that has been witnessed in Milwaukee for years, not excepting the professional representations.

The individual roles were sustained most effectually; the costumes, properties, &c., were in better keeping than at any dramatic representation which we have witnessed in Milwaukee. In conclusion, we submit that Mr. SOBOLEWSKI's opera, has but given us the feeblest taste of his musical ability, and when he learns to estimate the musical taste of the Western country a little higher, his next will be a greater success than this.

(From the Milwaukee Free Democrat.)

THE PERFORMANCE OF "MOHEGA."—A large audience—some 800 persons perhaps—was assembled at Albany Hall on Tuesday evening last, to greet the performance of DE SOBOLEWSKI's new American Opera, "Mohega, the Flower of the Forest." Without attempting to enter upon a real criticism of the composition—which is almost impossible after witnessing only the first public performance of a new opera—it may not be uninteresting to those of our readers who were not present at the representation, to notice a few leading facts about the composition and performance—which, as all will agree with us, is immensely easier than to criticize the work of a master like SOBOLEWSKI. And although opinions of slight difference may prevail—yet we doubt not, nearly all will agree with us in saying that, as a whole, "Mohega" was quite successful. Those who are somewhat dissatisfied, should bear in mind that a city of but twenty years growth, like Milwaukee, cannot be expected to furnish so grand a performance of the composition, as European cities. Besides, a work of this kind runs more risk here than in Europe, for the reason that here its success depends solely upon the favor it finds with an audience, many members of which only attend such representations merely for the sake of gratifying a taste for novelty, and not from an appreciation of music; while in Europe the taste of the people has been schooled to appreciate great musical efforts, by a series of performances of classic operas, concerts, &c., under the patronage of the government. Here we have a hall of defective acoustic qualities—a portion of the orchestra, and a majority of the singers are composed of amateurs—bottle scenes, which are supposed to be executed by the flower of the American and British armies, are here performed by "raw re-

cruits," mostly ignorant of military rules, behavior, and the use of bayonets.

Such things are quite different in Europe. There they have halls built on the most approved acoustic plans—professional people make up the orchestra, leading characters, and chorus singers—and large bodies of well trained soldiers perform their share on stages in every way fit for grand representations. After making a liberal allowance for all such mentioned deficiencies, every one will say that the performance was as good as could be expected under the circumstances. Mrs. MAILER appeared in the leading part as *Mohega*, the Indian girl. And although her voice seemed a little weak at times, yet her graceful and accomplished action easily made one forget such things, and we can only say she earned the applause bestowed upon her. Miss SOBOLEWSKI, a young lady of European reputation as an artist—sang her part well, although her acting might be somewhat improved. But then she is still young, and will undoubtedly improve with time in this respect. Under the able instruction of her father, her voice has been cultivated, as might be expected, so that she surpasses many of the travelling artists who have visited our city. She does, indeed, seem to have complete control over her voice.

The gentlemen, with the exception of *Pequod*, did not seem to sing as well as at some previous efforts. The choruses were generally very well, though rather weak of voice. The most natural scene seemed to be those of the Indians in the first act. The costumes were really well chosen, and at the end of the first act the composer was called out—at the close of the opera, composer and leading actors were called out. The orchestra, though small in number, played well, and gave general satisfaction.

In regard to the merits of the music, we must say, that the opera is full of melody, shows the able instrumentation of a master, and is free of all modern attempts to display the singer's ability, with a sure prospect of raising a fine voice—a fit representative of which the modern Italian school has in the person of Signor Verdi. Of the three acts into which the opera is divided, the first seems to be the most successful. The second and third acts, although they contain much that is beautiful to the ear, and pleasant to the eye, are not so much distinguished by originality as the first act, which is really grand and affecting.

A Course of Practice for Learners of the Piano-forte.

(From KNORR's "Methodical Guide.")
(Concluded.)

PREPARATION FOR APPEARING IN PUBLIC. CHOICE COMPOSITIONS, &c., CONTINUED.

The pupil, who has been well guided thus far, (and of course possesses talent and application,) will now soon be fit to appear before the public.* He should, however, be accustomed previously to playing before hearers, and he should especially have opportunities to play pieces with the accompaniment of other instruments, (Duos, Trios, &c.) Should he practise a piece with orchestral accompaniment, the teacher must be very careful to make him play his part so thoroughly, that, with all due freedom of movement, no doubt can ever arise in the minds of the musicians who accompany him, as to time. But as the rules belonging to this subject find their proper place in a treatise on musical elocution, and not in a guide for teachers on the Piano, the few hints thrown out are sufficient, without further remarks.

In this (the last) stage of his instruction, the pupil may derive benefit from various compositions, which are indicated below. It is plain, however, that a detailed progressive system, from less to greater difficulty, can no longer be expected at this period.

A. Pieces for Piano alone, (Etudes, Parlor Music, Sonatas, &c.)

Chopin, *Etudes*, op. 10, Liv. 1, 2. This work has made an epoch in compositions of this kind; which is the reason of its having had such eminent success. As to the large extensions required by many of these *etudes*, the pupil should take pains really to extend his fingers from one key to the other. The ability to do this is only acquired by a methodical bending, never by a useless stretching of the fingers.

A. Henselt, *Etudes*, op. 2. Among the rest are two nice *etudes*, No. 1, in D minor, and No. 9, in F; an especial favorite, however, is No. 6, op. 3, in B.

Döhler, *Etudes*, op. 30, No. 9, in D minor. Tarentelle, op. 39, in G minor; an excellent exercise for the wrists.)

Thalberg, *Thème original*, and *Etude*, op. 45, in A minor.

* It is always wrong to bring before the public children who are not yet sufficiently developed, technically and musically.

C. Mayer, 3 grand *Etudes*, op. 61, Nos. 2 and 3.
A. E. Müller, *Caprices*, in C minor, (Liv. 2,) and in Eb, (Liv. 4.) From the classical period, a good counterpart to the preceding.

A. Henselt, Var. (*Philtre*), op. 1, in E.

H. Herz, Var. (*Crocato*), op. 23, in Eb. Var. (*Euryanthe*), op. 62, in Eb.

Th. Kullak, *La Gazelle*, *Pièce Caract.* op. 22, in F.
Thalberg, *Fantasia*, (Moses), op. 33, in G minor.

Fantasia, (Don Juan), op. 42, in E.

Liszt, *Galop Chromatique*, op. 12, in Eb. *Reminisc. de Lucia*, op. 13, in Db.

Hummel, *Fantasia*, op. 18, in Eb. Sonata, op. 81, in F sharp minor.

Beethoven, Sonata, op. 53, in C. (The runs in octaves, at the close, to be done by a slow *glissando*—gliding over the keys with the same fingers, &c.) Sonata, op. 57, in F minor.

C. M. von Weber, Sonatas, op. 24, in C; op. 39, in Ab; op. 49, in D minor; op. 70, in E minor. Overtures, *Freischütz*, and *Oberon*, (arranged by the composer.)

J. S. Bach, *Preludes et Fugues*, (*Clav. bien temp.* I. and II.) Of this work only a preliminary notice can be taken now, as it requires an entirely separate study, which would detain the pupil too long at this time.

B. Pieces with orchestral Accompaniments, (Rondos, Variations, Concertos, &c.)

Hummel, Rondo brill. op. 56, in A; and Concerto, op. 85, in A minor. Also with the accompaniment of a second piano.

Kalkbrenner, Rondo, (*Gage d'Amitié*), op. 66, in Bb.

H. Herz, Var. di Bravoura, op. 20, in C.

Moscheles, Var. (*Marche d'Alex.*) op. 32, in F. Rondo brill. op. 43, in D. Concerto No. 3, in G minor.

Dussek, Concerto No. 12, in Eb.

Field, Concerto No. 2, in Ab.

Chopin, Var. (*La ci darem*), op. 2, in Bb.

C. M. von Weber, *Concertstück*, op. 79, in F minor.

Beethoven, Concerto, op. 73, in Eb.

The above list may be considered as a sort of guide by which to judge of other pieces.

PROGRESSING WITHOUT A TEACHER.

The last finishing touch is for the pupil himself to give, after he has been brought so far by the teacher that he can no more be misled by faulty judgment or bad taste. At this, the last and self-dependent stage of his development, however, he must try to hear and turn to the best account the productions of true and finished artists. At the same time, he should make himself acquainted with the new works of good composers, and try himself on the most difficult pieces; (of classical pieces, for instance, the more difficult ones of J. S. Bach, the great Sonata of Beethoven, op. 106, &c.; of virtuoso pieces, the greater works of Liszt, Leop. de Meyer, &c.) As regards the mechanical studies, he must strive to reach the pinnacle of perfection in certain musical forms; as, for instance, in the trill, the scales, and in playing octaves, which, it is true, require a practice of several hours, day by day, during which neither the fingers nor the hand must be allowed to stop or rest, until entire fatigue ensues. And thus he may steer cheerfully and steadily towards the high mark of his aspirations, and not feel discouraged if he finds that mark still quite remote, in spite of all his efforts.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A Remonstrance.

(To a Friend.)

If Chopin's dreamy tenderness I praise,—

(Ethereal essence of poetic sound!)

And prize the noble, clear, and lofty lays

Through which good Handel's nature language found;

If Beethoven's deep tones divine do use

To wake in me sublime aspirations strong—

Shall I then, narrow-souled, all thanks refuse

Italian suns, translated into song?

Not so! the linnet's trill is ever sweet,

Tho' nightingales attune a mellower lay;

Nor is mine English daisy incomplete,

Because the rose blooms Lady of the May;

Oh, let me, loving noblest music more,

Love what is lower none the less therefore!

FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

OPERATIC CRITICISM.—That excellent maritime journal, the *Cape Ann Advertiser*, continues to instruct and amuse us. The last number gives the following "first rate notice" of the opera:—

The season at the Boston Theatre closed for the present, with a grand matinee in the afternoon of last Saturday, (15th.) We were favored on that occasion with the entire opera of *La Traviata*, and the last act of *La Favorita*.

Madame Colson, as Violetta, on the whole, acquitted herself creditably, although critical judges would perhaps object to a certain thinness and want of *embonpoint* to her voice, which does not indeed possess quite the required density for the difficult passages which occur in the first act of this opera. Mr. Squires, as Alfredo, made as favorable an impression as any one with an Anglo-Saxon cognomen could be expected to produce. His staccato movements in a flat were exceedingly fine, but his sub base was wanting in power, and his swell not sufficiently extensive. As Signor Squirano he might hope for success, but as plain Mr. Squires, he can never reach the highest excellence, for our people will not put up with English in any form when they pay a good price for the real Italian. Provincial editors, who are deadheaded to everything of this sort, may not find any fault with it, but we, who paid for our ticket, shall express our opinion freely. Sig. Amodio, as Jeronimo, was superb in his execution of perhaps the most difficult role in the whole opera. The compass of his voice has the most remarkable variations, reaching sometimes to ten degrees or over. The *Aria, Care nome del mio cor* by Miss Abby Fay, was very clean and neat, and on the whole gave as good satisfaction as could be expected from a native artist, but it requires the warmth and ecstatic influences of an Italian sky, to produce that artistic conception and execution to which the tickets are unavoidably so high. Sig. Stigelli, as Fernando, was a most unfortunate cast. He was advertised as "the great Tenor Robusto," but is too light by fifty pounds to merit that appellation. His voice might answer for the Speaker of the House of Representatives, or something of that sort, but was never adapted to the role of Fernando. It lacks tone, serenity, and that indescribable *dolce far niente* so absolutely necessary to an effective delivery. His style needs to be purified by constant practice of classical music; we would suggest the ancient Greek choruses as a proper field for at least seven years, when he might attempt modern authors with a better chance of success.

The Chimes.

(From the Cambridge Chronicle.)

There is a pleasant and encouraging prospect of hearing the sweet tones of the Chimes at Christmas time. But, in order to have them in fullest perfection, it is necessary to have thirteen bells. It is on this condition that Mr. Hooper's very generous offer of the fourth bell is based. With thirteen bells not only can all the good old psalm tunes be played, solemnizing the Sabbath, drawing people to worship through their sweet melody, or awakening the old associations in those who may have neglected the Sabbath, and forgotten the Church, but also the grand national airs and hymns, and other popular songs. The old congregational tunes that have been in use for several centuries, as well as the more modern, can all be played, and surely listened to with interest and delight. For festival days, for occasions when Old Harvard claims special interest, Commencement, Alumni, Exhibition, Class Days, the Chimes will have a voice for them all.

It is proposed to transfer the subscription for the College Chimes to those of Christ Church; and the following copy of a letter from Rev. Dr. Huntington recommends the measure:

Cambridge, Oct. 20th, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR.—In answer to your inquiry I have to say that, in view of the vigorous and definite measures of the Parish of "Christ Church" towards procuring a Chime of bells, the enterprise of obtaining such a Chime for the College Chapel was abandoned about a year ago.

There can be no occasion for two Chimes. The tower of the Episcopal Church seems to be as convenient and desirable a place for the bells as any other. And I have ventured to hope that those gentlemen, citizens of Cambridge, who were so kind and so liberal as to subscribe to the paper circulated by me, would be disposed to transfer their subscriptions to the similar plan undertaken by you and your friends.

I am very truly yours,

F. D. HUNTINGTON.

HENRY M. PARKER, Esq.

Some of the subscribers have already expressed their consent to the transfer; and it is hoped all will do so.

The letters of the thirteen bells will be D, E, F sharp; G, A, B, C, C sharp; D, D sharp; E, F sharp, G.

The Chimes will be rung between the ringing of the first and second church bells, when it will be a favorable time for them to be heard. It is hoped, also, that after a time there will be persons who, having attained the necessary knowledge, will volunteer to chime the bells on pleasant summer evenings.

Some objection has been made by those who live near the Chime in Boston to those bells; but, as there are only eight, the variety of tunes they afford is much limited, which is a good ground for objection.

A small chime bell, made by Hooper & Co., used for a clock bell, has very recently been placed near Harvard Square. Few people have heard it yet,—but one, a good judge, pronounces it the sweetest bell he ever heard.

Contributions are now needed to insure the obtaining of thirteen bells. It is earnestly desired that they may be offered immediately, so that the whole sum needed may be made up as soon as possible.

It has been suggested that the Firemen of Cambridge unite and present one bell. In which case a

handsome inscription would be placed on it, and they would have the privilege of using the Chime on funeral occasions. We hope it will be done.

CAMPANARUM PULSATOR.

Music Abroad.

DUBLIN.—The first concert of Mme. JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT took place on the 27th ult., and drew of course an overflowing audience. The *Evening Freeman* thus describes it:

The concert opened with an instrumental piece, (the andante from a sonata of Beethoven, with variations for the pianoforte and violin.) The performers were Herr Otto Goldschmidt and Herr Joachim, who on appearing were most cordially received. The pianism of Herr Goldschmidt is characterized by a certain plainness and vigor of style, arguing a love in the performer of "the simply beautiful," despising ornate frippery, but yet displaying a delicacy and firmness of touch inexpressibly pleasing to educated ears, especially in the rendering of classic music. We need scarcely add that this bit of Beethoven's composition was given in masterly style. At its conclusion all eyes were directed towards the door opening to the platform, for the next piece marked in the programme was the grand aria from *I Puritani*, so justly admired, "Qui la voce," with its delicious concluding *cabaletta*, to be sung by Madame Lind Goldschmidt. The appearance of Madame created quite a scene. All the vast assemblage seemed to rise and bend forward whilst peal after peal of welcome greeted the fair donna, for fair she is, and (as we were rejoiced to see) retains all the winning characteristics of feature and grace of manner which seemed to harmonize so well with her sweet voice when we heard it last on the Dublin stage, eleven long years ago. She looks the Jenny Lind of the portraits still. She wore a quiet yet singularly tasteful dress of light blue color, and in all its details her costume was marked by tasteful simplicity. The said aria "Qui la voce" is rather a trying piece to begin with, and, we could not but remark a slight huskiness, or rather a want of clearness in her lower notes at the opening, but as she progressed in the song it was then her glorious voice began to develop its extraordinary beauty. As we heard her, years were forgotten, every note seemed to evoke some sweet memory, and the remembrance of past delights flashed upon our mind with every delicious cadence. Many were there who now heard Madame Lind Goldschmidt's voice for the first time, and they all seemed to feel impressed with a new and strange feeling of pleasure such as they had never before experienced in the vocalism of any artist, however celebrated, whilst others, who treasured the recollection of her glorious voice in the prime of its power and splendor, appeared to recognize with delight the repetition of sounds of thrilling melody which they had not dreamed of ever hearing again. The fair donna's version of the *cabaletta*, "Vien in cielo" was truly splendid, and rapturous applause followed, and an encore was asked for, but, owing to the length and variety of the programme, was not practicable. Madame's next performance was a *rondo*, "Il re Pastore," from Mozart, with its singularly beautiful accompaniment, rendered on the violin by Herr Joachim, and by Herr Goldschmidt on the pianoforte. This divine composition, both as regarded vocalism and instrumentalism, may be said to have been all but perfect. In the *duetto* "I Montanari," comprising a series of Styrian melodies, which concluded the first part of the concert, Madame Goldschmidt and Signor Belletti were heard in brilliant perfection as regarded execution. This piece seemed to partake more of the characteristics calculated to astonish rather than to please. The vocalism of the donna in the course of it was displayed in all its vigor and brilliancy, and she seemed to overcome the difficulties which she overcame with wondrous taste and power. In the second part of the concert the song which, perhaps, excited the greatest expectation was Moore's pretty and fanciful poetic *jeu d'esprit*, entitled "Nets and Cages." The music is the composition of Herr Goldschmidt. It is light, graceful, and well suited to the spirit of the words. It was sung *con amore* by Madame—who enunciates the English with great correctness and fluency. The concluding efforts of the fair *cantatrice* were Mendelssohn's sweet song, entitled "The first violet," and the Echo Song, a Norwegian melody. Both were given with charming grace and simplicity of style and brilliancy of harmonic effect. To speak of the plaudits which followed this and the other pieces which Madame sang during the evening would be only to record a succession of storms of approbation, and perhaps throughout the entire musical career of the great soprano she has never won higher

or more distinguished praise than that which was awarded to her last night by an audience in every way competent to appreciate the gifts of genius. The selection from *Il Barbiere*, given by Sig. Belletti reminded us of the many obligations we are under to this gifted *artiste* for the intense gratification we have more than once derived from his splendid vocalism. His rich baritone voice is now as true, powerful, and resonant as when we first had occasion to speak of his merits, and never was an *encore* sought with more enthusiasm, or a compliment more deservedly paid than that which was accorded to the Signor on his repeated performance of the "Largo al factotum." His "Non più andrai," from *Le Nozze di Figaro*, of Mozart, was given by him in masterly style. More than twelve months since, we spoke at some length of the splendid character of Herr Joachim's violin performance, and assigned to him his due position as a perfect master of that most difficult of all instruments. We can now but say that his performance last evening was in every way worthy of his high reputation. This concert, in all, was a decided success, and furnishes a sufficient earnest of the rich treat in store for the lovers of music in the concert which is announced to take place on to-morrow afternoon.

Paris.

The revival of Ambroise Thomas' comic opera, *Le Songe d'une Nuit d'Été*, duly took place on Friday and introduced to the public a new singer and actress, Mlle. Monrose, who is indebted for her artistic education to the skill and ripe experience of the celebrated Duprez. The selection of so responsible a part as that of Queen Elizabeth in this opera, denoted considerable ambition and an equal degree of nerve in "the fair *débutante*." That this should be was natural enough to one who may be said to be native and to the manner born, Mlle. Monrose being a niece of the celebrated actor of that name, at the Théâtre Français, and having been cradled and trained, as it were, in the very wagon of Thespis. The result thoroughly justified the young artist's measurement of her own abilities. Remarkably free from the nervousness belonging to a first appearance, her powers had their full chance, and showed that the high class training which has been bestowed upon her, had not been thrown away upon unprofitable material. The part of Elizabeth allows considerable scope for acting, and Mlle. Monrose availed herself of it with high spirit and the true instinct of a comedian. Her voice is full and pure, she sings with taste, and her vocalization is such as might be expected from the pupil of Duprez. Her chief deficiency at present is in flexibility, and a more complete control over the upper notes of her voice. Such parts of the music allotted to her as demanded energy and passion, showed her to best advantage; but in the florid passages which occur in the second act, her power proved scarcely adequate to the task. She is young, however, and that assiduous practice which foreign artists generally encounter with such unflinching courage, will go far to conquer what nature has grudgingly. Mlle. Monrose's reception was of the warmest and kindest, and indeed, though her talents had been less, her personal charms would hardly have failed to win as much from the gallantry of a French *parterre*. Of such intrinsic excellence are her gifts in this respect, that the manager, Nestor Roqueplan, is said to have exclaimed, on his first interview with the young aspirant, transported with the fervid gallantry of the Gaul beyond the bounds of managerial prudence, "If I did not engage you for your talent and your voice, I should certainly do so for your beauty." With such certainty was Madlle. Monrose's success anticipated that at one time there was a question of assigning to her the part of Dinorah in the *Pardon de Ploërmel*, but the cautious *maitre* shrank from the experiment. The least shadow of risk, and there was such in the emotion of a first appearance, is what Herr Meyerbeer will not encounter if any means of avoiding it exist under heaven. It never rains but it pours, and, as if a general order had issued from the mysterious counsels of Biarritz to evoke the shade of England's worshipped bard simultaneously on every lyrical stage of France, this same work of Monsieur Thomas has just been got up at the Grand Théâtre of Lyons. An absurd accident occurred on the first night, which with something like poetical justice interrupted the performance in the most critical part, and prevented its completion. In the midst of the scene between Elizabeth and Falstaff in the third act the stage was suddenly, without the warning even of the prompter's whistle, inundated with a torrent of real water; the actors fled incontinently to the shelter of the wings, but not before they had been fairly soured to the skins by the impromptu cascade, which fell on them from the sky borders. A change of costume not anticipated by the wardrobe keeper was thus enforced, and the premature descent of the curtain

saved the memory of Shakspeare from further desecration that night. Since the days of Noah never was deluge more justly merited. The cause of the accident was the rupture of a pipe connected with the water-tank, placed by the architect on the roof of the theatre, in the event of fire. I am not superstitious, but I firmly believe the affair was snugly arranged in the world of departed spirits, and with banished goblins, between William Shakspeare himself, and his young friend Master Puck. How his sides must have shaken at the result of this excellent piece of mischief; what a Ho, ho, ho! must have echoed in the welkin as he beheld Mounseer Falstaff, with his false belly hanging drenched and flaccid on the lean form of the audacious frog-eater who had dared to assume that jovial and honored portliness sacred to English beef and jolly English humor.

I have strange misgivings that I ought to have alluded, in my record of recent musical events, to the new operetta produced last week at the Bouffes Parisiens; at any rate the composer of *Martha* would be of that opinion, that distinguished musician having condescended to become the parent of the novelty.

La Veuve Grossier is the title of this little work, which has achieved a complete success, both in the dramatic and musical sense. The libretto, which is written by Monsieur Desforges, is founded on an anecdote to be found in a now forgotten work of the latter half of the last century, called *Le Colporteur*, which relates how the celebrated Lorette of that day, being desirous of drawing a veil over her past career, purchased of a ruined marquis the right of bearing his name, the privilege being secured by a marriage, preceded by a contract specifying formally that the husband, on consideration of receiving a stated allowance, should immediately on leaving the church door betake himself whithersoever his fancy prompted, so it were not to the abode of his bride.

The *Veuve Grossier* differs from the heroine of the story in being of unblemished repute; it is not the awkward incidents of her life that she wishes to smother under heraldic blazonries, but the vile associations connected with the name of *Grossier*.

M. Flotow's music has the same mixed character observable in his other works. There is the same imitation of the light French school, whose chief is Adolphe Adam, somewhat stiffly accomplished, mingled with grand airs in the Italian styles, and the simple ballad indigenous to England and Germany. The compound is, in fact, much the same as that which our own Balfe knows so well how to serve up, saving indeed that the mess is not half so substantial or savory as that of the English chef. The chief parts are played by Geoffry, Caillat, and Mdle. Tostée, who did every justice both to author and composer: the first named was particularly happy as the Marquis. Beyond these two events there is nothing of moment to chronicle in the musical world of Lutetia.

Foreign Correspondence.

(From a new contributor.)

VIENNA, SEPT. 29. — The Kärnthner-theater, our Vienna opera-house, is very plain, and for so large a city very small. On the floor of the building are about two hundred and forty seats, behind which is a space large enough for one hundred persons to stand. Around this little pit rise five galleries, three of which are occupied by boxes and two by seats without backs for the multitude. The boxes number about seventy, and the two other galleries will seat perhaps five or six hundred. As one would suppose, the building does not at all meet the wants of the public. It very often happens that one can get no seat, and as for the boxes, they are all the property of the nobility and rich citizens.

The orchestra numbers about eighty-five, sometimes more, which is quite as much as the house will bear, and the chorus is in proportion. Three conductors of the orchestra are engaged and two ballet-directors (the latter lead the orchestra in ballets), besides whom CARL ECKERT, who was in America with Sontag, and who is now manager of this theatre, sometimes presides.

The opera seasons are two, a German opera season from the first of July to the first of April; and an Italian season during the other three months.

The last German season closed with *Fidelio*, and the next evening began the Italian season, which on

the whole proved poor, very poor. The first trouble arose from the miserable Viennese climate; all foreigners regularly catch cold on coming here, and singers are lucky, if they get clear of hoarseness in a month. Then many of the singers were inferior; and lastly the repertoire was, for Vienna, weak: *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Il Barbiere*, *Otello*, *Cenerentola*, *Mosè*, *Norma*, *La Sonnambula*, *Ernani*, *Rigoletto*, *Il Trovatore*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Lucia*, *Figlia del Reggimento*, *Don Pasquale*, *Marino Faliero*, *Elise Velasco*, from Pacini; *Fiorina*, from some younger composer; and finally *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, from Cimarosa.

This is very old and rarely given, but it is charming. The plot, the orchestral accompaniments, the solos and concerted pieces are exceedingly simple and indeed rather antiquated. The contrast between this little opera and those of the modern, noisy and effect-seeking Italian is enormous. Great execution and pure intonation are necessary to the rendering of this music, as it is quite as florid as that of Rossini though in a different style. It is very naïve and reminds one of Mozart. The opera was capitally given; the chief female part was filled by Mme. CHARTON-DEMEUR, the second by Mlle. FIORETTI, the alto part by Mme. BRAMBILLA-MARULLI, the tenor by M. CARRION, the baritone by EVERARDI, and the base part by ZUCCHINI. These singers understand and render Rossini's music extremely well, with one exception, Mme. Brambilla, who is always poor. Mme. Charton is extremely graceful in song and play, and has a pretty and highly educated voice. Her parts are Rosina, Susanna in *Figaro*, Zerlina in *Don Giovanni*, &c., and are unusually capital. She is just engaged to replace in part poor Bosio at St. Petersburg. Mlle. FIORETTI is a young singer of great talent. She has a beautiful, full, high soprano voice, and sings with great natural ease and execution. She moves herself well enough on the stage, sings with considerable understanding, intonates purely, and in short needs but industry to rise high in the opera world. M. CARRION has great though not very good execution, and was once a great singer. His voice is now weak, but he uses it so well and plays so funnily that he fills the comic tenor parts very satisfactorily. Signor EVERARDI has a pleasant and tolerably strong voice, and an execution truly wonderful for its clearness and finish.

Rossini has hardly written anything for even a soprano voice that Everardi cannot sing with ease. It is truly rare nowadays to hear a baritone or bass voice with any considerable execution. The singers trust too much to their full tones to draw applause from the audience. In addition, Everardi plays well and with humor, and sings with much understanding and feeling. ZUCCHINI is a very comic singer, indeed, a real Italian buffo of the first class, and always, without exception, gives his parts admirably. In addition to these singers was a deep bass, ANGELINI, who is excellent. He sings well, he plays well, and his voice is full and very pleasant. He, too, is capital in Rossini's operas. Besides him were two baritones of little merit, a first baritone of considerable merit as singer and actor, but who has almost entirely lost his voice, a couple of basses of no great account, a first tenor, BETTINI, (not of American renown) also without much voice, one or two lesser tenors, a very handsome and rich Swedish singer with little more than impudence, who looked the page in the *Nozze di Figaro* bewitchingly and sang it shamefully. Mme. STEFFANONE (of great American renown) who is still pretty, good and fat, and lastly, the flower of the season, Mme. LAFON.

This lady is a French Creole from the West Indies, it is said; at any rate, one used to seeing negroes notices at once in her nose and hair the black blood, though she is perfectly white. Her voice is moderately strong and sympathetic in quality, and is very well cultivated; her execution is elegant and sufficient for Rossini even, her delivery stately and

queenlike as in her acting. Her *Norma* will compare with that of Grisi; indeed, it seemed to me at moments to surpass the latter. In *Lucrezia Borgia* she was not perhaps so great, but in *Otello* she was splendid. There is no tearing a passion into shreds; she remains perfect ruler over her song and action, but when the moment for excitement comes, her hot Southern blood boils up, and her voice thrills the hearer through and through. In *Otello*, her most beautiful moment is while singing the exquisite romance with its wonderful harp accompaniment. Sadness inevitably seizes upon the hearer when listening to her. One feels to the core the wrongs and sorrows of the patient, lovely Desdemona. Ah, yes, one must love and honor Rossini, that he has so well expressed in music Shakspeare's beautiful creation. The difficulties of this romance are very considerable, and if they be conquered with ease, it is no slight task to render them subordinate to the spirit of woe, which should envelope the whole. And this she did with perfect success. She is an *objective* singer of the first class; higher praise cannot be given her. She proved to me fully, how very valuable the half-casts and negroes may be, nay, will be, in the musical world. A friend, who had been conductor of the opera in Rio Janeiro some years, told me of a case in point. A negro woman, the cook of the Italian prima-donna there, used to imitate her mistress's scale and airs. This gentleman often heard her; and he assured me that her voice was splendid, and her singing, even to the little ornaments and cadences, far better than that of her mistress. It was nature, for the cook had never had the least instruction.

Il Barbiere was often given, and one would hardly hear it better in London or Paris. This opera is a little gem, and will live; not so most of Rossini's operas. *Cenerentola* has not the sparkle and the unity of the "Barber." "Mosè," with much beauty, is in some places really tiresome. *Otello* is not good throughout, though much is redeemed by the exquisite romance, already mentioned, in the last act. *Semiramide* is but partially to be accepted. *Tell* is a transition opera, written with more care and experience than the others, and it is really great. In it he has nearly abandoned his florid style of which one soon tires. *Tell* is not given in the Italian, but very often in the German season; do you remember in the third act the beautiful ballet scene? Beethoven's remark on Rossini, on looking at his scores: "This man would have been a great composer, if his master had thrashed him oftener," is surely true. One sees in Rossini's greater works the want of work and of care, and in almost all his operas the need of pruning.

"*Figaro's Marriage*" was very fairly given, Steffanone singing the Countess, Charton the Susanna, Angelini the Figaro, and the other parts were indifferently filled. The music is too beautiful to be ruined by the worst rendering.

Elisa Valesco, by Pacini, is wretched, and was given three times (a rule of the theatre) to empty houses. The same is true of *Fiorina*.

Norma was well given, and drew very fairly, as did also *Otello*; with all the other operas not commented upon, it was hard work.

During April the company was not in full force, and was moreover ailing, in consequence of which, and of the poor operas (the good ones were mostly given in June) the houses were very thin. It was even said that the directors meant to close the theatre and dismiss the company in the middle of May.

The opera is a source of great expense to the government, as one would suppose, but the three months of the Italian season cost more (I believe much more) than the nine months of the German season; not relatively but positively more. These three months pay but little; indeed, during June the theatre is almost entirely empty. A contractor under-

takes to bring and manage an Italian company, and to give certain operas, all specified—a good speculation. But he, who for many years has had these engagements, has now lost his contract, and a new manager is expected to bring a company including ALBONI, MARIO and TAMBERLIK. With such singers the houses may be filled, but the operas must be better chosen. People here are getting very tired of Verdi and even of Bellini and Donizetti—and are they not right? The two latter composers, with very great talent, wrote too quickly, indulged in tricks to catch the house, and used any and every melody which came into their hands. It is related of Donizetti that he once composed an opera in a fortnight. He wrote his melodies, sketched the opera, designated his harmonies by numbers (as in organ music), and gave them to clerks to fill out. Now every one of musical genius, to which no one can dispute their good title, has many ideas, i. e. melodies which are of slight account, and should therefore not be used. But if a composer writes anything, he is likely to have in the and some good melodies swallowed up in many which are trivial and often even vulgar. Do not we demand of a writer, whether of prose or poetry, that he shall review his works and shall prune away carefully all that is of doubtful quality?

Then, too, much as the idea is ridiculed in the present time, it is certain that severe and careful study of the art and of the great works already existing, is necessary for a composer. Supposing that a young man, without any preparation farther than having seen a couple of galleries, should undertake to paint a great picture. Would he not fail most signally, and would he not be laughed at? And the same of poetry. Any person of intelligence who goes often to the opera, and seeks something more than a tickling of the ears, will soon tire of the modern Italian composers. Of the most modern, Verdi, little is to be said. He has great gifts, but has so remarkably and persistently mis-used them, that he has gone down hill, has lost his fame even in Italy, and has earned the name, "The most vulgar of composers."

H.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 29, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — *Kyrie a Capella*, by ROBERT FRANZ, last four pages. (By mistake the wrong plates were sent to the printer last week, instead of these.)

Richard Wagner.

THIRD ARTICLE.*

Since the revolution of 1849, Wagner, as we have said, has resided most of the time at Zurich, Switzerland, in exile. His principal labor, so far as reported, has been the composition of a grand opera on the subject of the *Nibelungenlied*, consisting of three or four parts, and designed to occupy as many consecutive evenings in the performance. In this work it is understood that he means to give a much fuller practical illustration of his peculiar ideas of the Opera of the Future; but we have not yet read of its performance anywhere. Meanwhile he has completed a shorter opera, to occupy a single evening, called *Tristan and Isolde*, which is soon to be produced at Carlsruhe, and of which Liszt's disciple, Bülow, who is preparing the piano-forte score of it, writes: "He whom this opera does not convert, has no music in him" (!) and says it is as far beyond *Lohengrin*, as *Fidelio* is beyond Mozart's *Seraglio*. (See letter from Leipzig in this Journal, Oct. 8, 1859.)

*Continued from No. 2 of this Vol., page 223.

In March, 1855, Wagner was summoned to London, the very stronghold of his most prejudiced enemies,—summoned as a novelty, a nine day's wonder, to conduct the old Philharmonic Concerts, which needed to be violently shaken out of drowsiness; and from the spasms of the London musical critics, from their exclamations of horror at his violent and novel manner of conducting their favorite old symphonies and other classics (for scarcely anything of his own composition was allowed to figure in the good old fashioned programmes), we judge they did get shaken with a vengeance. The experiment was pronounced a failure, with a few dissenting voices. Wagner himself, afterwards, in a letter to a friend, acknowledged it, but ascribed it to the strange element in which he had found himself there, like a fish out of water, having to minister to English tastes and prejudices, and with no opportunity to act out himself, or present his own gospel either by word or deed.

There have been often revived rumors of his being about to proceed to Paris to bring out one of his great works on a grand scale; also of his intention of coming to America, to transplant the "Music of the Future" to this New World, whither all the ideas of the Future, artistic as well as political and social, seem to beckon and shadow forth a boundless, glorious home. But as yet these are only rumors. Meanwhile *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* have found their way into most of the theatres of Germany,—here rejected after one or two trials, there taking root awhile in popular admiration, exciting infinite discussion, in the Babel of which voices in all keys from highest rhapsody to contemptuous rage are mingled. All seems tending to a clearer appreciation of the man and his ideas; especially to a discrimination between the more and more admitted genius or talent of the man, the composer, and the very doubtful value of his theories. Much as his operas and fragments of them have been heard, still it would seem that very few persons have really had an opportunity to fairly judge by hearing what an opera by Wagner is. From the peculiarity of their structure they must be heard as wholes, and only under very perfect conditions. He himself has said, within the year past: "If you hear an opera of mine, hear it in Hanover, for nowhere else do they produce one so that you can form a true idea of it." Of course, then, we must wait, and in the meanwhile try to learn what we can from the theoretic statements of the man as set forth in the books we have already named.

The fundamental idea of all these works has certainly a large and unitary aspect. It contemplates no less than the discontinuance of the single, separate Arts as such, and the fusion of them all into the one only true work of Art, the "Drama of the Future." Especially has Wagner seemed to regard it as his mission, poet and musician as he is, to point out the false relation which has hitherto existed between these two factors of the conventional opera. The miserable texts to almost all existing operas have always been a subject of complaint; and so long as the music was written to please and show off the singers, and the words slavishly adapted to the conventional pattern of the music,—so much recitative, so many arias, duets, concerted pieces, and so on,—it was almost impossible that an opera text could have much poetical merit. Wagner

claims to have been the first to give distinct and formal expression to the vague and general feeling on the subject. Poet and musician both in himself, he has disciplined himself more and more, in each successive opera he has composed, to produce the music and poetry as one. He speaks of himself as having long since perfectly mastered the power of musical expression, so as to use it as his mother tongue; and now he is free to give his whole concern to the subject matter of his composition. He talks more about the librettos which he writes, than about the music in which it would seem that he spontaneously clothes them, following the dictates of the poetry without regard to the usual forms, imitations and thematic developments of musical treatment. Such, at least, is the impression which we get from reading here and there what he has written.

The principles, which Wagner has embodied, vaguely, and as it were prophetically in his *Holländer*, more clearly in his *Tannhäuser*, and still more in his *Lohengrin*, are argumentatively explained in the three volumes of his *Oper und Drama*. In the introduction to this work, he says: "I am almost shrinking from uttering aloud the brief formula which shows the error" (hitherto existing in the relation of the words and music in all operas) "since I am ashamed to announce with the important air of novelty a thing so clear, so simple and self-evident that it seems to me that all the world must long ago have settled it." The formula is this:

"The error in the opera, as a species of Art, has consisted in the fact, that a means of expression (Music) has been made the end, while the end of expression (the Drama) has been made the means; and thus the actual lyric Drama has been made to rest upon the basis of absolute Music."

To the demonstration of this error throughout the history of Opera he devotes the first volume of his work, which, if not free from some extravagancies, contains shrewd and instructive criticisms upon all the opera writers who have been in vogue for a century and a half.

In the second volume he points out what he deems a similar error in the historical development of dramatic poetry; which is, that the poets have selected, as he thinks, a wrong order of subjects for dramatic treatment.

"The Romance, both the historical and the domestic, has thus far furnished the material of our modern dramas. Shakspeare's dramas sprang immediately from this Romance, but were mainly possible only because in them the scenic environment was left to the imagination of the spectator. In any attempts to reproduce the scene with fidelity, it was plainly impossible so to compress and mould the complicated stuff of the Romance, as to make it intelligible to the senses of the beholder without the aid of his own fancy. Hence we see the poets on the one hand turn their backs upon Romance entirely, and, like Racine, go back to ancient tragedy, or on the other hand, like Goethe and Schiller, hover midway between Shakspeare and Racine, and either renounce scenic effect altogether, (as Goethe has done in his "Faust,") or devote themselves to Romance itself. The latest dramatic poetry, which as Art lives only on the literary monuments of Goethe and Schiller, has continued this wavering between two opposite tendencies almost to dizziness."

Wagner recalls us to our senses; he points to

"the only true drama that humanity possesses"—to the Greek; as this sprang from the Greek *Mythos*, so our poetic art must come back to Myth; this is the beginning and end of all poesy, and has this peculiar in it, that it is alike true in all times, only interpret it according to the times; moreover it has the convenience of having worn the poetical form from the first, so that it is the more easily dramatized.

Now the Mythos always impersonates its meaning in a hero of some sort, who is supposed to be endowed with some extraordinary, superhuman, marvellous qualities. Hence Miracle is indispensable to Wagner's notion of a drama. Not the dogmatic, religious miracle, but rather the miracle which makes it intelligible to feeling; its object being not to make us believe, but to enable us to seize the inner connection of actions directly, without the aid of reflection or imagination. For this, according to Wagner, is the real problem of the poet, to appeal to "the totality of the senses," and not to understanding and imagination. "In the drama," he says, "we are made wise by feeling."

(To be continued.)

Afternoon Concerts.

The ORCHESTRAL UNION gave us another excellent selection this week;—on the whole about as good as some of those famous Leipzig Gewandhaus programmes reviewed by Schumann in another column.

1. Italian Symphony.....Mendelssohn.
2. Waltz. Telegraphic Despatch. (First time,).....Strauss.
3. Overture. Oberon.....Weber.
4. Bedouin Galop.....Lumbye.
5. Miserere. Il Trovatore.....Verdi.
6. Andante. From 5th Symphony.....Beethoven.
7. Potpourri.....Meyerbeer.

The "Italian" Symphony and the "Oberon" Overture were beautifully rendered. The exquisite Minnet and Trio of the former has a fluid grace almost Mozartean, but through all always you perceive the melancholy under-current of the man named Felix. The Andante from the C minor Symphony (like a heavenly *Benedictus* after the Verdi *Miserere*), was devoured with eager ears, as usual; but we missed something of clearness in the performance; the accompaniment figures in the first three or four repetitions of the theme were not audibly enough pronounced; so that we heard them in memory, but not actually. The Waltz was another instance of the fertile genius of Strauss for mixing musical punch. The *Miserere* was strongly encored by the minority and repeated; it was short. The audiences increase in number. This concert was surely good enough to attract a crowd the next time.

Musical Chit-Chat.

CARL ZERRAHN is out with his subscription papers for his winter series of Orchestral, or "PHILHARMONIC," Concerts. He will give four concerts, (more, let us hope,) as soon as 600 subscribers, at \$3.00, shall be obtained. This ought to be achieved in a very few days, in justice to our character as good, sincere, symphony-loving people. His orchestra will contain at least *forty* of our very best musicians—forty good ones being more efficient than fifty, including unharmonious elements or dummies. He will have the best solo talent, vocal and instrumental, the famous young pianist, ARTHUR NAPOLEON, being engaged for the first concert. The orchestral programmes will include many new works of interest; besides the good old Symphonies, he has one or more from Schumann, Rubinstein's "Ocean" Symphony, and Liszt's "Preludes;" Berlioz's *Frances Juges* overture, Verdi's overture to "Sicilian Vespers," &c., &c. We expect good times.

In the week after next we have the Wednesday Afternoon Orchestral Concert; the Schiller Festival, in the afternoon of Thursday (10th), and on Saturday evening (12th) the classical soiree of Messrs. EICHBERG and LEONHARDT, with plenty of Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Franz, &c., and (in the larger Tremont Temple) the farewell benefit concert of our old friend, Mr. KEYZER, who has retired from his post at the Museum. He will have the assistance of a double quartet of strings and of Miss FAY, the singer, who is soon to sail for Italy. Mr. Keyzer always offers something good, when he appears before the public, and we trust the memory of his long services will surround him with hosts of friends. We only regret that it comes on the same evening with the concert above named; cannot one or the other be changed?

Our thanks are due to Mr. Grozelier, the artist, for a most bold and striking portrait of RALPH WALDO EMERSON, which he has just produced. It is lithographed with wonderful power and finish from a photograph. There is no portrait which, to our seeing, gives so much of the character of the man. Perhaps the muscles of the face are a little too full; but the clear, searching eye, the beautiful mould of the forehead, the eagle beak, the light which informs the whole are there. It represents him with that shrewd, sideward look, half humorous, half critical, as when listening to some remark in conversation.

CARL BERGMANN announces his series of subscription concerts, on Sunday evenings, of which the prospectus is quite rich. It promises of symphonies, Beethoven's in A major and the *Pastorale*, Mozart's in D, Haydn's in G, Mendelssohn's in A minor, Schubert's in C, Schumann in B major and in D minor, Gade's in C minor, and of Liszt's symphonic poems, *Tasso*, *Festklänge*, and *Les Preludes*. Of overtures, we shall hear Beethoven's *Leonore*, *Coriolanus*, Cherubini's *Les Abencerrages*, Mendelssohn's *Meeresstille* and the *Hebrides*, Schumann's *Manfred*, Wagner's *Faust*, *Rienzi*, and *Tannhäuser*. Introduction to *Lohengrin* and to *Tristan and Isolde*; Berlioz's *King Lear* (*Les Francs Juges*), *Romeo and Juliet*, (festival at Capulet's and Queen Mab.) Of concertos for piano, we are promised Beethoven's in E flat and G major, triple Concerto for piano, violin, and violoncello; Schumann's in A minor, Chopin's in F minor, Liszt's in E flat major. Of choruses, those from Schumann's *Paradise and Peri* and *The Pilgrimage of the Rose*. Also some of *Alceste*, *Orpheus*, *Fidelio*, *Flying Dutchman*, *Rienzi*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Lohengrin*.

Musical Correspondence.

FARMINGTON, CONN., OCT. 25.—I take the liberty to send you a somewhat remarkable programme of a Soirée by Mr. SATTER at Miss Porter's Young Ladies' School. I was writing some words in explanation, but find upon reading them over, that I made an apology for our daring to offer such music to a young ladies' audience, and this, I hope, is not necessary with you.

PART I.

1. Concert-Ouverture à 4 mains.....Chas. Fradel.
(Written in Paris, and performed with great success by the whole Orchestra under the composer's direction.)
Messrs. Fradel and Satter.
2. Sonate (A major) with the Variations.....Mozart.
3. Kreisleriana, Nos. 1, 3, 4, 6, 8.....Schumann.
(Being a collection of fantastic pieces, suggested by the work of the same name, written by E. T. Hoffmann, one of the most original German literary geniuses.)
4. Invitation à l'aise (with Satter's great Cadenza).....Weber.

PART II.

1. Ouverture to "Tannhäuser".....R. Wagner.
Arranged by Satter.
2. Prelude and Fuge (E minor).....Mendelssohn.
3. Sonate in E major, op. 109.....Beethoven.
(Dedicated to Maximiliana Brentano.)
4. Concert-Etude, A flat.....F. Liszt.
(Dedicated to Czerny. In the Symphonic style.)

PART III.

1. Ouverture to "Mäusckönig und Nussknacker." C. Reinecke.
à 4 mains.
Messrs. Fradel and Satter.

(This is intended to be a funny composition, describing the hostilities between the king of the mice and a nutcracker. It has met with great success in Germany and London.)

2. Free Improvisation on themes, given by the ladies.

They will be worked up in form of a Sonata in three movements. Mr. Satter will accept any themes, but such as would belong to any of Mr. Verdi's writings, because sentimental ditties of this kind can possibly be admitted, after hearing the divine music of illustrious composers.

[Verily, this programme is a curiosity.—ED.]

The music was enthusiastically enjoyed, and although it was a hard task both to the performer and to the audience, to perform and to listen to Piano music for three hours in succession,—everybody regretted that the concert was not twice as long. The favorite piece of the evening was, strange to say, that little, "old fashioned" Sonata by Mozart, which by its beautiful simplicity moved many of my young pupils to tears. Beethoven's Sonata, op. 109, was listened to with deep emotion, while the *Tannhäuser* Transcription astonished by the display of Satter's immense pianism.

Mr. Fradel was absent, on account of illness, and Mr. S. substituted for the Overtures a fantasia on

themes of Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream," and a *Nocturne* by Chopin.

I do not offer any criticism on his playing; he is certainly the best interpreter of classical music I have heard. (!)

I shall endeavor to continue these Concerts as well as those of the Mason-Thomas Quintette Club, and of whatever good artists, whose obliging services I may be able to secure. These gentlemen readily acquiesced in my wishes, viz.: to play only music of the highest order, and thus I have a powerful means of elevating and ennobling the musical taste of my pupils.

Why is not this done oftener in other places? The result of it would be a highly beneficial one, and in fact, could not be over-rated. I wish you would lend your aid to this subject by earnestly appealing to all similar institutions to follow the example set by humble Farmington, and your obedient

KARL KLAUSER.

NEW YORK, OCT. 24.—After the long pause which my summer's absence from the city, with its usual dearth of music, has made necessary, I regret that I have even yet no musical news of much importance to write about. In opera matters you are kept duly *au fait* from another source; personally I can only report about the performance of *Martha*, in its odd Italian dress, which, however, made us regret former representations in every respect but Madame Corson's charming singing. In her acting she is not by any means equal to La Grange.

STIGELI, in the finale from *Lucia*, approached nearer to Mario in that scene than any other artist I have heard. He has, indeed, a very fine voice, and uses it admirably. In an act from *Ernani*, FERRI showed to advantage, and proved himself deserving of the popularity which he is rapidly obtaining.

The Philharmonic rehearsals commenced a fortnight ago at the Academy. It was delightful, after months spent without music of any kind, to hear the delicious strains of Schubert's Symphony, although the pleasure was much marred by Mr. Bergmann's cruel cutting up of the music by his corrections. If he would only suffer the orchestra to finish the phrase or musical idea which they are playing before he stops them, the ears of the listeners would not be quite so much annoyed.

Of our customary series of Quartet concerts we hear nothing as yet. Mr. Einfeld's friends are all very impatient to have him recommence his Soirées, which they all missed so much last winter; and I think Mason & Thomas had sufficient success to induce them to renew their *matinées* also.

The Germans of our city are at present quite absorbed in preparation for the Schiller festival (in honor of the centennial anniversary of the poet's birth), which is to take place next month. They intend to make it a memorable occasion, and it will present several features which are quite new to the American public. The festivities commence on the 9th prox. with addresses in German and English, one of the latter by W. C. Bryant. In the evening there will be a concert, one half of the programme consisting of miscellaneous pieces having some reference to Schiller, under the direction of Mr. Einfeld, and the other half, of the 9th Symphony, with Mr. Anschütz as leader. In this latter the choruses will be sung by the Liederkrantz, their forces swelled by a number of amateurs. On the 10th, the actual birthday, there will be a representation at the Academy of Music. The first part will consist of the Apotheosis of Schiller, in which a poem (for which a prize was offered some time ago) will be recited, and the bust of the poet crowned by a competent German actress, while the stage is filled with allegorical groups of females. Next will follow a series of eight tableaux, from Schiller's chief ballads and dramatic works. This will be succeeded by Wallenstein's Camp, in German, and the whole ends with a general group of all the tableaux. The music accompanying these performances will be under the direction of Mr. Bergmann. It is gratifying to see how all Germans enter into this affair, heart and soul. Our three German "Kapellmeisters" divide the musical department between them. Messrs. Lutz and Lang and several other artists direct the arrangement of the tableaux, and an incredible number of volunteers of both sexes have come forward for the tableaux and other like performances. May success crown their efforts!

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BATAVIA, KANE CO., ILL., OCT. 17.—As there seems to be something new in Illinois under the sun, I consider it my duty to inform you of it. In Kendall Co., (Ill.) a society has been formed called the "Kendall Co. Musical Union," designed to include the best musical talent in the county. It proposes meeting monthly, three days at a time, in the principal towns in the county, in rotation, during the fall and winter.

The first meeting was held at Bristol, Oct. 11, 12, and 13, under the direction of Mr. W. S. B. MATTHEWS, of Aurora. The society are studying the "Messiah"; the style of music is new to almost all of them, but at their late meeting they were able to perform in a creditable manner the choruses: "Behold the Lamb of God," "Oh thou that tellest good tidings to Zion," and the "Hallelujah," which speaks well for their perseverance and the energy of their conductor.

The second evening of the meeting was devoted to congregational singing, which was participated in by a large audience.

The concert of Thursday evening consisted of Anthems, from the "Cythara" and "Hallelujah," solos upon the piano-forte by the conductor, (Wallace's Old Hundredth and C sharp minor of Beethoven); Soprano air: "Thou didst not leave his soul in hell"; Bass solos: "Why do the nations rage," and the trumpet shall sound," sung by the president of the "Union," Mr. HAIGH; and the choruses mentioned above.

The next meeting of the society was appointed at Newark, Nov. 8; conductor, W. S. B. Matthews. The Society hope to be able to bring out a good share of the "Messiah" at Christmas.

Sometimes the monotony of teacher life here is broken by an interesting event. For instance, the other day my heart was greatly refreshed by one of my pupils asking me if I would not give her a Sonata for a lesson. Of course I assented, for she was a young lady whom I had considered one of my best pupils. The Sonata selected was Op. 28 of Beethoven's, because I thought it would be easily understood and, in any case, it was "good practice." The first movement, to the repeat, was assigned for the lesson. When the time for the next lesson came round, I took my course for the residence of the pupil with alacrity and my portfolio. The lesson was recited, and it was evident that not the most remote ray of an idea had penetrated the superficial strata of the cranial protuberance of the ambitious would-be-teacher, but that to her the beautiful creation of the master was no more and no less than a page or so of notes.

"Ah," said I, "I see you don't quite understand this. Now please observe carefully while I play this first movement. Do you see how beautiful this is? See how this idea is repeated, now here and now there! What a character of quiet enjoyment pervades the whole!"

"Yes?" (In a vague, inquiring sort of a way.)

"Very well, I wish you would practice and study this until the next lesson, for I think it will richly repay you, and I think you will surely be interested by it." But, oh ye Gods! What a damper was in store for me!

"Well, you see I didn't care so much for the music, (O Beethoven!) but I only wanted to say that I played a Sonata, because Sarah Dusenberry, in Chicago, plays one and brags over it so much. I wished to show her that she wasn't all the world, for they think Sonatas are the tallest kind of music, and nobody can learn them out of Chicago."

Mr. Editor, a young man might have been seen, not long after, taking a prestissimo movement out of that neighborhood. Have I given any Sonatas since? "Nary one." So much for "High Art!"

I see published a piece called "Oasis, grand valse brilliant, &c., and composed (?) by a certain professor of music from the Conservatoire at Leipzig (so he

says) who "professes" not a thousand miles hence. In this Oasis the principal motive has been an oasis in the repertoire of every hand-organ in the land for this ten years at least. So much for originality.

DER FREISCHUTZ.

LAWRENCE, MASS., OCT. 24.—I enclose the programme of a Complimentary Benefit Concert given by our people, last Wednesday evening, to Mr. and Mrs. NEWTON FITZ, who are soon to leave us for Mobile. We regret exceedingly that we must lose our friends, though we cannot wonder that the golden attractions of the Southern city have allured them thither. There prospects here were never more promising, but there they can do much better than the best possible of Lawrence.

Mr. Fitz has been very popular as organist and chorister of "Father Taate's" church, and it will not be easy to fill his place there. He has been music teacher in the Oliver High School for some time past, and the School Committee (and no one will question the musical judgment of a School Committee with Gen. H. K. Oliver at its head) and the friends of the school generally have been surprised and delighted at the interest awakened in the subject, and the progress made, both in the theory and the practice of music, under his instruction. In school and out of it there is a unanimous and earnest expression of sorrow that Mr. Fitz must go—especially as no one yet can suggest a suitable successor for the situation. The chances are that the study must be dropped, at the very time when there is the most to encourage its continuance.

The Complimentary Concert was a very pleasant and successful affair, and this was the programme:

PART FIRST.

1. Grand March de Concert, for Piano Forte, . . . Wollenhaupt. Mr. Newton Fitz.
2. Solo and Chorus, Tramp, Tramp, . . . Bishop. Solo by Mrs. Fitz.
3. Duet—Trust Her Not. (Words by Longfellow.) . . . Balfe. Miss Annie Garland and Mr. E. Lyford.
4. Aria Buffo—"Non piu Andrai," . . . Mozart. Mr. Fitz.
5. Song—The Canteener, . . . Balfe. Mrs. F. E. Clarke.
6. Trio—On the Ocean, . . . Concione. Mrs. Fitz, Mrs. Clarke and Miss Jennie Smith.

PART SECOND.

1. Aria—Se Crudele, from "Betty," . . . Donizetti. Mrs. Fitz.
2. Solo for Cornet—"Twilight Dews," with variations, Graffula, Mr. R. M. Hobbs.
3. Comic Duet—"Sir, a Secret," from Cinderella, . . . Rossini. Messrs. Fitz and Clarke.
4. Solo and Chorus—"Now with Grief," from Cinderella, Rossini. Solo by Mrs. Fitz.
5. Part Song—"The Farewell," for eight men's voices, Mendelssohn.

The performers were all Lawrence people, but we think that disinterested critics would say that they did quite as well as the average of the "foreign talent" that visits us. We were especially pleased with Mr. Fitz's rendering of the *Non piu andrai* from the "Marriage of Figaro." It was excellently done, and surprised and gratified the audience all the more because Mr. Fitz has never before appeared in public as a solo singer. But he has been very successful as a teacher of vocal music, and while training others, he has evidently been training himself no less faithfully; and the results are very creditable to himself and very pleasing to his friends.

Mrs. Fitz, too, never sang better than on this occasion, intensifying our regret at parting with her by the sweetness of her swan-song of farewell. And the other ladies, and the gentlemen as well, did themselves no little credit. Miss GARLAND, the youngest of them all, hardly out of the bounds of school girlhood, seems to us a very promising vocalist.

We are happy to know incidentally that the pecuniary results of the concert were such as to make it a substantial compliment to Mr. and Mrs. Fitz. Q.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Well done, yet good and faithful servants.

Joh. Seb. Bach. 40

Cradle Song, from the Christmas Oratorio. " 50

Air from the Mass in G minor. " 50

These are the first three numbers of a set of eight Airs for an Alto voice, selected from Bach's works, by the celebrated German composer, Robert Franz, and by him provided with a pianoforte accompaniment, which retains all the features of the original score. Those who are at all acquainted with the vocal works of Bach, need not be told what a rich vein of musical beauty runs through them, these extracts being fine specimens. A more extensive notice of these songs, together with the admirable preface of Franz may be found in No. 15 of this paper, among the editorial articles.

I was poor, yet uncomplaining. (Giorno poveri vivea.) "Trovatore." 25

The song of Azucena, when she is brought before the Count di Luna, as a prisoner, in the third act. This song has not been published before.

O hear ye not maidens. Trio for female voices. H. Smart. 35

Light and easy. Each part may be filled by several voices or by one only.

When the silvery moon is shining. Song and chorus. T. B. 25

A melodious little song and chorus, not of the Ethiopian kind. It is just the piece for a social concert.

There's a fresh little mound near the willow. E. W. Locke. 25

A touching song for voices of small compass. Easy.

Integer vitae. (He who is upright.) Quartet for male voices. Fleming. 25

One of Horace's Odes set to music by an old German composer, who has furnished a great many chorals to the German Lutheran church, which, with Luther's own, still hold the first place. This ode has lately been revived in various colleges, and has even at various times made its way into the concert room, where its beauty was readily recognized.

Books.

MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES, with symphonies and accompaniments, by Sir John Stevenson, and characteristic words by Thomas Moore. With a portrait. Price, \$1.50; in cloth, \$2.50; cloth, full gilt, \$3.00

In a very neat, convenient, and durable form we have in this volume the fine old Melodies of Ireland wedded to the charming ballads which have, more than any other of his works, immortalized the name of Moore, and made it a familiar household word throughout the civilized world. There has been, and always will be, a peculiar charm about the music and the poetry of this work, and though the expression in reference to a new book, has become somewhat hackneyed that "no library is complete without it," we may venture to say, that used in connection with this elegant edition of "Moore's Melodies," it will come to each of our readers as a very truthful declaration. There are many editions of these Melodies published in this country, but this is the only one in which the words are accompanied by the music, and here we may mention that with Moore the words and the music are one. "So intimately," says an English writer, "were they united in his mind, that the sight of the songs crowded together in one volume unaccompanied by music notes inflicted on him positive pain."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 396.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1859.

VOL. XVI. No. 6.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

King Arthur.

(From the German of A. GRÜN.)

King Arthur, drawing near his end,
Embarked upon a crag-locked sea,
Cheerless and black as misery;
His sword was borne by pages' hand,
Escalibor, the keenest brand,
By heroes envied, minstrels sung.
The King, weighed down with sorrow, flung
The sword far out into the flood, —
Then sank at once his load of woe,
The waves like morning redness glow,
As if the steel gave off its blood;
The bark appears a fluttering swan,
The page puts angel-pinions on;
The rock a blooming woodland springs,
Where nightingales flute many a lay,
And Arthur mounts and soars away
On music's and on morning's wings.

C. T. B.

Spring Feast of All Souls.

(From the German of A. GRÜN.)

Again 'tis Spring in Easter-land,
As a thousand times it will be and has been;
Monotonously, year out, year in,
Weaves Nature, the maid, with clumsy hand,
Of the selfsame stuff the selfsame hand;
And all that in her web she weaves,
Of lights and shadows and twinkling leaves,
And songs of birds beneath green eaves,
And morn and May — what is it, but just
A fleeting echo and breath and dust? —
But a word floats over the rye and, behold!
The dull, grey grain is a fleece of gold!
A human heart speaks the spell to earth,
And all is beauty and glory and mirth!

C. T. B.

Translated for this Journal.

The Leipzig Gewandhaus Concerts (1840—1841), Reviewed by Robert Schumann.

(Continued.)

TENTH CONCERT, JAN. 1, 1841.

Hymn by HANDEL. — Overture by MOZART. — Variations, for Violin, by Vieuxtemps. — *Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt* (Becalmed at sea and prosperous voyage), by BEETHOVEN. — Solo, for Violin, by DE BIAIOR. — Variations, for Flute, by BOEHM. — Symphony (C minor), BEETHOVEN.

With Handel's joyous, festal sounds let a "Happy New Year" ring out to all! And may the place where they resounded evermore remain a hearth faithful to true Art, and may they who preside over it long remain its warm protectors. Let it be to us a good omen, that it has been dedicated with Handel; and let not also the increase of younger artists be excluded from it, but let us follow the spirit of the old master, who, like every true master, would reject from the altar no one, who brings with him a pure striving. Only let what is ugly be like the wandering Jew, to whom no hospitable door is opened.

The Hymn was followed by the overture to the *Zauberflöte*, which centuries hence perhaps will still resound and enrapture, — that sportive, blissful wonder-child, which, dealing out light and

joy, will always emerge again somewhere, in spite of clouds and darkness. Such was its effect too this time. The applause came as if out of one heart.

As to the violin player, HILF, who played the following Variations, this journal has already noticed his remarkable career; he has worked his way up from the artisan to the artist, whereas with others it is the reverse, and unfortunately in a metaphorical sense. Received with great interest a year ago, he continually confirms the expectations raised about him, and continually approaches mastership. His playing, still as fresh as ever, has also gained in tenderness. The choice of the pieces, reminding us as it did of the playing of their composers, was a bold one. Yet the public lavished the richest applause on him and justly; for the progress also of the artist's culture must come into consideration here.

The Beethoven chorus was substituted for the aria from *Fidelio* at first announced — perhaps without rehearsal, for it went not altogether well. A second impromptu appeared, a handsome boy with a flute in his hand, by the name of HEINDL; hardly more than twelve years old, he plays his instrument with a mastery, which on this instrument has nothing unnatural about it, like that of Richard Lewy on the horn. Let them put other instruments into his hand hereafter; his playing betrays more than good lungs and mere virtuoso talent. It were a pity to lose so musical a boy. His family is from Würzburg and is said to have a crowd of young musical talents in its midst.

The C minor Symphony of Beethoven concluded. Let us be silent about it! Often as it has been heard, in public halls as well as in private, it still exerts its power unaltered upon persons of all ages, just as many grand phenomena in nature fill us, as often as they reappear, with awe and wonder. So also will this Symphony resound still centuries hence, so long as there shall be a world and music.

ELEVENTH CONCERT, JAN. 7.

Overture, by BEETHOVEN. — Aria by MOZART. — Concertino for Violoncello, by LINDNER. — Scene and Aria by MEYERBEER. — Capriccio, for Violoncello, by ROMBERG. — Historical Symphony, by SPOHR.

The most interesting number of the Concert was unquestionably the last, and the whole public was eagerly awaiting it. The programme called it: "Historical Symphony in the style and taste of four different periods. *First movement*: Bach and Handel period, 1720. *Adagio*: Haydn and Mozart, 1780. *Scherzo*: Period of Beethoven, 1810. *Finale*: the most recent period, 1840." This new Symphony of Spohr's was, if we are not mistaken, written for the London Philharmonic Concerts, and there too given for the first time about a year ago, and we must add, it has been strongly censured in England. We fear, that hard judgments will be passed upon it in Germany also. It is certainly a noteworthy phenomenon, that several attempts have recently been made to reproduce for us the old. Thus

three years since O. Nicolai in Vienna gave a concert, in which he too brought out a series of compositions written "in the style and taste of other centuries." Moscheles wrote a piece in honor of Handel, and in Handel's manner. Taubert published recently a "*Suite*," with similar allusion to old forms; and there are more such instances. Spohr himself, as a forerunner to his Symphony, had produced a Violin Concerto with the title "Once and Now," in which he shows a somewhat similar purpose as in this. One can have no objections to it; the attempts may serve as studies, just as we see now-a-days a taste for *rococo*. But that Spohr should be the man to light on such an idea, — Spohr, who has let nothing pass his lips, which did not spring out of his own inmost heart, and who is always to be recognized at the first sound — this must appear interesting to all.

He has indeed solved his problem pretty much as we expected; he has succeeded in adapting himself to the external, to the forms of various styles; in the rest he remains the master we have long known and loved; indeed the unaccustomed form brings out his individuality all the more sharply, as any one remarkable by nature nowhere betrays himself more easily than when he masquerades. So Napoleon went once to a masquerade ball, and scarcely had he been there a few moments when he folded his arms before him. Like wild-fire it ran through the room: "the Emperor!" In like manner in this Symphony you could hear in every corner of the hall, the exclamation "Spohr," and again "Spohr." He disguised himself the best, it seemed to me, in the Mozart and Haydn mask; to the Bach and Handel there was wanting much of the nervous terseness of the original faces; and to the Beethoven, all. But the last movement I might characterize as a complete abortion. This may be such noise as we often hear from Auber, Meyerbeer and the like; but there is enough too that is better, worthier and paralyzing to such influences, so that we are unable to comprehend the bitter purpose of that last movement. Nay, Spohr himself must not complain of want of recognition. Where good names are sounded, his name too sounds with them, and this in a thousand places daily. For the rest, it is understood, the structure of the single movements, with the exception somewhat of the last, is distinguished; and especially is the instrumentation well adapted to develop the idea of the whole and worthy of the master. Upon the mass of the public the Symphony appeared to make no impression, unless it were an unpleasant one. As it is shortly to appear in print, every one will soon be able to settle his opinion about the curiosity which it is and will remain.

On the same evening was performed a very seldom heard and still less understood overture (op. 115) by Beethoven, for which we must be especially thankful. That was the right genuine Beethoven, who is not to be banished into a historical Symphony. Two virtuosos from abroad gave us also some solo numbers; Fräulein MARX,

court singer from Dresden, and Herr LINDNER, chamber musician from Hanover; both new for us. The former showed herself a singer of decided talent, already with fine vocal and artistic culture, and she won great applause, and was compelled to sing more than she had promised. The violoncellist played under a less good star; he should have chosen better compositions; for the rest he showed himself to be a very skillful virtuoso.

TWELFTH CONCERT, JAN. 14.

Overture by WEBER. — Aria by MERCADANTE. — Divertissement for Oboe, by DIETHE. — Air by BEETHOVEN. — Concerto, for piano-forte, by BEETHOVEN. — Symphony (D minor), by F. LACHNER.

The Overture was the charming one to *Preciosa*. The reviewer will observe, once for all, that, where no special remarks are made, it must be understood as a matter of course, that the performances on the part of the orchestra always come off excellently well, nay, for the most part, form the brilliant points of the evening. This the orchestra already knows and governs itself accordingly. We have only to lament the loss of the former timpanist, a real hero on his instrument, who bears the same relation to the present one and to others, that genius bears to mere talent. Perhaps he will be restored to the concert room. His roll in the B flat major Symphony, some passages in the Mendelssohn overtures, &c., are masterpieces hardly yet surpassed, such as one will hardly hear in Paris and New York. He is not to be left out of the artistic account.

The pearl of the present concert was the Concerto by Beethoven. Herr Music-director MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY, played it. Many a work heretofore overlooked in our narrow circle of vision has owed to him its resurrection feast; and now again he has brought to light this composition, perhaps Beethoven's greatest piano-forte Concerto, inferior in no one of its three movements to the well known one in E flat. The cadenzas interwoven by Mendelssohn into two movements were, as always, special masterpieces within masterpieces; and the return to the orchestra in both cases surprisingly tender and novel. There was a storm of applause after the Concerto.

Fraülein SCHLOSS delighted us particularly in the right splendid aria from *Fidelio*, with the horn accompaniment. Herr DIETHE played a *divertissement* of his own, betraying more love for composition than virtuoso vanity, with which we certainly will find no fault. The Symphony by F. LACHNER, his third, was received by the public far more favorably than his earlier compositions, and seems to us to be his best symphonic work; it has long since been printed, and already commented on at length.

The next concerts will be of the so-called "historical" order, and will begin with JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH and HANDEL; we shall report of them in a special article.

(To be continued.)

Wagner's Tristan and Isolde.

Such is the title of Herr Richard Wagner's forthcoming opera, the *libretto* of which has been published, in small octavo, 110 pages, by Breitkopf and Härtel, Leipzig. A review of it, from the pen of Professor L. Bischoff, has appeared in the *Nieder-rheinische Musik-Zeitung*. This review turns, in so many instances, on the idioms and delicate distinctions of the German language, that it is impossible to give a mere translation of it, and we must, there-

fore, content ourselves with presenting our readers with the gist of the learned Professor's remarks.

The old Breton legend of Tristan and Isolde was, from the twelfth century, one of the most popular of such stories. It was transplanted to Germany as early as the year 1170, and circulated among the people partly in prose, and partly in romantic epic poems, by Gottfried of Strasburgh (1210) and his continuers down to Immermann. It has not yet, as far as we know, been treated as an actual drama by any one except Hans Sachs. The substance of the legend is Tristan's love for Isolde, the wife of his uncle, King Marke of Cornwall. "It is an old story, but is always new," &c. The contest between nature and morality is settled, in the old legend, by a magic potion, which the two lovers drink unconsciously; the tragic element consists, therefore, in their being both innocently ruined by their passion.

This mode of looking at matters squares, however, so little with our modern feelings, that a drama founded upon it, and exhibiting human beings—intended to excite in us the greatest interest—as possessing no will of their own, and whom we cannot regard as like ourselves, will awake no sympathy. Now if the poet does not keep this supernatural source of love in the shade, but, as Wagner does, boldly represents upon the stage the swallowing of the magical potion, and the sudden change of deadly hatred on the one hand and the most reverential morality on the other, into glowing, unbounded "supersensual sensual" love, it is scarcely possible to prevent such a scene from driving anything like seriousness from the minds of the audience.

In the very first scene, as in *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, Wagner gives evidence of his great talent as a stage-manager and scenic artist. The stage represents the fore-castle of a ship—a tent-like apartment, closed at the back by curtains. Isolde is lying on a sofa with "her face buried in the cushions." Near her is Brangäne, her confidante. The song "of a young seaman is heard in the air, as if from the mast." The sailor yearns for his "Irish child," and at once gives us a specimen of the poetic bombast, and the mis-use of the German language, which we meet all through the poem, in the two following lines:—

"Is it the breath of thy sighs
Which fill my sails?"

The original German lines are:—

"Sind's deiner Seufzer Wehen
Die mir die Segel blähen?"

Not only is there a false concord here, a singular subject followed by a plural verb, but a very ludicrous *équivoque*. The infinitive "Wehen," taken substantively, signifies "breath," but the noun "Wehen" means "labor-pangs." Professor Bischoff exclaims compassionately: "Poor creature, even sighs bring on the pangs of labor!" "Wehen" in the singular, and "Wehen" in the plural, the learned critic proceeds to observe, have hitherto possessed very different significations, but he supposes this will not be the case in the "Future."

Isolde now starts up, and, cursing the coast of Cornwall, on which she would willingly never land, implores the winds to dash the vessel to pieces. On her expressing a wish for air, Brangäne opens the curtains at the back, and thus exposes to our view the entire deck to the stern of the vessel, with the sea, stretching to the horizon, beyond it.* Around the mast are stretched the crew, and, behind them, knights and squires. At a slight distance from them is Tristan, gazing down on the sea, while his companion, Kurwenal, is lying at his feet. The song of the young sailor is again heard from the mast. This is admirable! Well merited applause cannot fail to be obtained by this scenic effect.

Isolde now despatches a message, couched in the peculiar and exceedingly eccentric German of the "Future," for Tristan to come to her. He refuses, however, very politely, to accede to her request, and kindly seizes the occasion to inform us that he is conducting her, as bride, to King Marke. But Kurwenal, who, it would seem, is not so refined in his manners, answers the bearer of the message, Brangäne, rather coarsely, or, to use a familiar expression, sends her back "with a flea in her ear." Besides this, "he sings after the *confidante*, as she hesitatingly leaves, with all his strength," a sarcastic ditty on a certain Morold, deceased, who once entered the lists for Isolde, and was killed by Tristan.

Brangäne returns to the forepart of the vessel, and draws the curtains close. Isolde, "on the point of the most fearful outburst," restrains herself, and questions her attendant. The latter replies, in the

* Wagner, wrong in so many cases, here and elsewhere, continually fuses the word "starboard," which we all know means the right side of a vessel (looking from the helm), for the "poop." Were the word "starboard" employed in its proper sense, it would render the whole *mise-en-scène* an impossibility.

eccentric lingo to which we have already alluded, that Tristan would rather be excused. Hereupon Isolde tells her that Tristan is the same "party" who killed her betrothed, Morold, and then fell into her hands. The sword which menaced him she, however, let fall, and cured his wounds, that he might be restored to health, return home, and not annoy her any more with his presence. In return for all this, Tristan, she goes on to inform us, expressed his gratitude and swore fidelity to her, but he subsequently despised her, and recommended her to King Marke as a wife. This slight narrative takes up eighty lines! Hence her hatred, her torment:

"Unbeloved, this man of men
Always near to see!"

The "unbeloved" applying to Isolde and not to Tristan.

Brangäne represents to her mistress that the match with King Marke is a very good one after all. With regard to Tristan's dreaded coldness, the faithful maid observes that she is sure there must be some remedy against it among the potions which Isolde's mother, who is skilled in all magical arts, has given them!

But Isolde selects from the "shrine," or, in other words, her family medicine-chest, a drink of death. She determines to pledge Tristan in this, and perish with him. As the vessel is now approaching the shore, she sends for him to share the "draught of reconciliation." After a long dialogue, spiced with dialectical beauties, and inextricably entangled in a labyrinth of constructions, compared to which the most crabbed unintelligible style of ordinary writers is a clear crystal stream—on what is past, and on the reconciliation which is, in consequence, needed, Isolde imperiously commands Brangäne to fill the golden goblet with the fatal potion, and hands it to Tristan. He drinks. As, however, he does not fall down dead, Isolde exclaims: "What! treachery here, too? The half is mine! Traitor, I drink to thee!"

Upon this, Wagner favors us with the following: "(She drinks, and flings away the goblet. Both, seized with affright, gaze, with the greatest emotion, but with fixed glance, and without moving, into each other's eyes, in the expression of which the defiance of death soon gives way to the glow of love. They are seized with a fit of trembling. They put their hands convulsively to their hearts, and then pass them over their foreheads.—They next seek each other with their glance. They cast down their eyes confusedly, but, afterwards, fix them with increasing desire on each other. ISOLDE (with trembling voice): Tristan!—TRISTAN (gushingly): Isolde!—SHE (sinking on his breast): Faithless beauteous one!—HE (encircling her with warmth): Most blessed woman! (They remain in a dumb embrace)."

Trumpets are heard without. The vessel has reached the land, and King Marke approaches. The curtains are suddenly drawn on one side. The deck is filled with men. At the back is a new scene: "The coast, with a castle crowning the summit of the cliff." The lovers, who have just sung a duet, concluding: "Joy in the breast | exultant pleasure! | Isolde! Tristan! | Tristan! Isolde: | Rescued from the world! | Thou art won for me!" start up, and Isolde exclaims: "Ha! what draught was this?"—"BRANGÈNE (in despair): "The love-draught."—Isolde faints, and the sailors cry: "Hail to the king!" Great tumult and activity; some disappear over the side, some run out on a bridge. What will happen when the king comes on board?—That is a mere trifle—"The curtain falls rapidly," and certainly it was high time it should.

During the space between the acts, all has settled calmly down again. Isolde is King Marke's wedded wife. In the second act, we behold her, in the garden before her chamber, with Brangäne. It is a pleasant summer's night. Haunting sounds, that die away. They come from a "nightly hunt," to which the king is proceeding with Melot, his own friend and Tristan's.

Tristan is awaiting the signal agreed on: the extinguishing of the torch burning at the entrance to the garden. Brangäne warns her mistress against Melot's treachery: "O, leave the warning wick! let it show you the danger! O, do not put it out, to-day, at least!" It is all in vain! Isolde's glowing passion conquers, and she extinguishes the torch. Brangäne mounts a watch-tower behind the scenes.

Tristan "rushes in"—"glowing embrace." Both now pour out their hearts, by speaking or singing their feelings, at one time in the form of a duet and then in solos, to a text of *one-and-twenty pages*, uninterrupted save by a short cry of warning from Bran-

* It is totally impossible to render adequately the turgid, un-German, and ungrammatical style of the original.—TRANSLATOR.

* This is the nearest approach we can hit on to *Zünde*, a Wagnerism, but certainly not German. The German language is too poor to express the vast thoughts of Herr Wagner.—TRANSLATOR.

gane (behind the scenes) of thirteen lines, daring which a "long, silent embrace, with heads sunk backwards," on a flowery bank, is prescribed, in the stage directions, to the lovers.

This long, lyrical scene is, in every respect, so unpleasant and disagreeable as to be actually disgusting. The sentiments and language are artificial and stilted, and, when this is not the case, immeasurably flat and common-place. The affectation of old German terms is as repulsive as the abuse of the language is offensive. The toying with antitheses of "far" and "long," "near" and "far," of "day" and "night," in which love pours out all its pretty sayings for seven dreary pages, in order to calumniate the day and exalt the night (the lovers call themselves "Night-bellowed"), the playing with the "sweet wordlet and" ("Is not our love called Tristan and Isolde?") the everlasting subtleties, surpassing in emptiness and vapidity the most insipid poetical scribbling of the later troubadours, the forced ornamentation and affected artificiality of thought—all this is not only incapable of supplying the deficiency of real feeling and imagination, but absolutely shows it in the most glaring light. All this is presented, moreover, in a form so unshackled and slovenly that it is distinguished from the most insipid prose only by the employment of rhymes generally trivial, frequently false, and, here and there, consisting of mere assonances. Every page offers proof of what is now asserted. To satisfy those who class critics only by the standard of "For" and "Against," we appeal to all persons of healthy intellect, and give the few following specimens, which the reader may himself insert in the category of blame.

Is this not sufficient, before the judgment-seat of grammar, poetics, good sense, and true feeling—in a word, of poesy, to convict of false testimony and perjury to the fidelity they have sworn to observe towards the eternal laws of the Beautiful, those individuals who brag about Wagner's poetic genius, and even of his importance "for the historical development of German literature"? And yet all this is gleaned from only the first thirteen pages! there are nearly eight pages more of this duet!

The "one-conscious" lovers, as Wagner terms them, are disturbed by the king and his retinue, conducted to the spot by Melot. Isolde feels ashamed "involuntarily;" Tristan stretches out his cloak, "also involuntarily" (*sic!*) before her. Marke, an honest old fellow, first proves dialectically to Melot that the latter is mistaken if he supposes his advice has saved the royal honor, for the "freest deed (!) of Tristan's truth" has touched his heart. He now, for the first time, addresses Tristan: "To me—this? this, Tristan, to me?" Hereupon he favors him with a mild

†We own our inability to render into English the bombastic nonsense, the place of which we have marked by asterisks. For the benefit of those of our readers who understand German, we here give, however, the original:—

"Beide. Bist du mein? Bin ich's? bist du's? Ist es kein Traum?—Seligste Lust! Ohne Gleiche! Ueberreiche! Ungeahnte! Nie gekannte (gekante)! Himmelhöchste Weiten! Mein und dein! Immer ein! Ewig, ewig, ein!"

"Isolde. Wie lange fern! Wie fern so lang!"

"Tristan. Wie weit so nah! So nah! wie weit! — Der Tag steckt sein Zeichen an der Liebsten Thüre, dass nicht ich zu ihr fahre! — Liebes hegt ihn am Haus, steckt mir drohend ihn aus.

"Isolde. Hegt ihn die Liebste am eignen Haus, im eignen Herzen hell und krass hegt ihn trotzst einet mein Traner. War's nicht der Tag, der aus ihm log, als er nach Irland werdend zog?"

"Tristan. Der Tag, der dich umgiss — Was dich umgiss mit hehrer Pracht — durch Haupt und Scheitel drang mir ein bis in des Herzens tiefsten Schrein — Was ohne Wissen und Wahn ich dämmernd dort empfand, ein Bild, das meine Augen zu schau'n sich nicht getrauten, von des Tages Schein betroffen lag mir's da schimmernd offen.

"Isolde. O eitler Tagesknecht! Getäuscht von ihm, der dich getäuscht, wie musst' ich um dich leiden, den — von seines Gleichen Trug umfungen, dort, wo ihn Liebe heiss umfasste, im tiefsten Herzen hell ich hasste! — — Der falsche Trank! dem einzig am Tode lag, den gar er wieder dem Tag.

"Tristan. Heil dem Trank! — Vom dem Bild scheuchst' er des Tages täuschenden Schein, dass nachtsichtig mein Auge wahr es zu sehen taugt! — — Wer des Todes Nacht lebend erschaut, des Tages Lügen, wie eitler Staub der Sonnen sind sie vor dem zersinken.

"Beide. — Nacht der Liebe, nimm mich auf in deinen Schoos, löse von der Welt mich los! — Verloschen nun! die letzte Leuchte; was wir dachten, — was uns dächte, all' Gedanken, [all' Gemahnen, heil'ger Dämon' rung] hehres Ahoen löschst des Wahns Graus.

Welt-erlösend aus. (!!) — — "Erbleicht die Welt, [die mir der Tag] entgegenstellt, — selbst dann [bin ich die Welt. I] Liebe-heiligstes Leben. I] Wonnerhebrstes Wehen, [Nie-Wieder-Erwehens] wahnlos! hold bester Wunsch, [mit zurückgesenkten] hinstern lange schweigende Umarmung Beider!"

We think the foregoing senseless farrago one of the wildest efforts that ever proceeded from the pen of Herr Richard Wagner. We trust that, for the sake of his admirers, he will publish a key to the libretto, previous to the production of his opera. — TRANSLATOR.

sermon of four pages, concluding with the question: "Why this disgrace to me?"

Tristan, "in whose mein there is perceptible gradual-increasing grief" (indeed?), answers very poetically, "O King, that—I cannot tell you." He then asks Isolde whether she will follow him into the "magic realms of night," appending to his query four lines which are unintelligible to ordinary mortals. Isolde answers in the affirmative, with similar mysterious circumlocution. Good old Marke says nothing, but Melot bursts out. "Tristan rushes on him. As Melot stretches out his sword against him, Tristan lets his fall, and sinks down wounded. Isolde flings herself on his breast, while Marke holds back Melot—the curtain falls rapidly."

(To be continued.)

(Written in June, 1851, for Sartain's Magazine.)

Jenny Lind.

We have just been recalling, in happy reverie, the impression made on us by the singing of JENNY LIND; or rather, endeavoring to shape into words the impression that abides with us, after a frequent hearing of nearly all her concert pieces during her tour of the Eastern cities, and after time enough has passed to test the durability of first impressions. At this distance, we can think the matter over calmly, and with every allowance for any enthusiasm which circumstances and the magnetism of such great popular occasions, as the first Castle Garden Concerts, may have produced, over and above what is due to the intrinsic music of the woman.

Calmly, we said. But always, from the first, we heard her calmly. We have not needed the effect of distance to tone our admiration down to that. Thus, then, we may as well begin: let that confession stand as one important element in the artistic fact to be described. Our delight in the Swede's singing was, from the first, a calm delight. It was not so exciting, as it was satisfying. Not that her voice and art were passionless, or coldly intellectual, or simply sensuous and natural in the sense of childlike. We mean no negative sort of calmness, such as was alleged in a disappointed tone (if not in a triumphant tone of pre-conceived disparagement) as their experience, by certain of her hearers, who, either from their unreasonable expectations, or their addiction to the cheaper stimulus of Italian Opera, or some other cause, seem to have been non-conductors and non-receivers to the fine, strong LIND electricity.

For instance: it is altogether a calm and passionless pleasure which we feel in the mere fact of a remarkably rich, clear, musical voice, of great compass; hers is certainly a splendid specimen of that branch of natural history; and we have even met one or two individuals so rash as to declare that the whole secret of her vocal fame. If we heard her calmly, we nevertheless heard more than a voice.

There is a similar, but heightened pleasure, too, where human ingenuity (we speak not yet of Art) perfects, or curiously and happily applies, the gift of nature: as when we listen to a musical box; though it is doubtful if the pleasure be enhanced by finding the said musical box encased in the throat of a laboriously *soffeggiato* prima donna—a doubt predicated on the principle of rendering unto nature the things that are nature's, or unto the mechanic the things that are mechanical, but unto the woman and the artist only the things that are woman's, by virtue of a soul and understanding in them. For some time, not a few were willing to confess only to this sort of calm entertainment in the LIND, magnanimously conceding to her any amount of musical-box notoriety, and thinking to compensate for this dereliction of the artist, by an equally cold abundance of praise of the woman personally, aside from her art. But we well know that it lies not in any conceivable, or even infinite perfectibility of mere vocal execution, to affect us at all like the artist whose soul it was we heard making music through her voice. Did she make a flute of herself in that clever trio from the "Camp of Silesia"? There was, indeed, the triumph of execution: but was it only that? was there no poetry in it? no play of the fancy? nothing of that same trace of genius which we are willing to own in some of the humbler efforts of *genre* painting? And, after all, the flute-trills, the warbles, were but two smallest passing phases of her; mere fitting sunspecks through the leafy shadows; trifles in themselves, and yet, in essence, of the universal daylight that fills the world with light and beauty.

From a musical box to a lark, a thrush, a nightingale, in one step higher, we suppose, at least in the line in which our present thought is moving. That bobolink we heard this morning in the meadow was higher, by whole circles of song, than all of them. That gushing melody of nature; that tree, wild, bird-like quality of tone, blithe and unstinted; song

that seemed to *sing itself* out of a heart that only sparkled with the sunshine that lights up the fresh morning face of the whole outward world, to tunes unstudied, exquisite, forever varied:—that every one enjoyed in her. The "Bird Song" and the "Herdsman's Echoes" made you fresh and young again: they brought you back to childhood and to nature; those single notes brought whole related sceneries and memories with them; the mountains came and stood about you, and the chest seemed almost to expand with purer and more bracing air, even in the crowded concert-room. Well, this too, was a *calm* enjoyment; here was a genuine, a rich emotion; here was the transporting magic of Art recalling Nature, and the fresh sensations of a child yet at one with Nature; but, like the wholesome influence of Nature itself, there was repose, serenity, and balance in the emotions awakened.

"True," said the disappointed; "that was all very pretty, very wonderful; but it was something more than we expected from the Queen of Song. We went to have our souls shaken like reeds before the wind, by the fiery, lyric passion of a Norma or a Borgia, as we have heard of Grisi, Pasta, and the like. We looked for more exciting stuff, for the cold thrill of tragic crises, or to be melted into tears and sweet delirium by a voice that should seem the very soul of the Bellini melody, and come over us like a south wind to reveal the latent Italy within us. But when we came to hear her *Casta Diva*, and her various cavatinas and romanzas from our favorite operas, by which the world tests all our great singers, we owned, to be sure, the artistic finish, the triumphant execution, the faultless taste, so far as the outward form and unity and beauty of each piece were concerned; but still we found it cold,—we did not feel the passion seize upon us. She was cold, and of course we could not be much on fire."—And so on to the end of the chapter.

We never sympathized with this talk, although we heard her calmly. Her quiet manner in Italian song was far more to our taste, than the impassioned seeming, the hyper-tragic intensity, the extravagant gesticulation, the *furor*-calculating outbursts upon common-place cadenzas, of the full-blooded prima donnas, who take fire as readily without as with occasion, and who seek to carry an audience by storm every five minutes. JENNY LIND never forgot the propriety of the concert-room, and of a miscellaneous programme. She gave us, at least, elegant, discriminating, chaste, artistic readings of the different styles of music naturally expected of a singer who must be at home in whatever there is current. If we had found her altogether absorbed, as if seeking and finding her whole sphere in the Italian opera songs of the day, and as if there could be no greater glory than to be queen among the Italian prima donnas on their own ground, we should at once have felt her limit and have missed the LIND, this new and greater fact. To our mind, she did full justice to the Italian music; only she did not treat it as the all in all of music. In her singing of it, though it was appreciative, sympathetic, hearty, there was the implied power and passion for a much deeper and a greater kind of music. And this it was that spake so powerfully to us that first night in Castle Garden, in the very first strain of *Casta Diva*, that we feared we had been dreaming when we heard the next morning the criticisms and the complaints of failure, from those who only marked the flutter of a half-abashed appearance before a New World audience, or who, preoccupied with some ideal or conventional notion of the true style of *Casta Diva*, saw only the deviation from that, ignoring the almost divine fact before them. We rather were delighted with the palpable assurance, which, with her first tones, shot to our heart with the warmth of sunbeams, that it was in her to do all that, and more; and in the long run, how has it turned out with regard to that very song? The supremacy of her model of the *Casta Diva* has been acknowledged in New York, after disarming, at the first attack, the firm-set Italian prejudices of the most fastidious of audiences at Havana and at New Orleans. Truly, it must have been a taste long pampered with coarse and questionable spices, which could not feel the pure and genuine sweetness and pathos of her *Qu la voce*. We never felt the sentiment of Bellini's melody so exquisitely, and so unalloyed with sickening sweet. In mere bravura passages she, indeed, sang coldly; for much of this, although Italian, is cold music; mechanical and for display, like fire-works; and it is only saying that she could not affect passion. She could treat all these things, after their several kinds, each characteristically, genially, entering into its spirit, with a sort of universal sunshine and Protean facility of Art, in them all and above them all, whether the dazzling bravura, or the impassioned, tragic scene, or the delicate and subtle grace and sprightliness of the *Opera*

Comique. When were Rossini's sparkling fancies heard in such perfection?—Rossini, the least pathetic, yet the most creative and ideal, of the modern Italian composers,—the man of genius of them all!

The truth is, JENNY LIND is a great singer, and, to be fairly judged, must be heard in many varieties of music, but especially in *great* music; and it is a melancholy fact that, although Italy once had her Palestrina, and her severe, sublime, church music, the modern Italian music is not great. An artist, in the high and large sense, like JENNY LIND, only illustrates with her many-sided faculty these lighter things of which we have been speaking, these various specimens of song, culled from all quarters and all fashions of the day. To sing herself out, to concentrate all her energy and all her fervor on the given music of the hour, she must have *great* music; music inspired by a great sentiment; music, which, whether secular or sacred in its name, naturally rises to the religious; music that leaves you stronger, calmer in your soul, and not the victim of a weak, morbid moodiness and pathos; music not empty of *passion*, but so full of passion, of the central passion of the soul, in which all souls are one, and which only the Eternal can satisfy, that its effect is more like repose than like excitement. You feel for once your normal state in it, sound and strong, and at home, and at peace with all; for, addressing the central spring of feeling, it quickens into harmonious life all the emotions of the soul. The singer who truly and worthily renders such music, even with her utmost fervor, with her whole soul, will seem calm and lofty, and you will listen calmly, while it may yet be one of the intensest moments of your existence.

Now, this was the music in which we were destined fully to know JENNY LIND. This was the real power and mission of the singer; this the gift she gave so calmly, to be laid up in the calm depths of the receiver's soul. We felt it in reserve for us through all the little things she sang, (the Swedish songs, the flute songs, the Donizetti airs, &c.) complete and individual as each was in itself; we felt it full and direct upon us, as if admitted to the innermost sanctuary, when she came to the great music, the sublime Handelian song of faith: "I know that my Redeemer liveth," to the spiritual sweetness of Mendelssohn's "Elijah," the "Mighty Pens" of Haydn, &c.; and, from these heights, we came back to enjoy still more the happy, sunny distribution of her Art over all kinds of wild or hot-house (operatic) flowers of song to please all kinds of tastes and fancies and degrees of culture. It was this sound central energy that seemed to explain the whole. A Swedenborgian said of her, in the dialect of his school: "She has the strongest sphere of any person I have met." If there is any one phase or attitude of song in which she still stands in our memory as most characteristically herself, the impersonation of her own art, it is in that great song from "The Creation," where her soul did really seem to soar "on mighty pens," eagle-like, with unflinching, and yet reverent eyes, looking into the very sun. We think of the copious sunshine of her singing, so large and liberal and wholesome is it, and so quickening. It is this large, central, sunward reference and convergence, as it were, of all her special efforts, this great central passion gently glowing in the background, through the lightest and most playful, the most artificial and the wildest of her songs, that makes JENNY LIND the most popular singer in the world. Independently of all known of her, outside of the concert-room, the whole impression of her performance, however it may be of the songs taken singly, is always accompanied with enthusiasm. A sympathetic thrill of genuine, large humanity, is sure to reach every hearer, relating all these multifarious melodies to him, and proving to him the reality of that world, that element of Art, of which he knows so little, but must know more, as he would carry with him a type of the solution of all present discords, and an emblem of the true, divine state of the soul.

A truce now to the talk about Northern and Southern singers. JENNY LIND is not a mere national phase of vocal art. Genius is not national, in so far as it is genius, but universal. If she is greatest in the rendering of German music, it is because the German now-a-days is intrinsically the greatest music. You may talk of Italian melody and German harmony; of Italian pathos and expression and of German science, fugue and counterpoint; of Italian voices and of German orchestras. But real, original, creative genius, in these days, has appeared mainly, if not only, in the German music. There is a deeper feeling and a sweeter melody in the *Freyschütz*, in the songs of Mendelssohn and Schubert, and, certainly, if we go back so far, in every slightest air of Mozart, which will outlive scores and schools of modern Italian operas. Best in these JENNY LIND cannot but be, if she is great and universal; while, with a cat-

olic comprehensiveness of taste, her voice and art illustrate all varieties and nationalities of song. The key-note of her world-enchanting, ever-varied strain, however, whether it modulate to grave or gay, to solemn or fantastic, is still high and central, and to be interpreted only by these great words, Art, Humanity, God, Universal Harmony. To be an artist, above the criticism of the cultivated few, and, at the same time, holding spell-bound all the millions, as no artist ever did before is a fact admitting of no lower explanation.

J. S. D.

(From the New York Musical Review.)

Wagner and Liszt.

An extract, translated from the German of Wagner's "Communication to my Friends," prefixed to the libretto of his three operas, "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser" and the "Elysiog Dutchman."

I met Liszt for the first time during my earliest residence in Paris, during what I have termed the second period of my residence there, at a time when I, discouraged and disgusted, had renounced every hope of, and even the wish for, success in Paris; at a time when my whole being rose in revolt against the Parisian world of Art, as I have already said. In this meeting Liszt struck me as the perfect antithesis of my nature and position. In this world, to enter and to shine in which I so much desired, when striving towards greater things from the narrowing circumstances that confined me, Liszt, from early youth, had unconsciously grown up to become its rapture and delight, at the very time when I, through the coldness and unkindness with which I received me, felt as though thrust from it, and forced to acknowledge its hollowness and worthlessness with the fullest bitterness of one who has been deeply deceived.

Therefore Liszt was rather a suspicious phenomenon to me. I had not the opportunity to make my character and my undertakings known to him; our acquaintance was as superficial as his reception of me, (a thing easily explained as regards a man to see whom all sorts of people crowded daily,) and I was not then in a humor to seek, with moderation, the simplest reasons for a conduct which, although in itself kindly enough, was yet precisely the most certain to offend me. After this first attempt, I did not visit Liszt again; and, without knowing him, indeed with the full determination not to know him, he remained for me one of those people whom one looks on as foreign and opposite to one's self by their very nature. Some expressions of mine, made use of to others while under this conviction, came to Liszt's hearing, precisely at the time when I had excited sudden attention in Dresden through my "Rienzi." He was annoyed at the idea of being so thoroughly misunderstood (as my expressions led him to believe), by a man whom he scarcely knew, yet who seemed to him not undeserving the trouble of learning to know.

While I look back on that time, there is something indescribably touching to me in the persevering and pressing endeavors of Liszt to bring me to another opinion about him. He did not seek to know anything about my works, or express any peculiar artistic sympathy for me in his views, in order to enter into nearer relations with me, but simply displayed a manly wish to leave, in his connection with another, no fortuitous discord remaining; with which desire was evidently mingled a kindly doubt lest he had really offended me. He who has felt the illimitably selfish uncharitableness, the unfeeling indifference of modern social ties, and especially as manifested in the relations of artists to each other, must be more than surprised, must be thoroughly enraptured, when he, from the manner of a person towards him, draws such conclusions as were forced upon me by the bearing of this remarkable man. I was not then in a disposition to appreciate Liszt's overpowering attraction for all loving and lovable tempers; I looked on the advances he made me with a certain surprise, and was often inclined, when in a doubtful mood, to give them but slight encouragement.

Liszt had attended a representation of my "Rienzi" in Dresden, which he had almost extorted; and from all ends of the world, whither Liszt travelled in the course of his virtuoso tours, I received, from different persons, testimonies of the restless zeal he displayed to share with others the pleasure he had received from my music; and thus, as I gladly assumed, without design, to make a propaganda for me. This happened at a time when, from all other sides, the conviction pressed on me, that I must despair of success for my dramatic works. Just in time, and as this total want of success had displayed itself at its fullest, Liszt commenced to found a place of refuge for me through his own endeavors. He gave up travelling, and—native to the fullest splendor of the finest European cities—settled down in

modest little Weimar, and took up the conductor's baton. There I met him again, when I, uncertain as to the character of the persecution that threatened me, some distance on the flight from Germany, which had been at length forced upon me, was resting in Thuringia. On the very day when proofs had been received by me that my personal safety was in danger, I saw Liszt direct my "Tannhäuser" at a rehearsal, and was astonished, during the performance, to recognize my second self in him: what I had felt during the conception of this music, he felt while bringing it out; what I wished to say when writing it down he said as he caused it to resound. Wondrous!—through this rarest of all friends' love I obtained, in the moment that I was homeless, the real, long sighed for, in false spots sought for, never found home for my art. At the time I was proscribed from distant ramblings, the wanderer from afar turned pityingly back to this little spot, in order to shape it to a home for me. Always careful for me, speedily and decisively assisting me where assistance was necessary, with a heart wide opened to my every wish, with the most self-sacrificing love for my entire nature, Liszt was that to me which I had never before found, and in such full measure as we can only understand when such a love has been revealed to us in its perfect expansion. Towards the close of my last residence in Paris, as I lay sick, miserable and despairing, brooded over her future, my glance fell on the score of my almost forgotten "Lohengrin." It seemed to lament to me, that these tones would never be heard from out the death-white paper; I wrote two words to Liszt, whose answer was no other than a communication as to the progress of the preparations, the most complete that the means of Weimar would allow, for the performance of my "Lohengrin." All that men and circumstances made possible, lay in the way of bringing out the work. The fancy of the public, through the inevitably deficient nature of our present theatrical representations and conventions, could not be expected to seize the meaning of the work; error and misunderstanding threatened the desired success. What was to be done, in order to fill up what was wanting, and to assist intelligence on all sides, and, consequently my success? Liszt knew what was to be done, and did it. He laid his views and feelings regarding the work before the public in a manner whose convincing eloquence and efficiency could not be equalled. Success rewarded him; and with this success he came to me and cried: "See, we have brought it so far; now create a new work for us, and we will carry it farther!"

FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

From "The Artists."

(Translated from SCHILLER.)

From clay and stone the first Art humbly rose;
With still advances conquering it goes
The soul's unmeasured empire through;
And what discoverers have sought
And won within the land of Thought,
They have discovered, won it all for you.
The treasures, which the thinker has amassed,
First in your arms shall warm his heart,
When his cold Science, ripened into Beauty, shall
at last
Become ennobled to a work of Art,—
When he upon a hill with you shall go,
And to his eye, in the mild evening-glow,
The valley-picture paint itself below.
The richer ye his quick look satisfy,
The loftier the spheres, through which ye tempt
his soul,
As by a magic spell, to fly
And lose itself with rapture in the whole;
The wider every thought and feeling
Opens to the softly stealing
Melodies, in mingling play,
And beauty streaming in like Day—
The clearer order will he see
In forms no longer strewed promiscuously,
But blending in a world's harmonious plan,
That answers sweetly to the soul of man;
The lovelier secrets will he draw from night;
The richer grow the world, with which he grows,
The broader stream the sea, with which he flows;
The weaker seem old Destiny's blind might;
The higher strive his yearning heart above;
The smaller he become, while greater grows his love.

So lead him, imperceptibly,
Through ever purer tones, and purer forms,
Through ever higher heights, and fairer charms,
Up the steep blossom-path of Poesy —
Till, on time's ripest elevation,
Yet one more happy inspiration,
One poet-flight of the last Era's youth,
And—he will glide into the arms of Truth.

The dignity of Man

Into your hands is given;
O, keep it well!
With you it sinks, or lifts itself to heaven!
The poet's holy spell
But serves a world's well-ordered plan;
Soft may it lead unto the sea
Of the great Harmony!

Let earnest Truth, if her own age reject her,
Seek rest in Song;—the Muses shall protect her.

Then shall she meet the unbelieving sneer
With glance, whence guilty spirits quail,
More terrible in Beauty's veil;
Then shall she stand up in the might of Song,
And, with avenging trumpet, shout her wrong
Into her persecutor's coward

The freest Mother's free-born sons,

Wing yourselves upward, with undazzled gaze,
To highest Beauty's throne of rays!
Ye need not woo for other crowns;
The Sisters, who escape you here, have ever dwelt
Around the Mother's lap, and there shall welcome you.

What gentle souls as Beautiful have felt,
That must be Excellent and Perfect too.

On bold wing seek a loftier sphere
Above your narrow time-career,
That on your mirror clear may dawn
From far the coming century's morn.
O'er all the thousand winding ways

Of rich Variety
Meet ye at last with calm embrace
Round the high throne of Unity!

As into seven softer hues
Shivers the silvery beam of light;
As all the seven rainbow hues
Run back into the dazzling white;
So round the swimming eyes of youth
With all your glancing witcheries play;
So flow into one bond of Truth,
One clear, full stream of perfect Day.

Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony.

Though not so elaborate or great a work, perhaps, as the Symphony in A minor, we are not sure that we do not enjoy it even more than that. Its several movements are admirably contrasted. After the fresh, sunshiny, buoyant Allegro, so full of green fields and blue sky, (only brought more vividly about us by the pensive Mendelssohnian subjectivity of that low running accompaniment of violins, which sets in soon after the announcement of the first theme), how impressive is the sombre, solemn, antique-sounding chant of reed instruments in the Andante, with the stately *staccato* of the figural bass beneath, and the soft, warm gush of mingling flute passages above! It is like passing from the genial Italian daylight, into the rich gloom of some old church, where the light of olden days is stealing through the twilight of deeply stained Gothic windows, and the religious hymns of early Christian centuries haunt and hang about the place. The tranquil, happy melody of the Minuet flows on in clear, undisturbed beauty, and the mellow horn Trio makes a delicious episode. In the *Saltarello presto* you have, indeed, the rush and whirl of a Carnival; but not without a dash of Mendelssohnian melancholy, which Mr. Macfarren seems not to have noticed in his analysis. Feverish merri-ment, joy which tyrannically possesses every sense and nerve, is apt to make the spirit sad in its own secret depths. The passage from the *Saltarello* into the yet wilder Tarantella is quite striking. The latter, with its whirling 6-8 triplet rhythm, indicates the perfect abandon and delirium of excitement; while the former by the hitch in every other triplet denotes

a dance in which the dancer still keeps some control and check upon himself; its temperature is one degree lower, and very naturally, before the movement is through, it boils over into the ungovernable Tarantella.

Mr. Bassini's Method of Teaching Singing.

The following letter from a well known and successful teacher, appears in the N. Y. Musical Review:

I have been very much interested lately in looking into Mr. Bassini's system of vocal training; so much so indeed that I can not forbear making known, especially to any who may have received ideas on this subject from me, my admiration of, and confidence in it, although different in some respects from what I had heretofore supposed to be right. I am satisfied for example that the *clear* tone rather than the sombre or mixed should be commonly used, even in the highest chest tones of men's voices. With us, the sombre voice has, it seems to me, prevailed too much. I am also satisfied that in taking a full breath, the diaphragm should be *drawn in and up*, and that in the emission of the tone it should gradually resume its former position.

These things will be understood by those who have been influenced by my teaching, and are the main points of difference.

Mr. Bassini's book sets forth the theory of this subject well, perhaps as well as a book can do it; and after one has commenced properly, will be found invaluable, but nothing can be a substitute for the living teacher; therefore while I would advise all singers and teachers of singing who have difficulty in understanding about the register of the voice, quality of tone, breathing, etc., to look into this system, I would more strongly recommend them to get some instruction from Mr. Bassini himself, or from some of his assistants. This course will benefit many voices that are now checked in their development, or positively injured by wrong muscular action and unnatural position of the vocal organs. I say these few words hoping they will help on the work of learning to sing in the right way, and that whatever influence I may have, may not be against the truth.

GEO. F. ROOT.

A Church Musical Excitement.

Some few months ago a committee of three Episcopal clergymen—Rev. Drs. Muhlenberg, Gear and Bedell—were appointed to deliberate on the question of church music, and select a suitable book of music to be used as a standard in our Episcopal churches. After some discussion they decided upon a certain work, which, however, is decided by educated musicians to be wholly unworthy of that honor.

Fearing lest the House of Bishops might, during their session at Richmond, pass resolutions commendatory of the use of the "Proposed Tune Book for the Protestant Episcopal Church in America," a number of our city organists including some of the first names of the profession, have sent a Memorial to the House of Bishops, protesting against the work in question, which they deem faulty in compilation.

The adoption of a particular style of book for use in Episcopal churches is but a manifestation of the increasing desire shown by church people of all denominations for congregational instead of purely choir music. At Rev. Dr. Ting's church (St. George's) the efficient quartette choir has been dispensed with, and a book for the use of congregational church music adopted. This work is, however, not the one against which our city organists have entered their protest.—N. Y. Evening Post.

Mme. Bishop and Mills, the Pianist.

The Troy (N. Y.) Budget of Oct. 24, gives the following account of a concert which took place there:

The Concert given on Saturday evening by the Bishop troupe, was as we anticipated, a success,—musically at least. Madame Bishop is at the climax of a long, and we may add, successful professional career. She has for many years been looked upon and referred to, as an able, well-educated songstress. Her greatest admirers are among those whose efforts are directed towards a systematic development of vocalism, and its proper reduction to well defined scientific principles. She is gifted by nature with a fine soprano voice of large calibre, which by study has been made capable of every degree of expression, passing from grave to gay with the same ease that an expert engineer controls the velocity of a powerful

locomotive. The quality of her voice is at present somewhat *veiled*, and were it not for the mind which she exhibits in her powerful conception of the composer's thought, she would be felt to be past her meridian. The balance which nature strikes here must be found agreeable to every thinking mind. For, knowing that the mind matures and strengthens while the physical powers lose their freshness and elasticity, we must accept the graver garb of mature thought for the more sparkling dress of youth. Yet we would not have our readers suppose that by saying her voice is veiled we mean that she is losing it. Her powers are better appreciated, and her voice more popular among those in whom a musical education, and a general knowledge of æsthetics have had a firmer root and borne a better crop than our people can as yet boast.

MR. SEBASTIAN B. MILLS, the pianist, to whom we frequently alluded previous to his advent here, fully sustained the high reputation which preceded him. We venture the assertion that he left an impression with the majority of his audience that the piano-forte, as an instrument for the transmission of deep thought and pathos, should be in the hands of one who like him is gifted by Nature with the peculiar faculty understood by pianists as *touch*. This peculiar gift Mr. Mills possesses in an eminent degree. He is the best example for students of the piano to listen to and study from, whose performances we have had an opportunity of witnessing. It will be a pity if such an artist, having taken up his residence in America, should be obliged to confine himself to the drudgery of private teaching in order to gain a livelihood, since, by being properly sustained in the concert room he could give example to so many, and at the same time be more profitably engaged, not only for himself but for the people at large. When we call to mind the number of young people who are studying the piano, take our own city for example, we must conclude that to bury up our greatest players in the dull, circumscribed routine of private teaching, is to keep ourselves within an equally circumscribed stage of advancement. It may be well to stop at this point and suggest to our music teachers that it is their duty to recommend good examples to their scholars, and in no way can this be done to better or more universal advantage than in the concert room, where a large number of teachers may learn from men of superior genius what may be of incalculable value to their scholars. It is this friction between mind and mind, after all, that makes a country great in anything. We trust that Mr. Mills will soon visit us again; here are a sufficient number of students of the piano, (setting aside those who go for pleasure) to make a large audience. If time and space would permit, we would gladly enter into a more elaborate showing up of his great points. Suffice it to say, however, that his conception of the music is so original and fresh that you cannot help feeling, although you may have heard the composition before, that he is extemporizing. As far as mechanism is concerned, there is no feeling with the audience but that of perfect security. The inter-workings of double-thirds, roulades, trills, scales and theme are all there, but the expression of the whole is such that the trick of doing it is entirely overshadowed by the presence of superior thought and feeling.

Senior MORINO is a clever baritone. His voice is limited, being cut off as it were at both ends. This was particularly felt in his rendition of "Vieni la Mia Vendetta" where A flat below, and E flat above were minus. Yet he has good execution, and when in good tune his voice is very agreeable. Altogether he gives an audience pleasure, and in many points shows good schooling and some degree of feeling.

Music in Paris.

The latest event in the lyrico-dramatic world is the *début* of another new *prima donna*, at the Théâtre-Lyrique. The lady in question is Mlle. Marie Sax, but, though bearing the same name, she is in no way related to that harmonious Tubal Cain, the celebrity of whose handiwork Fame has trumpeted throughout the civilized world, on his own Saxophone. There is indeed considerable question who Mlle. Sax is? whence she came? in what school has she been educated? Some assign to her a German origin, but grow vague when pressed for fuller details. Others, with great assurance and show of accuracy, declare her musical education to have been formed in the humble arena of a *café concert*. But what matters which is the correct version of her antecedents? The lights of the age, for the most part, commence their career as glowworms, and creep in darkness ere they are exalted to shine on nations. Not that as yet it hath appeared that Mlle. Sax is a great genius. Nevertheless, she has given such proof of actual worth as to dispense with any false shame on the

point of her previous career. The opera in which she made her first appearance was the *Nozzedi Figaro*, which has been revived with the same cast as last season, except that the Rosine, then in the hands of Madame Duprez-Vandenneuve, is assigned to the *débütante*. Mlle. Sax possesses a magnificent voice, but, both as a vocalist and as an actress, she is in the state of raw material—material, however, of undeniable quality and extraordinary aptitude, and which will undoubtedly reward the discoverer. By the way, it is said, that Madame Ugalde was the first to bring this gem to the light from the misty and reeking shades of the Café-Géant. The manager of the Théâtre-Lyrique immediately took her in hand, and proceeded to put her in training. Her *début* has been somewhat hurried, circumstances having left the manager without present resources. It is fortunate that Mlle. Sax's talents were discovered at an early stage, as her voice is still fresh, and she had not been long enough in the exercise of her calling to form any vicious habits. Everything is, therefore, in her favor, and, launched in her present school, time and experience will ere long render her a valuable acquisition to the lyrical stage.

A new comic opera, in three acts, was produced last Friday at the same house. The *libretto* is by Monsieur Rosseau, assisted by Monsieur Scribe, under the rose, it is said. The music by Monsieur Doffès. The hero of the piece, Lulli, the celebrated com-poser, who is introduced first as a scullion, under the great chef, Maître Béchamel, dividing his time between spoiling his master's sauces and teaching the fiddle to his companions. Soon, however, the intrepid youngster gets launched into a series of adventures and entangled in a network of intrigue. He brings to nought the plots of the ambitious Madame de Beauvais, extends his protection over two amorous turtle-doves, manages to obtain the honor of personally presenting the king with a delicious *sorbet*, whereof he possesses the secret, and finally, the band of royal fiddlers not being forthcoming at his majesty's repast, he supplies their place with an impromptu performance of his own little band of culinary cat-gut scrapers. Such was the origin of the famous band of musicians known as *Les petits violons des chambres du roi*. And thus were founded the fortunes of Lulli.

At the Opéra-Comique there has also been a novelty produced, namely, *La Pagode*, which we have already mentioned as being in preparation.

With respect to the music, it is the work of an esteemed Belgian composer, well-known in the drawing-room and concert hall, but now before the lamps. The overture commences with a few bars of some originality, and, with a certain degree of solemnity, they pass into an allegro in polka rhythm. Both the andante opening and the graceful polka form subjects in the work itself; one is the introductory air of the high priest, the other, the tune to which the Bayaderes dance. The first act is composed of a succession of solos, duos, trios, and choruses, which were all more or less appreciated by the public. The airs assigned to the high priest deserve particular mention. The second act commences with the *divertissement* of the Bayaderes, rendered highly acceptable by the graceful and picturesque grouping of the dancers, and the prettiness of the music, which accompanies their movements. Next to the ballet comes a duo between Troy and Barrielle; it is ingenious in form, and was demanded a second time. An air sung by Jourdan, and an bacchanalian trio, were also well received. The *finale* is characterized by a recurrence of the ballet music, and the pretty polka tune, which is of that catching popular character that haunts the ear when the curtain has fallen. The applause amidst which the latter operation took place, was certainly well deserved. The second act is far the best. No less than two *débütantes* were launched in Monsieur Fauconnier's little bark. Mdlle. Bousquet, who played Foa, and whose indisposition had kept back the opera for some time past, does not seem to have so far recovered as to be in complete possession of her powers; at any rate, the correctness of her intonation was not so perfect as a healthier state of her organ would no doubt have secured. Madame Geoffroy, formerly Mdlle. Guffroy, is a transplantation from the Bouffes Parisiens. A plentiful fund of assurance is her chief characteristic, but it is not unaccompanied with genuine talent, though rather as an actress than a singer.

I have yet to speak of the opening of the Italian Opera at the Salle Ventadour, under the direction of M. Calzado. This event took place on the first of this month, and, although the fashionable population of Paris are many of them still lingering to enjoy the prolonged summer amidst the autumnal foliage, or by the yet warm sea breeze, the house presented a most brilliant appearance. The opera was *La Traviata*, the part of Violetta being supported by Madame Penco, whose graceful and dignified impersonation of the misguided heroine appears to harmonize

more completely with the ideal Parisian criticism has formed of what a tip-top lady of the *demi-monde* ought to be. Her predecessor, Mdlle. Piccolomini, it was complained was somewhat too free and easy of demeanor, and answered rather to that type of the class which receives the homage of the *étudiant* at the Closeries des Lilas. Madame Penco's reception was of the warmest, and indicated that she is fast establishing herself in the position and privileges of a favorite of the highest rank. Alfredo devolved upon Signor Gardoni, whose voice had not been heard by the Parisians for some years, and is considered to have somewhat suffered in the lapse, though still maintaining its accustomed sweetness. Graziani, as the father, came out with admirable effect, and was greeted with energetic approval.

The Imperial Opera have commenced their grand Sunday performances, starting with that remarkable evergreen, *Robert le Diable*, in which Gueymard, Belval, and Mdlle. Dusey distinguished themselves; Mdlle. Zina also, as the abbess, produced a remarkable effect. A new tenor, M. Rondil, is announced as about to make his first appearance; he was one of the crack pupils of the Conservatoire, and carried off all the prizes at the late competition for operatic singing. The *Trovatore* and *William Tell* are the parts he is studying for his *début*. Among the promises of the establishment also is a new ballet, the chorographic portion of which is due to the invention of Mdlle. Taglioni, and the music to M. J. Offenbach. The last named composer, who has reached the culminating point of popularity, is said to be preparing an opera in three acts for the Opéra-Comique. Two *débüts* have taken place at the latter establishment, those of Mdlle Emma in *La Rosière*, and M. Holtzen, a young tenor; both acquitted themselves satisfactorily. Mdlle. Monroe, of whose successful appearance in *Le Songe d'une Nuit d'Été* I have before written, more than maintains herself in public favor; she is fast improving on the conquest of her first night. At the Théâtre-Lyrique a busy season is in prospect; the following series of novelties are spoken of: a comic opera in five acts, words by MM. Barbier and Carré, music by M. Théodore Sémét; an opera in three acts, words by MM. Corman and Carré, music by M. Aimé Maillard; another three acts by M. Alexandre Dumas, music by M. Ferdinand Poise; yet again three acts, music by Ernest Reyer; a buffo opera by MM. Barbier and Carré, music by M. Gounod; finally, three acts by Scribe, with music by Clapisson. These major works will be accompanied by several minor productions, bearing the names of MM. Prosper, Paschal, Sellenich, Th. Delsart, Alfred Dufresne, Gille, &c., &c.

Meyerbeer has returned to Paris, and simultaneously with his re-appearance the run of the *Pardon de Plörmel* will be resumed. As the *maestro* is bent upon rest and relaxation, it is not expected that his visit will lead to any other result in the musical or theatrical world.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 5, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Continuation of the Opera, *Don Giovanni*, as arranged for the Piano-Forte.

The Schiller Festival.

We presume that most of our readers, in and about Boston, have received invitations from the committee of their German neighbors to be present at the literary and artistic Festival to be held next Thursday, in the Music Hall, in honor of the one hundredth anniversary of the birthday of the great Poet whom all Germans couple with their greatest, GOETHE, and love more. For SCHILLER was the poet who most of all spoke, and yet speaks to the popular heart of Germans; the poet in whom the love of Art and the love of Liberty, of Humanity, found expression as it they were most intimately one. Goethe was the greater poet, but Schiller more the man and poet of the people. Carlyle has happily contrasted him with Goethe, by figuring an interview between Shakespeare and Milton:

How gifted, how diverse in their gifts! The mind of the one plays calmly, in its capricious and inimitable graces, over all the provinces of human interest;

the other concentrates powers as vast, but far less various, on a few objects: the one is catholic, the other is sectarian. The first is endowed with an all-comprehending spirit; skilled, as if by personal experience, in all the modes of human passion and opinion; therefore, tolerant of all; peaceful, collected; fighting for no class of men or principles; rather looking on the world, and the various battles waging in it, with the quiet eye of one already reconciled to the futility of their issues; but pouring over all the forms of many-colored life the light of a deep and subtle intellect, and the decorations of an overflowing fancy; and allowing men and things of every shape and hue to have their own free scope in his conception, as they have it in the world where Providence has placed them. The other is earnest, devoted; struggling with a thousand mighty projects of improvement; feeling more intensely as he feels more narrowly; rejecting vehemently, choosing vehemently; at war with the one half of things, in love with the other half; hence dissatisfied, impetuous, without internal rest, and scarcely conceiving the possibility of such a state. Apart from the difference of their opinions and mental culture, Shakspeare and Milton seem to have stood in some such relation as this to each other, in the primary structure of their minds. So, likewise, in many points, was it with Goethe and Schiller.

Liberty-loving Germans, everywhere, whether in the Father-land, or seeking freer homes in this New World, identify the inmost, highest aspirations of their souls for freedom and a better order with the burning words of Schiller. And there are few cultivated Americans who do not owe some of the mind's best delights, some pure and lofty aspirations, to the German poet. Many have read more or less of him in the original, and know enough of German to listen with interest and profit to what will be said and sung on Thursday afternoon. Two short addresses will be made in German by men equal to their high theme, namely, Dr. REINHOLD SOLGER, and Professor EMANUEL VITAFIS SCHERB; while for English ears there will also be an address in English by Rev. FREDERIC H. HEDGE, D.D., a thorough German scholar and one of our richest minds. The rest of the programme will be music, consisting of three Overtures, by Mozart, Beethoven and Weber, played by ZERRAHN'S Orchestra; the inspiring "Bacchus" chorus from the *Antigone*, by Mendelssohn; and, most significant of the occasion, Mendelssohn's Hymn, (for male voices, with brass accompaniments) composed upon a noble passage near the close of Schiller's poem, "To the Artists." We give on another page some of the concluding portion of the poem, from a somewhat free translation which we made of it many years ago. The part to be sung commences with the lines:

The dignity of Man
Into your hands is given:
O, keep it well!

The choruses will be sung by the "Orpheus Glee Club," who seem to enter into the thing with a whole-hearted German enthusiasm, under the direction of Herr KREISSMANN. The Hall, of course, will be artistically decorated. The doors will be open at 3 P. M., and the exercises will commence at 4.

Richard Wagner.

THIRD ARTICLE.

We have already stated his fundamental criticism upon the Opera as hitherto existing: to wit,

that the mistake has lain in the endeavor to construct it on the basis of absolute music, making music the end instead of the means; whereas the only true lyric drama, hitherto never realized, can spring only from the marriage of poetry and music. In his own operas, his *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, he thinks to have emancipated the poet from that completely menial relation in which he has stood to the musician, merely furnishing the latter with some slight verbal text for the forms in which he chooses to compose, as recitative, arias, *ensembles*, chorus, ballet, &c.—and thus producing texts or libretti of the most empty, trivial character. Here is a double slavery; the composer cuts his music to the fashionable patterns required by the singers for the display of their voices and *tours de force*; while the poet writes to order for the composer. In the drama according to Wagner, the music is nothing but the art of expressing the thoughts furnished by the poem.

His whole thinking on the subject seems to have fallen under the control of an ingenious simile. He makes Poetry the masculine and Music the feminine element of expression. He denies to Music any power of independent production; and considers all the efforts of absolute, or pure instrumental, music, as doomed to everlasting impotence, as so much barren yearning for delivery. This he thinks to be the characteristic of all our modern instrumental music, in symphony, and overture and chamber music. Instrumental music exhausts itself in a vain struggle after definite expression. In confirmation of which criticism, he points to the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven, the genius *par excellence* and last word of instrumental music. After striving in vain for utterance through the orchestra, until the instruments themselves do all but speak in human recitative, he suddenly bursts its bonds and calls in words, the "Hymn to Joy" of Schiller. And that bold act, thinks Wagner, marks the transition from the music of the past to the music of the future, from music pure, and barren, to music in its true and fruitful function as co-factor with Poetry in the living and perfect Drama. Music, according to him, can only bear, it cannot generate; the generating power is extraneous to it and resides only in the poet.

We perhaps wrong his thought in this bold statement, divesting it of all that wealth of ingenious and happy illustration with which he develops it. But we believe we give the kernel of the thought. Richard Wagner is himself both poet and musician, alike an adept at both arts; he has carefully prepared his own librettos; and it must be a satisfaction for once to have librettos which, when only read, amount to real poems. His practice, too, in this double character of poet-composer, may be better than his theory. *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser* may be works of genius;—genius enough to save them from the consequences of the worst preconceived theory of composition. But we must say, this theory hardly chimes with musical experience. We do not think that any true music-lover, who has had personal experience of the power with which Beethoven's symphonies address the deeper instincts of the soul, would willingly exchange them for any amount of the best poetry skilfully set to Recitative. We do not think it will be owned, by true music-lovers, that instruments have failed, in these instances, to convey some meaning; that these Adagios and Scherzos are not *bonâ fide* live

creations, real deliveries of divine brain-children, or that they convey to you no adequate expression of the tone-artist's inmost life and purpose. Nor is it at all true to history that instrumental or pure music exhausts itself in a vain effort and is on the decline. On the contrary, the age runs into instrumental music; no music has such a power over a community at all musically cultivated, as that in the grand orchestral forms; and it is matter of almost universal experience, that as we grow more musical the love for instrumental music outgrows and outlives the love for vocal. Music may correspond to the feminine principle: so far we do not quarrel with Wagner's analogy. But what is the feminine principle in the soul? It is Feeling, Sentiment, as contrasted with the colder masculine principle of Intellect or Reason. Words are the language of the intellect, tones are the language of the heart. Love and Wisdom, (no one disputes the axiom of the Swedish seer in this) are the feminine and masculine principles in the universe. But Love is first, before and deeper than Wisdom. And so the poet says:

"Thought is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought," &c.

It is this Feeling, this *something deeper* in us than words can utter, or than can ever take the definite forms of thought, that seeks its utterance in music, as its own natural language. It is this that necessitates the art of music in the life of man. The symphonies of Mozart and Beethoven never had existed but for these experiences in human souls of something deeper, finer, more essential than words were ever framed to utter. Vague are they? But the very definiteness of words perverts their sense and puts their heavenly influence to flight. Why do our deeper moods love silence? Music is but the audible breath of such full silence. Hence there may be, there should be profound moral and spiritual culture in listening sympathetically to great instrumental music. You want no words; you do not ask a literal meaning; you enter into the spirit of it, which is somehow wondrously in harmony with deeper depths than you were perhaps aware of in *your* spirit. No, Herr Wagner! the great tone-poet does not need the word-poet to impregnate his creative genius, or to furnish him the wherewithal to express himself. Pure music is a very subtle, perfect medium of expression. Its fluid, universal language conveys the deep and universal sentiments, the sense of the Infinite, the spiritual part of us, in which we are all most deeply related to one another and to the source of all, as words with their limitations and distinctions never can. No human being, not even Coleridge or Goethe, or Shakspeare, lives more fully revealed, expressed, communicated to mankind, than Beethoven, the meaning of whose life and character flowed almost wholly into instrumental music. Those symphonies may not be rendered into words; yet who that loves them deeply does not feel that he *knows* Beethoven? Dumb otherwise, as he was deaf, almost, yet what great soul has succeeded better in making himself understood? And should the Choral Symphony become universally recognized as the greatest, will it be at the expense of the other Symphonies? shall we love the Fifth and Seventh and the "Pastoral" less, that we love the last one more? Did the orchestra in that one outburst into human speech yield up its soul forever, and pronounce pure instrumental music henceforth obsolete? The musical genius of mankind says no; it plunges more and more deeply into the mysteries of instrumental music, *because* it has more to utter than words and voices can convey. It remains to see whether the zest of symphonies

and overtures and quartets will sicken under the new charm of the interminable Wagner recitative, shaped to the mould of cunningly contrived alliterative verses, borrowing from them its only melody or rhythm, and for modulation knowing no key-note, but swimming ambiguously in all keys at once.

(To be continued.)

FOURTH AFTERNOON CONCERT. There was a falling off from the fine programmes of the three previous Wednesdays. See:

1. Sixth Symphony; Surprise: Haydn. 2. Waltz; Marian: Lanner. 3. Overture; Zanetta: Auber. 4. Bohemian Polka; (First time): Strauss. 5. Variation on a Russian Thema, for the Violin; Performed by F. Suck; Suck. 6. Allegretto; From Symphony Cantata: Mendelssohn. 7. Cavatina and Finale; Ernani: Verdi.

Haydn's homely old "Surprise" Symphony, tame as it is compared with a "C minor" or a "Jupiter," is well worth hearing sometimes, for the elegance of its style, if for no other reason; but the rule should be, when the Symphony is a light one let the overture be strong—something like Beethoven's *Leonora*. A great Symphony may more safely be followed by a light and pretty overture. And *Zanetta* is one of the prettiest and fancifullest of the light ones. It was much enjoyed; but still the craving for great music remained unprovided for. The bit from Mendelssohn was as the dew from heaven. We did not hear Mr. Suck's solo, but know that it must have been good. Strauss and Lanner of course made the nerves tingle pleasantly.

Musical Chit-Chat.

We are glad to inform our readers that Messrs. EICHNER and LEONHARD have postponed their Soirée from the 12th to the 19th, leaving the former evening free for the Farewell concert of our old friend, Mr. WILLIAM KEYZER. This was a worthy and a kindly act on the part of the younger artists, and must, we think, redound to the advantage of both concerts. Mr. Keyzer's programme appears in our advertising columns, and is a rich one, and to be illustrated by a rich array of able artists, who have volunteered their hearty service. Let the music-loving public be as thoughtful and as helpful, at least so far as their presence in the Tremont Temple goes, and so cheer the heart and smooth the path of the veteran musician who takes his farewell of the summer of public favor, to enter upon the quiet, but we hope not cheerless, winter of his remaining years.

Six of the Alto Songs of BACH, arranged by ROBERT FRANZ, of which we spoke some weeks ago, are now published in the best style of O. Ditson & Co. They are a perfect treasure; and if hard, worth the studying. We shall speak of them in detail.

In Philadelphia, Mme. GAZZANIGA gave a farewell concert last week, previous to her departure for Europe. CARL WOLFSOHN, pianist, and CARL HOHNSTOCK, violinist, announce there six classical soirées, the programmes including Quartets, Quintets and Sonatas of Beethoven, Schumann, &c., Trios and Octet by Mendelssohn; Septets by Hummel and Beethoven; selections from Chopin, Liszt, &c.

Music Abroad.

London.

COVENT GARDEN.—"Le Pardon" was so thoroughly discussed on the occasion of its production in Paris, and more lately in its Italian dress, that there is no call for us to return on the music now when it is given by Miss L. Pyne's company, to the English paraphrase of Mr. Henry F. Chorley. Enough to say that it is obviously a work more attainable and likely to take root on the English stage than any of the four grander French operas which have preceded it. The execution is throughout satisfactory. Miss L. Pyne is steady and brilliant as the heroine;—Mr. Harrison good as the cowardly *Corentin*. It will not surprise us if this part, originally contrived for one who is a clever actor but a limited singer, becomes a favorite among tenors, owing to its dramatic color. The most lovely or loving among them must become weary of perpetual dolor and love making, and thankful for an opportunity to touch other things. Mr. Santley has already established himself as a stage favorite by his singing as *Hod*. Some practice in acting is of course wanted; but the difference between the first and second performance was great and decisive. In the *romance*, in the third act, the young

English baritone is in every respect equal to M. Faure or Signor Graziani. His success was decided. The four secondary parts are fairly filled. Of Miss Pilling, the new *contralto*, we must speak on some future occasion; but must not wait to commend Miss Thirlwall for the great purity and steadiness with which she leads the unaccompanied Quartet (now narrowly escaping an *encore*). She is a real acquisition to the English opera-stage, where the fancy used to be to neglect the subordinate parts, provided "the stars" only shone sufficiently. The orchestra and chorus went well together under the presidency of Mr. A. Mellon. A better presentation of a foreign opera in English (so far as the performers go) is not in our recollection.—*Athenæum*.

MUSICAL GOSSIP.—Mr. Smith has been bringing Mlle. Tietjens, Signor Guglini, and the rest of that party, to London, for two operatic performances at Drury Lane, and a performance of the "Stabat" of Signor Rossini at the St. James's Hall.—The vocal concert at the Crystal Palace on Wednesday, conducted by Mr. Benedict, went off well. Among the pieces expressly claiming notice, was a setting of "Ye Mariners of England," by Mr. Pierson, so pleasing, simple, and spirited in its melody, as to encourage the idea that he has profited by past disappointments, and taken "a new lease" of musical effort. Should more compositions of this quality be forthcoming, he can without question take a good and a popular place among English-born composers,—a place in every respect more enviable than such as can belong to the best second-hand adapter of German transcendentalism.

The fourth season of Sunday music in the Parks is over, and the Report shows satisfactorily that the recreation is mainly self-supporting. Whereas the subscriptions to the music in Regent's Park amounted to 37*l*, the sum derived from the sale of programmes was 197*l*. In Victoria Park the disproportion was as great; the subscriptions being 9*l*, the programme money, 107*l*.

The new Oratorio by Herr Molique, which is now completed, has for its subject "Abraham." The same Biblical story, we observe, has been set by Herr Blummer, whose Oratorio is announced as among the novelties of Berlin, during the coming winter.—*Ibid*.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Madame Catherine Hayes and the London Madrigal and Glee Union were the attractions last Saturday. Madame Catherine Hayes had been away from London for several months, so that she was almost a novelty. Her performances included the air, "Ah! mon fils," from the *Prophète*; the cavatina, "Qui la voce," from *I Puritani*; and "The last Rose of Summer."

The London Madrigal and Glee Union, under the direction of Mr. Land, gave, as is their wont, a capital selection, which included Elliott's glee for five voices, "Come, see what pleasure;" Horseley's glees for four voices, "By Celia's arbor," and "When the wind blows in the sweet rose-tree;" new part-song, by Pearsall, "Why with toil;" Sir Henry Bishop's quintet, "Blow, gentle gales," and glee for four voices, "The Fisherman's good-night;" Orlando Gibbons' madrigal, "The Silver Swan;" and Wilson Saville's madrigal, "O by rivers," arranged by Sir Henry Bishop. The execution of these various pieces on the whole was most admirable, and that of two or three impossible to be surpassed in point of delicacy and finish. Bishop's quintet, as usual, elicited an *encore*.

The instrumental music was not up to the Saturday standard. Instead of the customary symphony, Mr. Augustus Manns treated his hearers to the overture to the Duke of Coburg-Gotha's *Santa Chiara*, an exchange by no means acceptable to the visitors. There was also a new overture (*Don Quixote*) by Mr. E. Silas, and the Marche aux Flambeaux, in C, by Meyerbeer. The overture did not attract much notice, and Mr. Meyerbeer's march served capitally to play out the audience.

On Wednesday a "Great Choral Concert" was given in the Handel orchestra, by the members of the Vocal Association, under the direction of Mr. Benedict. The choral force numbered nearly one thousand persons, and Madame Rudersdorff was retained as soloist. The programme included, among other pieces, Mendelssohn's hymn, "Hear my prayer, O God;" Mozart's motet, "Ave verum;" and Dr. Löwe's motet, "Salvum fac Regem." The chorus gave some part-songs, and Mr. J. Coward executed several *morceaux* on the great organ. The day was magnificent, and between nine and ten thousand persons attended.—*Mus. World*, Oct. 8.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—On Thursday evening Rossini's *Stabat Mater* was performed by the Drury Lane operatic company, under the direction of Signor Ar-

ditì, Mademoiselle Titicns, Madame Borchardt, Signors Guglini, Badiali, and Violetti being the solo vocalists. The chorus was strongly reinforced from the Vocal Association and other sources, and presented a goodly array of some hundred and twenty voices. The band was the Drury Lane orchestral force proper, and thus a fine performance of Rossini's great work might fairly have been anticipated. Such, however, was not the case; and the fault, it must be owned, was entirely owing to the band, who played in a coarse, slovenly manner throughout, and evidently had had no rehearsal.

A miscellaneous concert followed the *Stabat Mater*. The chorus sang Mendelssohn's part-song, "Departure," and the madrigal, "All among the barley." Signor Guglini was encored in the air from the *Donna del Lago*, "Aurora che sorgerai," which he sang most exquisitely; Mlle. Titicns introduced a new vase composed by Signor Arditi, which, albeit encored vociferously, did not please us mightily, being by no means in the great artist's line, which does not belong to the *Opéra-Comique*; Madame Borchardt gave the French version of the romance, "Nobil donna," from the *Huguenots*, a good performance; and Mlle. Titicns, Signors Guglini, Badiali, and Violetti, sang the quartet, "Chi mi frena," from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, with tremendous effect.

Germany.

Little or no operatic promise arrives from Germany. Politics, no doubt, are made there to play the serviceable part planned by Caleb Balderstone for the fire at *Wolf's Crag*, and may, in part, really stand as excuse for supineness; but certain it is, that betwixt old and new ideas, matters seem approaching "a dead lock" in the land of Mozart and Beethoven and Weber and Mendelssohn. In one column we read of the success of this singer in the sickly "Stradella" of M. von Flotow,—in another journal, how the other *basso* has succeeded in the stale "beer" song of the mawkish "Martha," of the same composer: signs these that he still rules the musical stage from Hamburg to Pesh.—Herr Carl Fornes has returned from America.—There is no present mention of the new opera by Herr Wagner; and, seeing that ten years or thereabouts have elapsed since "Lohengrin" was produced—a work, moreover, which has not been universally accepted—it is time, surely, that the oracle should deliver some new message to his congregation. He is at present in Paris, with the view of finding some means of there producing his "Tannhäuser." Herr Abert, whose "Anna von Landskron" made a certain local sensation, ought by this time to be "up and doing" again; but it may yet be questioned whether a new work from his pen would count as an event; since we have seen extracts from his former opera, which, however evenly written, hardly establish the originality or genius of their composer.—Austria, it is said, in the vindictive spirit of truculent nationality, is about to cut her own throat and to avenge Solferino by abolishing Italian opera in Vienna. This will be bad for the German singers of the *Kärntner Thor Theatre* in more ways than one,—first, as depriving them of models more vocal than their own singing examples,—secondly, because they will be put to extra duty to fill the *hiatus*. It is notified further, that they are only henceforth to be permitted to sing during two-thirds of their holidays;—the other third being devoted to compulsory rest.—*Athenæum*.

Italy.

The latest musical event in Italy has, characteristically enough, been the election to the new Parliament of Parma of Signor Verdi, who has always stood for a *Tyrtæus* among his countrymen. By way of revenge—or as a serious measure of political precaution under terror—Signor Verdi's last opera, "Un Ballo in Maschera," is strictly shut out by the Censorship from the *Teatro San Carlo* of Naples. The autumnal and winter prospects of that theatre seem dismal enough. The *prime donne* are to be Mesdames Steffanone and Spezia; the one new opera for the coming season is to be written by Signor Petrella. The attraction of "Il Trovatore" and "La Traviata" is said to be worn out. If this arise from opinion and not spite, we hold Neapolitan wit good. The frequenters of *La Scala* theatre, at Milan, are promised a new opera, "Ricardo III.," composed for Milan by M. Meiners, the "Lorenzino" of Signor Pacini, and another work, not named. Mlle. Poinot is said to satisfy the public as *prima donna*. Here we may say that an Italian tenor, whose name is unknown to us, Signor Morini, is about to appear at the *Italian Opera* of Paris, and that an opera by Signor Craga will be produced there. "Il Crociato," by M. Meyerbeer, is also in the programme for the coming winter, without the permission of the composer.—*Ibid*.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Ob the sad moments of parting. (Echo quel fi-cro istante.) Quartet. *M. Costa.* 50

The celebrated "Quartet a canone" composed for and sung by Mmes. Pasta and Mallbran, Sig. Rubini and Tamburini, a composition of the first order, one of those pieces whose beauty never fades out. It is not difficult of execution, but demands good voices. The principal theme is first given out by one voice; then the others step in, one by one, with the same melody, which at the close appears again in the Soprano, now joined by the other voices, in a beautiful climax.

The count's servant died of terror. (Mori di paura.) "Trovatore." 25

A cavatina, in the part of Ferrando, sung in the first act of the opera. It has never before been published separately.

Lightest hearted of all living. (Il più lieto di vivente.) Duet. "Poliuto." 25

This is the exquisite first movement of the grand duet between Severus and Paulina in the third act. For soprano and baritone.

The reveller's Song and Chorus: We'll all meet again in the morning. *B. R. Hanby.* 25

Written by the composer of the popular ballad, "Darling Nelly Gray" was suggested to the author at hearing of a party of debauchees who concluded a prolonged sitting with a joint vow of temperance.

Instrumental Music.

Great Eastern Polka. *Alvin Fisher.* 25

A good polka for dancers; it has the true ring of the Polka.

Fleur des Alpes. Tyrolienne. *Paul Barbot.* 40

A set of Variations on a Swiss Melody, of moderate difficulty. They want a very neat and delicate touch, and make an invaluable teaching piece, which never fails to please.

Aurora Borealis. Grand Waltz. *A. Kuelblock.* 35

A brilliant piece for somewhat advanced players, from the pen of our much esteemed resident pianist and teacher.

Arrow Flight Galop. *Henry Prince.* 25

Dashing and brilliant.

Bohemian Girl. (Boquet de melodies.) *Beyer.* 50

Containing all the beauties of this popular opera, nicely arranged, matching the other numbers of this set.

Books.

THE NEW GERMANIA. A collection of the most favorite Operatic Airs, Marches, Polkas, Waltzes, Quadrilles, and Melodies of the day. Arranged in an easy and familiar style for four, five, and six instruments. *B. A. Burditt.* 1,25

A very desirable collection of instrumental music; one that the musical community have long required, and one for which the thousands of small bands and amateur clubs throughout the country will be very thankful. The Melodies are of that class which the great mass of the people, both as performers and listeners, at once adopt as their own and stamp as "favorites." They are very finely arranged, and, as the title indicates, in a style easy, familiar, and acceptable to all. Mr. Burditt has been long and favorably known as the leader of one of the best Bands in this city, and as a composer and arranger of this class of music. His long experience has enabled him to determine correctly as to what was wanted in a collection of this kind, and how it was wanted; he has therefore acted understandingly in the preparation of this volume.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 397.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1859.

VOL. XVI. No. 7.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Remembrance.

1837.

FROM THE GERMAN OF A. GRÜEN.

O maiden, lying buried near me,
Half woman and yet half a child!
Time was, a look of thine could cheer me,
Like a spring landscape, soft and mild.

Once, like a mountain streamlet singing,
Gushed thy sweet voice upon the ear,
Diamonds and rainbows round thee flinging,
And yet so calm and pure and clear!

So harmlessly and yet so slyly
Thy looks, like little roes, would peer;
Then back, like little roes, dart slyly,
If a strange step were lurking near.

Within thee played the wealth of feeling,
Like a young harvest waving there;
Already many a germ concealing
Of future bloom and kernel fair.

Around thy lovely cheeks the blushes
Of maiden innocence would play,
As morning's red the flower-beds flushes,
And promises a sunny day.

And when thy joyous laugh was ringing,
I seemed to hear upon the wing
The home-bound birds of passage singing
The beauties of the Southern spring.

And when thy words of love were stealing
Upon thy aged father's ear,
I seemed a low melodious pealing
Of pleasant Sabbath bells to hear.

And when I think of thee, a tender
Spring landscape still before me lies,
On which the ruddy evening splendor
In farewell greeting softly dies.

Above it evening bells are pealing,
That tell of starry nights at hand;
Across it golden swans are sailing
That seek a distant Southern land.

C. T. B.

Translated for this Journal.

The Leipzig Gewandhaus Concerts (1840—1841), Reviewed by Robert Schumann.

(Continued.)

THIRTEENTH TO SIXTEENTH CONCERTS.

The thirteenth and three following concerts brought us only works of German composers, and indeed of our greatest: BACH, HANDEL, HAYDN, MOZART and BEETHOVEN. Bach and Handel filled one evening, the others one each. That the selection was judicious, that each one of the masters was represented by significant compositions, will be readily believed, where the selection was made by a master who, like MENDELSSOHN, knows their works through and through,—better perhaps than any of his contemporaries—and who would probably be able to write down in full score from memory all that was performed in those four evenings.

Of course, any criticism, any praise or censure of the compositions, is quite out of the ques-

tion; but it may be of interest to many a friend of Art abroad, to know what pieces were selected, and with what taste the concerts were arranged.

The BACH and HANDEL concert gave us, in the first part:

The Chromatic Fantasia, played by Mendelssohn.

Motet, for double choir: "*Ich lasse dich nicht.*"

Chaconne, for violin solo, played by F. David.

Crucifixus, Resurrexit and Sanctus, from the great Mass in B minor.

All by Bach, and almost too much of what is glorious. The deepest impression was made perhaps by the *Crucifixus*; but that is a piece such as can only be compared with other works of Bach; one before which all masters of all times must bow in reverence. The Motet: *Ich lasse dich nicht* is better known; but never had it been so perfectly performed here, as not to seem quite another thing in the freshness and clearness of the present rendering. The solo pieces called out fiery plaudits for the players; which fact we take for proof that it is still possible to excite enthusiasm in a concert hall with works of Bach. But the way MENDELSSOHN plays Bach's compositions, is something one must hear. DAVID played the *Chaconne* in a style no less masterly, and with the fine accompaniment of Mendelssohn, of which we have remarked before now.

The second part of the concert was filled by HANDEL. If it could have been quite as well, we should have preferred to hear him *before* Bach. After Bach he makes a less deep impression. The pieces selected were:

Overture to the "Messiah."

Recitative and Air, from the same, sung by Frl. Schloss.

Theme with variations, for Piano, played by Mendelssohn.

Four Double Choruses from "Israel in Egypt."

The third piece among these was new, and under Mendelssohn's hands it had a charmingly naive effect. In the choruses, as well as in those by Bach, and also in those of the three preceding concerts, a considerable number of amateurs co-operated, which deserves grateful mention.

The Concert of the 28th of January was devoted to HAYDN. Great as was the variety contained in the programme, the evening must have wearied many a listener: and naturally enough, for Haydn's music has always been a great deal played here; one can learn nothing from him; he is like a familiar old friend of the family, who of course is always welcomed with respect: but he has no longer any deeper interest for the present time. The pieces performed were:

Introduction, Recitative, Air and Chorus from the "Creation;" the solo sung by Frl. Schloss.

Quartet ("God save the Emperor Franz") for string instruments, played by Herren David, Klengel, Schulz and Wittmann.

Motet: "*Du bist's, dem Ruhm and Ehre gebühret.*"

Symphony in B flat major.

The Hunt, and Vintage, from the "Seasons."

How all hearts still adhere to MOZART, the following concert gave proof. Orchestra and solo players, too, shone in their highest splendor; it was a concert, at which we could have wished all Germany to be present, to join in the jubilee which its great master prompted on that evening. Does it not seem as if Mozart's works became ever fresher, the more one hears them! Some of his songs, too, had been looked up for this occasion; they were still fragrant as young violets. In lieu of all description, let the choice and beautiful programme follow here:

Overture to *Titus*.

Recitative and Aria, with Violin obligato, performed by Frl. Schloss and Herr David.

Concerto in D minor, for Pianoforte, played by F. Mendelssohn.

Two Songs, sung by Frl. Schloss.

Symphony in C major ("Jupiter.")

But one of the richest musical evenings, such as are seldom to be heard perhaps in the world, was that of Feb. 11, which gave us nothing but music of BEETHOVEN. The hall, too, seemed to us more brilliantly filled than ever; the orchestra, packed full of singers and of players, with their hearts in their work, presented a beautiful sight. Among the guests was soon discovered that genial artist, who seems to have sat to Beethoven himself for one of his greatest creations, his *Fidelio*: Madame SCHROEDER-DEVRIENT, whom chance had led to Leipzig just at the happy time. And so there were noble artist natures enough met together, to represent Beethoven in the worthiest manner. Nor must the young Russian, GULOMY, go unmentioned, who, as yet but little known, won well merited consideration by his playing of the Violin Concerto in D major. The concert gave us: The Overture to *Leonora*, in C major. *Kyrie* and *Gloria*, from the Mass in C, op. 86. The Violin Concerto, in D. Song: "*Adelaide.*" Ninth (Choral) Symphony.

The Overture was encored and repeated. We wondered at this, since there was still so much for the orchestra to do. The *Kyrie* and *Gloria* were somewhat weakened after two hearings of that gigantic piece. We have already mentioned the name of the player of the violin piece. The composition is one of Beethoven's finest, and must be placed, so far as invention is concerned, in the same rank with his earlier symphonies. In the playing of the virtuoso there was much which we could have wished more tender, more singing, and more German; in the fiery passages it left nothing to be desired. The *Cadenzas*, which he interwove, were not by Beethoven, as any one could see soon enough. For the rendering of *Adelaide*—whom could one have wished so much, as her who sang it: Madame SCHROEDER-DEVRIENT, who readily presented herself at Mendelssohn's request. The public were transported with a sort of intoxication when she stepped forward; and though an artist may have got habituated to ever so great triumphs,

she must have felt and doubtless did feel rejoiced at such a response as this.

We had still the Ninth Symphony before us. It seems as if people were at last beginning to see that in it the great man has given us his greatest. I do not remember any time before when it was received with such fiery enthusiasm. By this expression, we would praise much less the work than the public; the work stands above all praise; so often has this been affirmed already in our pages, that we have nothing more to say about it. The execution was altogether excellent and full of life. In the Scherzo we heard one tone, whose significance Mendelssohn's glance had seized most sharply, and which we never before had heard come out with so much meaning; the single *d* of a bass trombone makes there an astonishing effect, and gives a wholly new life to the passage. (Compare score, page 66, 3d measure, and page 74, 8th measure.

(To be continued.)

The Autumn Opera Season in Paris.

(From the London Athenæum.)

In redemption of the promise lately made to offer some notice of the operas talked of and lately produced in Paris, we begin without preamble at the *Opéra Comique*.

There some activity is obvious, both in the form of new appearances and new works.—Our neighbors have accepted their "Midsummer Night's Dream," the tale showing how *Queen Elizabeth* displayed her love, in a tavern, to *Shakespeare*, when the playwright was drunk—with subsequent adventures no less probable—from MM. Leuven and Rosier, and with the music of M. Thomas. That marvellous opera ran its hundred nights ere it was laid by. It has just been carefully revived, to introduce a new *prima donna*, Mdlle. Monrose. Another artist from the school of M. Duprez—of a stage family, and thus, it may be said, born to the theatre. Mdlle. Monrose has a good *soprano* voice, least good in those topmost notes which all *sopranos* will insert when and wherever they can, in spite of the terrors of the modern pitch. Her execution is generally firm—her appearance is pleasing. There is nothing at present to fascinate in Mdlle. Monrose; but everything to promise another of those firm, intelligent, available singers who are only to be found in Paris. Her right place may ultimately prove the *Grand Opéra*.—M. Montanbry, the tenor, has improved, having grown more of a singer and less of an imitator of M. Chollet than he was. M. Warot, an accessory tenor, sings his *romance* with such an agreeable voice and good taste, as to prove himself a charming artist of the second class.—The first autumnal novelty, "La Pagode," has a poor *libretto*, by M. St. Georges, built on the hackneyed story of an European officer who falls in love with one whom he thinks a Brahmin priestess. This has been set to music as essay-piece by a young composer, of whom it will suffice to say, that he seems to have attempted little, and perfectly to have fulfilled his attempt. The new ladies who appeared in "La Pagode" are unusually poor, their place of exhibition considered.

The *Théâtre Lyrique* has duly opened for the season, and the promises of its manager, as stated in the papers, for the coming campaign, are a new opera by M. Semet for Madame Ugalde, Gluck's "Orphée," with Madame Viardot; further, three-act operas by MM. Maillart, Poise, Reyner Gounod and Clapisson. When a list is so liberal, it is safe to read "or" instead of "also," even in the case of a management so indefatigable as that of M. Carvalho.—His theatre deserves honorable support, were it only for its revivals.—For the first time in our musical memory has Mozart's "Enlèvement" been well represented. As it stands originally, the opera of "Die Entführung," written for exceptional persons, is beyond the capacity of any ordinary troupe of singers,—its beauty impaired by tediousness—and its story prolix and silly. The French *librettists* who have touched the book have not made it wise. They have been compelled to bring about a sudden solution of a difficulty added by them to make it interesting; but the drama now moves, and may now be accepted among *buffo* operas.—That which has been done by the music is judicious. The position of one or two pieces has been changed: some few redundancies have been taken away,—one of the tremendous *soprano bravuras* has been transferred from the part of *Constance* to that of

Blondine,—the local color has been enhanced by the melo-dramatic repetition of Mozart's Turkish music, to support the stage business. Then, by way of *entr'acte* to the second act, Mozart's "Rondo alla Turca" has been scored, and so irresistibly, by M. Gounod, as to get its nightly *encore*. The purists have been thrown into great wrath on the occasion, forgetting that Mozart set the example, by scoring one of Handel's *Musettes*, to occupy an analogous situation in "Acis." Wrath or no wrath, the fact remains unaltered that Mozart's comic masterpiece has been successfully restored to the stage under conditions different from those of unauthorized tampering, such as we have seen (to our shame) in London; and such as were the rule in France with regard to foreign operas, when men like M. Castil Blaze undertook to pull to pieces, to eke and to amend them. The performance at the *Théâtre Lyrique* is very good. The action now mainly lies on Madame Ugalde, (*Blondine*), who sings the murderous *bravuras* referred to with great firmness, shirking neither *roulade* nor *altissimo* note, and who acts with due assurance and vivacity—and on M. Battaille, who is *Oswin*. This gentleman is about the most accomplished stage *basso* we recollect. His voice, never very sonorous, may have lost some power, but it is still perfectly under control within its extensive register,—even—flexible, and at the service of musical skill. Whatever passage can be written for such a voice, whether the same be grave or gay, M. Battaille can present like a real artist. His *Oswin*, too, in its dry stupidity, veined by suspicion and jealous ferocity, is a piece of acting which may rank with the best of such men as Lablache and Signor Ronconi. The other parts in the "Enlèvement" are fairly filled, and the opera, as it stands, should, we repeat, and we fancy will, keep the stage.—Mdlle. Sax, a new *soprano*, having a voice more powerful than is common in France, made, the other evening, a good first appearance at the *Théâtre Lyrique* as the Countess in "Figaro," which masterpiece goes very well in its French dress,—the concerted music and stage business with greater neatness and animation in union than are attainable out of France.—The next revival will be that of "Orphée," the superintendence of which, we are glad to learn, has been confided to M. Berlioz. Owing to the large number of impurities in the copies, and of variations in the French and Italian versions of the opera, the task is one requiring no common patience, sagacity and knowledge of the master. Meanwhile, production has not stood still at the *Théâtre Lyrique*.—Two good subjects, the rise and fall of Lullu, and our English national hymn, (here attributed to the Italian *marmite*), of course, in utter defiance of Mr. Chappell,) have been thrown away in "Le Violon du Roi," a three-act comic opera, the first of M. Carvalho's novelties. The composer is Mr. Delfes, who never gets beyond prettiness, and as seldom shows any of the skill of a trained artist. One or two of his melodies, the slightest of the slight, are good-humored, without being vulgar. The book is equally flimsy, and had not execution been good, "Le Violon" might be described in the same words as "La Pagode." There is no novelty in such productions, save the names of their writers, compared with whom such forgotten melodists and musicians as Philidor, Monsigny, Delavrac and Della Maria, would be novelties indeed.—The city of Paris has claimed the *Théâtre Lyrique* with a view of driving some new street through the corner of the Boulevard where it stands. A new theatre in its stead, is, we understand, to be built in the Place du Chatelet.

Last on the list—how changed since the days when it took the lead!—comes the *Grand Opéra*. The earnestness with which the supporters of this state establishment dwell on the "improbable height," the luxurious "developments," and the few deep notes of Mdlle. Vestvali, is melancholy. It was only yesterday that the same sworn praisers were declaring that Madame Borghi-Mamo was indispensable to the theatre. Bellini's weak and sickly opera could not keep the French musical stage, even if its *Juliet* and *Tybalt* were the graceful singers that Madame and M. Gueymard are not.—In his *feuilleton* on "I Montecchi," M. Berlioz contributes a word *memoranda* on Shakespeare operas by commending in detail Steibelt's music to the tragedy, spoiled though the tale was, for Steibelt, by some incompetent *librettist*. We are inclined to trust this commendation: having long felt that Steibelt, as a composer, has been too indiscriminately underrated. He was a melodist, besides a fancier of finger-wonders, as the tune to which Keats wrote the song—

Hush! hush! tread softly,

and the well known "Storm" *Rondo* may remind those who care to seek no farther. He was more than a melodist in some of his duet *Sonatas*, there showing no common expression and passion, which latter rose every now and then to grandeur—often in-

tolerably prolix, it is true—sometimes needlessly mechanical—but generally starting from some clear and characteristic idea. Such a composer ought not to be so entirely laid on the shelf, as seems, for the moment, Steibelt's case.—To return from a good composer to a bad singer: the opera of Bellini and its *Romeo* are found failures by the public. The lady seems unequal to the French repertory adapted to a low female voice; and there is talk of fitting her with new parts; such as *Jeanne de la Hachette*. A resetting of the story of Dido is also among the rumors. Ere another feat can be accomplished, some newer *cantatrice* may be found, more improbably tall, otherwise more attractive, and even less of a singer, and the plan accordingly be laid by. Meanwhile the theatre is falling back (falling to pieces one might justifiably say) on the Italian repertory. "Semiramide," patched up with dances by M. Caraffa, is to be prepared for the introduction of the sisters Marchisio. M. Gounod has been commissioned to produce a new work at the *Grand Opéra*, on a subject no less ambitious than "The Deluge." If the tale be true, the choice of subject, we cannot but think, is a mistaken one.—The wonderful tenor who is always to come has not yet come; but M. Michot has been summoned by State-edict to leave the *Théâtre Lyrique* and try his fortune in the *Rue Lepelletier*; and it is said, seriously, that M. Roger has the painful intention of re-appearing on the stage with a false arm—having for that reason declined two official appointments which have been offered him since his accident. Then, besides a wonderful tenor, there is always a wonderful woman to come. This year the *bulbul* that is to be is no noble lady—nor has she a hump on her back, but she is an escaped Odalisque—Sersefras Hanum, by name—who has escaped from the gilded grate and the *arabesque*—so strong has been her passion for the Christian musical stage, and so incomparable is her voice.—Meanwhile, the swoon on the land facing the end of the *Rue de la Paix*, which is to open a wide street up to the Norman Railroad, and to imply other of those wholesale changes so numerous in Paris during the Second Empire, is to give the city a new grand opera house, it is said. The work of demolition has, at all events, commenced, and with it the filling up of the *Rue Basse des Remparts*, the existence of which, as we pointed out some time since, is next to incompatible with a theatre requiring liberal means of access and exit.

Wagner's Tristan and Isolde.

(Continued from page 251.)

The third act shows us the garden of Tristan's castle. The sea is visible over the wall. "A plaintive pastoral tune is heard on a shepherd's pipe."

Tristan is lying, as if without life, on a couch. His faithful Kurwenal—who, by the way, is the only characteristically treated figure in the whole drama—has conveyed him to the place, and now stands behind him. He has, also, despatched a trusty sailor "to the only physician—ess that is of any good." Tristan awakes. His honest companion does all he can to make Tristan recognize his home, but Tristan's thoughts are roaming in other regions. "I was where I always have been, whither I go for ever—where only one knowing is ours: divine-eternal, ever-forgetting!" "The poor "day," of course, comes second best off again. Kurwenal announces to the enthusiastic dreamer that he has sent for Isolde. This rouses him up, but, as the shepherd boy still continues playing upon his pipe the mournful strain—as a sign that no bark is visible—Tristan relapses into his melancholy fit, and what is more, faints. But he recovers: a merry strain is heard, "The ship! the ship!" He is unable to contain himself. Isolde approaches. Even while behind the scenes she exclaims: "Tristan! beloved!" He springs up: "How do I hear the light!" (!) rushes into her arms, and sinks, lifeless, at her feet.

This scene takes up in the book twenty-three pages, the rest extending over eleven more. It will, we should say, be a rather tough job for the singer, since Tristan is not, like Tannhäuser, in the last act, shattered merely internally, but bodily wounded to the death. The narrative, too, in *Tannhäuser*, possesses more variety and interest than the dreamy, mystical expression of one and the same sentiment, although Wagner has, with a certain amount of skill, endeavored to relieve the monotony by the sounds of the shepherd's song, and, also, by making Kurwenal observe and describe, from the watch-tower, the course of the vessel, and the danger it runs from the rocks that line the shore.

Isolde's grief bursts forth; the mode in which it is expressed is pervaded by a strain of real feeling and true poetry. She falls, in a fainting state, upon the corpse.

* "Wo ein Wissen uns eigen: göttliches Ur-Vergessen!"

"Tumult and clashing of weapons heard from the shore below." King Marke, having landed, forces his way up. Behind the scenes, the voices of Brangäne and Melot. Knuwenal, placing himself at the castle-gate (at the back), cuts down Melot, and rushes on Marke and the armed men. He is wounded, and dies by the side of Tristan's corpse. Brangäne, who "has swung herself sideways over the wall" (!) busies herself with Isolde. She brings her to her senses, and informs her that she has confessed to the King "the secret of the drink," and that he has come to renounce her and give her in marriage to Tristan! The good Marke, also, speaks a few words, which commence with his favorite mode of address: "Why, Isolde, why this to me?" In conformity with Wagner's dramaturgical code, he resigns himself to a miracle, to magic, but it is too late. Isolde listens to all that is said, without taking any interest in it, and breathes out her soul in a state of enthusiastic *clairvoyance*, which concludes as follows:

"In the joy-sea's
Surging swell,
In the fragrance-billows'
Resounding tone,
In the world-breath's
Waving all—
To drown—
To sink—
Unconscious—
Supreme bliss!"

"She sinks, as though transfigured, upon Tristan's corpse. Great emotion and *transport* among the bystanders; Marke blesses the bodies. The curtain falls slowly."

(To be continued.)

Over the Hills.

The old hound wags his shaggy tail,

And I know what he would say:

It's over the hills we'll bound, old hound,

Over the hills and away.

There's nought for us here save to count the clock,

And hang the head all day:

But over the hills we'll bound, old hound,

Over the hills and away.

Here among men we're like the deer

That yonder is our prey:

So, over the heather we'll bound, old hound,

Over the hills and away.

The hypocrite is master here,

But he's the cock of clay:

So, over the hills we'll bound, old hound,

Over the hills and away.

The women, they shall sigh and smile,

And madden whom they may:

It's over the hills we'll bound, old hound,

Over the hills and away.

Let silly lads in couples run

To pleasure, a wicked fay:

'Tis ours on the heather to bound, old hound,

Over the hills and away.

The torrent glints under the rowan red,

And shakes the bracken spray:

What joy on the heather to bound, old hound,

Over the hills and away.

The sun bursts broad, and the heathery bed

Is purple and orange and gray:

Away, and away, we'll bound, old hound,

Over the hills and away.

—Once a Week.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

A New Style of Operatic Criticism.

(From the Saturday Press, New York.)

Two sensations:

1. *Maria di Rohan*: Gazzaniga, Stigelli, Ferri,

Mme. Strakosch.

2. *La Favorita*: Gazzaniga, BEAUCARDE, Amodio,

Junca.

Maria di Rohan is not very frequently done here,

and it is not generally well treated when it is done.

The story is pretty good, though hardly the thing

for the domestic fireside of a New Connection Meth-

dist family.

Probably everybody knows all about Maria. She

was a very well bred person, with a weakness for

f flirtation.

That was in the time of Louis something (not Del

monico's) or the Regency, I forget which.

In such matters, one can't be particular about dates, —the number of women of Maria's order having been very large, in France and elsewhere, at all known periods.

I am told that there are several in New York, now.

They are good things to make plays and operas of.

In point of fact, I don't know what the composers and dramatic authors would do without them.

In this opera, Maria gets into a great deal of trouble through her flirtations, first with the contralto, a sort of Page of the last century, and then with the tenor, the *Count de Chalais*, a man about town, and not a proper person to ask to dinner, if there are grown-up young ladies in the family. The baritone, the *Duke de Chevreuse*, who has a proprietary right over Maria, don't see all this in an agreeable light; and after a terrific row, and several fights and propositions to fight, he (the baritone) takes the tenor into a little closet on the left hand side of the stage, and then and there, with a deadly weapon—to wit, a pistol, charged with powder and a leaden bullet—does him to death. Returning, the triumphant baritone strikes an attitude in the centre, and the unfortunate Maria flops down in one corner, like a discarded bath towel.

As I said, it is a very pretty story.

The music is considered as among the finest that Donizetti has written,—passionate, powerful, sensuous,—it belongs to the thorough Italian school, which I believe no one except Donizetti, Verdi, and Mercadante ever expressed.

It is unfortunate for us, however, that the artists will take liberties with the score of *Maria di Rohan*, cutting and slashing it as furiously as if it were a *Ledger* drama, or a five-act tragedy by "a distinguished American author." Stigelli, the tenor, had very hard work with his rôle, and sung what he could manage of it, as if he was in great pain. He may truly be called a painstaking artist. [That expression is original with the critic of the *Spirit*.] Gazzaniga got herself up very well for Maria, and looked like the fascinating feminine whom she intended to represent. She sang the Cavatina of the first act,—a favorite concert-piece with her—admirably; and although overshadowed, not to say bullied by the baritone, was still very fine in the last act.

Ferri won the honors of the night, as Badioli did before him, and as every decent baritone always will in this opera. People always like to see the tenor pitched into when it is done strong, and Ferri is absolutely ferruginous. I am very fond of this baritone's style of singing; his mezzo-voce is the best I have ever heard, and his execution remarkably fine. He nearly set an enthusiastic foreign friend of mine crazy, and created a real fire.

Mme. Strakosch looks too prim, proper, and matronly en garçon, and was not equal to the musical requirements of the rôle of di Gondi. Who can ever forget the slashing way in which Vestvali acted it? She suggested rope ladders, assassinations, duels, and billet doux in every movement.

That'll do for Maria.

Now about Beaucardé.

I think young Coupon expressed the opinion of the audience that assisted at the *Favorita* on Wednesday.

Young Coupon's Governor is cashier, or something, in a bank, and the juvenile looks at everything from a Wall-street point of view.

So he said to me: "I say, do you know what I think?"

Never having suspected him of any exercise of his mental faculties, if he has any, I, of course, replied in the negative:

"Well, I'll tell you: Brignoli's stock goes up ten per cent. every time they take and trot out a new tenor. I'd like five shares in it now."

Now I don't intend to compare Brignoli and Beaucardé together. But the comparison is irresistibly forced upon a public which has become accustomed to the first-named artist in a rôle, the music of which is admirably suited to his powers. So this public says Beaucardé may have been a great singer; he certainly sings well now; he is a fair actor, though not young enough nor handsome enough for the Leonoras to go crazy about; but he has evidently, in some inspired (!) moment, sung himself out of voice.

Like all the artists, Beaucardé has been a warm political partizan in Italy. In '48 he was a most ardent Republican—one of the reddest of the red. A friend, who was at Florence during that exciting period, tells us that Beaucardé went, personally, day after day, among the insurgents, singing the songs of Liberty, and teaching them to the young men. At night he would go to the theatre, and sing in the opera. The next day would find him again in the ranks. His voice was then in its prime, but he has absolutely almost worn it out.

Such an artist as Beaucardé really is, even now, cannot fail with our public. This is quite as certain

as Coupon's idea, that Brignoli will not be supplanted. It is a good idea, also, to have an artist like Beaucardé, to keep Brignoli up to his work.

Gazzaniga's *Leonora* is truly a great performance. In the last act, she gives you a sensation equal to the shock of a galvanic battery. There are occasional flashes in Gazzaniga's acting which are worthy of Ristori.

The *Matinées* are coming up again—the manager having pledged his word that the programmes shall be given as announced, without mutilation.

They used to cut an act here and there, to oblige some artist who was hungry and wanted his maccaroni at half-past three.

The public, crinoline, said it was a shame, and kept its dollar for marrons glacés.

Now the public is mollified. So every one will go to-day, when the programme is immense. There is a good deal of good Italian opera, and the Draytons in *Don't Judge by Appearances*—very appropriate motto for the Academy, just now.

A New Pair of Singers.

(From the Philadelphia Bulletin.)

THE MISSES NATALI, whose musical talents were much admired here a year or two ago, were heard on Saturday afternoon for the first time since their return from their brilliant and successful artistic tour in the West Indies and South America. The occasion was a private performance in the Academy of Music, before a number of the stockholders and their friends. Rarely have artists sung under greater disadvantages. The only accompaniment was a piano, which, in such a house, is almost nothing. The auditorium was not lighted, so that the singers sang into an almost profound darkness, having nothing to excite or inspire them. Besides this, they were to give operatic scenes, and had to imagine the presence of other characters to sing to and act with. Notwithstanding all these obstacles, they achieved a remarkable success.

The younger of the ladies, Miss Agnes Natali, the soprano, appeared first as *Norma*, and sang the entire opening scene, the address to the Druids, the *Casta Diva* and the *A bello a me ritorna*. A more difficult test piece a debutante could not have undertaken; for all the great singers that have visited this country have been heard in it. But Miss Agnes did not suffer by comparison. There was a little nervousness and at first an undue trembling of the voice. But in every phrase there was fine intelligence, and every gesture and movement in the opening recitative showed true comprehension of the scene. *Casta Diva*, and the succeeding *A bello*, were admirably sung, the young artist's voice filling the vast house as well as it has been filled by more mature singers; while her execution and her acting surprised all who have been accustomed to regard her simply as a concert singer. The was loudly applauded at the close. The duo, *Deh con te*, was then sung with fine effect, Miss Fanny Natali taking the part of *Adalgisa*, and singing it admirably, although her voice (a contralto of extensive range) is heard to more advantage in other parts.

The next representation was a scene from *Il Trovatore*, beginning with *Stride la rampa* followed by *Condotta ellero in coppi*, in which Miss Fanny's voice was heard to very great advantage, and in which she showed dramatic talent of a high order. The closing part of this remarkable scene has never been presented here with better effect, notwithstanding the deficiencies of scene and surroundings, and there were certain points towards the conclusion that were decidedly original and very effective. After this admirable performance, the grand duo between Duke Alfonso and Lucrezia Borgia was given Miss Agnes Natali personating *Lucrezia* and Signor Rocco, in ordinary street dress, filling the part of the Duke. Here, too, Miss Agnes sang admirably, and again proved that she possessed all the elements of a fine tragic actress, who only needs opportunities to attain to the first rank. After this Miss Fanny Natali appeared as *La Figlia del Reggimento*, and went through the Ratanplan scene, with Rocco, with a great deal of spirit, her singing being excellent and her acting full of vivacity and intelligence. This closed the performance, which gave great delight to the small but very critical audience present. Signor Rocco, although not in stage costume, sang, whenever it was required, in his usual excellent manner, and assisted materially in the performance of the Misses Natali.

These well taught, intelligent and most deserving young artists, of whom Philadelphia has reason to be proud, expect to appear shortly before the public at the Academy, with a tenor barytone and basso to assist them in representing some of the works of the best modern composers. We doubt not that the Philadelphia public, which is so generous and just to

true merit, will give them such a reception as they deserve.

Verdi's "Sicilian Vespers" at the New York Academy of Music.

(From the New York Tribune, Nov. 8.)

Italian composers go through a certain régime, if they have stuff enough in them to survive the criticism of an Italian pit, which is terrible when adverse. They come to Paris. Gluck and Meyerbeer being originally Italians so far as their music is concerned—equally with Rossini and Verdi—advanced to Paris to adapt themselves to French prosody and French taste—which is harder poetically and deeper orchestrally than the Italian—and formerly was less florid as regards the vocalization. Verdi having succeeded with three or four Italian Operas, received the honor of a command to compose this work for the Academy at Paris. In it, of course, there is a marked contrast to Italian music. Apart from the metres, which determine the shape of the melodies, the orchestration is more highly varied or colored, and the whole more learned than his Italian Operas. We do not find "The Vespers," in one sense, a better work than his "Emani"—in melody it is not so fresh—in working-up much superior.

The overture is a good instrumental piece. Rossini, however, has not found a rival yet for the incomparable *dan* which pervades his overtures: but this side of him, the overture is a well-expressed and interesting production. It was well led by Signor Muzio, and well played by the orchestra.

The curtain rose upon a scene representing a public square in Palermo. A vigorous dramatic chorus—the French and Sicilian oppositions appearing in it—the one swaggering, the other repressed—is the first piece of music.

This is followed by an elegant aria, nicely sung by Mad. Colson—adroitly instrumental, in which the modern high-violin passages figure. Then comes a bass air by Junca—a slow and martial movement—both good. A duet between Madame Colson and Brignoli offers some excellent declamation, and some rare orchestral effects—especially under the words, *Presso alla tomba ch' apresi*, and a good melodic climax. The closing amorous strains of the andante are of the same color as the famous love-duet in "William Tell."

A beautiful Tarantella follows, being in the finale to Act II in the original version, in five acts—but with the judicious and numerous cuts in the piece as given here, it is at the end of Act. 1. The persistent *ictus* of the light-footed delirious Mediterranean terpsichoreanism is a study as rendered by the brilliant composer. To this lively business ensues a chorus of agitated utterances by angry men, depicting their blushes of shame and their terror at the insolent and brutal conduct of their oppressors. This is rounded off by a fine climax, which runs into a moderately timed barcarole, and suddenly there looms over the magnificent scene (and the scenery is superb, worth all the attention given the opera), the rarest piece of mobile machinery—a pleasure-barge of large dimensions, adorned with lamps and filled with men and women. Nothing finer in the mode of scenic illustration could be asked: certainly our Academy rivals any in Europe when it is so liberally adorned. The applause of a large audience present recognized the taste and liberality of the direction in preparing such a banquet for the eye as well as for the ear.

Act II presents a superb aria superbly sung by Ferri. The nicety and originality of the accompaniment—violin details high-up—must especially strike connoisseurs. We ought to be approaching the time when such artistic elaborations cannot be overlooked by a polite audience. For the rest—this air at the first bar reminds the ear of a baritone solo in the conspiracy scene of The Huguenots. But operas abound in similariies.

We now come to a tenor and baritone duet—Brignoli and Ferri—admirably rendered. The reigning melody is in the overture. The orchestration of this is very finely worked. The next scene, a splendid palace, new also, is a study for the admirers of the scenic art. The costumes here, too, are magnificent. That of Mad. Colson shone with duchess-like superiority. An ensemble piece distinguished for a marked melody of long-held notes admitting of a florid accompaniment of chromatic or half-toned notes, is particularly interesting to connoisseurs. The curtain fell amid applause, and the singers were called before it.

The third act introduces us to a delicious Andante—*Giorno di pianto*, sung by Brignoli. It is of the *cadre* of the Serenade of Schubert. The duet in which this figures, has also a very beautiful minor slow movement, *Arrigo! ah parli un core*, sung by Mad. Colson. Both these airs were successes with

the audience. An ecstatic allegro, accompanied by the harp, is next in play, so constructed in its melody that an interjectional response can be thrown into each measure. This was loudly *bisssed*—encored. After a Recitative comes a charming quartet, *Addio mia terra*. This is admirably worked up with free counterpoints. It did not receive the plaudits to which it was entitled. A chorus *De profundis*, highly dramatic, with free counterparts, exclamatory agonies, is an elegant conception. A vigorous stretto for the crowd ensues. Some of the best music of this act was not properly appreciated. But it has intrinsic merit, and will last, and improve the more it is heard.

The music of the Fourth Act includes a beautiful bolero, half minor and half major, beautifully sung by Mad. Colson, and encored by all the house. Likewise a striking trio and ballad-like air.

The opera is altogether an elaborate musical work, and enlarges the fame of the composer. It has been carefully rehearsed and went smoothly. The scenery and properties by Signor Calyo, after the originals at the Academy of Paris, merit every eulogium.

The enterprise and liberality of Messrs. Ullman & Strakosch in preparing so brilliant and interesting a spectacle, drama and opera—for it is all three—will doubtless continue to be rewarded by a rich ovation at the hands of the public.

The audience was choice and numerous, and included the social notabilities and artistic celebrities of the city.

The Proposed Handel College in London.

(From the Musical World.)

The "Handel College," as most of our readers are aware, has for its object the maintenance and education of the orphans of musicians of all classes, who are British, or have been resident in Great Britain. The idea of establishing such an institution first occurred to some charitable individuals, who considered it somewhat extraordinary that every branch of the Fine Arts in this country, except music, was signalized by an asylum, of some kind or other, for the orphans of its members. . . . It has been calculated that there are upwards of 20,000 persons in England, who obtain a livelihood by teaching music. Two-thirds of these, it is estimated, are married and have families. There are hundreds of orphans who are unsuccessful candidates at our different orphan asylums every election, and a large proportion of them are children of musicians. Here we have two powerful causes of pauperism, reasons absolute for street beggary. And yet the reclamation of so much wretchedness may be effected by the lifting of a little finger, for no more is the donation of the mite demanded from the benevolent.

Upwards of one million of persons, it is computed, attend musical performances in London every year. In almost every house in the three kingdoms music is taught, played, or sung. At every festival music is the grand element of success. No great event is suffered to take place without the aid of music. All ceremonies, all religious observances, the march to battle, the return from victory, even the glorification of the Godhead, are all hallowed by musical accompaniments. Music becomes the vehicle of our thanksgiving in happiness, our lamentation in sorrow. It is indeed a portion of the air we breathe, and without it we have no being. Shall, therefore, the thing itself be of such vast account, and its professors of none? Shall we glorify music and despise its teachers? . . . The object of the foundation of the "Handel College" is manifest. The reasons for the name are not so obvious. Of course the first thought was merely the establishment of an asylum for the orphans of musicians. Then came the consideration of the name. Two reasons were urged for designating the College after the great German composer. It was the centenary year of Handel's death, and Handel in his lifetime, and Handel's works, before and after his death, have effected more in the cause of charity than any dozen composers who ever wrote. What the immortal musician and his compositions did in this way may be shown by a few statistics taken from Schoelcher's *Life of Handel*. During his lifetime the sum of £10,299 was contributed to the funds of the Foundling Hospital by the performance of the *Messiah* alone. In 1784, the proceeds of the Handel Commemoration at Westminster Abbey, amounting to £7,000, were given to public charities. Handel himself, on several separate occasions, contributed £1,000 in aid of the funds "For the Sons of the Clergy," by different performances of his works, *Messiah*, *Te Deum*, *Judas Maccabeus*, &c. &c. Need we urge what Handel has achieved for England in a musical point of view. . . . Moreover, time and circumstances challenged the appellation. It was the period of the Great Festival at the Crystal Palace,

and it was only becoming that the year should not be allowed to close without some testimonial to the memory of Handel. Perhaps no fitter monument could be chosen than the projected college. One of the conditions of the gift of the land is, "that the building be worthy of the charity." The plot of ground, which has been given gratuitously, is valued at more than £5,000, and no small sum will be required to carry out the designs of the projectors. Mr. Owen Jones, the eminent architect, who gives his gratuitous services as architect, has submitted to the committee the general and sectional plans of the proposed building; so that the foundation of the "Handel College" is no longer a matter for speculation, but a thing agreed upon, approved of, and commenced at the threshold.

Nothing but the want of the necessary funds now stands in the way of immediate business. The Provisional Committee recommend an instant application to the nobility, gentry, professors, amateurs, and the public in general. They also urge the necessity of corresponding with managers of Musical Societies in London and the Provinces, with the view of giving concerts for the benefit of the Institution. Further the organization of one or more grand musical performances in the Metropolis is dwelt upon as necessary to the inauguration of the scheme. This performance, or these performances, should be on a scale worthy of the occasion, and constituted to add lustre to the memory of the great composer.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Nov. 1. — In my last letter, written a couple of weeks ago, mention was made of the debut of a new prima donna, CRESCIMANO. Though the young lady unquestionably possesses a good deal of talent, she had not enough to satisfy our audiences, and so she only sang three times. Last Thursday the management of the opera tried another prima donna, — the Signorina SPERANZA, of whom so much has been said. The poor girl was sick when she sang, and then she imprudently chose *Traviata*, an opera in which we have heard so many tip-top singers. Strakosch thought she had better wait a little longer, but the young lady's father — *prime dame* always have a lot of relatives travelling with them — said that she must sing then. So she sang. She was frightened and husky, and failed — or came so near to it that it was quite the same thing. To be sure, her friends got up considerable applause and sent down bouquets and a pair of doves from the proscenium boxes, but it was no go. Speranza is young, acts with ease and dresses tastefully. Her voice is small and pleasant, but there end her qualifications for a *prima donna*. She has not much execution, and is not, as in the case of Piccolomini, pretty enough to make the public forgive all artistic deficiencies. The house was full of Israelitish dead-heads, and they were most unmerciful to the poor young stranger. She was to be pitied, because had she been in good voice, she would not have so utterly failed.

So ends, most probably, the attempt of Strakosch to convey from the fields of Italy a stock of opera vegetables for American gardens. Indeed, opera singers may be compared to oysters, which require to be transplanted from their native beds to some fresh water stream before they are fit for market. So opera singers must leave their native Italy and pass a few years in London or Paris, before our American audiences will swallow them. Yet I know that there are, notwithstanding, in Italy good singers that have never sung elsewhere. There is a prima donna now about to go to Barcelona in Spain, who is a truly great and perfectly finished artist. Her name is CAROZZI-ZUCCHI. There is a greater baritone than FERRI, and his name is CRESCI; and there is a tenor, LIMBERTI, who could not but succeed here. In Crescimano and Speranza Mr. Strakosch only selected a couple of novices, who in Italy would only have obtained engagements in the smaller towns.

FERRI, the baritone, has proved a card. He is great in action, voice and method, and has already

appeared in *Ernani*, *Rigoletto* and *Maria di Rohan*. His *Rigoletto* is one of the most remarkable lyric impersonations we have ever witnessed here, and could not be better. In *Maria di Rohan* he is also very great. GAZZANIGA has been engaged for a short time and has sung with poor success in *Polliuto*, and with great success in *Maria*. She also sings on Wednesday in *Favorita* with BEAUCARDE, the tenor, who is then to make his first appearance here.

By the way, you must know that Beaucarde has a wife, and he has brought her to this country on speculation. Of course he don't mean to sell her, but she has come without any special engagement, albeit she is a somewhat noted prima donna. She is an Englishwoman, not an infant in years or stage experience. Her name—at least, the name under which she sings—is ALBERTINI, which sounds very much like an Italianized English cognomen, and she has for some time held a high rank in Italy. She also sang in 1856 in London with success, though a *tremolo* in her voice was complained of.

Well, Strakosch didn't engage her abroad, but she came with her husband, and now when the sudden failure of the new singers leaves a vacancy, she is just what the management wants, and has been engaged to take Gazzaniga's place. She will appear soon in *Trovatore* with her husband, for whom the role of *Manrico* was written. Next Monday the long promised "Sicilian Vespers" will be produced, with a chorus of eighty, an enlarged orchestra, and with COLSON, BRIGNOLI, FERRI and JUNCA in the cast. The management depend upon this for the salvation of their season. Upon this cast, their die is cast, and if it don't succeed they will be cast down to die.

From Havana, news came that Maretzek had arrived out safely with his company and would soon open the Tacon theatre. It is probable that after the Italian season the whole company, including CORTESI (who has been there before) and ADELAIDE PHILLIPS, will proceed to Mexico.

The "Mendelssohn Union" of this city is about to produce "Elijah"; the Philharmonic rehearsals proceed satisfactorily. There have been a few concerts given here lately by local talent, but nothing worthy of special notice. TROVATOR.

BERLIN, OCT. 1.—As a compensation for the only opera that now exists in Berlin, namely the Royal Opera, which was compelled by want of patronage to anticipate the usual summer intermission by a month, we have had performances by the Königsberg opera company, under Woltersdorf's direction, on the little stage of Kroll's establishment. The public have had a chance to enjoy many light comic operas which long since disappeared from the stage at the Royal Opera. Also the "Marriage of Figaro" was given. Of course no cultivated ear would judge it here by the true measure of the work, which demands all the appliances of the Royal stage. Yet the performers gave themselves up *con amore* to the master-work; the quite excellent orchestra exerted itself to lend support to the voices, and the single rôles were on the whole given freshly and euphoniously. Herr BARTSCH has good materials, not yet fairly brought in play; BUEGER's form and voice (in *Figaro*) contrast too heavily with the humorous side of the part.

Frau HOLZSTAMM-SCHULZ, formerly a very favorite member of the Friedrich-Wilhelm-stadt Theatre here, appeared as a "guest" in Gumbert's musical farce: "The art to become loved," and in "Good morning, Herr Fischer," and showed that she still retains all those peculiarities by which she then enchanted the public. The beauty of her voice and her fine humorous acting caused her to be applauded and called out after every act. The pieces most admired by our public were "The Miller of Meran" and *Il Matrimonio segreto*. The former, of which the music is by Flotow, had formerly failed in Vienna,

under the name of "Albin," owing, it is said, to the poor text by our otherwise highly gifted and esteemed poet, Mosenthal, author of the famous domestic drama of "Deborah." Mosenthal's text was not good before, and Tietz's improvements have not much bettered it. As regards the music, one is always sure of hearing often in an opera of Flotow at least a lovely melody, a pretty turn, or a lingering chord ringing out from the mass. Cimarosa's "Secret Marriage" was each time the signal for a numerous and most appreciative audience. The old Italian school, from which Mozart drew the art of fusing life and character with the sweetest charm of melody, appears not only in the most graceful forms, but also observes often a truly classical symmetry in the distribution of the matter, a varied richness of ensemble, and frequently a sound and thorough carriage of the voices and progression of the harmony, with which the present superficial and degenerate Italian school has scarcely anything in common. One is still struck and surprised by the hearty resemblance of the Mozartean muse with these sterling prototypes. In listening to Cimarosa's opera you seem to find yourself in the *Figaro*, the *Don Juan*, or the *Così fan tutte* of Mozart; particularly often do "Zerlina" and "Susanna" seem to wink at us, and it costs us a continual effort not to charge Cimarosa every few minutes with thefts from Mozart's melodies, and to remind ourselves that Cimarosa lived some years before Mozart. [? *] In the execution there was much which might have been more finely and more thoughtfully worked out; piquant instrumental passages did not tell sufficiently, nor were the voices always adequate. Still, for such second-rate forces, the execution may be called a very brave and exact one, and one that sufficed in general to convey a right impression of the glorious composition. What disturbs one most about it is an unavoidable lot of obsolete, stale "gallery" jokes, which need to be refined and modified for present tastes. But how can we expect this of such performers, so long as they have the worst example set them at the Royal Opera!

The Court Theatre opened its season, after three introductory Ballet performances and the but sparsely attended opera of Lortzing, the "Czar and Carpenter," on the 9th of August with Auber's *Masaniello*, and the tenore STEGER, from Vienna. The popularity of this opera, as well as the high reputation of Steger, drew together a very numerous public, in spite of the tropical heat. In all the heroic, impassioned moments, this heroic tenor, with his good advantages of voice and figure, did admirably; the lyrical parts were less successful. His Slavonic dialect and his frequent *tremolo* disturbed the impression. The oppressive heat dragged down the intonation of the other singers. Nor did Steger give very particularly artistic satisfaction in Rossini's "Tell." Every thing was pushed to abrupt contrasts. After a languishing *pianissimo*, an animal cry of the French school would "follow hard upon." Such uncoathnesses are found in most tenors of the present day, if not with such excessive confidence in their own physical strength, as Steger has. He reminded us sometimes of the voice of Stentor, or of the wounded Mars. The stunning impression of certain sounds of nature in the tropical zone no longer seems to us incredible. But of the art of manifesting in beautiful form what is tenderest and deepest in the inner life, we have evidences only in rare moments. For this reason Steger's reception was particularly cool in Donizetti's *Lucia*, an opera so grateful to the singer; he was far behind his predecessors in this part. Altogether this performance was one of the weakest; the choruses throughout lacked precision and energy.

* Our correspondent must be mistaken here. Cimarosa was born only two years before Mozart and outlived him at least ten years. *Figaro* and *Don Juan* were composed in 1787; *Il Matrimonio Segreto* in 1791—as nearly as we can learn,—Ed.

On the other hand, a new tenor, WORWORSKY, from Stettin, met with a very favorable reception. In the first act his fresh and musical voice won all hearts. In the poverty of our times in tenors,—one singer being unable to go high enough, a second lacking strength, a third euphoniousness—not to speak of those who have prematurely wasted splendid material by shameful misuse—mere tone in itself, especially in the higher register, must needs win the public. This man's technical method is in general sound, although still rather learner-like and feeble. His acting is animated and clever. After this success he was permanently engaged. Fräulein WIPERN, as Alice, achieved the finest triumphs through the sweet and delicate sound of her voice, and through her partly graceful partly fiery impersonation. The scene at the cross, especially, she gave with a sure understanding. She still lacks the accents of the great dramatic style, which to be sure are not so indispensable in this rôle; yet we missed the necessary growing to a climax; and in the last scene you feel the need of a higher degree of energy, of stronger accent and a more impassioned rhythm. Fräulein POLLUK, though a right brave artist, is hardly equal to such parts as Isabella. Herr FRICKE is more happy in parts like Sarastro, than in Bertram; for characteristic song lies less in his nature, than that which is lyrical and quiet. In spite of the powerful effect of his fine voice, he lacked the diabolical coloring and elasticity.

The performance of *Lucrezia Borgia*, to a house full to overflowing, offered much that was attractive and successful; Wovorsky as Gennaro, Fräulein de Ahna as Orsini. Frau WAGNER-JACHMANN (Johanna Wagner), welcomed with a tempest of applause and with wreaths, showed her remarkable dramatic talent already in the charming opening aria, as well as her fine feeling. She avoided tones too high for her, so that her invigorated organ developed itself in unclouded beauty. It is known with what grace Frau Wagner, equalled by few in the representation of great passions, can give expression also to the tenderer emotions. So too as Lucrezia, she knows how to enchain us by traits of delicacy, and thereby ennoble the character of the poison-mixing intriguer. In her hands it has always a certain German inwardness and intellectuality, which if not peculiarly correct, is grateful to a German audience. Fr. de AHNA made her first theatrical effort as Orsini, and gave rare pleasure by a voice particularly agreeable in the upper register, and well developed, and also by the evenness and certainty and noble style of her delivery. While her action had too little of repose, her singing needs to become still more animated; and she needs particularly more distinctness of enunciation.

In Auber's "Mason and Locksmith" Fr. FERLESI made her debut as Irma. The handsome young girl came on very bashfully; in her voice you perceived euphony and freshness, but it requires very assiduous study in the higher notes. Her acting was not without cleverness. Another debutante, Fr. HÄHLTRUDER, possesses an agreeable voice; her action is still undeveloped.

Mozart's immortal *Don Juan* filled the opera house to the last seat. Frau KOESTER, after a congé of several months, appeared as Donna Anna and gave the entire rôle with noble feeling and characteristic delineation. Frau HERRENRURG-TUCZEK, after long illness and consequent refraining from exertion, appeared as Zerlina. The favorite artist kindled a new enthusiasm in this rôle, which may be considered one of her most brilliant, partly as it regards grace, loveliness and freshness, and partly for the wonderful firmness of her unchanged, youthful voice. ff.

KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC.—Daly, at a rehearsal in the Dublin Theatre, observing the persons who played the two French horns occasionally leaving off, and conceiving it proceeded from inattention, hastened to the front of the stage, close to the orchestra, and addressing them with much warmth, said, "Gentlemen horn-players, why don't you play on, as the others do? What do you mean by stopping?" "Sir," replied one of them, "we have twenty bars rest." "Rest!" said Daly, "what do you mean by rest? I can get none in this theatre, and you shan't."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 12, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Continuation of the Opera, *Don Giovanni*, as arranged for the Piano-Forte.

Richard Wagner.

FOURTH ARTICLE.

The central and most characteristic thought of Wagner, that on which the whole coming superstructure of his "Music of the Future" is to rest, is his denial of the absolute validity of Music in itself, or music *pure*, without words, and his subordination of Music to Poetry, which latter he conceives to be the masculine or generative principle, without which Music only wastes itself in fruitless yearnings and strivings to produce living Art. We have pointed out what seems to us the fallacy of this idea. But let the reformer explain himself still further. Let us survey his method more in detail.

The generative power of the poet, he says, manifests itself chiefly in the formation of *melodies*. Not that he supplies the melodies ready made to the musician's hand. He says repeatedly, to be sure, that the melody is already implied in the versification of the poem; but then he explains this to mean that the poet in his verse gives the musician the fructifying seeds; "the fruit is matured and moulded by the musician according to his own individual means." "The risings and fallings of the melody must conform to the risings and fallings of the verse; the musical time or measure is governed by the expression designed by the poet; and the musical modulation brings out as clearly as possible the bond of relationship between the single tones or keys of feeling, which the poet could only indicate to a limited extent by means of *alliteration*." As an instance of a melody thus springing immediately out of the word-verse, he cites the manner in which Beethoven in his Ninth Symphony has set the words; *Seid umschlungen, Millionen*, &c. ("Mingle in embrace, ye millions"). In *Lohengrin* all the melodies are made upon this principle.

Wagner proclaims a sort of revolution in the sphere of Modulation. Hitherto it has been supposed essential to any unity in a piece of music, that all its harmonies should pivot as it were upon one prevailing key; that the deviations therefrom should keep as much as possible within the *next* related keys, as those of the Dominant and Sub-dominant, Relative Major or Minor, and so forth; and that, however excursive or centrifugal the movement everything in it should still gravitate back to the central key-note and starting-point. A certain family affinity of keys, with only exceptional intermarriages of now and then a branch into a remoter race, has been an essential law of all good music. Wagner throws down the barriers of this *patriarchal* system of modulation, as he calls it. He wants the whole range of keys; these are to the musician what the vowels and consonants are to the poet, who intimates affinities and contrasts of feelings by alliteration; and the musician has to show the ground-relationship of all the keys of feeling. Thus Wagner makes a formal declaration of independence against the patriarchal regime: "All keys are equal, and essentially related; the privileges of tone-families are abolished." In his *Lohengrin* he has practiced accordingly. All who have heard

that opera, admit that "he has fully succeeded in abolishing all individuality of keys;—F sharp minor sounds like G minor, and G minor like C sharp minor; he carries you from D major to G major, through A flat minor; the mixture of the tri-chords of B flat, G flat and A is a very common modulation with him; in short he actually allows us to hear nothing but the monotonous "ground relationship of all the keys."

A striving towards a similar result is truly said to characterize the music of our time. Composers like Schubert, Chopin, Schumann and Robert Franz seem to chafe against the limits of our diatonic scale and the modulation it prescribes; they blend the different keys together, as if to make out one more rich and universal. But Wagner was the first to raise this to a principle. Having to bridge his way so often in the shortest manner from one to another of all twenty-four keys, he naturally has recourse to perpetual employment of the chord of the *diminished seventh*, which is the transitional element *par excellence* in harmony, binding the most heterogeneous keys together. *Lohengrin* is full of Diminished Sevenths, accompanying the recitative; indeed, it is said there is a scene in it, occupying sixteen pages in the piano-forte arrangement, where you hear absolutely nothing but diminished sevenths. It must be like tossing on the restless sea of harmony without course or compass.

We have seen that the great peculiarity in Wagner's manner of constructing an opera, springs from his theory that the word-verse or poetry always implies and suggests a melody of its own; that the vocal melody therefore must strictly conform itself to the words, without rounding itself off into the usual melodic forms, repeats, &c., and, as to modulation, with an entire independence of any prevailing key-note, but floating freely and vaguely as it were in a universal key. Hence the most striking feature is the substitution of perpetual Recitative for regular forms of melody.

But the verse implies likewise the harmony, in Wagner's theory. It exists, however, in the thought, the conception only, of the poet; it is the musician's task to make it palatable to sense. Here comes in the first use of the Orchestra, the infinitely expressive organ of harmony.

Other symphonic aids, as the usual vocal masses, in the shape of *ensembles*, concerted pieces, &c., are almost abolished in the "Drama of the Future." Wagner will have no room in his drama for any individuals of so subordinate a relation to the whole, that they may be used for mere polyphonic musical effect, in enriching and harmonizing the melody of the principal person. *Lohengrin* has no such *ensembles*; and if sometimes all the principal characters sing at once, it is only where some general excitement pervades all the actors in the scene, in which case the principals merge their individuality into the general chorus.

The chorus, too, as *hitherto understood*, must disappear. Wagner thinks the chorus can have no vital and convincing effect in the drama, unless it parts with its promiscuous *mass* character, and resolves itself into distinct and characteristic individualities, each in its own way complicated in the motives and action of the piece. In *Lohengrin* the secondary characters are exceedingly numerous; but the chorus never enters without a necessity, and then becomes intimately part and parcel of the action. Gratuitous parade of chorus is strictly avoided; it nowhere spreads itself

out *en masse*, but always appears as a union of distinct individuals. This has led Wagner to compose his choruses with peculiar richness. Most of them he treats as double choruses, and seldom writes them for less than six voices, each with its own characteristic movement. By novel combinations of voices, too, (such as making the first tenor sing *falsetto* in union with the alto; and among other things by the introduction of a chorus of *four basses*.) he is said to have brought out a harmonious coloring such as has been only possible to the most refined orchestral compositions.

Having thus far provided for a vivid musical translation to the senses of the audience of what the poet has expressed in words, it next remains to the musician to convey what to the poet was *inexpressible*, what may be supposed to be going on *inwardly* in the thoughts and feeling of the actors. Here again, as the great organ of utterance for the *unspeakable*, comes in the Orchestra, —the orchestra in all its modern development, as used by Berlioz. So far the orchestra has simply sounded the harmony that was *immanent* in the rhythm of the verse; now it quits this subordinate function to move in its native domain of pure instrumental music. Is this inconsistent with his first postulate, on which we have before seen that he bases his entire reform: namely, that music alone, without poetry, is incompetent to any positive artistic creation? Observe, he is careful here to state, that by a *pure* he does not mean an *absolute*, self-satisfying instrumental music, but one which proceeds from the poet's design and helps, purely out of its own resources, to realize that.

Now the first of these *inexpressible* things, so far as the poet is concerned, is *gesture*. Wagner says: "The musician has the power, by means of the orchestra, of communicating this gesture to the sense of hearing, as it announces itself to the eye." But he means, not the gestures of an individual, but "the many-voiced gesture, so to say, which springs out of the characteristic relation of many individuals, and so rises to the highest pitch of complexity and variety." So too, all the moods and excitements, solemn or mirthful, that pervade an assemblage, can be expressed in the music; and even the physiognomy of all the natural surroundings may be sketched in a sort of *tone-painting*, which, however ludicrous in pure instrumental music, serves a legitimate purpose in the drama.

The orchestra does not content itself with this. It also "betrays to us all the thoughts concealed in the most secret folds of the heart of the acting persons, and lays bare their inmost springs of action." Let an example show how the musician is to *motivate* actions, or supply them with motives.

Every one who has heard Weber's *Freyschütz*, remembers the scene in the "Wolf's Glen," and how when Max has long wavered and debated whether to descend into the magic ring or not, the orchestra suddenly touches the melody of the jesting chorus out of the first act, whereupon Max with swift resolve, determines to brave all terror and springs in. Here the determining motive with Max is the recollection of the raillery he has before experienced; and it is the orchestra which indicates the motive with a few notes, where the poet had no other means at his command. Wagner employs this principle of reminiscence, in the orchestra, also purely for the au-

dience's sake, and where the reminiscence is not supposed to arise in the mind of the acting person.

Equally prominent among his means of expression is the element of expectation, presentiment, foreboding,—what the Germans call *Ahnung*. He requires the poet to keep the hearer's anticipation on the stretch for something marvellous and extraordinary. Here again no language is so powerful as that of instrumental music. "The orchestra has to express our anticipations (*Ahnungen*) in passages of the drama, where action and gesticulation are at rest and the melodic speech of the actor is entirely silent,—where the drama is preparing itself out of as yet unexpressed and inward moods and feelings." Especially in the overture, the preludes to the several acts and scenes, and before particularly striking events and appearances;—then "the actual appearance steps in before us as the *justified presentiment*."

These melodies of anticipation and of reminiscence, re-occurring here and there as musical motives in the different scenes, form points of support and resting places in the uninterrupted course of the drama. A critic, from whom we have borrowed many hints, likens them to little barks in which we steer securely through the ever-flowing waves of harmony. They also lend organic unity to the musical form of a drama, which otherwise in its abundance of recitative, and unbounded liberty of modulation, must seem very rambling and indefinite.

Fifth Afternoon Concert.

The programme of Wednesday was more interesting than the last, and nearly up to the high tone in which the concerts commenced. Verily it is a pleasant thing that one can make it his "custom of an afternoon" to drop into the Music Hall and hear an inspiring Symphony, as easily as he would smoke his cigar after dinner. The very large audience, and very attentive too, seemed to be of this way of thinking. A good thing, persevered in, is after all more sure of its public, than any timid appeals to an assumed low level of general taste. Nothing can be more insane than for the getters up of entertainments of a high artistic order, to become frightened out of the experiment by one or two small audiences. Apart from the intrinsic attraction of anything, there are always habits and engagements formed by old and young in this busy whirl of life, which it must take some little time for any new appeal to overcome. One must call not only once, but twice, thrice, seven times, if he would be heard in this Babel. The first few concerts had but moderate audiences; but by repeating the experiment, still adhering to good programmes, the general mind seems to have got at last preoccupied with the existence of such fine opportunities; and henceforth, doubtless we shall see the great hall thronged.—The dishes served up to us on Wednesday were as follows:

1. Symphony. No. 1.....Beethoven.
2. Waltz. Cycloïden. (First time.).....Strauss.
3. Overture. Midsummer Night's Dream.....Mendelssohn.
4. Champagne Polka. (First time.).....Strauss.
5. Fackel Tanz.....Flotow.
6. Trio. From Attila. For Corno Ingelse, Clarinet and Fagotto.....Verdi.
By Messrs. Schultz, De Ribas and Honstock.
7. Grand Militaire Galop.....Chas. Voss.

Beethoven's earliest Symphony, if it is less large, less Beethovenish and nearer to Mozart and Haydn, than his other Symphonies, is at least far more interesting, and more surprising, every

time you hear it, than that "Surprise" Symphony by Haydn. It is the product of a deeply poetic nature in the freshness of its youth. How full of beauty, and of delicacy, and of sparkling life and fancy it all is! To hear it is to experience the real living joy of Art; it can never sink into the category of respectable, tame elegance. Beethoven never wears a wig. The Symphony was nicely played.

Another first introduction of a brilliant Strauss waltz: in point of luscious and vivacious instrumentation perhaps the most brilliant of them yet. It certainly is a good orchestra that can so felicitously render tone-colors blended with such rare and exquisite conceit. Mendelssohn's fairy overture had at one time begun to pall upon the sense from too much repetition; but it came up again this time as good as new, and we hope everybody dreamed the old dream over again with as much delight as we did.

The next Afternoon Concert is postponed to Nov. 22, in consequence of the Music Hall being occupied next week by the Fair for the Washington Statue—THOMAS BALL'S noble equestrian statue, which of course we all desire to see placed in bronze on Boston Common.

Musical Chit-Chat.

MR. WILLIAM KEYZER'S farewell benefit concert takes place at the Tremont Temple this evening. We trust that all the real music-lovers, and particularly all who remember the good times we had in hearing Symphonies in the old "Academy" concerts, will make it a point to be present. There is plenty of musical fire yet in the old man, and the feast he spreads for us will be as classical as one can wish. He has abundant and excellent assistance. Seven of our best players of viols accompany the veteran in two of Spohr's Double Quartets; and with Messrs. SCHULTZE, MEISEL and FRIES he will play also the first violin *obligato* in a Quartet by Rode. Mrs. HARWOOD will lend her bright voice in Mozart's *Doce sono*, and a dramatic melody, not before heard here, by Rossini. Miss ABBY FAY will sing a Largo by Donizetti, the Venzano waltz, and Sig. Bendelari's "Echo Song," the composer accompanying. CARL HAUSE, the pianist, will play a Capriccio of his own; and a very attractive feature will be that Angel Trio from "Elijah," sung by the three sweet-voiced lads from the Church of the Advent. . . . The SCHILLER FESTIVAL is occupying an enthusiastic crowd, overflowing the Music Hall, while our paper is in press.

CARL ZERRAHN'S subscription list for Four Philharmonic (Orchestral) Concerts fills up rapidly; but there is yet room for more names; let no one who knows how hard it is to go without Symphonies and Overtures, delay putting down his name. . . . The same to the lovers of Classical Chamber Music. The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB have their lists circulating for their *eleventh* season of Eight Concerts.

SIGNOR LUIGI STEFFANONI, who offers his services (see Card) as teacher of singing, is a brother of the admired prima donna, Signora Steffanoni, and comes to us warmly recommended by competent persons from Baltimore, where he has exceeded the expectations of all his pupils. He is from one of the best schools in Italy, and a good accompanist withal; and he also brings a recommendation in his face and gentlemanly bearing. There certainly is room—nay real need—for another teacher in Boston; and we trust Sig. S. will find encouragement, and in some degree make good the loss of poor Corelli.

We learn that we may expect a visit to our city soon from Madame ANEL, a very accomplished clas-

sical pianiste, who has won the approbation of the best musicians and lovers of music in New York. There is reason to hope that she will play in the first concert of the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, which is now appointed for Tuesday evening, Nov. 22.

"A second Jenny Lind" is always the cry as soon as a new songstress appears in the north. Mlle. RÖESKE is the name of the one now boasted of by the Swedish dilettanti, unless the boast is all in the *Gazette Musicale's* imagination. . . . New York papers itemize the arrival of a new American opera, founded upon Longfellow's "Miles Standish," which will soon be produced in that city. The music is ascribed to Mr. KIELLOCK (of Boston?) and the libretto to Mr. C. T. CONGDON, the writer of "sensation" leaders in the *Tribune*. . . . The lectures in the Plymouth course, in Brooklyn, N. Y. (Henry Ward Beecher's church) this winter, are to commence each with an hour of orchestral music; and a piece of music also will succeed the lecture. With programmes well selected this may do great good.

M. JULLIEN has been released from his pecuniary embarrassments in Paris. He attributes his ruin to the "scorpions" of the legal profession in London, and to certain music speculators who have fattened on his former success. During the twenty years that Jullien reigned monarch of the famed popular concerts, he acknowledges to have received the enormous sum of £200,000. He has lately refused offers to return to London to preside over entertainments of a similar character, and is now busily engaged in writing "His Life and Times among the English."

MADAME GRISI'S RECEPTION AT MADRID.—A Madrid letter in the *Independence Belge* says: "Fifty or sixty persons, hired for the purpose, and placed in little groups in the upper galleries, have renewed in a most scandalous manner, during a second representation of 'Norma,' the scenes which occurred in the first representation. It was no longer murmurs and whisperings, but groans and noises of all kinds, which completely drowned the voices of Madame Grisi and Mario. The uproar was at its height at the commencement of the duet in the second act. Potatoes were thrown from the upper galleries, falling at the feet of Madame Grisi and rebounding in the pit. The public in the boxes and other parts of the house rose indignantly to protest against such an outrage, but Madame Grisi withdrew, her face bathed in tears. Mario attempted for some seconds to brave the storm, but was obliged to leave the stage. One of the employees of the theatre came forward to announce that the performance would not be continued, Madame Grisi having fainted away, overcome with emotion. The authorities were quite impassive."

In Baltimore, the "Beethoven Society," composed of Messrs. SCHEIDLER, MAHR, JUNGnickel and THIEDE, have given their first concert. They played Quartets by Beethoven, Mozart and Haydn, the "Tell" duet by Osborn and De Beriot, a Capriccio by Kummer, and a Trio by Vollweiler.

The New Orleans Picayune says:

Our Classic Music Society is preparing for another season of six concerts, at Odd Fellows' Hall.

We attended the monthly concert of the "Thalia Club," the other evening, at their rooms in the University building, in Common Street. It was excellent in all respects. Rossini, Bellini, Beethoven, Berlioz and other composers of eminence furnished the music for the occasion, which the gentlemen of the club executed very artistically. This association is under the presidency of Mr. Schmidt, and Theodore Von La Hache is the musical conductor. It is an excellent institution. The "Thalia" is rehearsing the "Bell" of Schiller, music by Romberg, for the approaching hundredth birthday celebration of the great German poet.

The Schiller enthusiasm of the Germans extends even to the island of Cuba. A friend sends us the following extract from a letter from a German in Havana:

The Germans are going to celebrate Schiller's birthday on the 10th of November. The late Austrian Consul, Mr. B—, has offered his house for the festivities, and has been entrusted with the principal management of affairs. According to what I have heard of the arrangements, they must be splendid. It is proposed to declaim the "Camp of Wallenstein," and to sing part of the "Song of the Bell," to be illustrated by tableaux vivants. The festivities will be opened by the Overture

to *Tannhäuser*; then a speech will be made, to unveil the bust of Schiller, which has been sent from New York; afterwards said declamations will be given, and the whole will conclude with a grand ball. There is a great demand for tickets, although the price of them is very high, being half a doubloon.

MUSIC AS A MEDICINE.—Eugene de Mirecourt, in his lively little biography of Felicien David, the composer whose recent work, "Herculanum," was so successful at the Paris opera, tells that when in the East, David cured a man, sick with the fever, by his pianoforte performances. The sick man at the sound of the instrument felt his fever leave him, and when it threatened to renew its attacks David would chase it away by a few preludes. In a week the man was well. This was not unlike the genuine original David playing before Saul.

This fact is worth receiving the attention of the faculty. To treat people by music would be an excellent method of introducing harmony into the conflicting medical systems.

A dyspeptic affection would probably be cured by three days of the cornet-a-piston. Nothing has yet been advanced to prove that neuralgia could resist an hour of violoncello, and an attack of cholera, however violent, would not stand more than twenty minutes of opheleide. Half an hour of bassoon would drive away the headache, while deafness could be effectually cured by the united efforts of these instruments in one of Verdi's finales.

MILWAUKEE IN FLAMES.—It is to the West that we must look for musical criticism. "Westward the Star of Opera takes its way." In Milwaukee, Mr. Sobolewski has produced an original opera, called *Mohega*. An editor of one of the papers there says:

"It is comparatively easy for a composer to write an opera of disjointed songs and melodies, each of which is itself complete, but it requires no little amount of genius and careful study to blend the stormy, heroic, tender, passionate and lovely, so as to form a beautifully artistic and harmonious whole. In 'Mohega,' every whisper of love, every clang of the instruments in warlike clamor, every soft breath from the delicious flute, every low dream-like murmur of the enchanted violins, have their part in the beautiful story the music is telling. Where there is pathos, the music is pathetic, where valor, the music is heroic, so that it is impossible to mistake the nature or any sentiment portrayed."

How remarkable! It must be a pleasure to visit the Milwaukee Opera House, where one will never hear the horrid cry, "Book s'f th' Op'ra! 'N English, 'n 'talian;" for of course if it is "impossible to mistake the nature of any sentiment portrayed" a libretto will be a useless thing. Though we cannot hear *Mohega*, we may gain a most vivid idea of it from the following passage:

"The first scene represents the devout worshippers of the olden time, assembled for divine service in a rustic ch. sh. Here the music is soft and spiritual, like the swelling æolian harp amid rustling branches. Then comes the clangor of war; the wild war-whoop of Indians, and the pitiful dismay of tender women; then the victorious voices of conquerors; and by-and-by the gentle dreams of dawning love, the sounds of revelry, acts of chivalry, and deeds of valor. Self-renunciation, the sweetest and most praiseworthy of virtues, we find in the artless *Mohega*; in *Ellen*, the lofty and religious; in *Piquet* the majestic dignity of his nation; in *Pulawski* the refinement and chivalry of his country."

The "wild war-whoop of Indians, and the pitiful dismay of tender women" is good. Well may the Milwaukee critic say of such an opera: "It is like old wine, and will richen with time."—*Courier*.

Music Abroad.

Berlin.

The musical campaign has not yet been opened here, but everything is in readiness for that all important event. The venerable Grell, after having had a considerable amount of drilling with raw and more ripened material, opens fire on the 17th inst., at the Sing-Akademie, with Handel's *Messiah*. To judge from the "precision most precise" with which the choruses "go" now, there is every prospect of a good rendering of that old, yet ever new, *chef d'œuvre* of the most vocal of composers. Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* is the second, and a new Oratorio by the sub-director of the academy (Herr Blumner) is the third work, which it is the intention of that noble institution to produce this season. I shall have much to say of the last-named work in a future epistle, and shall dismiss it now by giving you the opinion thereupon, which a first-rate judge expressed to me, laconically, 'tis true, but forcibly,—"Es ist ein ausgezeichnetes Werk." Sterne is every day improving, and extending his excellent *Verein*, and will certainly pluck the laurel from his senior brother's brow if the powers that be adopt any other motto than that they already have—"Forward!" There is a little rivalry between the two societies, harmonious though they professedly be and in so far as it keeps alive the spirit of advancement, research, and diligence, a little of it, despite what Mr. Pope does not say, is not a dangerous thing.

Herr Radecke has issued his programme, which gives assurance of the most decided excellence in the choice of artists, as well as in the quality of works to be performed. Stars of lesser magnitude begin to appear at various points in the musical firmament, full accounts of which Mr. Hind will, no doubt, have

sent you long ago. The Royal Opera is already in full play, and we were last week captivated with Köster's delineation of Beethoven's only dramatic character—Fidelio. By the only dramatic character, we mean the only one visible to the eye of flesh; for who that is not morally as well as physically blind, has not seen and felt the drama that lies in his and in all other true music? Wagner, (no longer Johanna, but Johanna Jachman), last night, did her very best with her great rôle in Taubert's *Macbeth*. The opera fell somewhat flatly, however, notwithstanding its many great beauties. The public seem tired of having our Shakspeare's immortal master-pieces mutilated. Professor Marz has expressed himself strongly against such unwarrantable vandalism, in a letter to a local paper. A posthumous work of the late Professor Dehn has just appeared. It treats of counterpoint and fugue, and will be valuable to all teachers of the art divine, as it contains a number of valuable examples from old and hard-to-be-met-with masters.—*Corr. of London Musical World*.

London.

Mr. Smith is utilizing his Italian Opera Company by giving three nights of performance, with Mdlla. Piccolomini, Signors Belari and Aldighieri, at Drury Lane Theatre this week.

Dr. Wyld announced his cheap "Messiah" at the *St. James Hall* on Monday last, having got the start of Mr. Hullah, who does not commence his concerts till the 18th of next month. What a power is there in this work! There is no taking up a week's file of our provincial papers without finding it advertised. It might be averred without exaggeration, that not a week of the year passes without its being performed in some part of England or other. No analogous "run" has ever existed in the annals of music,—a "run" which Time seems to increase, not to slacken.

A prospectus is abroad, the object of which is to do honor to Mr. Cipriani Potter, on his retirement from the Presidency of the *Royal Academy of Music*, by founding a scholarship there, which is to bear his name.—There is not, we believe, a more honorable man in the profession than Mr. Potter. He is a skilled musician; and, as a composer, as we have more than once said, he is more excellent by many a bar than many of the more inflated aspirants of modern days. A testimonial is the due of such a Professor. It is a pleasure to help it; but if regard for private worth is to take the form of crutching-up an establishment which has no real existence, the lovers of musical education and progress in England may be allowed to express a wish that some other and more durable form might be chosen; since the Academy, being no school, so much as an establishment depending on a charter, and a small amount of aristocratic patronage, turning out no pupils—cannot live in its present state.—*Athenæum*, Oct. 15.

Germany.

A correspondent of the *Times* states that a French opera is about to be established in Berlin. Other journals announce relents of Austria in the case of foreign opera, and declare that Signor Salvi has been privileged to open any theatre he pleases with Italian performances. The one winter novelty all Germany over will be "Dinorah."

"The Church," which ebbs and flows in the matter of musical severity as belonging to its ritual, has been just seized with one of its restrictive moods in Vienna. Foreign journals state that a reform is to take place there in the solemnization of the Mass, from which instruments (save the organ) are to be forthwith excluded. If this be more than a passing spasm, the Masses of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Hummel are virtually abolished by such edict.—Those interested in this subject may be referred to a late *feuilleton*, by M. d'Ortigue, in *Le Journal des Débats*, which is full of sagacious remark, touching especially on the strange transposition of styles in Music. It is noticeable, as the writer observes, that while every endeavor is now made to lighten, vary and secularize modern service-music hooks expressly composed for the rite,—composers who present devotion scenically, otherwise as taking part in scenes of stage emotion, produce that which is so solid and severe as to befit the gravest days of Church composition. This is borne out by instances cited from "Herculanum," "Faust," (in which the organ symphony is of the highest quality), and "Le Pardon," from which opera by M. Meyerbeer "The Church" has been very glad to transplant the chant of pilgrimage into its less profane choir-books. There is something in such a measure savoring of expediency at variance with good taste and true reverence; even if it be urged that as Opera began in religious houses, religious houses are justified in furnishing themselves from the stores of Opera whenever it shall suit them so to do.—*Athenæum*.

Special Notices.

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MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Mortals, trust this wondrous mercy. *J. S. Bach.* 30

The herald comes, behold. " " 50

O man, in sin no longer languish. " " 30

Three more of these gems, selected and arranged by Robert Franz. They are written for an alto voice.

The manger of Bethlehem. (*La crèche de Bethlehem.*) Chorus for female voices. *J. Concone.* 35

Adapted by the celebrated singing teacher for the use of classes in female academies, high schools, &c.

Riflemen, form! Song. *M. W. Balfe.* 25

Still another musical setting of Tennyson's stirring song, the other versions, by Linley and Blockley, having been published some weeks ago.

The scarlet Sarafan. Song. 25

Celebrated Russian air, well known through a host of transcriptions for the piano, among which Thalberg's and De Meyer's stand prominent. It is a quiet but beautiful melody in the minor mode. German words are added.

Rock of Ages. Solo, Duet, and Quartet. *Daum.* 25

Excellent for the use of choirs as an opening hymn. It has been sung in various churches in this city and has found many admirers. An organ accompaniment is added.

Instrumental Music.

Le contentment. Moreau elegante. *G. Doelker.* 40

A cantabile movement with Polacca attached, the former flowing and melodious, the latter graceful and striking. Of medium difficulty.

Ohio Sounds. Valse brillante. *J. Duming.* 30

A very pretty waltz of about the difficulty of Hueten's "Bords du Rhine."

O Summer night, from "Don Pasquale," with variations. *Ch. Grobe.* 35

The celebrated Serenade in a pleasing arrangement.

Polacca in Puritani. *James Bellak.* 15

Gentle Nettie Moore Schottisch. " " 15

Darling Nellie Gray Polka. " " 15

Three new numbers of that favorite set for young beginners, called "Chit-chat."

Sonata, opus 33, in D, for four hands. *Diabelli.* 60

The first of those Sonatas for two performers by Diabelli, to whose unapproachable excellence and usefulness the best teachers have testified. The others of the series will follow soon. As the Foreign Edition is printed in the old-fashioned, oblong shape, and moreover from worn out plates, it is thought that this first American edition, which is got up very handsomely, will be welcomed.

Scherzo Valse. *A. Gunther.* 25

Cornelia Waltz. *C. J. Wickersham.* 25

Whippoorwill Waltz. *O. B. Moyer.* 25

Early Dawn Waltz. *H. Pond.* 25

Four very pretty waltzes of moderate difficulty.

Books.

CHORUSES OF HAYDN'S ORATORIO, "THE CREATION." 40

Published uniform with "The Messiah" Choruses, and in the same elegant style of the American Edition of Oratorios,—an edition which for correctness of text, clearness of print, convenience of size and extraordinary lowness of price has no superior, if, indeed, an equal.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 398.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1859.

VOL. XVI. No. 8.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Music World.

O element of love, of life, of bliss!
O flame divine, around whose cheering light
Whole troops of joys touch their bright wings and
Balm of all sorrow, unalloyed delight, [kiss—
Opening sweet spheres, O lovelier far than this!
Subtlest, sweetest Inspiration
E'er up-lifted ardent soul—
Deeper heart-improvisation
Than in words could ever roll—
Beauty so strangely sweet, we cannot know
But only feel the spell that binds us so,
While the heart lies as in a magic bark
Floating on sunny waves away, away,
Where never falls the tyrannizing dark
Of earthly fate over its infinite day.

How oft to moods too deep for words
My soul has been attuned by thee,
When lost amid the heaving chords
I rose and sank as on a sea!

I have no speech for themes like this;
I cannot tell what's told to me.
I only feel a spirit-kiss—
Some brooding spell of harmony;

Some far off day's faint glimmering,—
Half memory and half a dream;—
The gleams of fantasy that fling
Strange light on a familiar stream;—

The dim unwonted things that dart
In sleep before the entranced mind,
And throng through the unguarded heart
Like scattered rose leaves on the wind.

I feel the breath of love upbear
My heart unto the Perfect One,
And seek to give no purer prayer
Than rises up in music's tone.

More vast, more homefelt and more bright
Seems then that supernatural sphere
That robes all being in its light
And makes all beauty doubly clear.

Nearer I draw to kindred minds,
I feel the founts of nature flow—
The icy form no longer binds,
The heart melts all before its glow.

In loftier words I long to frame
A truer speech to him who hears,
The wonderful crowds out the tame—
Moments condense the life of years.

And on the marge of fairy land
I feel that all the poet sings
Is briefly told us by the hand
Of him who wakes these soul-like strings.

C. P. C.

Translated for this Journal.

The Leipzig Gewandhaus Concerts (1840—
1841), Reviewed by Robert Schumann.

(Concluded.)

SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH CONCERTS.

The seventeenth subscription concert was opened with a new (the 6th) Symphony by KAL-LIWODA, which he, encouraged possibly by the

reception of his 5th, may have worked out in a very short time. The work seems rather to have been prompted by some outward stimulus, than to have sprung from any inward creative impulse; it seems far-fetched and labored; and the applause which it found in comparison with the fifth, stood in correct proportion to the value of the two. It chanced, too, to the disadvantage of the work—a thing which cannot always be avoided—that it formed the commencement of the concert. The instruments, the musicians themselves are not quite warmed up at that time, the public has not got itself quietly settled, &c. &c. Whether the reason of the less warm reception lay in outward circumstances or in the work itself, let not this deter the much esteemed composer from proceeding on his honorable path. Where have we found the master who could be always on the ascent! Only when he throws himself away, when he utterly denies his German origin, should criticism impugn him. But if he remains faithful to himself in thought and labor, we shall not wish to spoil his game because of a single throw less fortunate than usual. A welcome, then, beforehand to the esteemed master's seventh Symphony!

In the place of Fräulein SCHLOSS, who had become hoarse, a singer sang whom we have not named before, Fräulein LOUISE GRUENBERG, a pupil of the well-known singing teacher and composer (particularly for male voices), Zöllner. She surprised the public by her resonant and flexible organ, as well as by the naïve certainty with which she executed from the beginning to the end her aria (one of Mozart's). This successful first appearance gives us a double pleasure, since she is a native talent. We should be guilty of untruth, were we to boast of our many fine voices and fine singers; we are no better off in this respect, than they are everywhere else.

Herr GULOMY played in the same concert a Concerto by Lipinski and Variations by Molique; the first particularly with so much life and spirit, that the composer himself, by whom we have formerly heard it played, must have been pleased, had he been present.

The third soloist, who appeared that evening, was Herr HAAKE, next to Herr Grenser the most distinguished flutist of our city.

A numerous chorus of men sang Weber's "Prayer before the Battle," words by Körner, and Mendelssohn's wonderfully splendid quartet, with horn accompaniment, "The Huntsman's Departure," by Eichendorff.

The selections of the eighteenth concert were of rather a mixed order. A new Symphony, yet in manuscript, by L. MAURER, led off. If his first one gained him many friends, so too will this second one, which is not at all inferior to that in grace or liveliness. In the instrumentation one recognizes a musician who has grown up in the orchestra; he toys with the instruments as a juggler does with his balls. Next to the first movement, the Adagio, which is very tenderly conceived, pleased us most; the other parts less so, being Frenchy and noisy.

As "guest" appeared one Sig. G. SETTI, from Naples, a powerful and good sounding baritone, who soon proved himself a genuine Italian singer. In company with Herr POEGNER he also sang, to the great delight of our Bellinists, a duet from *I Puritani*. If the Italians would only send us a Tenor once more! of Bassos we have less lack.

Fräulein GRUENBERG sang to great acceptance the air by Meyerbeer, *Robert, toi que j'aime*, which never fails of a certain effect, and which the composer himself certainly considers one of his finest numbers. In the singer, singing-masters would find fault with the opening of the mouth; a mere hint will suffice to call attention to it. For the rest, she showed in this performance again talent and true calling.

An Overture but little known, by Onslow, to the opera, "The Alcalde," pleased. So, too, did Herr WITTMAN in the Violoncello Variations by Merk, and Herr WEISSENBORN in Variations for the Bassoon, by W. Haake, both of them distinguished members of our orchestra, of whom the first is said also to possess a fine talent for composition; he is a Viennese and a pupil of Merk.

NINETEENTH CONCERT.

Concert Overture by W. H. VET (MS.).—Aria by MEYERBEER (Fräulein Schloss).—"Huntsman's Torment:" sung by G. Seidl, composed for voice with accompaniment of Piano-forte, clarinet, horn, 'cello and double bass by C. REICHARD (Herr Schmidt).—Variations, for Violin, upon a Theme from Schubert (*Lob der Thränen*), composed and played by the concert-master DAVID (MS.).—*An die ferne Geliebte* (To the distant beloved), *Liederkreis*, by BEETHOVEN (Herr Schmidt).—Symphony by BEETHOVEN, No. 2.

The overture offered little that was new or striking; it might be numbered among those pieces of music, which know how to make the want of energy of thoughts less perceptible by means of a voluptuous exterior.—Fräulein SCHLOSS sang as she always does: tranquil and without heart-beatings do we let the waves of her song glide over and away from us. The air by Meyerbeer, already a jaded hack, still refuses to vanish from the parade ground.—The song by REICHARD is not without grace; but, springing from no real inward depth, it lacks, above all, vital warmth. With such lavish outlay of means, what is here accomplished is too little. At the conclusion we missed the desired climax, strongly as it seems demanded by the poem; of this refreshment the composer should not have disappointed the weary listener. The execution was excellent.—We cannot think it a happy thought to add so much that is stimulating to that quiet home melody of Schubert, as DAVID has done in his variations. At any rate, the mood into which the pensive hearer is transported by them, is not a very edifying one.

The ornament and pearl of the evening was the *Liederkreis* of BEETHOVEN,—a circle indeed of such love songs as never reached the ear before in such pure tones of nature, such depth of heartfelt feeling. To sing them, required less a singer, than a poet. Herr SCHMIDT delivered

them with great care, but with almost too much outlay of external art. Mendelssohn's rendering of the accompaniment breathed the fragrance and the freshness of the original.—In the Symphony we remarked a horn-blower who was a stranger to us; his uncertainty cast some cloudy streaks over the luxurious whole.

TWENTIETH CONCERT, MARCH 18.

Pastoral Symphony, by BEETHOVEN.—Air by MOZART.—Concerto for Violin, by SPOHE.—Finale from *La Clemenza di Tito*, by MOZART.—Overture, by MENDELSSOHN.—Duet and Terzet from the opera of "*Heinrich und Florett*," by H. SCHMIDT.—*La Melancholie*, by PRUEME.—Songs, by F. SCHUBERT, C. M. VON WEBER and MENDELSSOHN.

We think of this concert with peculiar interest, both as offering us so much that was excellent, and as worthily closing the cycle of the present year. The Pastoral Symphony made its way once more deeply into all hearts; the execution was quite superb, such as the master in his inspired hour might have conceived it. The same may be said of MENDELSSOHN's richly imaginative and beautiful Overture: *Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt*, which probably can be heard nowhere else in the world in such perfection.

A novelty was the Duet and Terzet from the now finished larger opera of our singer, H. SCHMIDT, a singer who might serve to many bearing famous names as a model in musical culture and true taste. As a composer he has as yet published little. But what we heard this evening testified throughout of a striving after the better kind, and of an understanding of the task which he had set himself. The song part was carefully written; the instrumentation skilful and sonorous. The breadth of numerous repetitions is perhaps less felt in the theatre, and indeed it is commonly an ungrateful thing for the composer to bring before the public single pieces from a work, before the performance of the whole, and always gives occasion for false judgments. But it is said that the whole piece will soon be brought on the stage, when we may give it further notice. The other performers who took part in these two numbers were Frl. SCHLOSS and Herr KINDERMANN; the former clever and ready as ever, the latter gifted with a very beautiful voice, which by its mere sound prepossesses one in favor of the singer. The player of the violin pieces was Herr C. HILF, of whom we have already often spoken. This time, too, he showed himself worthy of the great sympathy which he has excited from his first entrance upon the artist career, and was dismissed, as he is always, with the most tumultuous applause.

If we speak of the pearl of the evening last, it is not without reason. In a few words: Madame SCHROEDER-DEVRIENT sang. What is mortal in men and artists, is subject to time and its influences; and so it is with the voice, and with external beauty. But what is above these, the soul, the poetry, preserves itself in Heaven's favorites alike fresh through all the ages of life; and so the artist and poetess will always delight us, as long as she has a tone left in her heart and throat. The public listened as if spell-bound, and when she had sung through Mendelssohn's *Volkstied*, ending with the words "*auf Wiedersehn*," all joined in with joyful response. This was intended perhaps also for the composer, who accompanied her; for it was the last time in this place that his miraculously winged fingers exercised their mastery over the keys. Let us not inquire

then for whom the laurel, which appeared unforeseen in the orchestra, was meant, whether for the master or for the respected visitor. Let us only exclaim: To all that has been given and enjoyed in our musical evenings, a hopeful *auf Wiedersehn*! (May we meet again!)

The Overture to the "Magic Flute."

We had this marvellous product of imaginative genius so uncommonly well rendered last week at the Schiller Festival,—and perhaps for the first time made really manifest in all its beauty to the greater part of that great audience—that we are tempted to recall a portion of what OULIBICHEFF says of it.

The Fugue here has but one theme, and even in the development of this one theme the science of the composer appears still more wonderful, if possible, than in the prodigious movements of the finale (Symphony in C). Between the theme and the counter-theme there exists no appearance of conflict, not once a single shadow of opposition. All is pure and clear. All is heavenly in the harmony of this fugue, all streams in most melodious splendor, all is euphonious enjoyment, rapture, inexpressible charm, alike for the learned musician and for the common music-lover, in short for all musical ears. Mozart wished that the introduction to the piece should bespeak attention with an at once solemn and mystical authority, and the most *éclatant* euphony, as if the slow tempo should say to one: "Prepare yourself to be apprised of something which you never heard before, and which no one will ever let you hear again."

It were an error to believe, that the unique euphony and magic charm, which make of the Allegro such a ravishing music to everybody, merely affect us more, because the conditions of the figured style are mitigated; in other words, because the work is not a strict and regular fugue. It is as learned a work as ever proceeded from a head, that would know of nothing short of Double Counterpoint and Canon. To the main laws of the genus Mozart has added furthermore, the unity of thought. Although this fugue is free, it is still almost without interruption; it is formed in the mere subject; that subject never leaves you for a moment. In the fugue you hear it as the *Dux* and *Comes* (leader and companion); in the melodic portion of the overture it accompanies the song passages, which come in like solos; and it is its image again, which is reproduced more or less in fragments by the *tutti* of the orchestra. Without the subject the least particulars of the work were inconceivable. This theme is a veritable enchanter; it possesses the gift of infinite self-transformation. It assumes all forms; it flies off in sparks, it dissolves in shimmering rose-colored drops, it rounds itself into a globe, it sprinkles itself in pearly rain, it flashes in diamonds and overflows the green lap of the fields like an enamelled flowery carpet; or it rises like a gentle mist into the upper regions. But various as the splendor is of these fantastical creations, perpetually interweaving, still it is not given to it to divest itself of its original form. Whether it appear as a jack-o'-lantern or as a thundering meteor, we, the clairvoyant spectators, always recognize it. When its fugue is but little or not at all disguised, (that is to say, so long as the composition continues a fugue), it constantly regenerates itself from itself, flings itself back and re-unites *in infinitum*; it creeps in everywhere in the accompaniment to another subordinate form (the counter-subject), which, like the gossip, or to speak more reverently, the *famulus* of the magician, transforms itself as dexterously as he does. Suddenly the chase disperses itself in a multitude of little parcels. An enchanting, shining apparition steps into its place. Verily, this is it no longer! Nevertheless, it is it; examine it closely and you will see the fragments of its original form, flung off in all directions, quivering in space and gathering like a halo round the apparition, into which it has transformed a portion of its substance. (The solos, accompanied by fragments of the fugue.)

Suddenly all has vanished. A serious and solemn summons, thrice repeated in the same expressions, a peremptory will, before which the necromancer's magic must bow, has scattered the enchantment. Is the magic spectacle all over? No, only the first act. Our hobgoblin of a theme must know the principle of progression of interest; but how enhance the miracle already wrought? We shall see. The Allegro begins again and the subject comes back; this time, however, under a wholly different physiognomy, transposed into B flat minor. The counter-theme takes also a new form and a new gait; here begins the middle period, and we penetrate into the sanctum of

the enchanter, which one might fancy to be lighted by the soft and pallid fire of a moonlight rainbow. Whence come all these syren voices, singing unknown words? In what firmament shine those stars, that group themselves in melodious and mystic constellations in the flute and fagotto, which whisper in the strings and stream out in the oboes like a long train of light? The bliss of an inextinguishable supernatural contentment permeates the soul, caressingly, from all sides. Soon clearest day illumines the scene. The theme gathers itself into a bright focus, and the counter-subject, darting its beams to all parts of the world, lets off fireworks, whose petards, rockets, bomb-shells, Roman candles start off one by one, mount into the air, hiss, crackle, dazzle, go out and rain sparks upon you as they fall, so that you know not where to turn. The variations of the theme fly every way, intermingling with the pieces of those magic fireworks, or if you prefer, those gleaming northern lights. Again some fragments of the first half of the overture present themselves, yet, be it understood, with transformations, since, as little as it lies in the nature of the subject wholly to conceal itself, past finding out, so little can it for an instant remain altogether like itself.

The concluding sentence, in melodic style and beginning with a *crescendo*, is of a grandiose and liberal effect, full of reverberation and of majesty. Here something comes along, something, which is little in the outset, but which swells more and more and soon attains to an enormous volume, and waves its gigantic wings, with the roar of the hurricane, over the hearer's head. In the midst of the heaviest storm resounds a reminiscence of the theme towards the close, through the stunning *unisons* of the entire orchestra.

The Schiller Centennial Festivals.

NEW YORK.

The festival opened on Wednesday evening, Nov. 9, with a grand concert at the City Assembly Rooms, in which music was rendered by an orchestra of seventy performers, with the aid of Liederkrantz and Sangerbund, Madames Caradori and Zimmermann, and Messrs. Mayer, Steinway, and Gustav Satter; the directors being Messrs. Eisfeld, Anschütz, Bergmann, and Pauer. The music comprised two pieces from Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, Beethoven's fourth concerto, a piece by Rietz called Schiller's Dithyrambe, and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, ending with Schiller's hymn *An die Freude*. The rooms were crowded with an intently appreciative audience.

Second Day.—The Schiller Festival was continued yesterday, at 1 p. m. in the Cooper Institute. The great hall was beautifully decorated. Busts and statues, flowers, and shrubbery were arranged upon the platform; laurel-crowned Dante and Petrarch looked out from laden orange trees.

The overture of Weber's *Oberon* was played by the orchestra, and Dr. Löwe, who presided, congratulated the meeting on the 100th Anniversary of Schiller's birth. In him, he said, they celebrated the triumphs of art and poetry; they worshipped genius; across three generations they sent their gratitude. Schiller was the hero of that classic literature which had raised Germany out of the depths into which she sunk during the contests of the 16th and 17th centuries. They were celebrating the historic epoch of three centuries. It was on the 10th of November, also, that this world first saw Martin Luther, who broke the chains in which Papacy had bound it. And he was glad to count a later worker for Freedom, Robert Blum, also, as a child of the 10th of November. Deep in his heart did Robert Blum carry the noble works of Schiller; he carried them out in his deeds, and his death was worthy of his great master. This festival was then trebly dear to every lover of Liberty, a grand hallelujah of Freedom. And not less as Americans than as Germans did they salute the birth of Schiller. His spirit had crossed the waters and was the inspiring principle of our government and life.

Prof. THEO. GLAUBENSKLEE read letters from Gov. Morgan, Washington Irving, President Buchanan, and Baron Gerolt, the Prussian Minister, and Hülsemann, the Austrian Ambassador. All except the first were holographs.

Dr. SCHRAMM was then introduced. He gave an elaborate address, passing Schiller's life, character, and works under a lengthy review. Dr. Schramm went into a minute appreciation of each of Schiller's productions, bringing out, greatly to the satisfaction of his audience, the beauties and significance of all. He concluded by stating that Schiller was a disciple of Kant, and quoted his famous lines:

"What religion do I profess? None of all
You have named to me And why not? From religion."

An eloquent peroration predicted that, when our city

and civilization should have passed away, Schiller's works would be household words.

Wm. CULLEN BRYANT was the next speaker. Although it might seem presumptuous for an American to speak of Schiller's works to Germans, still he would say that the name of Schiller belonged not to Germany only, but to all the world. Schiller was German by birth, but we had made him ours by adoption. The influence of his genius had colored the dramatic literature of the whole world. In some shape or other, with abatements, doubtless, from their original splendor and beauty, but still glorious and still powerful over the minds of men, his dramas had become the common property of mankind. His personages walked our stage, and, in the familiar speech of our firesides, uttered the sentiments which he put into their mouths. We trembled alternately with fear and hope; we were moved to tears of admiration; we were melted to tears of pity; it was Schiller who touched the master chord to which our hearts answered. He compelled us to a painful sympathy with his Robber Chief; he made us parties to the grand conspiracy of Fiesco, and willing lieges of Fiesco's gentle consort Leonora; we sorrowed with him for the young, magnanimous, generous, unfortunate Don Carlos, and grieved scarcely less for the guileless and angelic Elizabeth; he dazzled us with the splendid ambition and awed us with the majestic fall of Wallenstein; he forced us to weep for Mary Stuart and for the Maid of Orleans; he thrilled us with wonder and delight at the glorious and successful revolt of William Tell. Let us then be suffered to take part in the honors paid to his memory, shower the violets of Spring upon his sepulchre, and twine it with the leaves of plants that wither not in the frost of Winter. We of this country, too, must honor Schiller as the poet of Freedom. He began to write when our country was warring with Great Britain for its independence, and his genius attained the maturity of its manhood just as we had made peace with our powerful adversary, and stood upon the earth a full-grown nation. It was then that the poet was composing his noble drama of Don Carlos, in which the Marquis of Posa was introduced as laying down to the tyrant, Philip of Spain, the great law of freedom. In the drama of the Robbers, written in Schiller's youth, we are sensible of a fiery, vehement, destructive impatience with society, on account of the abuses which it permitted; an enthusiasm of reform, almost without plan or object; but in his works composed afterward we found the true philosophy of reform calmly and clearly stated. The Marquis of Posa, in an interview with Philip, told him, at the peril of his life, truths which he had never heard before, exhorted him to lay the foundations of his power in the happiness and affections of his people, by observing the democratic precept that no tie should fetter the citizen save respect for the rights of his brethren, as perfect and sacred as his own, and prophesied the approaching advent of freedom which unfortunately we are looking for still—that universal spring which should yet make young the nations of the earth. Yet was Schiller no mad innovator. He saw that society required to be pruned, but did not desire that it should be uprooted: he would have it reformed, but not laid waste. What was ancient in its usages and ordinances, and therefore endeared to many, he would, where it was possible, improve and adapt to the present wants of mankind. Mr. Bryant remembered a passage in which his respect for those devices of form and usage by which the men of a past age sought to curb and restrain the power of their rulers was beautifully illustrated. He quoted from the magnificent translation of his "Wallenstein" made by Coleridge: "My son," said Octavio Piccolomini, addressing the youthful warrior Max:

"My son, of those old narrow ordinances
Let us not hold too lightly. They are weights
Of priceless value, which oppressed mankind
Tied to the volatile will of the oppressor.
For always formidable was the league
And partnership of free power with free will."

And then, remarking that what slays and destroys goes directly to its mark, like the thunderbolt and the cannon ball, shattering everything that lies in their way, he claims a beneficent circuitousness for those ancient ordinances which make so much of the machinery of society.

"My son, the road the human being travels,
That on which Blessing comes and goes, doth follow
The river's path, the playful valley's windings,
Curves round the corn-field and the hill of vines.
Honoring the holy bounds of property,
And thus, secure, though late, leads to its end."

The last great dramatic work of Schiller was founded on the most remarkable and beneficent political revolution which, previous to our own, the world had seen, that ancient vindication of the great right of nationality and independent Government, the revolt of Switzerland against the domination of Austria, which gave birth to a republic now venerable

with the antiquity of five hundred years. He took a silent page from history, and, animating the personages of whom it spoke with the fiery life of his own spirit, and endowing them with his own superhuman eloquence, he formed it into a living protest against foreign dominion which was yet ringing throughout the world. Wherever there were generous hearts, wherever there were men who held in reverence the rights of their fellow-men, wherever the love of country and the love of mankind co-existed, Schiller's drama of William Tell stirred the blood like the sound of a trumpet. He would not speak of his literary merits, his beautiful and noble lyrics, the despair of translators—his histories and dramas written for all mankind. He would advert only to his earnest search after truth, and his abhorrence of all kinds of falsehood. Immortal honor, then, to the man whose last hours were devoted to so noble an object, and might the next hundredth anniversary of the birth of Schiller be celebrated with an enthusiasm even warmer than this. (Applause.)

Dr. ADOLPH WIESSNER then spoke in German. His speech was an eloquent tribute to the genius of Schiller, and elicited frequent and enthusiastic applause.

The Hon. C. P. DALY was the last speaker. He said that if the works of any man survived those of the mason and the carpenter, it was those of the poet. In India, all evidences of ancient civilization were perishing except the literary; the Vedas were as fresh and human as if written yesterday. A great poem was indestructible in its very nature. It was continually renewed in the imaginations of men. The great nations which had produced no national poet were almost forgotten; their history was transmitted to us only through their conquerors. Well, then, might Germany be proud of Schiller. Schiller was national; while he satisfied the tastes of the most refined, he touched the heart and carried with him the sympathies of the whole people. But he was more than national, he was universal. Carlyle had said that a great poet would be great in anything. Schiller came up to this; he was not only a great poet but a great dramatist, historian, novelist, metaphysician, and critic. This universality he thought most apparent in his lyrics. His poetry was English, in having no sickly sentimentality, and English in its clearness. He came up to the requirements of a great poet in his life and his character; there was beautiful harmony between his life and his works. In this he was in marked contrast with other poets. The year of his birth produced Robert Burns. He, too, was a poet of national independence, but his life, how different? So, too, there was a certain impurity in the works of Beranger which marred the effect of his labors as a poet of freedom. The life of Schiller was his greatest poem. In conclusion Judge Daly described his death by quoting from "our great national poet" the closing lines of the *Thanatopsis*. (Enthusiastic applause.)

Dr. LOEWE announced the award of the prize for the poem on Schiller to Dr. Reinhold Solger of Boston, and music completed the festivities of the afternoon.

In the evening the festivities were continued at the Academy of Music. A series of tableaux vivants, illustrative of scenes from the Robbers, Fiesco, The Hostage, Mary Stuart, The Maid of Orleans, Don Carlos, The Diver, and Wilhelm Tell, were given, closing with a final tableau in which all the principal characters of the Dramas appeared. These were very effective. In the early part of the evening a bust of Schiller, with pastoral and poetic surroundings, was crowned, and Miss Grahn, the actress, recited Dr. Solger's poem, to which the prize had been awarded. The drama, "Wallenstein's Camp," was performed by the artists of the German Stadt Theater, the choruses being greatly enlarged by members of the German singing societies.—*Tribune*.

PHILADELPHIA.

If the spirit of Schiller visited this region last evening, it must have been satisfied with the homage paid to him in the Academy of Music. The house was crowded with an earnest, intelligent multitude, the larger part of whom were Germans; but there was no scarcity of Americans, many of whom seemed to be as much interested in the proceedings as were the countrymen of Schiller. The stage was filled with musicians; a fine orchestra led by Carl Sentz occupying the centre, while back of them and at each side, were ranged several hundred singers, male and female. In the rear was a tasteful, triumphal arch, under which was a colossal statue of Schiller, which, however, was veiled from view till a certain point was arrived at in the exercises. On each side of the arch were arranged wreaths and flags, the whole forming, with the crowd on the stage, a very striking tableau.

At 9 o'clock the orchestra played Weber's Jubilee

Overture in excellent style. Then Mr. Gustavus Remak was introduced to the audience, and he proceeded to deliver an oration in German, which gave great satisfaction to his countrymen and all who understood the language. He gave a sketch of Schiller's life and his writings, showing full appreciation of the character of the poet. The oration lasted an hour, and then Beethoven's overture to *Egmont* was played. Rev. W. H. Furness, D. D., was then introduced and delivered an oration in English, which was altogether one of the happiest efforts that we have listened to; scholarly, without being pedantic; humorous without being undignified; polished and elegant in every phrase, and exhibiting the most genial and appreciative knowledge of Schiller's writings, and indeed of German literature generally. Mr. Furness was repeatedly and loudly applauded.

The second part of the exercises began with the introduction to Richard Wagner's *Lohengrin*—a strange but effective specimen of the "music of the future." Then Dr. G. Kellner was introduced and recited with much emphasis the ode written for this festival by the German poet Freiligrath, of which the following is a translation:

Still to our distant home in soul belonging,
Her freest Vanguard with her flag unfurled,
We stand to day, while German ranks are thronging,
In one rejoicing circle round the world.

One noble chain of spirit-links unbroken,
That stretches from far Neckar's verdant strand,
Where a poor heart remains as loving token—
Can heart to heart unite, and land to land!

Oh! humble hearth! yet proudly
Shall honors thee adorn,
While ages echo loudly,
Here was our Schiller born!

This very day thy blazing,
A hundred years ago,
First met his clear eyes, gazing
Upon our world below.

Eyes which, through fairest seeming,
Still sought the noblest height;
And 'mid sublimest dreaming,
Looked up to God's true light.

He heard the world's great story,
The heart's, too, sad and long,
And wove in radiant glory
Each to immortal song!

As from a cup o'erflowing,
His burning light and flame
In every soul were glowing,
When—utter darkness came.

Like to some sudden tempest one hour found him,
Rise on the German heavens in power and pride;
The people and the youth who shouted round him,
Watched how for him Fame's portals opened wide.

He came, in strife, and work, and hope, untiring,
He was the Priest of Freedom and mankind:
Still onward to some nobler height aspiring,
That fragile form holding a mighty mind.

He came: a true and noble comrade near him:
Goethe was with him in Thought's earnest fight,
And wife and children's love was there to cheer him,
When Death arose;—and lo! he sank in Night.

In Night? Ah no! Hail to our Dead still living!
Hail! thus he spoke. And Death shall vainly try
To dim the light, his spirit still is giving!
Hail! Schiller, hail! The Dead who cannot die!

Still from his Tomb arises
A voice, both clear and bold,
Which still our country prizes
As the true guide of old.

Three times a generation
Upon his words have fed,
And twice the armed Nation
By him been onward led.

He cheers all earnest daring
Of noble sword or voice—
And even our long ocean journey sharing,
Lives with us in the Country of our choice.

To-day, anew he born for us, we meet him,
And scatter festive honors on his way;
Open thy gates, America, and greet him—
He is thy Citizen to-day!

Ring out, oh song! silent we bow, confessing
He comes a Conqueror to this Future land:
A share in its bright future hour possessing,
Since he shall help to build it with his hand.

After a hundred years, this day which found us
Binding new wreaths of laurel now,
Shall see the children of the children 'round us,
Crowding again the bright beloved brow.

It was during the reading of this poem that the veil fell and revealed a well modelled statue of Schiller by Rauch, which was saluted by the shouts of the assembled thousands. At the close of the poem, Schiller's "Song of the Bell," as set to music by Andreas Romberg, was performed. The music is slightly old-fashioned; for Romberg wrote it in 1808, and besides it is full of reminiscences, not to

say plagiarisms, from Mozart, Beethoven and others. But it will always be esteemed, and last evening it was performed so well that it was a real luxury to listen to it. The instrumental part could not have been better managed. The soprano solos were assigned to Mme. Johannsen, who sang them better than any one in this country could sing it; for she excels all others in German music. The other solo parts were in competent hands. But the greatest excellence of the performance was in the choruses. It is rare to find several hundred singers trained to such precision, and still rarer to find them so well comprehend the work they are engaged on, so as to give its proper effects of light and shade.—*Bulletin*.

Madame Abel.

On the arrival of this distinguished pianist in New York, a year ago, the *Home Journal* published the following letter, written, as we understand, by Mrs. Kirkland.

Messrs. Editors:—Will you indulge an old friend—always passionately fond of music, as you know, and just now particularly interested in a young artist newly arrived from Paris—in a few words touching this same youthful performer on the pianoforte; a lady—a pupil of Chopin—*protégée* of Berlioz, Auber, and, indeed, of half the musical marvels of the day, and wife of an accomplished organist, Monsieur Abel, who has been some months in the United States, not daring to bring over the young wife and her little boy until he had first essayed this strange land. There is an out-of-breath sentence for you, quite in place just here, for I have but now finished looking over some of the rapturous things said about my young friend by those enthusiasts who rule the Parisian *monde musicale*. Let me quote some of them, that they may go forth here with a *Home Journal* stamp.

Here is Hector Berlioz, speaking of Madame Abel as Mademoiselle Louise Scheibel, who, in 1844, created a *furor* in Paris, playing the piano in public before she could reach an octave:

"Truly an infant prodigy is this little Louise Scheibel, whom I heard lately at the Conservatoire—a pianist of scarcely seven years old, who executes the most difficult music with an *aplomb* and a depth of passionate feeling absolutely marvellous! Her hands are too small to stretch an octave, but she finds means to substitute *arpeggios* so rapid that the notes seem to be struck at the same instant. As for the pedals, her little feet try in vain to reach them, and her teacher is obliged to touch them for her, when the miniature performer plays in public."

After Berlioz comes Monsieur Jacques Arago, (brother of the astronomer), in the *Gazette des Theatres*, of March 3d, 1844: "There is no more childhood! especially in music. Here is this little Scheibel, hardly seven years old, who gives the most difficult *roulades* on the pianoforte with the taste and delicacy of a professor. The concert which she gave a few days ago, under Mr. Auber's auspices, was a perfect triumph. Bravos and bouquets were showered upon her, but we could not help thinking that a few *cornets of boutons* would perhaps have been quite as acceptable. May the future realize this brilliant promise, for the child is a perfect dream."

After all this, and much more of the same sort, the fairy pianist made the tour of the principal cities of Germany, was received at all the courts, and returned to Paris covered with new wreaths. This brilliant success caused her to be invited into the north of France, and at Douay she met Liszt, who publicly testified his surprise and admiration, giving her also several letters of recommendation.

After this she studied under Chopin, who, although already attacked by the cruel malady which brought him to the grave, interested himself warmly in her success; and it is, no doubt, owing to his personal instruction and impress, that Madame Abel interprets so admirably the works of this great master.

After the death of Chopin, Mademoiselle Scheibel continued her studies under the direction of Monsieur A. Reichel, the friend of Chopin, and himself only less distinguished; and when M. Reichel quitted Paris, the young aspirant passed under the tuition of Camille Stamaty, the teacher of Gottschalk, and the last professor whose care helped to perfect the skill of Mademoiselle Scheibel.

Thus trained in the best school, and by at least three of the first masters of modern times, we need say nothing further of the preparation of Madame Abel; and it were equally vain to attempt quoting the eulogies, in prose and verse, which have been lavished upon her performance. She passed some years in constant practice and diligent study, and when in the maturity of her talent, although still very young, married Mr. G. Abel, organist of the

splendid church of Pentemont, in Paris. Since that time the journals of the great art-capital have continued to Madame Louisa Abel the warm praises once lavished on *la petite Scheibel*.

The "*Revue des Deux Mondes*," by the hand of one of the most conscientious and even severe critics of the day—Monsieur P. Scudo, author of "*Le Chevalier de Sarti*"—thus characterizes the playing of Madame Abel: "Among the many concerts given this winter, (1855,) we place in the first rank that given in the *Salle Herz*, by Madame Louise Abel, the very distinguished and classic pianist. Her programme embraced such *chefs d'œuvre* as the fifth grand concerto of Beethoven, in *mi bémol*, with orchestra; the grand *polonaise* of Chopin, op. 22, preceded by an *andante*, also with orchestra; and two studies in *dieze minor*, of the last named composer. It is a great responsibility to undertake the interpretation of music like this; but Madame Abel fulfilled her mission splendidly, and with the success of one inspired, as well as full of talent; and unanimous applause bore testimony to her power."

Monsieur Escudier, in "*La France Musicale*," gives his opinion in the following terms: "Madame Abel has the rare merit of executing with equal *brio*, delicacy, taste, and perfection, both classical music and that of the modern composers. Her fingering is at once delicate and powerful in an extraordinary degree. She makes the instrument sing, charmingly carrying away her audience by means both true and simple, never losing sight of the principles of good taste. At her concert in the *Salle Herz*, she gave a concerto of Beethoven, with grand orchestra; a *polonaise* by Chopin, full of originality and color; and two *études* by the same master. Madame Abel gave the concerto like a true artist, and one familiar with the highest classics. It would be hard to find more grace, more skill, more art. She was equally brilliant and enchanting in the compositions of Chopin, that poet of the piano. The applauses of her entire audience testified that her success was complete."

Amusements in New Orleans.

From present appearances, we may fairly judge that the season on which we are now entering, will be one of the most attractive, alike to our own citizens and to our visitors from out of town. We shall have open two first class Opera Houses, in which will also be given occasional dramatic performances, tragic and comic, and in one of them the ballet; two first class theatres, one where the most distinguished stars in tragedy and comedy will consecutively appear; and the other, sustained by a comedy stock company of rare ability; an amphitheatre, the performances at which will be of the most popular character, and the engagements of which will specially include the most talented equestrians in the world; a beautiful aquarium, in the museum attached to the amphitheatre, a novelty here, and one that will be full of interest to the curious in the wonders of nature; and a museum, in which the great celebrities of the world, living and dead, are shown forth with life-like exactness.

Besides all these stated places of public amusement we are to have six first-class concerts from the Classic Music Society, which spirited association, we learn, have made arrangements that will secure greater variety and of course greater interest in this country than ever before. They design having one part of each concert consist of popular modern music, and one of purely classic selections. Vocal music will also be made a feature of every concert this season: an excellent idea.

The new Opera House, at the corner of Toulouse and Bourbon streets, is almost finished, and looks finely, both outside and inside. It will be a superb building when fully completed. Everything about it is designed and will be completed in the highest style of art. The decorations of the interior will be very chaste but richly elegant. The arrangements for accommodating the audience are minutely perfect; the boxes, loges, stalls, parquette, pit and galleries are all commodiously planned, and there is not a seat in the house, the occupant of which will not have a full view of the scene as it proceeds upon the stage. The dressing rooms, the retiring rooms, the corridors, the dormitories are all constructed with a special eye to safety as well as comfort. The troupe engaged by Mr. Boudousquié comprises artists of acknowledged ability of the highest kind. This establishment will open its doors on or about the 17th inst.

Mr. Placide Canonge has also lately returned from Paris, having engaged an excellent company, lyric, dramatic, and chorographic, for the time-honored Orleans, in Orleans street, which, during the summer, has been put into complete repair and renovation, so that it now looks like an old friend in a new suit. The addition to the front of a piazza, or verandah,

that extends nearly its whole length, and covers the banquettes and curbstones, so as to protect ladies alighting from their carriages against the rain, is a very important improvement. Mr. Canonge proposes to open his theatre the moment his troupe are assembled, which will probably be now in a few days. —*Picayune*, Nov. 5.

Wagner's Tristan and Isolde.

(Concluded from page 259.)

If we now take a retrospective view of the whole work, we cannot help seeing in Wagner's *Tristan and Isolde* the production of a still greater mistake than before, as to the essential elements of dramatic poetry. In his *Fliegender Holländer* (*Flying Dutchman*), the motive is, it is true, a supernatural one—the legend of a man doomed to wander over the ocean until he finds a faithful woman. But, in the first place, this legend has taken firm root among the people, and, in the second, the dramatic treatment, although monotonous, is individual. Even in *Tannhäuser* the supernatural ideas are far more preponderating; the human beings are made simply the exponents of these ideas, and thus the foundation of the drama, which requires beings that think like men and that act like men, is sapped. In the present work, Wagner has gone a step further in the supernatural direction; he lays more weight upon the tendentious and symbolical than on the matter-of-fact part of the legend, which becomes visible by action, and is immediately perceptible to the feelings. In *Lohengrin* the triumph of the supernatural is completely celebrated, but we cannot, by any means, agree with it, since our whole moral consciousness rebels against the motive which constitutes the basis of the poem. That a wife shall never ask her husband who he is, is contrary both to human nature and the laws of morality, while the chapter of the Knights of the Holy Graal can silence our feelings, which revolt at it, as little as the mystically, symbolically superstitious frame of mind which Wagner has created for himself, and to which he has screwed himself up, as to something foreign to his nature, is a truly felt or even Christian one.

And what does he present to us now as the principal motive in *Tristan and Isolde*? Human power or human weakness? Human will or human passion? In a word, anything in which the fresh pulse of real life beats? No! he dishes up again the stale story, long become an object of ridicule, of a love-potion, and makes this supernatural charm the sole lever of a drama. The consequence is, that his personages become for us, not men, but marionettes. Whence can he obtain a dramatic interest for persons who are not responsible beings? Whence is to proceed our sympathy for creatures who do not feel as we do, but who must feel in conformity with the effect of a certain drug, and whose conduct is not developed psychologically from their character, as well as from certain points and given relations, but wholly and solely follows a supernatural impulse? for creatures, finally, whose finicking, falsely sentimental language we do not understand? Such a thing as a thought is nowhere to be found; we meet only sensations, generally treated, which, with very few exceptions, degenerate into the old-received sing-song of faded operatic lyrics, or are sharpened off to dialectic dailings and points. But what is more nauseous than sentimental wit? Anything like character in the personages is out of the question, except that there is a slight dash of it in the subordinate part of Klrvenal. This part alone is something—a true, rough fellow. Isolde and Tristan have no will of their own, but are constrained to follow an external power. Brangäne is nothing at all. Marke is a good-natured fool, who out of respect for the love-potion, takes matters pretty easily. Melot is a mere supernumerary, who gives the knight an opportunity of running on his sword, and is struck down by the knight's squire, not more than fifty words, at the most, passing his lips in two scenes.

There is a drama for you! When we reflect that it is to serve as the foundation of a musical work, of an opera—even an opera of the newest style—one's hair absolutely stands on end. If Wagner sets this poem to music in such a manner as to render it merely supportable, we shall be compelled to look on him as a musical genius. Perhaps he has written the one and twenty pages of duet for the lovers, the day and night parallels, all, capable of clearly forming and carrying out a great musical thought, a fact of which very strong doubts have hitherto been entertained.

We conclude with some reflections of Julian Schmidt, contained in his *History of German Literature* (fourth edition, vol. 3, page 194.)

"While Richard Wagner infuses in the means he

* We are obliged to coin this word in order to express the German *tendentious*.—TRANSLATOR.

employs the same charlatanism as Meyerbeer, he acts in the best faith; he is a fanatic for his own ideas, which primitively express nothing more than the consciousness of the limits of his own talent, and, with indefatigable zeal, he devotes all the strength of his life to this imagined end. Such devotion imposes on us Germans, and, if exceedingly human motives co-operate in its propagation, and the cynical tone of the school produces the most repulsive impression, the original reason is, after all, delight at concentrated power of will in a languid age. This is a noble feeling, but we must withstand it, otherwise it will lead us astray into the most incredible absurdities, such as even now often make us the laughing-stock of the world. This is all the more necessary in Wagner's productions, as that which brings about his effects is not the natural power which vivifies every subject, but the dull ray from another world, which imposes on people by its contrast with things of this one. Through his poetry, as through his music, there runs that pretentious, strange tone, which, in outward appearance, is something exceedingly spiritual, but really affects low sensuality. *An attempt has been made to set him up as a national poet*, on account of his mediæval subjects, but the characteristic peculiarity of the German nation reposes upon its mind, upon the unity of its ideal views with its conscience, and, in this respect, Wagner's operas are altogether un-German. His code of morality is a transcendental one, freed from the trammels of mind as well as of conscience. His motives are supernatural, and his personages somnambulist. Just in the same manner is his music calculated, in the most subtle fashion, to excite the nerves. Whoever yields to this spell, is thrown into an unclear state of mind, such as is produced by a skillfully-told ghost-story; but whoever withstands the first impression will regard such a spell as a desecration of art. Wagner powerfully excites the imagination, not by means of the mind and conscience, as all great poets and composers do, but in a round-about way, like all romancists, charlatans, and magicians. Real art proceeds from capability, from a soul filled to overflowing with reality; false art springs from reflections on art, which seek a fantastic reality, but instead of the bodily female embrace a shadow. Now, since there exists between art and life a constant mutual influence, it must be advisable always to warn art against that *Venusberg* of a world of shadows, separated from real life, which relaxes the nerves, convulsively excites the blood, and so satiates the imagination with chimeras, that it at last ends in flat, hopeless used-upishness (*Blasirtheit*)."

L. B.

Translated for this Journal.

Raphael's St. Cæcilia.

(From the German of SCHLEGEL.)

The prevailing idea throughout this picture is the transporting sense of fervent devotion, which, when it can no longer find room in earthly hearts, breaks forth into an gush of song; just as in Perugino's large devotion pictures we sometimes see everything melting away into a pious ecstasy. But there is a silent devotion, like the solemn long-drawn strain of a church hymn. In Raphael's picture the reference to music is definite, and it is here that the whole mysterious depth and marvellous richness of this magnificent art is symbolically shown forth.

St. Paul, profoundly wrapt in himself, with the mighty sword by his left side, reminds us of that old art of melody which used to tame beasts and move rocks, but lacerated human hearts, piercing through spirit and mind. The majesty of the opposite Magdalen, the perfect beauty of whose features so strikingly resembles the Madonna at Dresden, reminds us of the lovely unison of souls blest in everlasting happiness, which in the magic tones of earthly music, though much weaker, is still clearly echoed. The soul of Cæcilia, standing in the middle singing praises, overflows in a stream which, ascending, meets a ray of the heavenly light. The other figures which fill up the space between the three principal ones, round off the whole into one full, unbroken circle. The circle of little ones at the top of the

picture, hovering in clouds, is as it were a reflection of the larger choir.

The clear foreground and the various scattered instruments represent to us the whole universe of sound, upon whose ground the perfect structure of holy song rests, and out of which it rises. The meaning and soul of the painting is throughout full of feeling, of ecstasy and of music; the execution is in the highest degree objective and thorough.

E. P. K.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Church Music in Vienna.

Mr. Editor: In the last number of your Journal appeared an article, under the head "Music Abroad," about which I would like to write a few words.

Said article is taken from the London *Athenæum*, and brings us news from Vienna, that "the Church has been just seized with one of its restrictive moods. Foreign journals state, that in the solemnization of the Mass, instruments (save the organ) are to be forthwith excluded. If this be more than a passing spasm the masses of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Hummel are virtually abolished by such edict."

This would really have been surprising news to me, had I not read a few days ago in the "*Wahrheits Freund*" (Friend of Truth) of the 3d inst., of Cincinnati, an article, which says directly the contrary of what was stated in the *Athenæum*. I will translate from it what concerns Church Music.

It says: "Vienna. The Acts and Decrees of the Provincial Council lie before us. They are accepted by the Holy Father and are divided into 7 divisions and 82 chapters." Here follow the headings of the divisions, after which it concludes, saying:

"A hasty glance at the Decrees suffices to correct the groundlessness of different more or less silly rumors, which circulated regarding the conclusions of the Provincial Council.

"The 6th chapter of the 4th division treats of Church Singing and Church Music. It forbids the performance of worldly and theatrical compositions, but it abolishes, by no means, instrumental music."

If this is the true account of affairs, the friends of pure Church music have only cause to rejoice about it. May the example of the Austrian Council be imitated in all countries, where, on Sundays, in the house of the Lord Most High, the music is repeated that has been performed during the week in the theatre, a scandal, that not unfrequently occurs in certain cities of this country, though it has repeatedly been condemned by the Church; and with the less excuse, when we remember the inexhaustible fund of noble music composed by the greatest masters for her service.

A. WERNER.

Boston, Nov. 15, 1859.

Death of Spohr.

LOUIS SPOHR, the German composer, born in Brunswick, April 5, 1784, died there in October, 1859. In early life, he was Chamber-musician of the Duke of Brunswick, and Concert-master of the Duke of Saxe-Gotha. He gave concerts in different parts of Europe, and acquired the reputation of being one of the greatest violonists of his time, and at the Congress of Vienna, in 1814, eclipsed all his rivals. In 1817 he visited Italy, and after his return to Germany he became manager of the Frankfort Opera. Here he brought out his charming opera of *Zemire and Azor*. In 1819 he went to London, where the symphony which he executed there before the Philharmonic Society has since remained very popular in England, where his music was, perhaps, more appreciated than even in his own country. After spending some time in Dresden, he was invited in 1822, to preside over the Chapel of the Elector of Hesse-Cassel, in whose service he has since remained. He has produced a great number of orchestral symphonies, concertos, quartets, and other instrumental works, cantatas, songs, ballad, and other vocal pieces, which are popular throughout Germany. But his fame rests on his operas—"The Mountain Spirit" (*Berggeist*), "The Alchymist,"

"The Crusaders," and above all "Jessonda" and "Pietro of Abano"—and on his oratorios, "The Last Judgment," the "Crucifixion," and "The Fall of Babylon," which are among the greatest works of this description since the days of Handel. The last was expressly composed for one of the great English musical festivals, and his music was, perhaps, more appreciated in England than in his own country. To the lovers of the violin, he has left one of the most complete works of its class, entitled "The Violin School."

Musical Correspondence.

HAVERHILL, MASS., Nov. 10.—Last night, (Nov. 9th) "The Haverhill Musical Institute" gave their first Concert. Permit me to enclose the programme:

PART I.

1. March, from Overture to "Martha.".....Flotow.
Serenade Band.
2. Chorus. "By the Rivers of Babylon.".....Root.
3. Solo and Chorus. "The Marvellous Work".....Haydn.
Solo by Miss E. Harriman.
4. Quartet. "To the Highlands.".....Seibert.
Miss Downs, Miss Baldwin, and Messrs. Hill and Hammond.
5. Phantom Chorus. *La Sonnambula*.....Bellini.

PART II.

1. Waltz.Lanner.
Band.
2. Duet and Chorus. "By thee, with bliss.".....Haydn.
3. Duet. Fantasia Brilliante on Themes from "William Tell." For Violin and Piano.
S. M. Downs and J. L. Blodget.
4. Glee. "Serenade and Mild."
5. Solo and Chorus. "Crowned with the Tempest."
From *Ernani*.....Verdi.
Solo by J. K. Colby.

The Institute was organized in April last; and the refined and critical part of the audience who listened to the execution of the above programme, were well satisfied that in the intervening months, its members had studied diligently, and worked hard. The selections from "The Creation" were performed in a manner that would have done credit to much older institutions. Miss HARRIMAN's solo in "The Marvellous Work" displayed energy, ability, and considerable study. The "Phantom Chorus" was executed with a spirit and precision, unusual in amateur singers, and the audience seemed well pleased with it.

The graceful quartet, "To the Highlands," was indeed very gracefully and beautifully done, and its repetition urgently demanded. Light and sparkling as the piece itself is, more than one discerning ear in the audience was still better pleased with the piano-forte accompaniment improvised for the occasion by S. M. Downs. This gentleman is quite noted in our midst as a thorough, scientific player, and his rare faculty of adaptation makes him an accompanist of a very high order.

Then the Duet for the Violin and Piano, where the same gentleman played the latter part, proved the star piece of the evening. Difficult as both parts are, we could not doubt their artistic rendering, coming as they did upon our ears with all the meaning and beauty that only those who can feel music as well as execute it, ever throw into a piece. Both Mr. Downs and Mr. Blodget possess fine native talent, and have already good reputations for so young men. By hard work, and broad culture they may stand as high as they please in their beautiful art.

"Crowned with the Tempest," never seemed grander; and as the last notes died away, we almost yearned to hear them again. This solo was done well by Mr. COLBY, who is the Director of the Institute, and a thing done well is a rarity in music, as everywhere else. This much for the Concert that was a joy and a delight to us, as the Schiller Festival will be to you to-day.

BERG.

LOUISVILLE, KY., Nov. 11.—I am sure that nowhere could the centennial anniversary of the birth of the poet, philosopher, patriot and earnest hearted man have been celebrated with more enthusiasm than was shown last night by the Germans of Louisville.

The hall was festooned with evergreens; the stage was a complete parterre of flowers and plants, with statues and busts and emblematical scenery. In the centre of the stage was a portrait of SCHILLER; above was suspended three shields; on one the date of the birth, on the others the names, of MARTIN LUTHER, the immortal reformer, and ROBERT BLUM, the patriot of 1848, who was executed by the cowardly tyrant of Austria. On the right of the stage was the German tri-color—black, red and orange, and on the left the stars and stripes. On each side of the hall were the names of many of the famous German scholars, poets and philosophers, wreathed with evergreen. The exercises of the evening commenced by an overture, very finely played by a full orchestra. Then followed choruses by the Orpheus and Liederkrantz societies; an oration by Prof. SCHENCK; the unveiling of Schiller's portrait; the reading of FERDINAND FREILIGRATH's noble poem; declamations in costume from "Wallenstein's Camp" and "Karlshiller;" {concluded by other choruses very finely and effectively sung.

Thus ended the memorial day of the one all Germans delight to love. There was little in the position of the boy born so many years ago, to make any one ever dream that after a century had passed away, the name of Johanno Christoph Friedrich von Schiller would be inseparably associated with the highest, holiest and sweetest strains ever sung, that all people would learn from him by poetry, philosophy, and more than all by the example of his pure and noble life; for there never throbbed a heart more full of love and sympathy for the entire human race than that which beat in the bosom of the man whom

"The world will not willingly let die."

E. P. K.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 19, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Continuation of the Opera, *Don Giovanni*, as arranged for the Piano-Forte.

The Schiller Festival.

The afternoon of Wednesday, Nov. 10, 1859, will henceforth stand as one of the most beautiful, significant and perfect of the many inspiring celebrations with which Boston memories are fraught. Though this was the one hundredth birth-day of no American, but of a German poet, yet the very fact that he was a Poet in the truest sense, a poet in his life, a poet of the human heart, its holiest, highest, inmost aspirations, a poet of Freedom, who by his life and by his song, by his sublime philosophy and his example, his ambitions and his friendships, did so much to quicken and to keep alive in all his brethren (not limited to Fatherland) a true sense of the dignity of Man, and of the glorious privilege of life, when animated by right aims,—this fact, coupled with the fact of the great and growing affinity of thought and sentiment between the Germans and ourselves, and the providential mingling of the German element in those early stages of the growing up of our New World unto the stature of the perfect Man,—made it a festival in which all enlightened Americans could join almost as heartily as Germans. And truly there was great significance in the fact, that a Poet, a Thinker, an Ideal Enthusiast could command all over the civilized world such a commemoration and homage as no one ever dreamed of offering to any king, or warrior, or man in power of any age or nation. The people in the long run know their benefactors; and though the artist and the poet may in

their life-time be poor pensioners and dreamers, yet it is certain that at last the Shakspeares, and the Dantes, and the Schillers, and the Beethovens, and the Michael Angelos, will loom up as the great men of history, above forgotten crowds of conquerors and princes, the mere worldly great.

There was great propriety, too, in making this at once a literary and a musical occasion. Those highest instincts of humanity which glow in Schiller's eloquence, are just the burthen and the meaning of all Music. And therefore we should have been glad, had it been practicable, to have had the statue of Beethoven, which presides over all the noble music in our Hall, full in view with that of Schiller: who could have failed to recognize in them two noble prophets, though in different tongues, of the same glorious gospel of Humanity! But to have done this would have involved a much larger scale of decoration than was then possible, in order to place things in their right relations; so that the decorative committee showed their good taste and judgment in making Schiller the central and sole figure. And the arrangement was admirable. From the rear of the stage arose a large frame draped in folds of yellow, crimson and dark purple (suggesting the national tri-color), and festooned with wreaths of evergreens and flowers; and in the centre stood a colossal statue of Schiller, beautifully imitated in fresco, by Herr Schutz, an artist of this city, from the Goethe and Schiller group at Weimar. Upon the white base were the words:

F. V. SCHILLER, 1759 AND 1859.

The Music Hall was filled to its utmost capacity by the most cultivated audience which Boston, Cambridge and vicinity could furnish—by far the larger portion being Americans, invited guests of their German fellow-citizens. The Philharmonic Orchestra, unusually full in numbers, under the lead of CARL ZERRAHN, opened the festival at 4 o'clock with Beethoven's third overture (in C) to *Leonore*;—the grandest of all overtures, the most exciting and inspiring by its pathos, its dramatic progress, and by that vivid representation which it gives of humanity in its prison bonds, cheered by high heroic hopes, and then the far off trumpet sound of deliverance, and the triumph of love and jubilee of freedom, which made it a fit opening for a Schiller Festival. It was played very finely, for the musicians' hearts were in it. Never have we known an audience to listen more intently.

Prof. CHARLES BECK, the President of the day, then welcomed the audience in a few fitting words, in German, and introduced the first speaker, Dr. REINHOLD SOLGER, who gave, in German, a very sound, philosophical and clear-headed discourse on Schiller, speaking of the rare union of opposite stand-points in his remarkable friendship with Goethe; of the reproduction of the Kantian idealism in the poetic concrete form by Schiller; of his high humanitarian ideas and glowing eloquence for Freedom; and of the broad field open here in our New World for the realization in actual life and polity of the sublime ideas of the great German poet. He also alluded by the way to the affinity in spirit and in purpose of Schiller and Dr. Channing.

Next came the singing by the Orpheus Glee Club, strengthened by members of the Turner Club, so as to number fifty voices, of Mendelssohn's stirring music to a portion of Schiller's Hymn *An die Künstler* ("To the Artists.")

Mr. KREISSMANN conducted, and OTTO DRESEL played a brilliant grand-piano accompaniment, in lieu of Mendelssohn's brass instruments, which were found in the rehearsal to overpower this number of voices. It was splendidly sung and sent a thrill of pleasure through the audience. Prof. Beck then introduced to the audience the Rev. Dr. FREDERICK H. HEDGE, of Brookline, who made an admirable address in English. We have only room for the introduction and a few other striking passages.

ADDRESS OF REV. DR. HEDGE.

Mr. President:—My first thought as I look around on this assembly represents to me the astonishing progress made within my recollection in the knowledge and appreciation of German literature in this community. I recall the time when to the ear of Boston the name of Schiller was an empty sound, suggesting at the most, if anything was suggested by it, a questionable stage play—The Robbers, popularly ascribed to one "Skiller," which, together with the Sorrows of "Wurter," represented the genius of Germany to our uninstructed mind. There were scarcely at that time a dozen persons in this city who could read the language in which these works were composed, or judge of a German author otherwise than through the medium of a vicious translation. Two theories were then current respecting the German intellect, either of which might seem to justify the general neglect of its productions. They were not very congruous, indeed they flatly contradicted one another, but both coincided in their practical effect. The first, which I may style the ethnological, identified the Germans with the Dutch, confounding the people of the Uplands with the dwellers on the flats, old Father Rhine with his distant relations, the oozy Waal and the lazy Scheldt, and imparting to the countrymen of Herrmann, of the Suabian princes and the Minnesinger, of Guttenburg and Luther, the stolid phlegm and earthy grossness and the incorrigible bathos which the school geographies had taught us to consider as the proper attributes and inalienable portion of the Netherlander. Our other theory, which I will call the critical, assigned to the Germans the empire of the air, and ascribed to them such an irreclaimable affection for the upper regions,—such super-mundane and exorbitant idealism, such nebulous and meteoric proclivities as must needs cut them off from the sympathies of earth-born men. According to one theory these people were so heavy-moulded and muddy-brained, so hopelessly gross and dull, that English thought could not stoop to the level of their platitudes; according to the other, they were such highfliers, so ethereal and transcendental, that English thought could never reach their empyreal altitudes. These were our two theories about the Germans. We did not care to reconcile them; their agreement or non-agreement was not our concern; but between the two, between the earthiness of the Germans and their airiness, we held ourselves religiously absolved from all obligation to study their writings.

* * * * *

We Americans, Mr. President, of the Anglo-Saxon lineage, your kindred by a common descent from the old Teutonic stock, your fellow-citizens by mutual adoption, are glad to unite with you in this celebration. Friedrich Von Schiller, whose centennial birth-day your country celebrates on this 10th November, has claims upon ours. He belongs to us by the universality of genius; he belongs to us by fellowship of spirit, by the great communion of that uncovenanted religion of truth and beauty of which he was a priest. That which is best in genius is that which is least local, national, and most universal. If you call Schiller yours by birth and language, we call him ours by those great ideas, those noble sentiments and beautiful images, whose circulation no idiom can determine and no territorial limits confine, which born in the narrow duchy of Weimar have pervaded civilized society and become a constituent of this human world no more to be separated from it than the salt from the sea or silex from the rock. That which made him the idol of Germany has made him the joy of the earth. Your gods are our gods, we have glowed with you over the Marquis Von Posa, and wept with you at the loves of Thekla and Max Piccolomini, and triumphed in the girl of Dom Remi. Our hearts, like yours, have thrilled with the ode of joy and vibrated to the song of the bell.

I am not here to gauge the genius of Schiller by the cannon of poetic art. Were I competent to such a task, my business here is not to criticise but to bring an offering, to voice the tribute of this assembly to

one of the heroes of the intellectual world. In doing so I discharge a personal debt. It fell to my lot to be brought in communion with the genius of Schiller at the most susceptible period of life, he was the poet that first found me, my first poetic revelations were from him.

Des Leben's Mai blüht einmal und nicht wieder. Life has but one spring and the poets who speak to that period, and from that period stir us as no subsequent poetry can. Whatever may be the verdict on the whole, the final and resultant verdict which criticism shall pass on the poetry of Schiller, it will be allowed that no poet has spoken with such spirit-stirring power to the young. I venture to call him the most eloquent of poets. Poetry and eloquence, in their proper essence, are quite distinct; the latter is by no means an invariable accompaniment of the former, and many of the greatest poets, like Wordsworth and Milton and Goethe, have been without it. It is not the highest element in poetry, but it is that which speaks most emphatically to the heart of youth. Byron more than Wordsworth is the poet of the young. Schiller, in early life, abounded in this quality, even to excess. Like Byron, he was the poet of passion more than of thought. The truth of his vision was eclipsed by the fire of his verse as a conflagration puts out the stars.

I will say this furthermore of the poet whom we celebrate, that of all your poets he is at once the most national and the most cosmopolitan. Independently of his great merits, his early and widespread and long continued popularity is partly due to the fact that he was the first who spoke to the universal heart of Germany, as it were from its own plane eliciting a full and sincere response to his verse. He has done more than any other poet to awaken and cherish the national consciousness. Lessing and Herder wrote for scholars. Klopstock was strong of wing but dull of heart and feeble in sympathy; he left his country behind him in his flight. Schiller it was who first struck the sympathetic chord which vibrated from the Danube to the Weser, he first supplied the electric spark to the popular enthusiasm which had slumbered since the peace of Westphalia. Since Luther, no writer had come so near the heart of the people,—the poet of Protestantism, as Luther was its prophet. At the same time he is of all your poets the least idiomatically and exclusively German, the most translatable into other tongues, the most intelligible to other nations, the easiest naturalized in foreign lands. The French, in the first burst of their revolutionary enthusiasm voted him a citizen of their republic, he has made himself a citizen of the world. Denmark, in his illness, granted him a pension, the civilized earth has granted him a monument, and united with us in this celebration.

It is right and fit that we especially, as American freemen, should celebrate this day. All the liberty we enjoy, we owe indirectly to our German descent. Two races divide the Christian world, the Roman and the German. The one since Augustus represents dominion, the other freedom. It is the German blood in us—that element which at two most memorable points in the world's history repelled and baffled the Roman sway, once on the banks of the Lippe, and once in the counsel hall at Worms—this element it was that emancipated our fathers from ecclesiastical dictation in the old world, and colonial exaction in the new. And here I am reminded of another birthday which this 10th of November couples in beautiful harmony with that of Schiller. The day we celebrate is the birth anniversary of a greater than Schiller, and without whom no Schiller would have been, and no New England and no American independence; of one to whom modern society is indebted as to no individual else; whose words were lightnings, and whose thoughts were things: in naming whom I seem to myself to name the very genius of Germany and of intellectual freedom;—Germans, Americans, whatever has Saxon blood in its veins; whatever has the breath of liberty in its nostrils, I claim your grateful homage for the name of LUTHER. [Great applause.] And Schiller is eminently the poet of liberty. Defiance of despotism, impatience of unjust and pernicious restraint appears conspicuous in every page in his writings. Freedom was the breath of his nostrils, the atmosphere of his Muse, the inspiration of his genius.

The allusion to Luther was a surprise to most of the assembly, and was received with unbounded enthusiasm.

The second part of the entertainment began with Mozart's overture to the *Zauberflöte*, played with such clearness of outline, such fine blending of tone-colors, and such *verve*, as we have never heard it here before. This, too, was a fit sugges-

tion of another phase of the Poet's life,—the purely imaginative, the free, ecstatic element of genius. Next came the fervent and beautiful tribute to Schiller, in English, intermixed with citations from his poems in the original, by Prof. EMANUEL VITALIS SCHERB, ending with the following eloquent passage:—

It is this religion in him which prompted the most melodious of his lyrics, which created the most beautiful of his ballads, which inspired with noblest self-devotion the heroic breast of Posa, which sweetened for Max and Thekla that bitterest last moment of life-long parting with the assured faith that true love can never part; which sanctified the last hours of the erring Mary Stuart, and opened heaven with all its glories to the dying eyes of Joan of Arc. It is this precisely which makes him so dear to the heart of his nation, which—all appearances to the contrary notwithstanding—has already been and still is—a *truly religious* one. It is this which already, while he was still on earth, imparted to him, in spite of sickness and sorrow, that beauteous bloom of spiritual youth, which in a loftier sphere he now is enjoying for ever. Behold him! He is still the same pure and noble, ardent and tender, loving and believing spirit, only peacefuller and happier, and he still calls out to us those divine words which were the last message of the dying Posa to his dearly beloved Karlos, and which we may consider as *his* (Schiller's) last will and message to us:

“O bleibe treu den Träumen deiner Jugend!”

Let us then accept this his last will and message; let us follow his call; let us remain true to the noble and generous impulses of our youth, in order that we enjoy with him a youth eternal. Only thus can we honor him by honoring ourselves. Thus and thus only will this day, which already draws to its close, this festival which will soon be among the tales that are told, not have passed away without bearing some fruits, without doing some good. Thus, but thus only, will the pure and lofty spirit whom we meant to honor, be pleased with our homage, and in the joy of seeing his work prosper on earth, benignantly smile on us from his celestial heights.

Mr. Scherb then delivered the following original poetical apostrophe to Schiller, turning to the statue, As he closed the orchestra struck up a flourish, and the enthusiasm of the audience reached the highest point:—

Geistes adler, stolz und prächtig,
Ewig schön und ewig jung,
Mit den Schwingen, stark und mächtig,
Glühendster Begeisterung—
Du, dess riesenhaftes Streben
Kühn des Schicksals Macht bezwang,
Und aus engem dumpfen Leben
Frei zum Ideal sich schwang—
Edelster von Deutschland's Söhnen,
Sänger mit den Herzensteenen,
Du der Liebher der Kamoenen,
Priester du des Ewig-schönen—
Thouwer Schiller, lebe hoch!

The fiery lyrical transport of Mendelssohn's “Bacchus Chorus,” from the “Antigone” of Sophocles, sung by the Glee Clubs, with orchestral accompaniment, and Weber's swelling “Jubilee Overture,” brought the feast to a grand conclusion, and in the right tone. The festival was a complete success, and we must congratulate and thank our German brethren.

Mr. Keyzer's Concert.

The stormy weather of Saturday did not prevent a large attendance at the Farewell Benefit of our old friend. We should have been more happy to have seen the Tremont Temple quite full; but what was wanting in numbers, over and above the goodly number present, was in one sense made up by the character of the assembly, which was such as must have gladdened the heart of the concert-giver, and have made him feel that his long labors in the cause of high and classical Art are not forgotten now, in his old age, among the cultivated friends of music.

The concert went off well, and gave much satisfaction; many of the pieces exciting warm applause. The two double quartets by the lamented SPOHR (the news of whose death had not reached many of that audience), were smoothly and elegantly rendered, Mr. Keyzer himself taking the first violin part, which

is very *obligato* in Spohr's music, and showing himself remarkably retentive of his mastery in such work, and Messrs. SCHULTZE, MEISEL and FRIES completing the first quartet, and Messrs. F. SUCK, EICHLER, ZOEHLER and A. SUCK, the second. Spohr's music is always elegant, and masterly in form and structure; but the world finds it not inspiring; it grows monotonous; and lacks the fire of genius. The last movement of the last of the two quartets (No. 3) was the most interesting of the whole. In Rode's famous Air with Variations, in Quartet form (the air that Sontag used to sing), Mr. Keyzer played the *obligato* (almost *solo*) violin with excellent delicacy and finish.

Miss ARBY FAY displayed the bird-like facility of her beautiful voice in the “Venzano Waltz” and the “Echo Song,” in which she seems more at home than in the *cantabile* style of the Largo from *Maria di Rohan*. Mrs. HARWOOD sang *Dove sono* by Mozart, and (for the first time here) a dramatic melody by Rossini, which did not strike us very characteristically Rossini-ish. The singer's lower and middle tones are exceedingly rich and beautiful; there is still some hardness about her brilliant upper notes; but she has gained in execution so as to stand fairly in the very front rank of our concert singers. The Trio: “Lift thine eyes from *Elijah*,” was sung by the three boys from the choir of the Church of the Advent, not without much of the old charm, and certainly vastly to the delight of the general audience, who insisted on a repetition; but the rendering was unfortunate in one respect, that of a constant wavering of pitch. Master F. WHITE's silvery soprano is as pure and beautiful as ever. Mr. CARL HAUSE showed an astonishing degree of brilliant execution in a *Caprice* for the piano, of his own composing.

Musical Chit-Chat.

This evening we are to have the first Classical Concert of the season, under the excellent auspices of JULIUS EICHBERG and HUGO LEONHARD, at the Meisnagon, who offer such a programme from the highest masters as we seldom get. It includes three works by Bach, (who is so seldom heard, and whom it is most clearly for the interest of all true music-lovers to omit no opportunity of hearing), viz.: a Piano-forte Concerto, a tenor song (by Mr. KREISSMANN), and the *Chaconne* for Violin, which Mr. EICHBERG plays so admirably. Also a Sonata (for Piano and Violin) by Beethoven, pieces by Chopin and Schubert (LEONHARD and DRESEL), songs by Franz, &c. We anticipate unalloyed pleasure. . . . Next Tuesday evening, at the same place, the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB open their *eleventh* series of eight Chamber Concerts. The Club are fortunate in having secured the assistance of Mme. ABEL, of whose skill and pure artistic tone as a pianist, and of whose private worth we have had repeated assurance from those whose judgment we esteem most among those who know her in New York. A notice of her antecedents will be found in another column. She will play the “Kreutzer Sonata” with Mr. SCHULTZE, and a Polonaise by Chopin. The Club will introduce us to another, one of the later, Quartets of Beethoven, No. 11, in F minor, and will play Mendelssohn's Quintet in A, op. 18. . . . Next Saturday evening Mme. ABEL will give a Concert in her own name. . . . The HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY are early in the field; they announce a performance of Handel's “Samson”—always a popular Oratorio—for Sunday evening, Nov. 27, with the assistance of Madame ANNA BISHOP (!), who is once more in this country, and is said to retain her remarkable powers wonderfully well. We shall at all events hear the most finished and artistic of English soprano singers.

The Fair, for raising funds to enable Mr. THOMAS BALE to throw into colossal bronze his noble model of an equestrian statue of WASHINGTON, to be placed on Boston Common, is now in progress at the Music Hall. The scene presented is most beautiful, as it needs must be when HAMMATT BILLINGS is designer of the decorations and entire arrangement. The articles exposed for sale, the sellers, and the company of buyers or of lookers on, are all as inviting as could well be imagined: while the object is one which every man, woman and child in Boston, and in New England, should feel a pride in helping on to its accomplishment.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

The last week has not been particularly fertile of notable events, either in the musical or dramatic regions. Almost the only fact of importance is the debut of two new tenors, M. Sapin at the Grand Opéra and M. Lucien Bourgeois at the Théâtre Lyrique. The latter is a pupil of the Conservatoire, who, having gone through the accustomed ordeal of passing a year or two on the various stages of Italy, obtained an engagement in New Orleans, whence the fame of his powers had been wafted to his native land in so highly spirited a condition that it induced the enterprising director of the Théâtre Lyrique to offer the young tenor an engagement on terms not usually commanded by debutants. The opera chosen for his first appearance is Adolph Adam's charming work, *Si j'étais Roi*, which was revived expressly for the occasion. M. Bourgeois, although proving himself an aspirant of high promise, and capable of enlisting the sympathy of his audience, by no means justified his claim to step at once into the brilliant position to which he has suddenly been promoted.

At the Italian Opera *La Traviata* has been succeeded immediately by *L'Italiana in Algeri*, with Madame Alboni in Isabella, than whom no living singer is so thoroughly imbued with the traditions of the school of singing to which the part belongs, while the unrivalled flexibility of her voice can alone give due effect to her knowledge. I consider I am paying a high compliment to the taste and judgment of the Parisians by recording the enthusiasm with which they received this accomplished artist. *Il Giuramento*, which was disinterred last season to the apparent gratification of the musical cognoscenti of Paris, is again brought forward this season, Alboni, Penco, and Graziani being its chief support. The part of Viscardo, played last year by Ludovico Graziani, is now confided to a debutante, Signor Morini, a German who conceals the ungraceful patronymic *Schumpf* behind this euphonious *nom de théâtre*. He acquitted himself satisfactorily, and was well received, but though he sings with taste, his voice, like that of his predecessor, is deficient in power. It is said that the *Crociato*, the foundation-stone of Meyerbeer's reputation, which was to have been produced this season, will be postponed till next year, the *maestro* being impressed with the necessity of thoroughly revising and remodelling the text of this early work.

Having just mentioned Adolphe Adam, I am reminded of a musical event to which I omitted to refer at the time (a fortnight since), viz., the distribution of the grand prizes for the best compositions at the Académie; the ceremony being presided over by M. Halévy, the perpetual secretary, who read on the occasion a very interesting memoir on the life and works of the celebrated composer of *Le Châlet*. The account given of the progress made by the students during the preceding academical session was in the highest degree satisfactory. The proceedings terminated by the execution of the operatic scene on which the first grand prize had been conferred. It was entitled *Bajazet et le Joueur de Flûte*, and is the work of a youth twenty-two years of age, a native of New Orleans, and who, in the words of the report drawn up by M. Halévy, one of his instructors, promises to become a distinguished composer.

One of the topics of the day in musical circles is the intended erection of a new building for the Académie Impériale, its present local habitation in the Rue le Pelletier having been merely provisional, though dating as much as thirty-nine years back. The Emperor's signature has not yet been obtained to the projected undertaking, but as the site fixed upon is the one formerly chosen by himself, when consulted on the subject some years since, it is expected that the imperial sign-manual will not be withheld. The proposed building of a new opera-house forms a part of the general plan for the improvement of Paris. All the houses between the Chausée d'Antin, and the Passage Saudrier are to come down, the Rue Bassée du Rampart is to be razed to the level of the surrounding ground, and a wide area would thus be obtained, which is to be converted into an open square, one extremity of which—that farthest from the boulevards—is to be occupied by the new theatre. On this public space two principal streets will open out, one leading to the Havre railway station, to be called Rue de Rouen, the other forming a continuation of the Rue la Fayette, and reaching to the Northern railway station. It is calculated that six months will be required to complete the process of expropriation and the subsequent demolition of the houses within this area, and another eighteen months to finish the new building. The establishment in the Rue le Pelletier is therefore safe in its present quarters for the next two years at least. As yet it has not been settled whether the contem-

plated improvements are to be carried out exclusively at the expense of the city of Paris, or whether the State will contribute a share of the cost. The latter will probably be the case. It is stated that the new structure will cost ten million francs, (£400,000), and some idea of the cost of the entire operation of transferring the Grand Opéra to its proposed new quarters may be formed by the estimate given for a single item, namely, 1,000,000 francs, or £40,000, for the removal and adaptation of the scenery alone to the new stage. The dimensions of the theatre will rival those of the Scala at Milan, and the San Carlo at Naples, the Parisians considering themselves entitled to possess the largest theatre in the world.—*Correspondence of London Musical World.*

MADRID.—The Theatre Royal opened on Thursday, (6th inst.) with great éclat. The House was crowded; Prince Adalbert of Bavaria was in the royal box, the majority of the ministers, the members of the diplomatic corps, the highest public functionaries, and the great aristocratic families were all present: *Norma* was the opera. Grisi was Norma, Mario Pollio, Mdle. Calderon Adalgisa, and M. Bouché Oroveso. Mario and Mdle. Calderon were recalled at the end of their duet. After the duet between Norma and Adalgisa, in the second act ("Deh con te") some murmurs of dissatisfaction proceeded from the upper galleries; Md. Grisi naturally appeared hurt, and malevolence attributed to her certain observations behind the scenes, that it is impossible to believe she could have made. Rumors of what she had said, calumniously exaggerated (supposing her to have really said anything objectionable), soon circulated among the audience. The excitement was at its height when Mad. Grisi reappeared before the footlights, and she had to submit to a reception at once revolting to her pride as an artist, and as a woman. The day after this incident she addressed to the public the following manifesto:

"TO THE PUBLIC OF MADRID."

GRISI.

"I am accused of having been wanting in respect towards the public, a charge which afflicts me to such a degree that I cannot refrain from endeavoring to prove it false.

"During my artistic career I have always had the happiness to appreciate and feel deeply the generous welcome I have received in all the theatres where I have sung. I therefore accepted with pleasure an engagement for the Theatre Royal in Madrid, assured of being able to fulfil my contract, and counting upon the indulgence of the Madrid public. Thus confident, I expected to find on my first appearance upon the boards that indulgence which the chivalrous Spanish nation accedes to every artist; but my surprise was great when, before once hearing me, a small part of the public gave signs of discontent during the whole of the first act.

"I frankly own that these facts have given me extreme pain, and that, but for the gallant and protecting welcome of the rest of the public, I should have been unable to get to the end of the performance. I must, therefore, entreat their pardon for such a display as I was enabled to make under the circumstances. Far be it from me to think of reproaching the public of Madrid, which I have always known how to appreciate; and if I had been allowed to speak, I should have said: 'Gentlemen, hear me with indulgence, and if, after having sung, I have not the good fortune to please you, I will bow to your judgment, and throw up my engagement. I could not, of course, have continued to sing before a public whose approbation I had not merited.'

"Accomplishing a sacred duty, I have addressed this plain statement to the public, certain that it will be appreciated for what it is worth, and intending to obtain from the public itself my justification.

Madrid, Oct. 7, 1859.

Its servant,
OUILLA GRISI."

There are not wanting among the staunch advocates of Mad. Grisi those who hint at the possibility of M. Calzado, lessee of the Italian Opera in Paris, being in some measure implicated in this affair. It is well known that M. Calzado made every effort to induce Mario to renew his engagement this season; that he even sent him an engagement *en blanc*; and that the haughty tenor declined every proposal in consequence of the ungentlemanly treatment to which Madame Grisi had been exposed the year previous. M. Calzado is a Spaniard, and doubtless has his emissaries at Madrid. It is difficult otherwise to explain the behavior of the Madrid public with regard to the unfortunate "Diva."—*Ibid.*

MILAN.—The opera most recently produced at the Scala for the edification of the Zouaves and Turcos was Rossini's *Matilda di Shabran*, with Mad. Ortolan Vallandris (one of Mr. Lumley's importations) as Matilda. The buffo was bad, the tenor mediocre, the *contralto* insignificant, the whole performance being very much like an "off-night" at Mr. E. T. Smith's. Moreover, the Milanese will not hear of *Matilda*, which is, according to them, "dull, *rococo*, and not at all in the advanced spirit of the times." Nothing, in fact, but Verdi will go down, in most parts of Italy at present. By the way, Verdi has positively abandoned composition, and the owner of the three splendid villas on the Lake of Como (*Ernani*, *Trovatore*, and *Rigoletto*—named after the operas with the profits of which they were built)—viz.: Mr. Ricordi, the music publisher—must look out for some

new mine of wealth. The ballet at the Scala, named *Cleopatra*, is a magnificent and gorgeous display of native arms and legs, and fully atones, in the eyes of the French "military," for the extreme dullness of the opera. Those who come to Italy in search of music will return home bitterly disappointed.—*Ibid.*

Special Notices.

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MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

A life devout and faithful. Joh. Seb. Bach. 40

Author of eight songs for an alto voice selected from Bach's works, and arranged by Robert Franz.

Jamie was our dearest pride. G. W. Stratton. 25

A simple song which will delight young people.

U-pi-dee. College Song and Chorus. Arranged by H. G. Spaulding. 25

An exceedingly comic song which the students at Harvard College have made quite familiar in this vicinity. It is ingeniously made up from portions of Longfellow's well-known poem *Excelsior*, and the refrain of an old German student song, from which also most of the music is taken.

The Savoyard's return. Song. L. Williams. 30

Imitative of the native lays of Tyrol, like "Blanche Alpen," or the "Switzer's farewell." Very pretty.

The wizard on the mountain. (Le vieux sorcier.) "Pardon de Ploermel." 25

A charming arietta in D minor for mezzo-soprano, sung by Dinorah.

I shall again behold. (La rivedrai nell'estasi) "Masked Ball." 25

You'd fain be hearing. (Saper vorreste.) " 25

Two songs from Verdi's latest, and, as some say, his best opera, which, according to trustworthy reports from Italy, eclipses all of this composer's former efforts. The opera is withheld by the author from the public at present, but will probably be produced next season in Paris and London simultaneously. The first of the above songs is a romanza for tenor, written in a vigorous, declamatory style, very effective; the other a charming cabaleta, which, in due time, will be sung and played as much as "La donna e mobile," or the "Prison Song." Several other pieces will immediately follow.

Instrumental Music.

Overture Fra Diavolo, by Auber, arranged for four performers on two pianos. 150

One of the most taking overtures of the theatre or concert room, arranged effectively for use in music schools or seminaries. It is one of the easiest of the series of eight-hand overtures, issued by the same publishers, which contains besides the above, the Overtures William Tell and Zampa.

Domino noir Waltz. James Bellak. 15

Prison Song in "Trovatore." " 15

Two new numbers of that favorite set for juvenile performers, "Chit-chat."

Highland Fling, with Variations. E. Marquis. 40

A standard melody, prettily arranged. The Variations might have been written by Valentine or White, who used to be famous for their smart variations, so similar are they in style to them.

Upward the flames roll. (Stride la vampa.) Varied. Charles Grobe. 35

A good arrangement of medium difficulty, containing the air, one variation, and a brilliant Finales.

Books.

THE MODERN SCHOOL FOR THE DRUM. Containing full instructions and a choice collection of music for the Fife and Drum. By O. W. Keach and B. A. Burditt. 50

This is the most thorough work of the kind published, and presents, in a concise and agreeable manner, all information necessary for the learner, with exercises and music useful not only to beginners but to practised players.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 399.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1859.

VOL. XVI. No. 9.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

November Trees.

Let Poets sing of their leafy trees,
When the tides of summer fancies swell
And rock their thoughts, as a tropic breeze
Rocks the bee in a lily's bell.
But give me a harp whose ring is sharp,
Tuned for November melodies,
That I may roam the bleak hills, alone,
And sing of the brown and leafless trees.
The grey old trees, the naked trees,
The leafless autumn trees for me!

Their branches are bare in the twilight dark,
Cold and bare when the moon is high,
Like the cordage and masts of a stranded bark
That warp and freeze in a polar sky.
There is never a leaf that the sky-born thief
Did not hurry away ere its color was gone.
But the branches bare to me are as fair
As the naked forms of the Parthenon.
The graceful trees — the gnarled trees —
The wind-stripped autumn trees for me!

Where the branches part in the dusky wood,
The golden mist of the sunset streams,
And tracts of star-lit solitude
Glimmer at night on a world of dreams.
The wind is chill on the rugged hill,
And the early snow is gathering,
But the winter is nought — for their boughs are
fraught

With the flow of sap and the hope of Spring.
The patient trees — the hopeful trees,
Biding the hour that sets them free.

O Patriots, whom the Tyrant's hate
O'ershadows like the winter drear,
While like the patient trees ye wait,
Freedom — the nation's Spring is near.
Never despair, tho' the darkening air
Sweep all your summer leaves away;
The wind may rife your branches bare,
The leaves will burst anew in May
On the blossoming trees — the joyous trees,
In the glorious spring of liberty.

C. P. C.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Midnight Wind.

Wind of cloudy, bleak November,
Falling, rising through the night,
As I watch each dying ember
By my lamp's low softened light,
Sadly, vaguely I remember
Hours of sorrow and delight.

Rushing through the midnight dreary
Thou art like a spirit's sigh
Mourning o'er some land of Fairy
He had known in infancy.
So I muse till I am weary: —
Would the wind would pause and die!

Cease, O memory, to taunt me
With the far-off scent of flowers;
Cease, O midnight wind, to haunt me
With the ghosts of buried hours.
Hope, draw near and disenchant me,
Brightest of angelic powers!

C. P. C.

The Composers of the Stabat Mater.

(From the Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung.)

While defending himself against the compliments and the reproaches bestowed on him by Madame Gjertz, in her work mentioned in this paper, Fétis alludes, in the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*, to the various settings of the admirable hymn of the *Stabat Mater*, which dates from the 13th century, to prove that eclecticism in Art does not lay down any one rule for the Absolutely-Beautiful, but takes into consideration the period, circumstances, and aim of every work of art, and is, consequently, enlightened impartiality. The lady had asserted that the only thing remaining for M. Fétis to do, after his clear and striking exposition of the spirituality of music, was to apply to the latter the laws which regulate the emotions of the mind. "Instead, however," she continues, "of seeking these laws in the catechism, he has looked for them in the philosophers. After consulting all the latter, from Plato down to Cousin, he has at last arrived at eclecticism," &c.

Fétis hereupon proves, by the various settings of the *Stabat Mater*, from Josquin Depress down to Rossini, that a relative judgment on the Musically-Beautiful is perfectly justifiable. He selects as the seven most important settings those of Josquin Depress, Palestrina, Pergolese, the Marchese Ligniville, the Prince of Conca, J. Haydn, Boccherini, and Rossini. It is strange that Emmanuel Astorga is omitted. (See below.)

Josquin Depress held sovereign sway in his time (he flourished from 1470 to 1512), in the domain of music. "In those days church-music was written for the voice alone, even without an organ accompaniment; harmony was restricted to the consonant chord. For Josquin the *Stabat Mater* was a sequence, a prayer, and he had no other object but to impart to it a character of repose and devotion by his music. The Saviour on the cross, and the grief of Mary, have nothing in common with human feelings; the mystery of Salvation is being fulfilled. This was all the musician saw in his task, and he possessed what he required for the expression of calm devotion, the pure sound of the human voice and the consonance of harmony. The piece is written for five voices, in the sixth Roman church-tone. One voice carries through, uninterruptedly, the *Cantus firmus*, while the four others twine round it, in agreeable harmonies and imitations, in no instance abrupt. The whole being, when we consider the period and the conception of the subject, a fine and meritorious composition.

"Three-quarters of a century later, Palestrina composed his *Stabat Mater*. The musical system is still the same, but the form is enlarged, and Palestrina has infused the power of his individuality into his composition of the subject. It is true that the means of effective expression are still circumscribed, but there is already the yearning to discover others. The *Stabat* is written for eight voices, and two choruses, which, at one time separate, and at another in combination, produce a striking effect. It is very evident that, in this lofty composition, Palestrina drew his inspiration from the words of the Evangelist, St. Matthew; a feeling of terror predominates in the work. The three major-triads, with which the first chorus commences, at the words: 'Stabat Mater,' and with which the second chorus joins in, at the words: 'Juxta crucem,' have in them something terrible, which, by the abruptness wherewith they succeed each other, wounds our musical feeling. This is quite out of Palestrina's usual manner,

but, as he wished to produce an impression of affright, and as dissonant chords were not then known, this harsh combination was the sole resource at his disposal. At the blending of the two choruses commences the expression of gloomy sorrow: 'O quam tristis et afflicta fuit illa benedicta Mater Unigeniti!' which pervades the work to its conclusion.

"Between Palestrina and Pergolese there are a hundred and fifty years. The new musical system is discovered, and places means, previously unknown, at the disposal of the composer, while the instruments combine and form one whole with the sound of the human voice. Pergolese is not equal to the expression of force and greatness; for this his nature is not calculated; he feels at ease only in works of less proportions; he has tones for love and gentleness, but none for vigor and power. His *Stabat Mater*, consequently, is not a work which develops, to any great extent, musical ideas and means of expression, and, for this reason, too, he does not avail himself of the chorus. A soprano and an alto voice suffice him, whilst his orchestra consists merely of the string-quartet and the organ. Everything is not equally beautiful in his work; two movements appear particularly poor in invention, but what touching strains there are in the others! It seems as if Mary's tears had fallen upon the composer's heart! When sung by accomplished female artists—for these are a necessary part of the work—Pergolese's *Stabat* has always moved the hearers, and attained a celebrity which has obscured all former settings. Even now, it has, in no way, lost value in the eyes of the connoisseur, who keeps himself free from the influence of the present age.

"Although Haydn, in his church music, does not stand on the same eminence of genius as in his instrumental works" [we suppose by the former are meant only his masses, which are more properly speaking church music, and not his two oratorios] "his *Stabat Mater* is the production of a happy fit of inspiration. The nobleness of the thoughts, which, as a general rule, pervades it, is blended with a softly melancholy tint. It appears as if he had felt that the sorrow of the mother of Jesus could be no human sorrow. Above the depths of this conception lies the perfectly devoted confidence in the fruits of the Redemption. This beautiful composition is too little known; a few figures in the taste of the time are the only things in it which we could wish omitted.

"But the least known of all is the *Stabat Mater* of the Marquis de Ligniville, a dilettante, whose genius was not inferior to that of Marcello, but who died young, and wrote only a little. A 'Stabat,' a charming 'Salve, Regina,' and a 'Dixit Dominus,' for four voices and orchestra, are all I know of his. In the *Stabat*, he took a different view of the subject from the other composers. He does not attempt to express feelings which are raised above human nature, not to inspire his hearers with terror; his object has been to delineate the mystic love of man to God, who is expiring on the cross, and he has succeeded in a wonderfully beautiful manner. Three voices, sometimes of the same kind—for instance, three sopranos in the first verse—then three altos in the 'Quæ merebat et dolebat,' then again a soprano, tenor and bass, or an alto, tenor and bass, suffice to enable the composer, without any accompaniment, to produce the most profound impression. All the movements are canonical, but the strictness of the form in no way interferes with the impression.*

* "And behold the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom, and the earth did quake and the rocks rent." Chapter xxvii, verses 51, 52.

* When did this Marquis de Ligniville live! Are the above pieces printed or only manuscript! We find nothing about him in the authorities at our command.—Ed. *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

"Boccherini has taken the same ground as Ligniville. But he has employed more ample resources, for, though his *Stabat*, also, is only for three voices, he has written it with an orchestral accompaniment. The natural abundance of happy motives, found in all Boccherini's works, is not wanting in his *Stabat*, but there is more melancholy feeling and even vigor in it than in his other compositions. Although nearly totally unknown, it is worthy the admiration of all competent judges.

"Finally, Rossini's fertile genius has produced, out of the *Stabat Mater*, a drama in the form of an oratorio or cantata. To appreciate this work properly, we must take Rossini's own view of the subject. *Per se*, as a musical and vocal, and not as a sacred composition, it is a work that contains many beauties; for instance, the introduction, the tenor air, the quartet, 'Sancta mater,' and the 'Inflammatus' are worthy of all praise."

Thus far goes M. Fétis. As we have already mentioned, the *Stabat Mater* of Emanuel Astorga is omitted from the above list, although the work is one of the most celebrated, as well as, at present, better known, and deserving of its celebrity. It was written at the commencement of the eighteenth century, probably in London, since the Academy of Ancient Music there for a long time possessed the only copy of it. Compare Rochlitz, *Für Freunde der Tonkunst*, vol. 2, where there is, also, a biography, although a somewhat romantic one, of Astorga.

F. Chrysander, also, has recently informed us of a *Stabat Mater*, hitherto entirely unknown, but in his opinion excellent, by Agostino Steffani. Steffani was *Capellmeister* of Duke Ernest Augustus, afterwards Elector of Hanover, but in the year 1690, employed, also, as ambassador at various courts. He was a patron of Handel, who was indebted to him for his appointment at Hanover. After a copious and interesting notice of this distinguished musician, in his work entitled, *G. F. Händel*, vol. 1, Leipzig, 1858, F. Chrysander speaks as follows of the *Stabat Mater* in question:—

"The greatest, and perhaps, also, the last of Steffani's musical compositions, a work which has hitherto been unknown, as far as I am aware, even to its very name, I will now mention. It is a grand *Stabat Mater*. The manuscript, which I have seen, is in the same volume as the celebrated *Stabat Mater* of Astorga; and of about the same bulk. When I add that Steffani's composition is equal to Astorga's in an artistic sense, the reader must not look upon this as one of those unmeaning assertions in which unknown works of the second or third class are frequently compared with more known ones of the first rank. Any exaggeration in favor of Steffani would involve a double injustice. Emanuel Astorga's work is the only lamb on which his fame is nourished; Steffani possesses an entire flock, and his importance is firmly established, whatever may be the merits of his *Stabat Mater*. But we must confess, after the most dispassionate investigation, that, in this instance, we have one of the most remarkable musical compositions possible, and it is perfectly incomprehensible how it can have remained so long unknown. This is all the more incomprehensible, too, as it is contained in the same volume from which probably every copy of Astorga's *Stabat Mater* is derived. One can hardly avoid instituting a comparison between it and the latter, but the two compositions are so dissimilar, that it would be impossible for any one to explain them more easily and better than by performing them one after the other. In some of the twelve movements public opinion would declare for the baron, and in others for the bishop. The beginning of the last chorus, 'Quando corpus morietur,' is treated with the greater beauty by Astorga, but, looking at the chorus as a whole, the palm must be awarded to Steffani's composition. The difference of conception is so strong in some of the pieces as scarcely to admit of valuation, and both masters were skilful enough to attain their object; yet I would accord the preference to Astorga's simple though artistic chorus, 'Virgo virginum præclara,' instead of to Steffani's mystic trio, precisely on account of its impressiveness

and intelligibility, but, on the same grounds, I should prefer Steffani's chorus, 'Fac me plagiis,' to a bass-solo by the Baron. Taken altogether, Astorga strikes me as more especially noble, and Steffani as more especially ecclesiastical. Both possess in common the qualities of depth and solemnity, but even these with an essential difference. In Astorga's composition the individual and personal element is always predominant, and in this spirit it is invariably conceived; his work would be weakly, were it not strong in this respect. For the accents of grief with which he astonishes us, we seek explanations not in words or in ecclesiastical matters, but in the unhappy events of his own life. We should never think of doing so with Steffani. With what depth of feeling and richness of woe the second soprano intones in his work 'Stabat Mater,' and how powerful is the magnificent chorus, for six voices, that follows! What an effect is produced by the fourth: 'Pro peccatis,' and how wonderfully artistic is the sixth: 'Eja Mater!' But the life of the composer, even supposing we knew more of it than we really do, would scarcely render these forms more clear, than the words, the custom of the church, and the importance of the subject can do, although the work is the clearest proof that the little, friendly man nourished a deep inward life beneath his gentle exterior. The whole difference between Steffani and Astorga is, in two words, that between mysticism and romance. Whatever superiority Astorga, as one living later, may possess in the way of modern and popular treatment, or, as a man grown up in misfortune, in certain pieces full of moving passion, is compensated for by Steffani by a oneful ecclesiastically-solemn whole, and by the wonderful depth of his counterpoint, in which he far excelled Astorga. The work is full and remarkably scored: violins 1 and 2, viola 1 and 2 and 3, and violoncello, six vocal parts, six instruments, and organ. The instruments have essentially the same to do as the vocal parts, sometimes directly accompanying, and sometimes being freely intertwined. We here observe a remarkable departure from Handel, and, so to speak, an affinity with Bach; in reality, however, it is only the Italian style, ennobled and perfected, of constructing choruses. Even the solos are partially accompanied by several voices, while everything is full of counterpoint. The work is quite fit for performance at the present day. As matters stand—I mean because we have no singers for duets—the *Stabat Mater* is, perhaps, that composition by means of which this master, who has become a stranger, might be again introduced among us. *Until it is printed, it will afford me pleasure to procure German Vocal Associations a correct copy.*"

Mozart—Child and Man.

(Continued from page 242).

No. 47.

Mozart the Elder to his Wife.

Shrove Tuesday, 1770.

Our concert has taken place. It was on a Friday. Everything went off the same as before; any description would be useless. We are in good health, God be thanked; and, though not rich, we have always over and above our need. With God's help, we shall quit Milan in the second week in Lent and proceed to Parma. Next week Count Firmiani is bent on giving a last grand concert for the ladies; and there are other matters besides to bring to a conclusion.

The misfortune of M. d'Aman, which you mentioned, afflicted us much. Wolfgang shed many tears over it. You know how sensitive he is.

P. S. From Wolfgang. I embrace mother and sister. I am overwhelmed with business, enough to drive one mad. Impossible to write any more.

No. 48.

Wolfgang Mozart to his Sister.

Milan, March 3, 1770.

CARA SORELLA MIA,—How happy I am to hear of your spending your time so amusingly. Perhaps you think I don't amuse myself, but I could not count the number of times I have had amusement. We have been, I think, six or seven times at the Opera, then at the *feste di ballo*, which, as at Vienna, begin after the opera, with this difference, that the dances

pass off with more order than at Vienna. Besides which, we have seen the *facchinata* and the *chiccherata*. The first is a masquerade, which is pleasant to see; the people dress as *facchini*, or valets of great houses, and go in troops on foot or in *barca*, preceded by five or six bands of trumpeters, cymbals, and several bands of fiddles, and other instruments. The *chiccherata* is also a masquerade. What we call *petits maitres* the Milanese call *chicchere*; they are all mounted on horses, which has a very fine effect. I am as happy to hear M. von Aman is well, as I was grieved to hear of his misfortune. What masque did Mme. Rosa wear? and what was M. Moelek? What was M. von Schidenhofen's costume? I beseech you to tell me, if you know; you will please me much. Kiss mama's hands 1,000,000,000,000 times. My compliments to all kind friends; and for thee a thousand sweet things from him who will be yours as soon as you lay hands on him.

No. 49.

L. Mozart to his Wife.

Milan, March 13th, 1770.

Wolfgang had to compose, for the concert at Count Firmiani's, two airs and a recitative, with violin, from which I was obliged myself to take the violin part, and then it had to be copied out in duplicate to prevent our being robbed of it. Nearly one hundred and fifty of the first nobility were there. The principal personages were the Duke, the Princess, and the Cardinal. Between this and to-morrow we shall cook up another affair; they want Wolfgang to compose the first opera for Christmas next. We shall have some difficulty in reaching Rome for the holy week. You know at Rome we must of necessity stop. Then we shall go on to Naples, and this city is so important that, if we are not recalled to Milan by a *scrittura*, that is to say by the opera to be done, it may so turn out that we shall find occasion to remain the whole of the coming winter in Naples. If the *scrittura* takes place they may send us the libretto. Wolfgang will have time to think over it a little; we can make our road pass through Loretto, and return to Milan, and as the composer is only bound to remain up to the time of placing his opera *in scena* we can then return home, passing through Venice. I abandon all these projects to Divine Providence. To-morrow we dine with his Excellency, to make our adieu to him. The Count provides us with letters for Parma, Florence, Rome, and Naples. I cannot tell you how gracious he has been to us during all our stay.

P. S. From Wolfgang. My tender compliments. I embrace mother and sister a million times, and continue in good health, God be thanked. *Addio.*

No. 50.

The Same to the Same.

Bologna, 24th March, 1770.

Reached here to-day in good health, and with the hope that God will keep us in the same. We shall not stay more than four days here, and five or six at Florence. We are, therefore, certain to be in Rome during Passion Week, and to see the ceremonies of Maunday Thursday.

The *scrittura*, i. e. the written contract concerning the opera which Wolfgang is to compose, is signed and exchanged. It depends on no other condition now than the permission of our prince, for which I have asked. They give us 100 *gigliati* and our lodging. The opera will commence during the festivities of Christmas; the recitatives must be sent to Milan in October, and on the first of November we must be there in order that Wolfgang may compose the airs. The *prima* and *seconda donna* are Signora Gabrielli* and her sister. The tenor is Signor Ettore,† now Cavaliere Ettore, on account of some decoration he has received. The rest are not agreed upon yet. La Gabrielli is known throughout Italy for a wench of astounding pride, who, besides squandering all her money, commits the greatest follies in the world. We shall meet her on the road. She is coming from Palermo. We will do her the honors of a queen; we will worship her like a goddess, and so gain over her good graces. At Parma, the Signora Guari,‡ otherwise called *Bastardina*, or *Barstadella*, invited us to dinner, and sang us three pieces. I could not believe she could sing the *C sopra acuto*, but our ears convinced us of the fact. The passages which Wolfgang has copied were in her air; she sang them a little more softly than the grave tones, but with as beautiful

* Catherine Gabrielli, born in Rome in the house of Prince Gabrielli in 1730; a pupil of Garcia, surnamed Spagnoleto, and of Porpora. Died in Rome, 1790.

† Celebrated tenor, born in Italy, 1740; died at Stuttgart, 1770.

‡ One of the most accomplished artists of the 18th century; born at Ferrara, 1743; died 1783. Her real name was Lucrezia Agnjan.

a voice as the octave flute or the organ. Trills, cadences, every thing, were executed by her as Wolfgang has written them down, note for note. Besides which, she has a very good alto voice up to G. She is neither handsome nor ugly, but from time to time she has a wild look with her eyes like that of a person subject to fits, and she is lame. In other respects her conduct is good, her temper good, and her reputation good.

Count Firmiani has presented Wolfgang with a snuff-box of gold, filled with 20 *gigliati*.

No. 51.

Wolfgang Mozart to his Sister.

March 24, 1770.

O my industrious sister,—After being so long idle, I have thought there would be no harm if I became for some time once more industrious like thee. On post days, when letters from Germany arrive, meat and drink have a peculiar flavor for me. I entreat thee write me who sings during the oratorios; tell me also the titles of the oratorios? Forget not to tell me how thou wert pleased with the minuets of Haydn,* and if they are better than the first. I am rejoiced to hear that M. von Aman is restored. Beg of him, on my behalf, to take care of himself, and to avoid all strong emotion; tell him so for me. Shortly I will send thee a minuet, which M. Pick dances here on the stage, and which everybody dances at the *feste di ballo*, in Milan, in order that thou mayest see how slowly the people dance here. The minuet itself is a very fine one. It is, of course, from Vienna, and consequently by Teller or Starzer.† There are a great many notes in it. Why? Because it is a theatrical minuet. The Milanese or Italian minuets have a great many notes, a great many bars, and go very slowly; for instance, the first part has 16 bars, the second, 20 or 24.

At Parma we made acquaintance with a songstress; we heard her at her own house. She is the famous *Bastardella*, who has, 1st, a fine voice; 2d, an exquisite throat; 3d, an incredible compass. She sang in my presence the following passages: ‡

* * * * *

No. 52.

L. Mozart to his Wife.

Bologna, March 27, 1770.

Count Pallavicini gave yesterday a concert to which were invited the cardinal and the highest nobility. You know Count Charles Firmiani? I wish you also knew Count Pallavicini; they are two perfect noblemen, who, in every respect, are of the same way of thinking, have the same benevolence, a similar elevation of soul and moderation, equal love and equal intelligence of every department of art and science. As soon as Count Pallavicini learned that I desired to visit Rome during Passion Week, he told me that he would manage matters so that he might hear, no later than the day following, "this astonishing and youthful virtuoso," and procure the same pleasure to the whole nobility of the town. The celebrated F. Martini § was also invited, and, although he never goes to concerts, he came. The concert, at which were assembled 150 persons, commenced at half-past seven o'clock, and lasted till half-past eleven, nobody stirring from his seat. The singers were Signori Aprile and Cicognani.

What delights me particularly is that we are liked here in quite an unusual way, and that Wolfgang is admired more than in any other city in Italy, Bologna being the residence and focus of a great many masters, artists, and savants. It is here that he has been subjected to the most severe trials, which have added to his renown throughout Italy, because F. Martini is the idol of the Italians, and he speaks of Wolfgang in the highest terms of admiration, after having put him through every kind of ordeal. We paid two visits to F. Martini, and each time Wolfgang had to write a fugue, for which the father gave *la guida* in a few notes. We went to see, at his country house, Cavaliere Broschi, who is called Farinelli.* We met the Spagnoletta here, who is the *prima donna* at the opera, which begins in March, in the place of La Gabrielli, who is still at Palermo, and has played the Bolognese a trick; we met, besides, the *castrato* Manfredini,

* Melchior Haydn, not to be confounded with the renowned composer of that name, was attached to the Salzburg Chapel.

† A ballet composer, who died at Vienna, in 1793.

‡ The music in question will be found by the reader in the *Life of Mozart*, by Edward Holmes.

§ A Cordelier friar, the most erudite musician of the 18th century, author of the *Storia della Musica*. Born in Bologna, 1708; died, 1784.

* Celebrated singer and favorite of Ferdinand V. of Spain. Amassed an enormous fortune. Left his musical library to Martini.

who is just back from Russia, and has been with us at Salzburg.

We have been to the institute. What we saw there is far superior to the *Museum Britannicum*, for not only are natural curiosities to be found there, but everything that can be ranked under the head of science is displayed, ranged in order and methodically as in a lexicon, and kept in fine apartments; you would be astonished at it. I can say nothing of the churches, pictures, palaces.

You have nothing to tell me about the horse. Whoever disposes of my property, without my knowledge and against my desire, will have to indemnify me, if he be a gentleman of any nobility. My friends will pardon my not writing. *Arrivabit aliquando tempus commodum scribendi, nunc testa mea semper plena est multis reflexionibus.*

(To be Continued.)

Schiller Festivals.

NEW ORLEANS.

THE SCHILLER FESTIVAL.—Wherever and with what degree soever of enthusiasm the centenary of the great German poet was celebrated, yesterday, we doubt that it was more worthily and spiritedly commemorated than it was in our city. The day was delightful. One better adapted to the wants and wishes of the celebrants could not have been selected from the year's calendar. Everything came off according to the liberally and judiciously arranged programme, which we will not repeat, in detail, as we have already laid it before our readers.

The procession of the different associations, including the quaintly uniformed members of the Turnverein, was quite large, and made an imposing appearance, as it paraded our principal streets. Appropriate emblems, illustrating the various nationalities, and the intellects which have shed lustre upon them, bore a conspicuous place in the procession, as did a well executed bust of Schiller. The St. Charles theatre, in the morning, and Odd Fellows' Hall, in the evening, were crowded, and we were pleased to notice that the ladies formed, upon both occasions, the larger proportion of the audience. The incidents of both were of exceeding interest, and what struck us as notable was that, notwithstanding the general theme was the same, there was a pleasing variety in the exercises.

At the theatre, Dr. Maas, and at the Hall, Rev. Dr. Gutheim, delivered German addresses, wherewith the listeners appeared to be well content, if we may judge from the frequent interruptions, in the form of hearty applause. Both gentlemen spoke with grace as well as earnestness. At the St. Charles, Mr. Durant, and at Odd Fellows' Hall, Mr. Overall, delivered discourses appropriate to the occasion, in English, and these too were most enthusiastically received by their audiences. Mr. Durant's effort was chiefly historical and critical, with a glowing peroration of a eulogistic character. Mr. Overall's was more analytical of the great poet's genius. The orator dwelt especially on the humanitarian character of Schiller, his sympathy with man, and the noble idealism with which he treated human nature. Mr. Overall wound up his very able discourse with an allusion to the catholicity of the great German poet's works, and especially to the sympathy they inspire in the hearts of all lovers of liberty. The allusions to the evident democratic tendencies of Schiller's poetry, and thence to its popularity in this country, influencing, as it has, to a great degree, our own literature, were warmly received by the audience.

The bust of Schiller was unveiled by the statuary, at the St. Charles, and was crowned with laurel, at the hall, by a lady. An original cantata, by Labache, was sung, on both occasions; during the entrance of the procession to the theatre, an original "Schiller March," composed by Schoenheit, was performed by the band; during the coronation of the bust, that matchless Andante of Beethoven was finely rendered by a grand orchestra; at the theatre, Mr. Burghalter, from Baton Rouge, read a German poem, of his own composition: in the hall, another, composed by Freiligrath, and sent from London to be read whenever the day should be celebrated, was eloquently recited by Mr. Loenig.

The crowning exercise of the festival was the full performance of Romberg's noble cantata, set to the immortal poem of Schiller, "Die Glocke," or "The Bell." We have heard this fine composition performed, more than once before; but never, taken as a whole, with so much effect as upon this occasion. Mme. Ruhl (soprano) gave striking effect to the solos entrusted to her, and was admirably seconded in the duets, &c., by Mme. Paulsackel (contralto). Mr. Loenig (basso), as "the master," sustained his important part, throughout the work, very creditably.

"The Bell," upon this occasion, was certainly most triumphantly "cast."

This evening, at Odd Fellows' Hall, a grand ball terminates the three days' Festival of Schiller's centenary.—*Picayune*, Nov. 12.

CLEVELAND, O.

There was a good attendance at the Schiller Festival in the Academy of Music, last evening, and much enthusiasm was manifested. In front of the stage was placed a bust of Schiller, crowned with a laurel wreath. Immediately behind the bust was a large gilt lyre, encircled with a floral wreath.

The Festival commenced by the performance of Mendelssohn's beautiful Overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," executed by the St. Cecilia Society. This exquisite bit of descriptive music was given in a manner that brought down a burst of deserved plaudits.

In a few minutes the curtain again lifted and disclosed the stage crowded with the members of the Gesangverein and Cecilia Societies. In the front were two rows of blooming damsels, about twenty in number, all dressed in white muslin, and whose rosy cheeks and cheerful smiles spoke pleasantly of the sunny hills and smiling plains of the Fatherland. Between twenty and thirty men—members of the Gesangverein—stood next, who were again backed up by the Cecilia Society.

The "Song of the Bell," written by Schiller, and set to music by Romberg, is a piece allowing considerable scope for the composer's power and the artist's skill. The Cantata opens with the master giving directions to his workmen to make the moulds for casting the bell, and then to throw into the furnace the different metals required. Whilst the master at times narrates the progress of the work, the chorus picture the different uses to which the bell will be put, and the scenes with which its sounds will be connected. The joy-bells greeting the ear of the newborn infant and heard repeatedly in the progress of youth, until they ring out in full gladness to welcome the married pair; the struggle of life; the domestic scene, and the smiling homestead, are pictured in appropriate words and music, until the bell is ready for the casting. The rush of the glowing metal from the furnace suggests the wild alarm of fire, and the music vividly pictures the confused and startling scenes, with the mingled shouts of command and cries of despair, in the midst of which the curtain falls on the first part.

The second part commences with the workmen waiting for the bell to cool. Whilst the workmen wait anxiously, the solemn sounds of the "passing bell" are heard, and the desolate home is pictured, changing to a happy home scene cheerily described in tripping notes. The mould is broken, and the thought of the rain that would have ensued in case the metal had burst the mould suggests the terrible results of the outbreak of the people into rebellion. The music, in strong, startling bursts, describes the horrors of civil war, changing into glad chorus as the mould is split asunder and the work is found to be perfect.

Like a golden star, behold,
Like a kernel smooth and bright,
Peels the metal from the mould!
How the whole doth gleam
Like the sunny beam!
And in the escutcheon's shield
Is a master hand revealed.

The solos of the Soprano and Alto—Miss Berlina Baumeler and Miss Bertha Baumeler, were received with great applause. The Tenors—Messrs. F. Abel and G. Langsdorff, and the Basses—Messrs. H. Langsdorff and Quevenfield, acquitted themselves admirably. In fact, all did well, and, under the leadership of Prof. Abel, afforded an entertainment to be remembered with great pleasure.—*Herald*.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

The anniversary of Schiller's birthday, in Milwaukee, Thursday, took place at Albany Hall, and was attended in the afternoon by at least one thousand people. The "exercises" commenced with the orchestra performance of the overture to the opera of *William Tell*, by Rossini. We doubt it has ever been executed better by the Musical Society. The audience were rapturous in their applause, and we think it possible the performers felt impressed with the unusual importance of the occasion; at all events the mass of eager listeners insisted on having it repeated, and we heard many commendatory remarks among gentlemen of no mean musical taste. After this, Dr. Fessel made a few remarks, and was followed by Hans Boebel, in a declamation written by F. Freiligrath, a living German poet, to be used all over the world on this occasion.

Carl Schurz was then introduced, and delivered an

oration in German, and the programme closed with a male chorus, with instrumental accompaniment.

The Hall was tastefully decorated with banners, and emblematical shields, bearing the names of some of Schiller's favorite productions. On the stage a bust of the poet stood in full view, crowned with a chaplet of laurel.

In the evening a still larger audience attended the Festival; Albany Hall was indeed "jammed almost to suffocation." The third act of Schiller's tragedy of "William Tell," tableaux and musical performance made up the entertainment. The play was exceedingly well done, Miss Horwitz, who took the part of young Tell, excited a good deal of just admiration by her acting, and we will do her the justice to say we never saw the character better sustained. The tableaux were as good as ever, gotten up with all that artistic taste for which our German fellow citizens are characteristic, and elicited unbounded applause.

Mr. Sobolewski's arrangement of Schiller's "An die Freude" or "Hymn to Joy," was undoubtedly the feature of the evening. It was called on the programme, a "Melodrama with chorus," an appellation by the way, that we do not exactly comprehend. The chorus consisted of fifty mixed voices; and the recitation was delivered by Mr. Niemeier.

It is only necessary to say in connection with this music, that Mr. Sobolewski has translated Schiller's sentiments into music, much better than they can ever be translated into English. Much of the exquisite joyousness, not mirth, but soul-felt gladness, overflowing in stately emotion, so conspicuous in the poem, is heard (we almost said seen) in the music. The chords are heavy, yet the harmony moves with the martial sprightliness and elation of the poet.

It was well sung and performed under the leadership of Mr. Sobolewski, and greeted with all the eclat of a success.

The following abstract of DR. SOLGER's speech, at the festival in Boston, we take from the *Courier*.

With the name of Schiller that of Goethe is inseparably connected in the history of the German mind. The remarkable feature of that friendship and intellectual alliance between the two great poets is, that they occupied the two opposite sides in their views of humanity and nature. Goethe traced in the life of man the same laws which govern the life of nature; Schiller claimed for man absolute freedom of will. This opposite tendency characterizes even their first youthful productions, Goethe's *Werther*, Schiller's *Robbers*. In later years it was raised into a system by either through their philosophical studies, in which Goethe's guide was Spinoza, Schiller's Kant. Goethe, although his scientific theories are impugned by scientific men, had the great merit of having conceived nature as an organic whole, a view by which he inspired Alexander von Humboldt, who sat at his feet. Schiller's philosophy will be easily understood by Americans, as it is a vindication of free will without regard to the natural limitations to which that will is everywhere subjected. In spite of these opposite stand points in their entire view of the world, an intimate friendship sprang up between the two poets since the year 1794. Their point of contact was the world of art and poetry, where they united for the common purpose of leading mankind to the true through the beautiful. It was only through this alliance that either attained to the full height of his genius; an alliance which was unfortunately prematurely interrupted by Schiller's early death. In the usual view of the world, Schiller was nothing but a poor author, who had to live on his pen. But his genius never stooped to make his pen serve any other purposes than its own. His soul was entirely given to the object of leading mankind, though through long centuries of struggle, to truth and virtue. He died as he had lived, a poor literary man. But to-day wealth, power, fame, fashion, beauty, talent, are assembled to do homage to a man who was wofully poor and had not even the merit of having amused them. The homage done to his name is done to an intellectual *Central Sun*.

As Goethe and Schiller united in their common creations all the intellectual rays of their age, so they streamed them back upon all civilization. German science as now understood dates from that time. All the sciences became one, stepping forth from their combination and shedding light over the whole. Other nations are well inclined to acknowledge the superiority of German science, but with regard to its main spring, its philosophical spirit, they think it not much better than Atheism. They recommend the Germans to return to a simple religious belief, without considering that man cannot have a belief without philosophizing, and that the belief alike of simple people and of learned theologians is generally nothing but the philosophy of the past. But the

past ideas of humanity as well as of science were inferior to ours, so that that philosophy does no longer satisfy the wants of the present generation, and we must make ourselves a new one which does satisfy those wants. If we omit that, practical atheism in all branches of knowledge and actual life must be the consequence, and religion will become more and more confined to the Church. Such a separation is deadly to all intellectual and moral life. The example of Goethe and Schiller is instructive in this respect. In this country only men with Schiller's views are permitted to come forward into the broad daylight. Hence, the other side of life, the natural one, seeks for satisfaction in an illegitimate way—in the morbid sentimentalism of French novels; in the morbid representations of the sexual life, as in Michelet; or from the opposite side, people expect salvation from the defeminization of woman; they run after every new prophet or doctor; they conjure up spirits—all for want of liberty of thought. A beneficent power has given to this nation every boon to be wished for: free institutions; ready and variegated talent; an unconquerable idealism, which still produces iron men; Samsons who beard the lion in his own den, strike terror, alone, into thousands of Philistines, and die standing upright. But the free institutions are degraded into mere instruments of lucre; talent celebrates its highest triumphs in chess-playing, and the ideal ardor of the heart spends itself in a sterile fanaticism, for want of courage to think, for want of a comprehensive view over the whole of nature and human life, for want of a reconciliation between the scientific and the moral conscience in man,—a reconciliation which can only be effected by absolute freedom of statement and through a thousand errors, which must be borne with, which are of no account in a community where everybody is in earnest in his search after truth. In the name of Schiller, who, though Channing's brother in spirit, was Goethe's friend and intellectual ally: "Let us have liberty of thought."

The Violin.

(From the Sunday Atlas, Philadelphia.)

The period when the violin may be said to have originated, was when the important discovery was made that the drawing over the strings a certain material such as horse-hair, covered with a resisting medium, such as rosin, would produce a powerful and continuous sound. This discovery of the principle of the bow was as important for the development of the violin, and with it of music generally, as that of the steam engine for mechanical, or gunpowder for explosive power; and, therefore, setting aside the flowery fictions in which so many writers love to indulge their taste for allegory, and extricating ourselves from the realms of mysticism, we enter the regions of reality, and first touch *terra firma* somewhere about the tenth century. In the Cottonian Collection in the British Museum is a manuscript of the Psalms of David, in the frontispiece to which that monarch is represented playing on the harp. Before him stand four "gleemen," one of whom plays with a bow upon a kind of violin. This drawing is perhaps one of the earliest that records that instrument. Other manuscripts prove its existence about the same date. In the twelfth century the viol was common amongst the Provençal troubadours. They styled it the "viula," whence our viola or tenor. The state of music amongst the British bards—the Norman minstrels, descendants from the ancient Scandinavian Scalds—and the Provençal troubadours, is a subject full of interest. The French used more than twenty instruments in the reign of Philip de Valois, but the forms of both of them are lost to us; but the bassoon, trumpet, flute, hautbois, harp, guitar, viol, cymbals, and drum were amongst them. The Welsh claim the origin, on the strength of a rude instrument of an oblong square shape, called the "Crwth." From this the English doubtless derived the term "crowd," which, with that of the "fiddle," obtained until the importation of the perfected article from Italy, when the term "violin" supplanted them. Although the *fideiula* of the Romans had no connection with the fiddle, yet the term "fiddle," doubtless, had with it; and the Anglo-Saxon *fithle*, and earlier German *vedel*, with their Danish, Icelandic and Dutch varieties, all own *fideiula* for their original. The hackneyed line recording that "Nero fiddled while Rome was burning," is a fable, no such instrument existing for one thousand years after Nero's reign. From the old Norman-French word *viol*, its varieties have derived their distinctive appellations; though for a long period they were only called treble, tenor, and bass viols. The name of *viol di gamba*, from its position between the legs, was for a long time the distinction of the bass variety. Finally, the terms *violone* or *contra-basso*,

violoncello, *viola* and *violino*, comprised the distinctive titles of the viol family in its perfected state. To this glorious quartet may be added a fifth diminutive in the *piccolo*, or kit, which latter is held, however, as especially sacred to the *maitre de danse*. The "rebec" was also an ancient name for the early specimen of the fiddle, and old French writers applied the term *barbiton* to the whole class. In England, says Dubourg, no family of consideration during the sixteenth and to the middle of the seventeenth century thought its establishment complete without a regular set of viols. Public performers were few until the beginning of the seventeenth century, and vocal music not much cultivated, though in Italy it had attained much perfection. In the reign of Charles I., music suffered long and grievous depression, and during the Protectorate the cathedral service was abolished and organs removed from the churches. In Charles the Second's time, engraved music was introduced, and the science thence advanced to the culminating point. But few works can be consulted on the construction of the violin. That of Jacob Augustus Otto, though very short and insufficient, is perhaps most useful. An elaborate work on the matter is much wanted; but so nice is the subject, so fine the thread upon which the excellence depends, that it is extremely difficult to describe the rules for obtaining it, and like that of the Free Masons, "the secret" is likely to be confined to craft. An eminent dealer told me that after twenty-five years of study, he had just produced his first violin. The finest models of the instrument were made at Cremona. Hieronymus Amati, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, Antonius Amati, at the middle, and Nicholas Amati and Antonius Stradivarius, at the end of the same, and at the beginning of the eighteenth century, Joseph Gnarnerius, were the makers whose instruments have enjoyed the most world-wide celebrity. Many other makers have earned a secondary reputation. The wood generally used is of three sorts—Sycamore, for back, neck and side; Tyrolean soft red deal, for belly; and ebony, for finger-board and tail-piece. Otto divides a violin into fifty-eight parts! Only a maker can be well up in the various models, as amateurs can but rarely see more than one or two at a time. But there is no mistake about their distinctive features, though to describe them would occupy far too much space. Hieronymus, considered handsomest generally; Antonius, but few extant, and not quite so well finished; Nicholas, smaller, generally known as "Small Amatis;" Stradivarius, the flattest of all modes, but in tone most approved; Gnarnerius, also flat and very rare. Maple is also much used in the backs of these makers. The fine Tyrolean instruments of Steiner differ much in the make and tone from the Cremonese. Much fraud has been carried on by dealers in the clever Tyrolean imitations of Steiner and the Italian classics. Amongst genuine makers, those by the two Klotz are much esteemed. A list of German makers of repute will be found in Otto, together with such distinctive features as to make, varnish, quality, &c., as his practical experience could supply.

Edwin Booth.

(From the Transcript, Nov. 9.)

The advance which this young actor has made in his profession, as "with Tarquin's ravishing strides," since his debut in Boston, some three years since, calls for a special entry in the chronicles of Art.

Coming on in the shadow of his father's fame, he was kindly received from the first; but, by the same token, critically compared to him who was, to our thinking, the most consummate actor that has ever employed the English tongue.

The Sir Giles, at his opening night, of unequal excellence, yet decidedly intellectual, and full of promise as it was, fails out of memory in contrast with the firm and flexible grasp in conception, and the manly, progressive, and culminating energy in expression, with which he rendered the same character at the Howard Athenæum last week. We think this his completest personation, an embodiment almost without blemish.

The wide span of Mr. Booth's histrionic faculty was shown on the same evening, in his assumption of the impossible but entertaining character of Don César de Bazan,—with his scornful chivalry, his hair-breadth 'scapes, his debts, and his outrageous pleasantry, which looked on death itself as a quiet joke that he should laugh at hereafter. The racy and graceful and graceless humor of the young Don "struck fiery off indeed" against the saturnine intensity of the old English commoner.

But the test of genius—and there needs a quickening of the critical conscience to chasten the employment of this rare word—the test of an actor's genius is his power to represent Shakspeare; and we frankly

admit that Mr. Booth's personations in the Shakspearian drama compare favorably with those of any living actor. His Hamlet has received high praise from high sources. Judged by the usual standard of the stage, it is indeed an admirable performance—studied, beautiful, intellectual.

It is, therefore, no disparagement to an actor of twenty-five to say, and in saying it we feel we only give voice to his own inner consciousness, that the Hamlet of Shakspeare is yet beyond his reach. We do not hold opinion with Charles Lamb that it cannot be acted. We have seen it acted—the delicacy, the wit, the subtle philosophy, the supernatural emotion, all unified into a *character*, and steeped in the peculiar, chill, moonlight melancholy of that wonderful creation.

Young Booth gives a capable *analysis* of Hamlet, full of point, grace and fire, and can well afford to devote, in the intervals of an exacting professional career, years of brooding study, to *fuse* the elements of that character, recast it in his own imagination, and bring it out, as we believe he can, at some future day, an unique and vital representation. We regard such an achievement as the last perfection of the histrionic art. G.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Pearls and Songs.

(From the German of PRUTZ.)

By the ocean walks a maiden, morning breezes round her straying—
Where all night the crazy whirlwind on the tossing wave was playing.
O'er the beach the rosy coral sprays, and shining pearls lie strewn
Which the storm from depths of ocean in the night time hath upthrown.
With her treasure trove delighted, gathers she with swift intent
All the glowing, glittering riches which the sullen billows sent;
Gaily decketh brow and bosom, smooths her locks, and trims her gown—
And in fancy sees her playmates' envious blush and angry frown.
Ah! she thinks not of the tempest, which from ocean's rocky caves
Madly tore the gleaming coral with its shock of angry waves!
Ah! she dreams not that the whirlwind, while it toot her treasures round,
Heaped the cruel shore with shipwreck—strewed the waves with sailors drowned!
Thus I bring thee songs, my darling, filled with many a wild emotion:
Look upon the poor leaves smiling, like the maiden by the ocean,
Let their varied music charm thee, gentle maiden, and depart,
Recking not what tempest passion wrung them from my deepest heart. C.

The Performance of "Elijah," in New York.

(From Willis's Musical World.)

Mendelssohn's oratorio of "Elijah" was given to a large audience, at the Academy of Music, on the 8th inst., by the Harmonic Society, assisted by Miss Maria Brainerd, soprano; Mrs. Westervelt, contralto; Mr. Simpson, tenor; and Mr. J. R. Thomas, bass, in the principal parts. Miss Coleman, Miss Honeywell, and other members of the society, also assisted in the concerted pieces. The choral force of the society numbered on this occasion over two hundred. The orchestra was sufficiently large and good, aided further by a pedal organ constructed for the occasion. The whole under the direction of Mr. G. F. Bristow.

The performance was, with an exception or two, highly gratifying, in some respects, the best ever given of this great work in New York.

Miss Maria Brainerd added largely to her already well established reputation. The soprano part of this oratorio is heavy and trying; but few can do it justice. Miss Brainerd rendered it throughout in a very faithful and artistic manner. Her two principal efforts were the grand aria, "Hear ye, Israel," and the duet with Elijah, "What have I to do with thee, O man of God?" Both admirably sung, and with more dramatic expression than we have noticed in Miss Brainerd's singing before. Her recitatives are always excellent. Her *pure English*, so perfectly enunciated, is another very great merit, and one which she can claim as almost exclusively her own.

Mrs. Westervelt, a member of the society, sang the contralto part exceedingly well. Her voice is unusually fine, and is worthy of the highest cultivation. The aria, "O rest in the Lord," was well given, and her recitatives were delivered with more propriety than is usual.

Mr. Perring was announced for the tenor, but having a severe cold, Mr. Simpson kindly undertook it at the last moment. His voice is universally admired as one of the sweetest to be found. With such a voice, he should feel encouraged to acquire what the public taste demands, viz., a more animated style. His singing of recitatives, in particular, is susceptible of great improvement. They should be taken much faster, and *declaimed*, not sung. A prevailing fault of too many singers, especially in the oratorio, is this slow delivery of the recitatives, instead of giving them with a distinct, emphatic utterance, in a natural way, intensified, with some regard to the rules of oratorical declamation. The fault alluded to goes far towards making an oratorio performance quite a sleepy affair, very dry and uninteresting to many even musical people.

Mr. J. R. Thomas acquitted himself in a highly creditable and satisfactory manner in the bass part (Elijah), notwithstanding a hoarseness under which he was laboring. Those beautiful gems of melody—"Look down on us," solo with chorus, and the air, "It is enough,"—received full justice at his hands. Mr. Formes sang this part last season. It is true he has more force than Mr. Thomas, but then he has many more faults of style; and his English is more amusing than intelligible.

Miss Coleman's nice voice rendered efficient service several times through the evening. It blended well with Miss Brainerd's in the duet, "Zion spreadeth her hands." The trio, "Lift thine eyes," sung by Miss Brainerd, Miss Coleman, and Mrs. Westervelt, was never, in our opinion, sung so well before in New York. It received an enthusiastic encore, and was repeated with scarcely less applause. The quartet, "O come every one that thirsteth," would doubtless have shared a better fate if it had been rehearsed with the tenor.

The quartet and chorus, "Holy is God the Lord," proved one of the most effective pieces of the evening. More than the usual attention was paid to the light and shade. The last diminuendo to pianissimo, with the good trill of the soprano, Miss Brainerd, made a deliciously effective close. The choruses were ably sustained, some, indeed, were excellent, viz.: "Thanks to God," "Be not afraid," and "Behold, God the Lord passed by." As a composition, this last is highly dramatic and beautiful. The effects were brought out more through the orchestra and pedal organ than by voices. The failures on the part of the chorus were generally on chromatic passages, the more difficult ones were at times obscure and occasionally faulty. The pedal organ—a two-octave key-board—was quite a feature in the performance. It is somewhat novel, however, that a pedal instrument should be played by the hands.

The organ consists of two octaves of "16 feet open diapason," and one octave of "principal" (metal), the doubling being on the upper octave. It is an excellent and a very necessary addition to the instrumental forces. It was built by Jardine & Son. It is constructed simply, and may be set up or taken away, as occasion requires, with but very little trouble, although at some expense.

Mr. Bristow conducted the oratorio with his usual ability. Altogether, the society may consider this performance one of their best achievements. The proceeds were devoted to the benefit of St. Ann's Church for Dumb Mutes; and as the house was crowded, we hope the receipts were ample.

New Music.

THE MODERN OPERAS.—The popularity of the works of the three great Italian composers—Donizetti, Bellini and Verdi—is evidenced by the fact that their operas form the standard *répertoire* of all our opera-houses, and that their melodies are sung or whistled by everybody. The shelves of the music stores are crowded with the various published selections from their works, and every pianist writes his own adaptation or arrangement of the principal airs. But the possession of mere extracts is often tantalizing rather than satisfactory, and to those who feel inclined to refresh their memory of portions of the opera, which, not being among the popularly recognized gems, are not published in sheet form, the entire opera is almost a necessity.

In Italy, the immense publishing house of Ricordi, at Milan, enjoys almost a monopoly of these Italian musical publications, the proprietors purchasing the copyright of an opera, before the score is finished by the composer, and often contracting with composers for all the operas they may produce during a certain term of years. The huge store is in the same building with the celebrated *La Scala* opera-house; and their stock is unrivalled of its kind. Their catalogue is of itself a wonder, including the names of almost all the operas published in Italy during the last cen-

tury, and introducing the astonished reader to myriads of fertile composers of whose very existence he has never before heard. Of late years Verdi figures bravely on this catalogue, and Ricordi, the head of the house, has on Lake Como, three beautiful villas named *Ernani*, *Trovatore*, and *Rigoletto*, and built from the proceeds of the publication of those three operas. His publications are tolerably well brought out but rather expensive.

The French editions of operas are chiefly poorly and dimly printed, and the type execrably small. In Italy many of the Italian operas, especially the earlier ones, are printed in oblong form, with very wide pages; but the French editions are of the usual quarto size, and the narrowness of the pages necessitates a constant turning of leaves, than which nothing is more vexatious to the piano player.

Oliver Ditson & Co., of Boston, are publishing an American edition of Italian operas, printed with great clearness, and giving in addition to the Italian words as fair an English translation as could be expected. The plot of the opera, with a few words about the composer, prefaces the music, and the form of the work—a wide quarto—is very convenient. The foreign editions are not bound, and the loosely stitched pages readily drop apart after a little use; but Ditson's edition is bound in boards, and is, in our opinion, the most convenient style of operatic works. The following operas have already been published in this manner; *Ernani*, *Trovatore*, and *Traviata* of Verdi; *Lucia*, *Lucrezia* of Donizetti; *Norma* and *Sonnambula* of Bellini, and if due support is given by the musical public to the enterprise, other operas will be published, until a handsome operatic library is formed, and attainable, in better style, and at a cheaper price than the same works can be obtained in Europe.—*Evening Post*.

Musical Correspondence.

[Too late for last week.]

NEW YORK, Nov. 15.—OUR SCHILLER festival last week was completely successful. The German population were in a high state of excitement during five days and evenings. On Tuesday night the festivities commenced with a representation of "*Die Karlsruhler*," a German drama, in which Schiller forms the principal character. On Wednesday evening the concert took place, with a programme such as is rarely found here. The *Tannhäuser* overture, the "*Abendstern*" aria from the same opera, sung by Mr. PH. MAYER; Beethoven's Concerto in G, exquisitely rendered by Mr. SATTER, and the *Dithyrambe* of the poet finely set to music by Rietz, and sung by the Saengerbund, constituted the first part; the glorious 9th Symphony the second part of the concert. You have yourself so ably analyzed and described the latter, that I can say nothing new about it; by attending all the rehearsals and joining in the choros, I had the best opportunity to become acquainted with this masterwork, which can never be understood and appreciated at a single hearing. Great pains had been taken by Mr. ANSCHUTZ in the drilling of the choros, and the result was pretty fair. The solos were sung by Mmes. CARADONI and ZIMMERMANN, and Messtres. P. MAYER and STEINWAY, the latter an amateur with a fine tenor voice, whose name alone points to his being in the musical line.

Thursday afternoon a meeting of the Schiller Union was held at Cooper Institute. The hall was beautifully decorated with evergreens and statues and busts of poets of all ages and countries. Dr. LOEWE, the President of the Society, gave an eloquent address, which was followed by others from Drs. SCHRAMM and WIESNER in German, and W. C. BRANT and Judge DALY, in English, all of which were most interesting, though it would take me too long to give you their substance here. Dr. Loewe also announced, after naming the prize committee, that the author of the prize poem was Dr. R. SOLGER, of your city. That evening the chief representation of the festival took place at the Academy, which was crowded to overflowing. The programme will give you the best idea of the treat which was presented to the audience, and I subjoin it.

PART I.

- Overture to "Egmont".....Beethoven.
1. Tableau: The Apotheosis of the Poet. (The prize poem.)
During which a Prologue will be spoken by Miss Grahn.
Music: Introduction to Lohengrin.....R. Wagner.
2. Tableau: The Robbers. (In two parts.)
Music: Overture to "Coriolanus".....Beethoven.
3. Tableau: Fiesco. (In two parts.)
Music: 1st Movement from Symph. No. 4.....Schumann.
4. Tableau: The Hostage. (In two parts.)
Music: Introduction to 2d Act of "Tannhäuser".....Wagner.
5. Tableau: Maria Stuart.
Music: Funeral March.....Bergmann.

PART II.

- Overture: Gaudeamus igitur.....T. Schneider.
- Wallenstein's Camp. Military Drama in one Act.....Schiller.
By the Artists of the German Stadt Theatre.

PART III.

1. Tableau: Maid of Orleans.
Music: "The Preludes".....Liszt.
2. Tableau: Don Carlos.
Music: Funeral March from Egmont.....Beethoven.
3. Tableau: The Diver.
Music: Overture, "The Jubilee".....Weber.
4. Tableau: William Tell.
Music: Finale from "Don Giovanni".....Mozart.
5. Grand Triumphant Tableau.
Music: German Choral, "Now thank ye all the Lord."

You will see that the music was not the least attractive part of the entertainment. The tableaux were on the whole, very satisfactory. The Hostage (*Die Bürgschaft*), Maria Stuart, and the Diver were particularly fine. The Apotheosis, however, hardly less so. Around and below a huge bust of the poet, were grouped most picturesquely about a hundred girls and children, engaged in binding garlands. Miss GRAHN, an actress of commanding classical presence spoiled Dr. Solger's beautiful poem by her ranting delivery, but looked and acted her part well and gracefully. As she ascended to the bust and placed the laurel wreath upon its head, the groups beneath her fell into picturesque attitudes, and a rosy light was thrown over the whole, producing a beautiful effect. "Wallenstein's Camp" was very fairly acted; the Capucin monk, indeed, delivered his sermon capitally.

On Friday evening there were festivals, dinners, suppers, balls, etc., in almost every German place of resort, throughout the city. The most important of these, though perhaps the most exclusive and aristocratic, was a dinner given by the German merchants of the city at the Astor House, the peculiar feature of which was the presence of ladies. It was a very pleasing and interesting affair. The hall was decorated with wreaths encircling the names of great men of Europe and of America, and at the head the black, red and gold banner of Germany and the American flag were hung in graceful draperies. The ornaments of the table had all some connection with Schiller, and were exquisitely wrought. The Bell, the Maid of Orleans, the Fight with the Dragon, the Glove, the house in which Schiller was born, and several other things were there represented, with statuettes of the Dioscuri, Schiller and Goethe. The most interesting of the speeches were from Mr. BANCROFT, in answer to "Our Guests," and Pres. KING, of Columbia College, in response to "Arts and Science"—these were delivered in English; and from FREDERIC KÄPP, on "Schiller," and Dr. LOEWÉ on "Schiller and Goethe." The last was particularly eloquent and beautiful. "What is the German's Fatherland" was sung most energetically by the two hundred there assembled, as also some other song of the kind, and the music was worthy of the occasion. The festival wound up on Saturday with a representation of "William Tell" at the Stadt Theatre. Thus ended this celebration, which was entered into with equal spirit "wherever sounds the German tongue" throughout the whole world; wherever a handful of Germans have pitched their tent, we hear of a "Schiller celebration." Happy the poet who thus lives on in the hearts of his countrymen! —t—

PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 21.—I perceive that your issue of the 19th contains no notice of the *début* of the HERON-NATALI sisters at our Academy, although there were a number of articles, good, bad, and indifferent, in your last week's Philadelphia exchanges, from which you might have copied.

These Misses HERON-NATALI are the daughters of a very worthy Irishman, whom I, for one, respect as an honest, whole-souled, warm-hearted son of the Emerald. Although not Philadelphians by birth, they are claimed there through residence and education. Without tracing their earlier career, during which, as the Heron Family, they first laid the foundation for those splendid histrionic abilities which have now conduced to a marked degree to shape their complete success, let it be mentioned, cursorily, that their voices and style were cultivated under the tuition of Sig. Natale Perelli, one of our most eminent teachers from sunny Italia. After frequently distinguishing themselves at the soirées of the just-named tutor, and singing occasionally in Musical Fund Hall concerts, the sisters started for Carraccas, under the leadership of Sig. Morelli, quondam *basso* of a troupe wherein Mad. La Grange shone as the bright particular star. All the American musical world must be familiar with the story of their triumphs among the mixed races of South America. The papers here teemed with complimentary notices of the spontaneous ovations, brilliant presents, and of the universal homage, which fell to their happy lot,—all of which created an intense curiosity there, and a longing to witness their reported improvement, which culminated on last Monday evening, when a brilliant and intelligent audience thronged the Academy to attend the first of a short series of operatic entertainments, suggested by the Directors of the building, who, I believe, agreed to secure them against any possible loss. They were assisted by Sig. MACAFERRI, (tenor); ARDANAVI, (baritone); and ROCCO, (the well known buffo); and the operas of *Trovatore* and *La Fille du Regiment* had been selected.

ANSCHUTZ led the orchestra, composed of resident musicians, and governed them with his wonted severity, ever and anon glancing fiercely at one or the other of his corps, with a quivering of his lips and a brow contraction, which seemed profane enough for its purpose. Those scenes in either opera which demanded chorus *obligato*, were omitted, except in the case of the *Misere*, which was very well given by the choir of St. Augustine's church, led by Prof. Henry G. Thunder, stationed near the door of the green room.

Miss Agnes filled the rôle of Leonora, in the hackneyed *Trovatore*, with an ability both of vocalization and of action which made even the greater impression, because the audience had scarcely expected a rendition quite so artistic, even with all the southerly rumors which the breezes had wafted hitheward. Her voice is a pure soprano, of ample power to fill our Opera House, and cultivated to a very high point of flexibility; although there are those who complain, not entirely without reason, of a want of the sympathetic quality. I must confess that it so appeared to your humble correspondent at the outset; but it afterwards became palpable to me, that the voice was capable of being warmed so as to glow with sympathetic feeling. For instance, in the sombre, heavy, night-mare-ish *andante* movement, the *Tacea la notte*, before she had fairly entered into the action of the opera,—when still calm and unexcited—her *mezza voce* appeared to me so unimpassioned, cold, so devoid of purity as to afford very little satisfaction. But when, in the progress of the opera, her fine histrionic abilities gradually developed themselves, the voice swelled into a melodious and sympathetic quality, warmed and intensified by the inner emotions which made her identification with the character so complete. Her execution is highly artistic; her enunciation rapid and fluent; nor can the connoisseur fail to

be fully delighted with the superior intelligence of her eyes, and the graceful correctness of her attitudes. Thus the reader may safely class this talented young lady a very artistic vocalist; one, by no means compelled to ask his indulgence as a novice. Equally so with the other sister, Miss Fanny, who perfectly electrified the audience by her thrilling delineation of Azucena. Her voice, somewhat weak in the lower register, seems nevertheless strikingly adapted for just such dramatic intensities as the rôle of the gipsy, for the recital of horrid stories, or the divulging, forsooth, of demoniacal plots, and mysterious fatalities. Here is her point—her striking excellence; and it may be inferred that just that quality of voice would not be quite so admired in the Concert room, or in a light, playful lyric rôle. This seemed evident to me from her *Tille du Regiment*. There the voice, wavering between somewhat of lower tone huskiness and upper-sharpness, such as suited the roving gipsy very well, pleased much less, and but for her exceeding sprightliness of action, she might not have received a tithe of the applause, accorded to her. Miss Fanny Heron's execution is as highly finished as that of her sister, evincing in its rapidity, vigor, expression, and steadiness, the results of hard study and judicious training. The enthusiasm created by the two sisters here in Philadelphia has been immense, and their several entertainments have received the patronage of the élite and fashion of West End, as well as of the dilettanti generally.

With the above enumerated excellences, there are to be detected divers defective points in their vocalization. For instance, they never sing a high sustained note without a *tremolo* in the voice, which is in bad taste, if a mannerism, and ominous of premature decay of the vocal powers, if uncontrollable. It may result from overwork during their South American campaigns,—in which case time and rest will regulate the difficulty. Let us hope, for their own sakes, that this defect is merely the result of a habit,—for sensation purposes, perchance,—which will be abandoned when their friends, after the first paroxysms of enthusiasm and pride, shall kindly tell them of their faults, while they encourage their high aspirations.

MANRICO.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 26, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera, *Don Giovanni*, as arranged for the Piano-Forte.

Concerts.

The week has given us two—we should say three—classical chamber concerts of unusual interest, at the Meinaon. The third, that of Madame ABEL, occurring last evening, will claim its notice in these columns next week. Of the other two we would we knew how to speak as they deserve. Both came at the end of rainy and most miserable days; and both were well attended, though one missed the presence of not a few who should have been there.

I. SOIREE OF MESSRS. EICHBERG AND LEONHARD.

This was a concert rich in programme and in the talent engaged in performance. Scarcely ever in one evening have we had such variety of wealth drawn from the purest classic sources, and all rare. The only fault with the selection was that every piece was long. It is a popular mistake to suppose that variety, contrast, freshness must of necessity be purchased by the admission of things light, trivial, second-rate or hack-nied into a programme. There can be the perfection of variety and contrast without once stepping outside of the classical and best. A good Sonata, or Symphony, with its four contrasted movements, yet all related and not *senselessly* contrasted, is a type in little of what a whole concert ought to be. There is no more refreshing

change or novelty attainable, than that felt in the passing from a deep Adagio to a frolic Scherzo of Beethoven.

1. Allegro, from Concerto for Piano in D minor with Quartet Accompaniment. S. Bach.
Mr. Hugo Leonhard.
2. Songs. "An die ferne Geliebte." A Cylcus of Songs.
Beethoven.
Mr. Kreissman.
3. Allegro, from Concerto for Violin in D major. Beethoven.
Mr. Julius Eichberg.
4. Scherzo, No. 3, for Piano. Chopin.
Mr. Hugo Leonhard.
5. Introduction and Rondo for Violin and Piano. F. Schubert.
Messrs. Eichberg and Otto Dresel.
6. Songs. "Remembrance," "Parting," "Und nun ein
End' dem Trauern." R. Franz
Mr. Kreissmann.
7. { a Prayer. St. Antonio di Padua. Tartini.
b Chaconne for Violin. S. Bach.
(Piano accompaniment by Mendelssohn.)
Mr. Eichberg.
8. Sonata in C minor for Violin and Piano. Beethoven.
Allegro con brio.—Adagio cantabile.—Scherzo Allegro.
—Finale Allegro.
Messrs. Eichberg and Leonhard.

The Allegro from Bach's Concerto in D minor is a noble composition, grand and startling in its leading thought, gracefully poetic in its development. The piano-forte part has a couple of long cadenzas or organ-points as exquisitely delicate and strange in the ever-shifting, opaline play of their modulations as anything of Chopin. Mr. LEONHARD played it with good understanding of his subject and mastery of means. His touch has somewhat of the vitality and delicacy of Dresel, and in the long passages of fine divisions, the equal, quiet play of his fingers was after the approved model which Forkel gives us as Bach's own. It was a beautiful performance, and well supported by the quartet of strings (Mr. F. Suck and Louis Coenen, violins, C. Suck, viola, and A. Suck, 'cello).

Thanks, Mr. KREISSMANN and Mr. DRESEL, for that very famous song, or cycle of songs (*Liederkreis*) of Beethoven!—heard now for the first time probably in Boston. It is, indeed, all that Schumann says of it, the deepest, most soulful, most wonderful of love songs. In a connected circle of six lovely melodies, it sings all the moods of love's tender longing for *die ferne Geliebte* (the distant loved one). The melodies melt into one another like smiles and tears, like the restless and shifting moods of an all-absorbing, holy passion. Now it is the sense of separation, now the full, fervent outpouring of love, now hope suddenly springing, and anon fading, at the thought of the awaking of Spring, the warbling of birds building their nests, &c.; now a confiding of love's messages to winds and brooks and birds, and finally, comfort in song, for lovers are all poets and artists. These suggestions are all exquisitely sketched in the piano accompaniments, which were rendered with perfect clearness and tenderness of shading by Mr. Dresel. The singer was in remarkably good voice, and gave us a real revelation of the meaning and the beauty of the piece, observing throughout the relation of each part to the whole. Mr. EICHBERG played the Beethoven Concerto in his usual firm and masterly style; though we missed, in the first half at least, something of the beauty of tone and purity of intonation, which his violin had when he played it last year with orchestra. The warm, wet day must have been unfavorable for strings; it was a day indeed in which a man himself might feel unstrung. Mr. E's *cadenza*, ingenious and bril-

liant, struck us as unreasonably long. The quartet and piano accompaniments were very effective; so much of the beauty of the piece resides in those symphonic interludes, and they were brought out so finely, that it was a little vexatious to be disturbed each time that the violin ceased by the untimely applause of an evidently unmusical portion of the audience. The immense difficulties of the *Scherzo* by Chopin were grappled with successfully by the young pianist, yet not always so clearly so that execution did not stand out before feeling and conception.

The piece by Schubert has a fine *motive* and is full of beauties; but it also had the common fault of that genial and great composer, of being too long. It was the weakest thing in the programme; but was admirably played. The songs by Franz were, of course, refreshing, speaking to the soul and the imagination, unless one unfortunately lacks that quality. And when we say that Mr. Dresel accompanied them, who, best of all men (after their composer) knows them, it will be believed that they did not suffer in the presentation, or fall short of due effect.

The Prayer by Tartini is a simple strain of quaint religious melody, having a flavor of antiquity about it, and pleased greatly. We think we have heard Mr. Eichberg render the *Chaconne* by Bach, better on the whole than that might; but it was done in a masterly manner; the piece is the richest and grandest of all violin solo pieces which we chance to know. What a stately progress from beginning to end! how full of wayside beauties! how boldly it anticipates the modern virtuoso brilliancies! And then what a whole it is in itself in respect to harmony, Mendelssohn's judicious accompaniments but carrying out its suggestions a little here and there!

Mr. Leonhard's best success was in the Sonata-duo by Beethoven. The Adagio, especially, with its lovely flowing variations, was rendered to a charm. The whole work had that quickening and invigorating influence, at the end of the long series of good things, which one is more sure of in Beethoven than in any master.

2. MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.

An excellent opening of another, the eleventh, season. The members of the Club remain unchanged since last year: WM. SCHULTZE (first violin), CARL MEISEL (second), G. KREBS (tenor and flute), T. RYAN, (tenor and clarinet), WULF FRIES (violin-cello); and those gentlemen were warmly welcomed as they took their places for this first piece, Tuesday evening. The programme was one of the very best.

1. First Quintet in A, op. 18. Mendelssohn.
2. Grand Sonata in A, op. 47, (for Piano and Violin.)
Beethoven.
Madame Abel and Mr. Schultze.
3. Song without words, in B flat, No. 6. Seventh Book.
Mendelssohn.
Arranged for Quintet.
4. Grand Polonaise in E flat, op. 22. Chopin.
Madame Abel.
5. Eleventh Quartet in F minor, op. 95, (first time)
Beethoven.
Alto con brio—Allegretto non troppo and Allegro assai
vivace—Finale, Larghetto and Allegretto agitato.

That splendid Quintet suffered, we must confess, a little in the first movement from a want of clearness in the rendering of the more highly wrought passages, and of soft blending of the strings generally. The slow movement was beautifully given, and how rich and deep it is! The fairy flutter of the very Mendelssohnian Scherzo tickled the sense and fancy as usual; but it might have been touched with

a finer and more tripping delicacy; the part where the tiny voices get excited was quite effective; it was like the rage of little humming birds as we have seen them when they have mistaken artificial flowers for real.

The Quartet by Beethoven, new as it was to us, and freshly studied by the interpreters, went smoother and with less scrambling than the Quintet. It is a marvellously interesting work: to us another revelation of the inexhaustible composer; strange, but beautiful, inspired with one intent, on every page. The *opus* number (so far as this indicates the date of production) places it in immediate connection with the 7th and 8th Symphonies, the *Liederkreis* (above named), the well-known B flat Trio, &c. Certainly it is as different as possible from that last,—from all of them. Beethoven, like Shakspeare, opens many worlds to you. This Quartet adheres less strictly to the usual Sonata forms than earlier ones; but the unity of the whole is felt as clearly. We may not venture to describe it after one hearing. It was a perpetual surprise from first to last, and we hope to hear it again and again, with the conviction that it is one of the most characteristic and beautiful tone-poems of the master.

MADAME LOUISE ABEL, the pianist of the evening, fully justified the high reports which came before her. She has the charm of youth and unaffected manners, with an air of modest intelligence. Her touch is clear and bright, her execution always clean and graceful, equal to passages of most brilliant difficulty and power. It was in the elegant fancies of the composition, the florid variations, &c., that she seemed to us most perfect. There was an infallible French grace in these, a nice instinct of light and shade. The first variation of the Adagio in the "Kreutzer" Sonata, with its trills, and indeed all those variations, were so well done that a smile came over every intent face. We could have wished rather more of the Beethoven fire and nervous accent in the first movement, especially in the violin part; intensity is what Mr. SCHULTZE chiefly lacks; there is always elegance and sweetness in his playing. The Polonaise was a splendid piece of execution; we cannot say that it had all the suppressed fire and feeling which glow in every work of Chopin. Forcibly and splendidly as the work was played, we doubt there may have been some little of concealed timidity in the performer, as there certainly was in, and in spite of, her most beautiful execution of Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith" variations, with which she responded to an imperious *encore*. Parts of these she hurried; but otherwise we know not that we have ever heard them rendered so artistically. Mme. Abel won the good will and opinion of her audience decidedly.

Musical Chit-Chat.

To-morrow evening the Music Hall will again resound with Handelian choruses. The oratorio of "Samson," which drew repeated crowds here some years since, will be performed by the HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY, in full force, thoroughly drilled by conductor Zerrahn, supported by a good orchestra, and organ played by Mr. B. J. LANG, and for solo singers: Mme. ANNA BISHOP, Mrs. J. H. LONG, Mr. C. R. ADAMS, Mr. POWERS, and Dr. GUILMETTE, (of New York) in the part of Harapha. . . . The usual Afternoon Concert was again omitted this week, out of accommodation to the Washington Statue Fair, which has had a run of stormy days. . . . CARL ZERRAHN, we learn, will give his first Philharmonic Concert next Saturday evening, (Dec. 3,) assisted by ARTHUR NAPOLEON, his only appearance. This is indeed good news. . . . Mr. TRENKLE's many friends will be gratified to learn that he has safely arrived, and become established, with good prospects both of health and professional success, in San Francisco.

We have often wondered why some of our musical contemporaries devoted so much of their columns to chess. Perhaps the following, from the London *Athenaeum*, shows the connecting link between the two arts:

"The 'whirligig of Time' may always be trusted in the case of real men. Philidor is now getting his turn. Only a few months since this popular and successful French composer was cited in the paper read before the Society of Arts as a remarkable example of that power of abstraction and combination which has distinguished so many great musicians. By some among the English audience, who should have

known better, he was merely remembered as the chess-player who beat at one sitting Count Bruhl and Mr. Mazeret, making a drawn game with Mr. Bowdler, his third adversary. The Handelians had forgotten that the French calculator was said to have set Dryden's "Alexander's Feast," during his residence in England (a tale the clearing up of which may be recommended to any musical antiquary)—albeit their contempt for French opera—though somewhat mitigated within the past quarter of a century—extended, of course, to his theatrical works, which divided "the rule of the town" in Paris. Now, however, the lovers of musical reading may be recommended to a monograph on Philidor, by M. Pongin, which has just appeared in the *Gazette Musicale*.—There is in it a letter from Diderot, concerning the identical chess-tournament which has been mentioned, too characteristic of French appreciation in all its terms to be overlooked.—Philidor had written home, that to prepare for such an extreme mental effort as the three simultaneous games, he had been compelled, for several previous days, to adopt a strict physical regimen. On this Diderot commented thus: "I am not surprised, Sir, that in England every door should be shut to a great musician and should be open to a skilled chess-player. Yet we are not much more reasonable here than they are there. You will grant, nevertheless, that the reputation of *Calabrois* (a celebrated chess-player of his time) will never equal that of Pergolesi. If you have played three games at once without profit having any share in the matter, so much the worse. I should be far better disposed to pardon you such perilous experiments if, by making them, you gained five or six hundred guineas. But to risk one's reason and talent for nothing, is not a thing to be comprehended. It is madness to run the chance of becoming idiotic because of mere vanity.—Yet more, suppose one were to die after such an effort!—But, consider, Sir, that you might be for some twenty years an object of pity. Is it not better worth while being, during a like period, an object of admiration?"—The reader may care to be reminded that "Music won the cause,"—and that, after his chess-triumph, Philidor virtually adopted the counsels of his correspondent, returned to Paris, and became famous in the theatres. He attempted sacred music from time to time with less success. We are assured by M. Pongin that a setting by him of the "Carmen Seculare" "had much success at London."

Music Abroad.

London.

The death of the Earl of Westmoreland, distinguished for his indefatigable amateur attempts at musical composition, and his peculiar patronage of the Royal Academy of Music, is thus mentioned by the *Musical World*, of October 22.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum. Far be it from us to write in any other than in respectful terms of the distinguished nobleman whose recent demise has given birth to such deep grief, not only among his own immediate relatives, but in the wide circle of his friends and acquaintance. It is no small thing to say of the late Earl of Westmoreland, that he was popular and much beloved in spite of his artistic predilections. That the least precious endowment of the regretted diplomatist was his musical talent will be generally admitted by those whose knowledge of music does not necessarily imply ignorance of every other subject. The Earl of Westmoreland was a voluminous composer, as all the world is aware; but that only concerned himself, and had he confined his exertions to the production of master-pieces, after his peculiar manner, no harm could have accrued. But unhappily this was otherwise. The excellent earl, not satisfied to be a producer, must also be a pedagogue, and a legislator. The history of the Royal Academy of Music during the last twenty years reveals glimpses of his powers in these capacities, which the declining influence of that once highly-rated seminary is hardly calculated to place in a hyper-brilliant light. But now that the Earl of Westmoreland can neither compose nor legislate more, a curtain may be dropped over the past, in so far as he was personally responsible, and the question of the Royal Academy of Music—thus freed from an arbitrary despotism, which, however well intended, was ruinous in its consequences—may be discussed on the ground of its own merits.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The autumn season is drawing to a close, and as the winter approaches the musical director taxes his ingenuity to the utmost to provide a creditable Saturday's entertainment—one

at which the half-crown folks could not decently grumble. How it happened to occur to the authorities that Professor Sterndale Bennett's "Pastoral," *The May-Queen*, executed by the members of the Vocal Association, would, at this season of the year prove sufficiently attractive to the "million," on a Wednesday, we cannot make out. Professor Bennett's *Cantata* had been at first announced for the shilling day, but was subsequently altered to Saturday. We believe, the impossibility of procuring the services of Mr. Sims Reeves—whose continued indisposition has entirely subverted multitudes of speculations in theatres and concert-rooms—was as much the cause of the change as anything else. The Vocal Association was announced to furnish a chorus of two hundred of its most efficient members, and Mr. Augustus Manns furnished his band. The prospects for a good performance might have been worse—might have been better. Mr. Benedict conducted, and that was something in its favor. If we were to judge by results, a more unsatisfactory execution never was given to any work. The audience, throughout the entire performance, with one or two exceptions, literally made no sign. The music which enchanted the real musical public in St. James's Hall and St. Martin's Hall, was listened to with stolid indifference, or an air of utter incomprehensibility. A slight feeling was indeed displayed at the end of the solo and chorus, "With a carol in the tree," and three or four pair of hands applauded, but they soon relapsed into silence, and seemed ashamed of their own exertions. Although by no means comparable to what has been heard at St. James's Hall, still the performance of Professor Bennett's fine work was more than creditable, and Miss Stabbach and Mr. Weiss both sang admirably.

Previous to the *cantata*, the Crystal Palace band, under the direction of Mr. Augustus Manns, performed Haydn's "Military Symphony," and the overture to the *Zauberflöte*; Mr. Weiss sang "I'm a roamer," from Mendelssohn's *Son and Stranger*, and Miss Stabbach, the popular but by no means graceful ballad, "Over the sea." The attendance was good, and the concert-room more than usually crowded, the coldness of the day precluding the possibility of walking in the grounds.—*Musical World*, Oct. 29.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Dr. Wyld gave another of his series of popular oratorios, on Wednesday evening, to a numerous and appreciative audience. *Israel in Egypt* was the work chosen for the occasion, and although a want of steadiness and precision in some of the choruses was at times perceptible, the execution was on the whole creditable to the amateurs, who evidently did their best. The band was led by Mr. H. Blagrove, and Mr. E. T. Chipp presided at the organ. Madame Rindersdorff, Miss Laura Baxter, Miss Villars, Messrs. George Perren and Thomas, sustained the principal solo parts with care and ability. We should not omit to state that the "Hailstone Chorus" was unanimously redemanded and repeated.—*Ibid.*

Paris.

The return of Madame Cabel to Paris, and her assumption of the part of Dinorah, at the Opéra-Comique, gives a fresh start to the *Pardon de Ploërmel*—which, indeed, is now achieving a more decided success than it did at first. Madame Cabel, the most charming type of all Dinorahs, present or future, is surpassing herself; her voice has gained in power and roundness, and in those marvellous efforts of vocalization with which she enchants the Parisian public. Every note sounds with the distinctness and clearness of a note on the piano. Her acting, also, has become more expressive. Before, it was Madame Cabel playing the rôle of Dinorah, now it is Dinorah herself. Faure and Sainte-Foy are as successful as ever, and Bardielle invariably gets an encore in his *chant du chasseur*. Very little in the shape of novelty has been going on in the musical world this week here. M. Adolphe Fétis (son of the director of the Conservatoire of Brussels), however, has made a *coup d'essai* in the shape of a little operetta, in one act, entitled *Major Schlagmann*. It is, though, of no great importance, rather amusing. It has been brought out at the Bouffes-Parisiens, and, as a first effort, it does honor to M. A. Fétis. Mlle. Cico, in the part of Wilhelmine, is agreeable. At the Grand-Opéra, they are preparing a *répêche* of the *Ame en peine*. Of the Italian Opera, but little can be said. M. Calzadò is in great want of a tenor capable of producing some sensation, though those who would electrify a house are now become mere myths. The only event of any interest is the *début* of Madame Sophia Dotini as Gilda in *Rigoletto*, of whom I shall speak more at length when next I write. Graziani sang for the first time in *Rigoletto*.—*Cor. Musical World*

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 400.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1859.

VOL. XVI. No. 10.

Louis Spohr.

(From the London Musical World, Nov. 5.)

LOUIS SPOHR, Electoral Court *Capellmeister*, member of several musical societies, the greatest German violinist of the age, and one of its most distinguished and original composers, was the son of a surgeon. He was born at Seesen, in the duchy of Brunswick, in 1783. It was only in consideration of the eminent talent he displayed for music, even in his earliest childhood, and in every possible fashion, that his father subsequently allowed him to choose it for his more especial occupation. Still, he was not permitted entirely to neglect his scientific studies. This accounts for the high degree of mental culture—quite distinct from mere technical skill—which, in after years, enabled Spohr, as a composer, a first-rate player, and, moreover, as a man, to tower, like some Coryphæus, as highly as he did above so many masters of his time. His first violin instructor was that admirable musician Maucourt. His great talent soon exhibited itself, and he entered, as chamber-musician, the service of the Duke of Brunswick. Two or three years later, and with assistance from the Duke, he accompanied his second master, the celebrated violinist Eck, on a tour, extending as far as Russia. In 1804, he made another artistic tour through Germany. The high degree of masterly skill he had then attained, especially in violin playing, is proved by a notice, in the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, then published in Leipzig, of his performances in that city. The notice is as follows:

"Spohr afforded us more elevated enjoyment than any other violinist we can remember (except Rode, by the way) ever did. He is, without a doubt, one of the most admirable living violinists, and we should be astonished at what he effects, especially if we consider how young he is, if our rapturous delight would only allow us to feel mere cold astonishment at all. He gave us a grand concerto (in D major) of his own composition, repeating it by desire, and another (in E minor) also written by himself. Just as his entire nature leans most to what is great, and softly melancholy, so does his magnificent play. Spohr can do anything, but it is by the qualities just mentioned that he particularly carries away his auditors, &c."

The qualities for which he was here praised, he brought—if, indeed, they were capable of being improved—to the very highest pitch, where, far surpassing every one around him, he kept them till the latest moments of his playing in public, which was somewhere between 1828 and 1830. From 1818 to 1824 especially, Spohr's mastery over his instrument was more celebrated than that of any violinist before him. He was then no more a mere German or a mere European; his fame had filled the world. In the year 1805, he was appointed Ducal *Concertmeister* at Gotha. As we have hinted above, he had already written several grand instrumental works, especially for the violin. He now busied himself still more zealously with compositions, and wrote concertos for the violin and the clarinet (the latter, by the way, for his friend, Hermstädt), quartets and quintets, duets for the violin, variations and *potpourris* with harp accompaniment, and several overtures. In addition to these he wrote also several collections of most admirable songs, with pianoforte accompaniment, a grand oratorio, *The Last Judgment*, and an opera, *Der Zweikampf der Geliebten*. It is not to be denied that Spohr was then less happy in grand vocal than in purely instrumental compositions. At times he supposed the voice capable of things peculiar to instruments, and to be successfully executed only by the latter. As a natural consequence it was in this respect alone that he continued to be, as instrumental composer and violinist, the object of

admiration on a grand scale. The unexampled purity, dexterity, decision, and certainty of his play, the really wonderful strength and soul of his "bowing," the exceedingly varied nature of his execution, the dignity, warmth, and grace which he breathed into every single tone he produced, besides his deep musical knowledge, and delicately cultivated taste, his capability of entering into the spirit of the most different compositions, and, lastly, the fact that in his play just as in his compositions, he never, in despite of any difficulties, however enormous, endeavored to exhibit mere technical skill, but strove to render his concertos, in both these respects, the free and living outpourings of a feeling and inspired mind—all this indeed made him such an artist as Germany had never previously known, and such as, if a mere composer of operas and overtures, he would then scarcely have become.

From Gotha, where he had meanwhile married, he made several fresh tours through Germany. He created a great sensation, more especially at the musical festivals in Frankenhäusen, &c., with which Bischoff was then beginning, and in Vienna, whither he was summoned, in 1813, as *Capellmeister*, at the Theater an der Wien; there it was that in the grand concerts, given on the occasion of the Congress, in 1814, he achieved a brilliant triumph over the celebrated Rode himself. It was an elevating and indescribable treat to hear him play with his wife, that distinguished virtuosa on the harp. In Vienna, in 1814, he wrote his magnificent *Faust*, his first grand symphony, and his oratorio, *Das Befreite Deutschland* (*Germany Delivered*). It was during a journey he took with his wife to Italy, in 1817, that he first carried his reputation abroad. Everywhere he excited the loudest admiration. On his return, he was presented with the post of a *Musikdirector*, in the theatre at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, but he resigned it in 1819, for the purpose of making a journey to England. In London he was almost idolized. It is scarcely credible what a high price was charged by him for admission to his concerts, and asked by the managers of the theatres where he played. Despite of this, however, every one flocked to hear and to admire the German master. At Court, too, he met with the most brilliant reception, and the most tempting offers were made for the purpose of inducing him to remain in London, but he had scarcely completed his second grand symphony before he returned to the Continent. He now spent a winter in retirement at Dresden. At last he received an offer from Cassel. By his acceptance of it, he was enabled, as the careful director and head of a large Art-institution, to develop more fully, and find greater scope for, his grand and magnificent career, as well as to commence a completely new period in his artistic existence, inasmuch as he soon began cultivating the theoretical more than the practical part of his art. Although, now and then, both in Cassel and elsewhere, he afterwards vindicated the claims and powers of his technical skill, yet, as far as we know, he never again came forward with anything of importance in which those claims and those powers were especially the principal supports of his artistic credit.

If we remember aright, he made no more long professional tours, but he endeavored, in order to remain true to this branch of his art—namely, technical skill—to endow with more effective vitality, which should render it more general, the influence which he himself had formerly, during his various journeys, won for German violin-playing. He instructed a number of pupils, who afterwards went out into the world, and, by the success of their play, everywhere obtained a ready admittance for, and recognition of Spohr's

method. He had no necessity to look for pupils; they flocked to him from all sides, and, frequently, at a great sacrifice. It was, also, during this new period of his life, that he not only wrote his most important and most beautiful instrumental pieces, which, by the way, like the others, consist mostly of concertos and quartets for the violin—amongst which we feel bound to mention especially the concerto in the form of a vocal *scena*, the celebrated *notturno*, the nonet and the double quartet, as master-pieces of their kind—besides, moreover, the music to *Macbeth*, and the glorious symphony, *Die Weihe der Töne*—not only did he write all these, but he applied himself with greater love to dramatic composition, gaining, from day to day, from work to work, skill, quickness, and experience in the grander kind of vocal compositions. Even his opera of *Zemire und Azor* is full of the deepest and most touching sentiment. This was succeeded by *Jessonda*, the work most strongly stamped with the nobleness of style peculiar to him. *Der Berggeist* did not take so much. *Peter von Apone*, as far as we are aware, has been given nowhere but in Cassel, while we know the *Alchymist* only by the pianoforte arrangement of it, published in 1832. For the Church he composed several masses—among which is that one so indescribably difficult of execution by voices alone—and that incomparably beautiful oratorio, *Die letzten Dinge*, performed with such great success in various places, especially Düsseldorf.

Spohr's principal characteristics as a composer are a certain nobleness and inspired elevation. The nobleness of his whole style is never at fault, and it is precisely this characteristic—which appears to pervade his entire existence as an artist—that places him nearest the earnestness and dignity of Mozart. In whatever Spohr has composed, there breathes a soft yearning, a yearning after something more than earthly. He is altogether elegiac, and must, therefore, never be taken except in the moment of deep inspiration. He loves strange keys, but they are no mere foolish whims. No composer has so many flats and sharps continually on his paper as Spohr, but we should err strangely, were we to suppose he is gratifying any petty vanity when he does so. These modulations are naturally rooted in his whole artistic being, and their creation springs from his most inward soul. And are they not beautiful? Do they not raise us upon high, far above all earthly reality? That he was one of our greatest masters of harmony, we should perceive without this. As a composer of sacred music, he started avowedly from the conviction—which, by the way, is perfectly correct—that a genuine church effect is to be obtained only by massiveness. Hence the wonderfully beautiful choruses in his oratorios and masses, and the sterling worth, moderation, and wise arrangement of the rest. His solos, in such works, are mostly treated as recitative; we meet with few duets, while trios, scetets, and the other half-theatrical forms, are scarcely found at all. The serious, dignified quartet was the only form considered by him appropriate for the outpouring of the highest sentiments the human breast can feel. Handel's strong mind seems, in this respect, to have descended to Spohr, only that with the force of Handel were united Spohr's own gentleness and feeling tenderness.

As a dramatic composer, Spohr was especially characterized by a certainty of hitting on the right kind of musical expression, in the first place, and, in the next, by a constant combination of the separate details into one homogeneous whole. The connection of the separately-developed thoughts and sensations in his works is always well managed, true without being forced,

significantly arranged in the transition from one to the other, and yet as free apparently in the play of the imagination, as the clearness of the ideas will suffer in such a mode of exhibiting them. Everywhere do we find unity in the most beautiful variety. No gap in the progress of the subject to be represented interrupts the clear and yet grand interweavings—now and then reminding us of Mozart's genius—of an invariably beautiful system of melody, which alone would win the heart of every impartial listener, even if the harmonic portion of the work were not treated with such admirable scrupulousness in the very smallest detail. In this respect, indeed, Spohr may be charged with a certain excess, which somewhat dims the clearness of the sentiment, and obscures the brightness of the chain of thoughts—an excess occasioned principally by a mostly artificial treatment of the middle parts, whose strange movements appear to excite even in the composer himself too many remote subordinate ideas, provocative of forced combinations of melody and harmony. This charge applies to him, however, far less as a composer generally, and, perhaps not at all merely as an instrumental composer. As such he is truly grand; the only exception that can be taken to him in this respect is that the peculiar frame of mind which causes every one of his larger compositions, like an elegy, as it were, to appear enveloped in the most enthusiastic romanticism, is too much extended to heterogeneous objects. The consequence is, that, looking upon all his works as a whole, he now and then becomes somewhat monotonous in coloring. At all events, however, Spohr—as we said at the commencement of our article—apart from his high artistic merit as a *virtuoso* and musician generally, was one of the greatest, most gifted, and most productive composers of his day. Besides this, as a man of finished education and personal worth, he stands upon an eminence to which we can only look up with respect, and regard him as one of the brightest ornaments of Germany.

Death of Dr. Spohr.

(From the Same.)

Spohr has died, full of years, crowned with glory, bending under the weight of laurels. The last of the Teutonic family of musical giants (in the opinion of many respectable judges the least "directly inspired"), this remarkable man excelled in every branch of composition. Oratorio, opera, orchestral symphony, quartet, and almost all the various forms of chamber-music, were copiously illustrated by his fertile pen. No career was ever more completely and conscientiously accomplished than that of Spohr, who, at the age of 76, was still laboring, still producing, still performing what, through a long and industrious life, he had uniformly regarded as a sacred duty. That the honored master, had he been longer spared, could have increased the obligations already conferred upon the art of which he was so shining an ornament, is not probable. What it was his veritable commission to communicate, he had assiduously and faithfully communicated. None ever worked more earnestly; none ever regarded the artistic calling from a higher and a nobler point of view; none ever held the special science of music in more religious veneration.

Not only a man of genius, but essentially an artist in the purest sense, while adding to the treasures of art, and in a certain direction materially widening its domain. Spohr strove with all his might to elevate the status of his profession; and that he did not succeed to the utmost of his wish, must be attributed to the fact of his remaining fixed during the period of nearly one-half his natural life in the trumpery court of Hesse-Cassel, where his enlightened sentiments found no echo, and his liberal notion of politics (no less than of Art) were anything rather than agreeable to the reigning powers. After officiating thirty-five years as *Kapellmeister* and musical director of the Electoral Theatre, Spohr was compelled to abandon a post, the duties of which age and rapidly approaching infirmity prevented him from fulfilling in such a manner as entirely to satisfy himself. Nevertheless, during this long period he had failed to make himself acceptable and well-behoken in high places. To the present Elector the man and his opinions, uttered and maintained with uncompromising candor, were particularly distasteful; and this want of sympathy, demonstrated in all sorts of petty ways, found

vent in vexations and annoyances too contemptible for description. The illustrious musician was only retained at Cassel out of jealousy, lest other German courts should be induced to offer him a home more congenial to his aspirations and in accordance with his worth. When, however, he had resigned his position, and there was no likelihood whatever of his soliciting another, he was not merely subdued but insulted. One instance of the treatment to which he was exposed will suffice, we think, to hold the perpetrators up to contempt in the eyes of all right-minded persons. Though no longer music director, Spohr could not divest himself of the habits of an unusually protracted life, and was ever hovering about the scene of his former triumph, ever in the theatre at rehearsals, and on the nights of performance. But old age had brought with it comparative deafness; and, in order to hear the orchestral effects more distinctly, the venerable musician would, at intervals, seat himself among the players, near the back of the orchestra. This being, on one occasion, remarked by the Elector, the mighty ruler of Hesse-Cassel indignantly gave orders that his ex-*kapellmeister* should be reminded how it was against the regulations of the Electoral Theatre for strangers to be admitted into the orchestra; and Spohr—Dr. Spohr, composer of the *Letzen Dinge*, *Jessonda*, *Paust*, the *Weisse der Töne*, the Violin Concertos, the Double Quartets, and one hundred masterpieces—Louis (Ludwig) Spohr, aged seventy-six, and nearly forty years *kapellmeister* at the Court of Hesse—was actually expelled by a Hessian yellow-plush from the orchestra of that theatre, at the head of the musical department of which he had during all those years presided, and on the stage of which some of his finest works had been produced! Yes, reader, Spohr was *expelled*; and the mealy-mouthed parasites of Cassel permitted the scandalous proceeding to pass without a word of disapproval. What they may have protested in their boots, we cannot pretend to guess; but *vicâ voce*, or in private, nothing was said at all.

But if the great composer was not a prophet in his own narrow, crimped-up, self-selected residence, he was honored not the less all over the length and breadth of "trans" and "cis"—Hessian Germany. In every city, town, or even village, the tall and imposing figure, the large and open physiognomy, of *Altmeister* Spohr was familiar and revered. A visit from Spohr was a *fête* to the inhabitants—we do not say "the musical inhabitants," for in the majority of German towns all the inhabitants are musical. Many of us here in England still remember the enthusiasm with which he was received at the Bonn Festival of 1845, when the statue of Beethoven was uncovered in the Minster-Platz, amidst thousands of spectators and a sprinkling of "majesties." The eagerness with which Liszt (already Dr. Liszt) resigned the *bâton* in favor of Spohr, when the Choral Symphony was to be taken in hand; the admissible manner in which the performance of that colossal work was directed; the impression it produced; the flowers presented to the even then somewhat venerable (he was sixty-two) conductor; the wreath with which a bevy of the fairest of the fair Teutonic maidens, who had sung in the chorus, tried in vain, to encircle his ample brow, the unwillingness of Spohr to be thus bedecked, being ultimately expressed by a disdainful movement of the head and hand (as much as to say—"Keep that for Liszt; he will want it after his *cantata*"), which disconcerted the damsels and shivered the wreath into petals that were scattered over the heads of the orchestral performers: these, and other incidents of that exciting festival must have been so vividly impressed upon all who witnessed them, as still to hold a place in the memory's storehouse. If not, *n'importe*; it is enough to allude to them.

Of what was thought of Spohr in this country, which he visited almost as frequently as Mendelssohn himself, it is scarcely necessary to remind our readers. His last journey to London was in 1853, when he came (at the invitation of Dr. Wylde) to produce some of his works at the New Philharmonic Concerts; two of which he conducted.

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Dr. Spohr—as a contemporary critic has justly said—was "indeed an illustrious musician—a man of genius no less than acquirement, and an honor to the art he adorned and enriched by his writings. In one department of composition he is probably unrivalled. No predecessor or contemporary produced so much and so well for the first of orchestral as it is the first of solo instruments. His compositions for the violin (as a performer on which instrument he had few rivals) form one of the most important and valuable bequests that genius has made to Art. Spohr represented, in short, the pure and legitimate school of German violin playing. In chamber music (to allude to his works for the theatre, the church, and orchestra,

would be superfluous here), too, he approached more nearly in excellence than any other composer to Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, while he equalled them in the number and variety of his productions. To speak of such a man as one of the common sort of artists, as a dry pedant, or anything less than an admirable master, were to set the very conditions of Art in defiance."

Luther's Hymn: "Ein' Feste Burg."

(From the Lutheran Standard, Columbus, O.)

A great many versions of Luther's celebrated hymn, "Ein feste Burg," have been given to the public, all of which, as far as we know, come far short of manifesting the true power and sentiment of the original. Our friend L. H. has accordingly given considerable time and study to present the Church a translation (his second), which we believe to be in every respect vastly superior to any other given, and which embodies the very sentiments of the original. That our readers may make a fair comparison, we give the original as well as the new version below.

The original hymn as written by Luther, A. D., 1529:

I.

Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott,
Ein gute Wehr und Waffen;
Er hilft uns frei aus aller Noth,
Die uns hat jetzt betroffen.
Der alt' heesse Feind
Mit Ernst er's jetzt meint;
Gross' Macht und viel List
Sein grausam Ruestung ist;
Auf Erd ist nicht sein's Gleichen.

II.

Mit unser Macht ist Nichts gethan,
Wir sind gar bald verloren;
Es streit' fuer uns der rechte Mann,
Den Gott hat selbst erkoren.
Fragest du wer der ist?
Er heisst Jesu Christ,
Der Herr Zebaoth,
Und ist kein andrer Gott;
Das Feld muss er behalten.

III.

Und wenn die Welt voll Teufel waer,
Und wollt uns gar verschlingen,
So fuerchten wir uns nicht so sehr,
Es soll uns doch gelingen.
Der Fuerst dieser Welt,
Wie sau'r er sich stellt,
Thut er uns doch Nichts;
Das macht, er ist gericht'
Ein Woertlein kann ihn faellen.

IV.

Das Wort sie sollen lassen stahn
Und kein'n Dank dazu haben!
Er ist bei uns wohl auf dem Plan,
Mit seinem Geist und Gaben.
Nehm'n sie uns den Leib,
Gut, Ehr, Kind und Weib,
Lass fahren dahin;
Sie haben's kein'n Gewinn!
Das Reich muss uns doch bleiben!

The translation is as follows:

LUTHER'S HYMN.

"Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott."

TRANSLATED BY L. H.

I.

Our God's a fortress strong indeed,
A shield and sword unfailing;
Us will He free from ev'ry need,
And danger now prevailing.
The old bitter foe.
Is bent on our woe;
Armed fiercely with spite,
Deep guile and fearful might;
He all on earth surpasses.

II.

Our mightiest efforts all are vain,
Our fall were soon effected;
There fights for us the very man:
Him God Himself elected.
Who, ask you, is this?
Christ Jesus—who is
Of Sabaoth Lord—
Him God of all record!
He needs must be the victor.

III.

Though earth, of devils full, essayed
To bring destruction o'er us;
We'll not be very much afraid;
Success is sure before us.
And though this world's prince,
Fierce anger evince;
No harm is us done;
For judged is he by One.
Least word of whom can fell him.

IV.

The word despite of foes shall stand,
No thanks to them—He's near us;
Upon the field with helping hand,
Whose gifts and Spirit cheer us.
And should they take life,
Goods, fame, child and wife;
Let all go—ev'n then,
To them there is no gain;
For ours remains the kingdom.

Practical Answers to Practical Questions.

Is it right, when one person is playing or singing, by request, for the entertainment of others, for some to converse either aloud or in whispers, in their presence? It is ungrateful and discourteous, and should not be tolerated. When once Beethoven was playing a duet with his pupil, Ries, before a company of court ladies, at Vienna, on hearing them commence to talk, he snatched the hands of his pupil from the instrument, saying, "*I do not play before such swine.*"—Moscheles.

Is it right for any one in playing a piece of music, to exercise their own judgment as to the style and manner of performance? Every master has written his piece as he wishes to have it played, therefore every note, word, and sign, upon the music page should be sacred in the eyes of the player, and faithfully interpreted.—A. B. Marx.

Is it right for any person to pronounce judgment upon any musical composition, after merely drumming it over, or giving it but a superficial examination? Every piece of music is a sealed book to him whose skill and education in music does not enable him to play and understand it like a master; and only with such knowledge and execution can any one form a proper judgment of a musical work of Art.—Carl Czerny.

Is it right to collect large numbers of people together, and set them all to screaming and shouting upon one common principle, without regard to individual peculiarities and vocal difficulties? No physician would enter the wards of a hospital and give physic miscellaneously without inquiring into the wants of each patient; and yet there would be as much justice in doing so as in the former case. Every pupil should be trained alone, at least until perfect in vocalization.—Panseron.

Is it right in choral practice to double any one part and play three parts in the other hand, as is so customary with many? Again, play every piece as its author has written it. If each hand has the usual number of fingers, let the work be divided equally between the hands, unless either of the middle parts should be so remote from the outer part as to render it necessary for the time being, to take it up with the other hand.—Schneider.

Is it right to rely implicitly upon musical talent, so called, without cultivation or instruction, thus allowing so many "self-taught" players to be inflicted upon the community as we are now obliged to listen to? One who would become a good pianist needs nothing to begin with but a good pair of hands and common sense. Let talent come in afterwards in its proper time and place, and the most desirable results may be obtained.—Alex. Dreyschok.

Opera-Loungers and Bohemians in New York.

We are fast becoming Frenchified. Formerly our well dressed and well-to-do young men were ashamed to make a business of loafing; now it is pretty much their whole occupation. They are no longer loafers, but *flâneurs*. It is such as they who patronize the opera *matinées*, and stand in the parquette doorways and insolently ogle the ladies, greatly to the exasperation of those gentle lovers of music who go to the opera exclusively to enjoy it, and exult in a temporary riddance of "the men." It is a strange spectacle, in this eminently practical and hard-working city, to see a hundred young fops, elaborately macassared and kidded, spending a whole afternoon in staring delicate females out of countenance. This year the nuisance has been more aggravating than usual, and the directors of the opera *matinées* would confer a great favor on their fair patrons by forbidding admission to any man not accompanied by a lady. The "Bohemian" is another importation from France. He is a poor, reckless, devil-may-care fellow, who wastes his money as fast as he gets it, runs in credit to the extent of his "cheek," spends everything on himself, and is a bundle of insatiable appetites. The second-rate artist, the cheap *littérateur*, the indifferent pianist, the histrionic tyro—these are all "Bohemians." They are never men of genius, but indolent fellows, of unbounded vanity, who think they are.—N. Y. Correspondence of the Charleston Mercury.

Clara Wieck Schumann.

This lady, who is deservedly ranked among the distinguished pianists of the day, was taught by a method so unusual, that we think a short account of it cannot but be interesting to our readers. It differed in all respects from the common methods of instruction, and in some particulars it was wholly novel.

Her musical instruction began at the age of five

years, and was continued for nearly two years on the instrument alone, without the use of notes. She was first taught the keys, and the fundamental chords in all of them; and she then practised the scale in all the varieties of the keys, and in all directions. She next learned to play by heart, with correctness and perfection, more than two hundred little exercises, which were composed expressly for her; and she also learned to transpose them with facility into all the different keys. In this manner she acquired complete mastery of the mechanical part of playing, and also a good ear and good time. It was not until she had accomplished all this, that she was made acquainted with the notes; which, thus prepared, she of course found an easy task, and soon learned to read music. She now passed directly by all the usual elementary exercises, and took up studies by Clementi, Cramer, Moscheles, the Sonatas of Mozart, the easiest and most comprehensible ones of Beethoven, and such other compositions as would have a tendency on the one hand to give a deeper and more serious tone to the mind and the imagination; and on the other, to promote a good natural and regular mode of fingering. This course of instruction was rigidly and strictly pursued, assisted by a regular daily practice; which, however, was never carried to weariness, much less to exhaustion, as in some cases. The method and the practice combined effected that rapid, but by no means hurried advancement, and that early perfection of her talents which place her in the high rank she now enjoys among the Piano Forte Virtuosi of the present day. The whole was accomplished without injuring her health and without dimming the cheerful happiness of youth by fretting anxiety or over exertion.

Debut of Miss Patti.

(From the Tribune, Nov. 25.)

Extraordinary interest was excited last evening on the first appearance of Miss Adeline Patti, of this city, in the character of Lucia. The qualities for this role are, full soprano voice, with absolute facility in the upper notes, thorough volatility of tone or rapid execution, great power of holding tones, especially attenuating them to the last degree, a gentle lady-like demeanor, and to some extent clearness of dramatic action. All these Miss Adeline Patti possesses unequivocally. She is neatly formed, with a sympathetic face; she has a good carriage and mode of holding herself in the necessary dramatic positions. Her voice is clear and excellent; the brilliant execution which she begins with at the outset of her career—she is only turned of sweet sixteen—ranks with that where the best singers end. This is saying a good deal, but it is not an overstatement. As for pronunciation of Italian—purity of syllabication, crispness of enunciation, there is little or nothing to be asked beyond what she exhibits. There is in her as much sentiment as we ought to look for in one so young. Great passion, heart-rending pathos, can only be found in the artist, whether the singer, the actor, or the orator, after an experience with the world's realities, with its sadness, its sorrows. These will all come fast enough to give the tragic element to the young aspirant.

Managers here make a great mistake when they fail to afford every opportunity to American aspiration in whatever artistic form, because they suppose the public will swear by foreign names. Let the claimants be placed before the public fairly and fully enough, and the regard is solely for quality of the article and not whence it comes—Europe or America. The name of Beethoven did not save *Fidelio* from being a bore to the public here; and *The Magic Flute* will not have a great run, even with the name of Mozart, chiefly because the acting drama of the opera is repulsive nonsense and dreary twaddle. So, too, the last batch of raw singers brought across the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, with puffs premonitory, puffs contiguous, and puffs postcedent—they all failed. But Miss Adeline Patti, though an American without a transatlantic puff, though a child brought up in the midst of us, has a positive, unqualified, rich success—because she merited it. The applause from a good audience was immense; calls before the curtain, and bouquets were the order of the night.

Miss Adeline Patti had for coadjutors Messrs. Brignoli and Ferri, who greatly contributed to the success of the evening.

There are at present nine musical Conservatories in Germany, in the following cities: Leipzig, Dresden, Prague, Vienna, Munich, Cologne, two in Berlin, (one under the direction of Stern, and one under Knillak), and Stuttgart. . . . Reissigen has retired from his place as kapellmeister in Dresden; it is said that Abt, from Brunswick, will succeed him.

Inspiration in Art.

(From the Century.)

There is deep signification in the employment of the word *inspiration* in connection with the Fine Arts. Every one who has felt the slightest touch of the artistic impulse, must have been conscious of something free and spontaneous, something lofty and unconstrained in its movements. The mind does not seem so much to obey a law here, as to be a law unto itself. But it does obey a law, most rigidly; and in the very fact that it so freely obeys so high a law lies the evidence of its having arrived at one of its highest conditions. And what could better describe this high condition of mind than the word "*inspiration*"—a condition where the mind moves most freely in harmony with the suggestions of a something above it to which it must respond? And just here lies a very instructive analogy—one that by its application to all the Fine Arts binds them together in a higher unity of nature and design. But it even goes beyond this, including in its wide scope the elements of our moral being; and by presiding alike over these two departments of our nature—the moral and the aesthetic—shows itself to involve a very highest law of our spiritual being.

And what is this analogy? What is this characteristic that pervades all the Fine Arts? What is this consciousness that attends the mind in the highest condition and activity of the Art faculty?—in the forms and flights of Poetry, in the progressions and combinations of Music; or that attends the mind in the highest condition of the moral faculty—when it is engaged in the love and practice of virtue? Is it not the consciousness of the most perfect, yet free and unconstrained obedience to law? Is law broken or abrogated in these cases? No; but it is so freely obeyed that it lays the mind under no constraint—it only marks out the path that is most willingly trodden. It is the fashion to speak of the great masters as being competent to break the rules of Art. They possess no such prerogative. The conscious freedom of their movements probably gives rise to this notion, while it is not perceived that they are untrammelled, not from despising law, but because their spontaneous movements perfectly accord with it. When we follow Shakespeare in his highest flights, where he seems to move with the most sovereign freedom, is it not just there, if there be any difference, that his observance of rhythm and poetical form seems most faultless? His language appears to be cast in the exact and only mould that might befit the expression of such imperial thoughts, yet it flows with a freedom that seems conscious of no restraint. The same is the case with the highest samples of musical combination and progression. In the most perfect forms of the trio or quartet, each part possesses an individuality of its own, moves as if to attain its own end alone—the most perfect development of itself—yet they all conform rigidly to that higher law which demands that they should all contribute in the highest degree to the perfection of the whole. In fact, as a principle that runs through the whole circle of the Fine Arts, as descriptive of their highest strivings, and as expressive of the highest consciousness of the Art faculty as it presides over their development, we may accept the following rule: *Perfect freedom of movement in strict obedience to law.* The same rule, as already remarked, gives expression to the consciousness of the mind in the highest observance and practice of virtue. So also in respect to social life: spontaneous and easy observance of all that propriety and the relations of man to man require, is the highest exponent of social manner. Here we see, then, the same principle working throughout the social, moral and aesthetic departments of human nature, and binding these different regions of man's life together into close unity. And it is a principle necessarily present wherever man displays his highest activity—a being whose prerogative is freedom, yet whose condition is one of *subjection to law*.

Opera in New York—"Magic Flute"—Little Patti.

(From Correspondence of the Courier.)

Since my last letter the *Magic Flute* has been performed several times at the Academy of Music, to fair houses. The music is delicious and is to be heard simply as music, with no regard to the plot, or rather the want of plot; for logical connection the story has not. Colson is wonderful in the flowery music of her part, and Stigelli sang superbly. His style is most dramatic, and this, after the inanities of Brignoli, is indeed refreshing. Amadio in this opera appears as a black slave! Imagine the rotund baritone capering about with a Day and Martin countenance! As in all parts where he attempts comedy or farce, he exaggerated the humor. But the people

laughed. It was pleasant to see Carl Bergmann back in his proper place, as conductor of the grand orchestra; there are few such as he in the country. As if "the management" was determined to commit pecuniary suicide, *Polinto* was produced on Tuesday night, to a thin audience; neither Albertini nor Beaucarde did as well as Cortesi and Brignoli when the piece was run before. It is to be noticed that though our critics are very sarcastic upon you Bostonians because you did not like this opera, priding themselves on having discovered its beauties, still the public don't seem to see the merits of it, and hence the public most perversely stays away. Last evening Miss Adeline Patti, who, some years ago, sang as an infant prodigy, made her second debut, as a prima donna. Verily, it made us old opera habitués feel older than ever, and the sadness attending the thought of our own years naturally attuned our souls to a full enjoyment of the melancholy beauty of the *Lucia*. So far, I have heard no dissenting opinion touching the abilities of the young debutante. She is most pleasing in countenance, has enjoyed really judicious instruction, rejoices in a freshness of voice extraordinary, and knows no such word as *fiasco*. Let her be heard more.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, NOV. 21.—If we have but few concerts this winter, the quality of those that do take place certainly compensates us for the deficiency. Three such concerts it has seldom, if ever, been my good fortune to hear, in a little more than a week's time, than that of the Schiller Festival; Mme. ABEL'S Soirée last Thursday, and the Philharmonic on Saturday. Of the first, I have already given an account, (if you print my tardy last week's letter.) Of the enjoyment which the second afforded, you will have some conception ere this reaches you. The "Krentzer Sonata" was the *pièce de resistance* of the evening, and you cannot hear it played better than it was that evening by Mme. ABEL, and Mr. WOLLENHAUPT. It was to me the most satisfactory performance of that composition that I have ever heard. It was a source of great regret that Mr. Wollenhaupt did not favor us with a solo; one cannot hear enough of his playing, and would like to hear him more frequently in public. Madame Abel's solo-pieces were a transcription of an old romance of Martini, of the year 1752, by Stamatz, an *Etude* of Chopin in A flat, and Mendelssohn's lovely first song without words, and as last number, a magnificent Fugue from the Well-tempered Clavichord, and that little gem, Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith." Is it not gratifying [in these days of clap-trap and show, to find an artist who, though entirely dependent on the public favor and approbation, will yet not swerve from the high Art standard which alone satisfies him or her? You in Boston are blessed with several such, and the fruits of their steadfastness are seen in the more appreciative audiences; but with us those are very rare who, with whatever good intentions they begin their American career, will not, sooner or later, weary in the cause.

The audience on Thursday was unfortunately small and, mostly, not very appreciative. I was involuntarily reminded of a certain Scripture text, concerning pearls and an animal not celebrated for cleanliness; yet there were enough listeners of a different kind, and these must have delighted, with me, in the strong individuality which the fair artist gave to the different works which she interpreted, and in the thorough excellence with which she rendered them. May her merits find a more worthy acknowledgment with your public than with ours! Aside from Mr. Wollenhaupt, Mme. Abel was assisted by Mr. APTOMMAS, who played two pieces with his usual skill, and a young *debutante*, a Miss MARIE KRAUSCH. This young lady has a clear, though not powerful voice, and did not even bring out its full force, owing probably to some timidity. In an aria from Flotow's *Stradella*, she gave evidence of very good training. She is a pupil of Madame Maron-

celli, the widow of the exile, and for many years a favorite instructress in our city. It was in her second piece, however, that Miss Krausch's voice showed to best advantage. This was Spohr's beautiful: "*Rose, wie bist du so reizend und wild,*" while the young artist sang with a degree of sweetness and feeling, which made us hope to hear her again.

The Philharmonic concert opened with Schubert's magnificent symphony in C, which pleased the audience much better than could be expected from its length. The three first parts were admirably played—the finale was hurried too much, by which many of the figures did not come out distinctly. The remaining orchestral pieces were the overtures to *Melusine* and *Fidelio*, and the introduction to *Lohengrin* by Richard Wagner. This latter seemed hardly appropriate to be played separate from the opera—it is hardly more than a bit of rich instrumental coloring, rising gradually from the merest thread of tone, to a full gorgeous phrase of chords, from whence it dwindles down again to whence it came. The soloists were Signor STIGELLI (or Herr Stiegel,) and ARTHUR NAPOLEON. The latter I heard for the first time, and was gratified to find that friend "Trovator's" enthusiasm for him was fully justified. In execution, he is behind very few older players, and in some particulars beyond many of them. His scales for instance, are as pure and clear and even from beginning to end, as I have seldom heard them. He played an arrangement of his own, which was clever enough for a youth like him, but hardly worthy a place in a Philharmonic programme. An encore he answered with Chopin's Waltz in A flat, which he rendered beautifully. Signor Stigelli proved himself that *rara avis*, a first-rate singer at a N. Y. Philharmonic concert, and brought down the house. His rendering of "*Il mi stizzò*" was second to Mario's only in [point of voice, and a well deserved encore gave us the pleasure of hearing this gem a second time. His other piece was a very sweet song by himself, *Die Thräne*, (the tear), which he sang as only the composer could, and when called back after this, he roused the audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, by giving them his well known popular song, "The brightest eyes." "It is long since we have had so fine an interpreter of German song among us; and in one particular I have never heard his equal, i. e.,—in pronunciation—both in Italian and German, every syllable could be understood. May we hear him often! —t—

NEW YORK, NOV. 22.—Last night, Mozart's "*Zauberflöte*" was produced for the benefit of the Germans and other admirers of the old master. The audience was very large and attentive, but not enthusiastic. The music of the opera you are familiar with, and there is no necessity of recapitulating its peculiarities. COLSON was the Queen of Night and sang her two bravura airs excellently, being encored in the second. GAZZANIGA was the Pamina, and made the most out of that uninteresting part. STIGELLI was very great in the tenor role, and FERRI is a capital Papageno; and Mrs. STRAKOSCH is good as Papagena. Indeed, all the singers did justice to their parts, excepting JENKA, who did not sing well in the fine part of Sarastro.

The scenery was only tol-*lol*, and worked badly. There were some wild beasts and outlandish creatures to be affected by the magic flute, and the chorus singers were assisted by some of the German singing societies. The great chorus of priests in praise of Isis was encored.

There was, however, very little enthusiasm. The opera is not one calculated to create a sensation, in this age, and with all its splendor of harmonic wealth it is lacking in those climaxes in which our modern composers are so effective.

Of the production of the "Sicilian Vespers" I have sent you one account. The analysis of the op-

era, by Scudo, published last September in *Dwight's Journal*, was much fuller and better than anything that "Trovator" could furnish. The opera has been successful here, but not brilliantly so. Critics and musicians acknowledge that it is Verdi's most scientific and elaborate work, and in that respect exhibits improvement on the part of the composer. But it has not the irresistible *élan* and *verve* that *Ernani*, *Lombardi*, and even the much abused *Trovatore* have, and so will not be as popular as those works. Yet it is a delightful thing; the finale of the third act is the most elaborate and effective concerted pieces Verdi has produced, surpassing the *Miserere* of *Trovatore*. The final trio of the last act is in style much like the final trio in *Ernani*, and, at its close, MUZZIO, the conductor, has introduced the duet of the third act, a taking melody to which he has thrown in a subordinate part for the basso. In the first act COLSON introduces an air from *Simone Boccanegra* and all the ballet music is omitted. So on the whole the "Sicilian Vespers" does not come to us unshorn.

The *Huguenots* will soon be revived for the finale of the season, which will be closed at the end of the month, not to re-open here till February.

TROVATOR.

NEW YORK, NOV. 28.—It is enough to make one leap for joy, like a young hart upon the mountain, to think that at last we have had a truly brilliant success—an operatic sensation, the like of which has not been known since the days of Malibran; so say old opera goers, whose memory reaches back to the Woods, and the Seguinis, and García, and Malibran, and other events and individuals contemporaneous with the Deluge. I don't remember quite so much.

But I remember enough about opera and opera people, to know that since the days of Parodi and Astor Place Opera, we have had no sensation like the great sensation caused by "little PATTI," the girl who made her debut last week in *Lucia*, to the huge delectation of everybody in the house, from the Parquet to "Paradise."

She was born in music, and has been steeped in music all her life. When a child at the age when most children's vocal abilities are limited to

"Patty-cake, patty-cake, baker's man,"

and similar tuneful effusions, this Patti was warbling the melodies of Bellini and Donizetti, and putting her doll to sleep with opera cavatinas. Then she sang in concerts with Paul Jullien, and from her ninth year has been a constant singer. Bosio did not appear in public till she was fifteen.

They have got up a nice story,—I suppose its true, about the musical star that presided over the destinies of little Patti. Her mother, they say, was a prima donna, and in 1843 was engaged at the opera in Madrid. On the night of the 8th of April, she appeared as "Norma," one of her favorite parts, and on the 9th little Adelina was born. From that date the mother lost her voice, and always declared that it had gone to her child.

In 1844, the whole tribe of Patti emigrated from Italy to this country, and the embryo prima donna thus crossed the ocean when barely a year old. She has lived most of her life, (excepting while on a concert tour in Cuba with Gottschalk), in New York.

During this period, she has had every possible advantage for musical education. If a census could be taken of her relatives, the Barillis, Pattis, and Strakoschs, the world would be astonished at the result, but the families are too prolific even to admit of a classification. As they were all artists, of course they soon became scattered to remote quarters of the globe, and were heard of at intervals from Lima, from Venice, from Paris and from New Orleans.

I remember reading not long since, in one of those extinct species of periodical literature, a "ladies' magazine," something about Signora Barilli, who was then singing at Palmo's, in this city. The article was

one of those sickly, fashionable love-tales, and Barili was mentioned as being all soul, fire and passion, and just nineteen years old. People fell in love with her; and a son of Col. Thorne, an old aristocrat who made his money by marrying a rich wife, married Barili. The old Colonel was very indignant at the *mésalliance*, and Barili with her husband went to South America, and both have sunk into oblivion. There was a report of Barili's death, which is since contradicted. This Signora Barili was the oldest sister of Adelina Patti.

Amalia Patti, who married Strakosch, was the next sister. She has talent, but her voice is not sufficiently powerful for her to attain the highest rank in her profession. Carlotta Patti is the next sister, and is the most beautiful of a family; gifted with more than ordinary personal attractions. She is a teacher of music, and gives her lessons in half a dozen languages. Ettore Barili is a brother or half-brother, or a quarter brother, or some other indefinable relative, while Nicolo Barili is another of the same sort. They are both known as tolerable opera singers. Antonio Barili, a clever composer, is another relative; and Carlo Patti, the young violinist, and leader of an orchestra at New Orleans, is another brother, and he and Adelina resemble each other like two peas in a pod.

Adelina Patti has for a number of years lived with her brother-in-law, Maurice Strakosch, and as his house has been a rendezvous for all the operatic artists that have visited New York, the little girl has been heard and petted by all these people. Sontag and Alboni have indulged in glowing predictions as to her future career, and her own family have always believed that she is destined for a brilliant lyric life.

In conversation with the young lady last week, I inquired what she thought in regard to her approaching debut. She shrugged her shoulders, and remarked that it made little difference. She knew it must come some time, so it might as well be first as last. She did not dread it, but on the contrary anticipated the event with joy.

On the evening of Thanksgiving day, she appeared in *Lucia*. Her *entrée* was greeted with prolonged applause, and her first cavatina assured her success. In the repetition of the *cabaletta*, she introduced some surprising variations, and her execution created the liveliest enthusiasm. In the duet that closes the first act, she was less effective, but was three times called before the curtain.

In the second act, her earnest yet modest acting, as well as her exquisite singing, aided in eliciting the liveliest applause. But it was in the mad scene of the last act, that she achieved her greatest success. In execution it was a wonderful performance, while the sympathetic voice of the young singer, and her childish grace, added to the effect.

The next day the papers with one accord sang her praises. Fry, of the *Tribune*, declared she was already equal to Sontag, which is not so. No one ever did sing *Lucia* like Sontag; but then little Patti will be fully as good when she is older. One great reason for the *furor* she has created is in the fact that she is young and beautiful, has lived all her days in this city, and is known personally to quite a number of our opera-goers. With all her exquisite voice and her elegant execution, she would not have succeeded near so well had she been an awkward, gawky girl or a sedate matron à la Laborde.

It certainly would appear difficult to imagine a more exciting or brilliant career than is before Adelina Patti. She is young, beautiful, endowed with as wonderful and precious a musical genius as was ever given* even to prodigy Mozart; her talents cultivated with care, and surrounded by a devoted and wealthy family. She is a devotee of music from the love of the art, and at the same time has been so surrounded by musical influences that she could be nothing else.

* Are you sure?—Ed.

From her cradle she has been destined for a prima donna, and for this object in addition to musical and elocutionary tuition she has had her attention directed to the languages. She speaks Italian, French, and English with perfect fluency and understands Spanish and German. Is not all this knowledge a great deal for a girl of seventeen to possess?

Then in the future to what heights of lyric success may she not attain? There is no reason why in ten years ADELINA PATTI will not be the greatest of living *prime donne*.

I wish I was as sure of ten thousand dollars as I am of this fact.

Mr. FRANZ SCHLOTTER, an excellent musician of this city, announces a series of musical lectures, to commence next week. He illustrates his discourses with specimens on the piano of the music of the various masters of whom he treats.

ARTHUR NAPOLEON, I understand, plays for the first time in Boston, on Saturday night. He is a successful artist and must be popular with you. At a private musical soirée the other night, I heard him play about the entire music of Rossini's *Semiramide*, going right through the opera, accompanying other instruments, and all the while talking on the most irrelevant topics with a companion by his side. Yet he never missed a note of the music.

Talking about the "Magic Flute," which a few lager-bier Dutchmen got delighted with, I will close my long rambling letter with a short translation from the piquant criticism of R. De Trobriand, the musical *feuilletonist* of the *Courrier des Etats Unis*. The Baron (they call him baron here) says:

"I would speak now of the music of the 'Magic Flute,' and as I cannot enter into details, I would summarily dispose of it as follows:—suppose that some one should present me with the peruke or wig or head-dress of my grandmother, and tell me to admire the work, the material, and the powdered curls. I should examine with a reverential curiosity that which in its time was considered the *ne plus ultra* of elegance and good taste. But if any fanatic wishes to persuade me that nothing is more beautiful, more effective, more admirable, with all the respect I owe to my grandmother, I say that I would gladly give all her perukes for one lock of the golden or jetty hair to-day so artistically arranged by our young ladies.

"The 'Magic Flute' is, in music, merely my grandmother's peruke. It has made ever so many conquests in days gone by, and I don't doubt it was worthy its fame; but its day is over; now it is only a quaint bit of antiquity, cold and sleepy, that we can only regard as a curiosity. For my part sooner than suffer again the magic of this Flute, I would prefer to gaze all day at the falling rain from the window of a country inn, or read *Adam Bede* in London in a foggy day. Let me have the piano *partition*, and sing me a few selections in the parlor—but, on the stage, with costumes and scenery!—'qu'on me ramène à la Bastille.'"

With this farewell (borrowed) shot at the adorers of a musician, who, had he lived in modern times, would have had sense enough to write in the identical modern style [?] his laudators so much decry, I close.

TROVATOR.

Boston Public Library.

(Extract from the Seventh Annual Report.)

Among the presents of Mr. Bates, this year, is a collection of about 500 works relating to the history, science, and art of music, forming a library in this department, of which any institution in the world might be proud. It was procured through the intelligent and zealous intervention of a citizen of Boston, Mr. A. W. Thayer, whose name deserves to be held in grateful remembrance by the cultivators of this delightful art in our city. The basis of the collection was the library of the late M. de Koudelka, which

was advertised to be sold by auction at Berlin in January last, and of which it was well said in the advertisement, "Any one knowing the extreme rarity of books of music, particularly of the 15th and 16th centuries, will be surprised at the richness of this collection."

"The zeal of a learned amateur, aided by the most favorable opportunities, served to bring together, in the space of forty years, this choice collection of books, among which the late Mr. Dehn, the profound connoisseur in musical literature, discovered several which were before unknown to him." To the Koudelka Library, Mr. Thayer added more than one hundred volumes, to render the department more complete.

The collection contains most of the early printed musical works of the 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries, some of which have become extremely rare. It has, besides these, many later works of noted excellence. In connection with it should be mentioned 28 quarto volumes of manuscript music selected and copied by Prof. S. W. Dehn, late Custos of the musical collection of the Royal Library of Berlin.

This selection was made for the Library at Mr. Bates's request, under the direction of Mr. Ticknor, from the best published and unpublished musical compositions of the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries, in the Royal Library of Berlin. It was one of the last and one of the best works of an accomplished and lamented connoisseur.

The introduction of music as a branch of study in the public schools of the city, and the growing taste of the community for the higher exhibitions of the art, render the acquisition of materials so ample for its most extensive and scientific pursuit, a subject for public congratulation.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 3, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Conclusion of the Piano-forte Arrangement of *Don Giovanni*, together with title-page and introduction.

Handel and Haydn Society.

Our good old Oratorio Society came early into the field, last Sunday night, with "Samson." The revival of this dramatic Oratorio of Handel, a popular favorite here in Boston about twenty years ago, had the effect to fill the Music Hall, to the encouragement, no doubt, as well as flattering pecuniary success of the Society—whose noblest enterprises have so frequently involved loss.

The Oratorio, of course, is full of the grand-ours and the beauties, as well as of the mannerisms of Handel. Of the latter, (which belong rather to the age in which he wrote, than to the man) it is indeed unusually full; for, being so dramatic in its structure, it contains a very large and somewhat tedious proportion of recitative and airs, some of which are truly beautiful, while not a few are comparatively empty, conventional and long-spun. We could thankfully omit such songs as "Honor and Arms," and indeed all the music of the blustering challenger Harapha; it scarcely distinguishes itself (to our mind) from the common-place heroic; and so little does the interest reside intrinsically in the music, that it becomes merely a point of curiosity (with that part of an audience who care for such things) to watch with breathless and half painful interest to see how manfully the singer sustains his breath through its fatiguing roulades—as if it were a feat of vocal wrestling. Mind, we are not asserting that the song "Honor and Arms" might not be made even artistically edifying, or that it has not some of Handel's real vigor in it; but considering the feeble chances generally that it will be, we ask: why not omit this from a performance, rather than any of the too few choruses?

Portions of the part of Dalilah, of Manohah, and even of Sampson, too, although characteristic each in style and turn of melody, might well be sacrificed to a brevity which in this case would lend more vitality to the whole. To a great extent the solos were abridged on Sunday evening; but could we not advantageously have spared even more of them for the sake of a few more choruses?

To our mind, "Samson," with all its excellences, cannot compare in interest with "Israel in Egypt," or the "Messiah," or "Judas," or "Jephtha," or even with a large part of "Solomon." After the first two, and we may add the last of these works, we miss in "Samson" that which is Handel's paramount and characteristic greatness, the inexhaustible variety and ocean wealth of choruses. "Samson" has a number of very fine ones; but they are few compared to those of "Israel," or the "Messiah," and in only one or two instances rise to the same height of sustained sublimity. Now it is the choruses which give life to the oratorios of Handel; the airs, making all allowance for the profoundly beautiful and touching character of several in each work, are (unless interpreted by the best of singers) just the parts where dullness creeps in; just the parts about which clings the mannerism of a past age. All things considered, that will be (to truly musical listeners) the most interesting and most memorable Handel oratorio performance, in which there is the greatest wealth of choruses well rendered.

On Sunday evening the choruses were well rendered;—with remarkable precision, unity and life. The first: *Awake the trumpet's lofty sound*, is in truth just a trumpet strain—a sort of jubilant fanfare, or "tusch," as the Germans call it; and they did wisely to omit the repetitions of it. The next: *O first created beam*, is one of the grand ones. The rich majestic opening chords; the sudden blaze of light in the Allegro (*Let there be Light!*); the solemn earnest fugue in the minor (*To thy dark servant life by light afford*), are finely contrasted and full of interest. Mr. ZERRAHN's choir, however, have yet to learn more careful observance of piano; those first chords were given with full voice, so that the "Light" had not quite all its brightness. "Then shall they know" has hardly the average interest of Handel's choruses. But in: *Then round about the starry throne*, well-known and always fresh, we are at once lifted up again into the high, clear mountain air of Handel; that was sublime, and it was grandly sung. *To dust his glory they would tread*: has rich mournful modulations, very expressive in its alternations with the lovely air: *Return, O God, &c.* The long moralizing chorus: *To man God's universal law Gave power to keep the wife in awe*, was perhaps wisely enough omitted. The six-part chorus: *Hear, Jacob's God*, was also dropped out, as well as a chorus of the Priests of Dagon. The double chorus: *Fixed in his everlasting seat*, with the answering shouts *Jehovah!* and *Great Dagon!* was very effective, unless you think of comparing it with so many taller and broader Alps in "Israel in Egypt." "With thunder armed," is another electrifying and dramatic chorus: the dying chromatic cadence in long notes: *O save us*, which leads back to the beginning, is singularly beautiful. Passing a short chorus of little interest: *To fame immortal go*, we come to the chorus of Philistines: *Great Dagon has subdued our foe*, which is one

of the finest in the work, and was most satisfactorily given. The short cry of distress from the Philistines in the distance; the touching strain: *Weep, Israel, weep*; and the splendid finale: *Let their celestial concerts all unite* complete what there is of choruses in "Samson." The last was glorious, and worth waiting through dreary lengths of sleepily half sung recitative, to hear.

To come now to the solos. Mme. ANNA BISHOP's preservation of her voice, as well as of her style (a cultivated artist like her always preserves that), was truly astonishing. She sang quite as effectively as when she was here last. To be sure, she avoided low notes, and there was the same old tendency in her high voice to the extreme upper edge of pitch; but this is physical and not often or much offensive, while the taking of her intervals is for the most part singularly true. Some of her notes have still a splendid resonance, which fades away in others. But there was the sure, artistic, eloquent and telling execution throughout; the finest English singing (at least of elaborate and florid music) that we have heard. Miss PYNE may execute as fluently and finely, but with far less vitality. To give life and charm to those curled and simpering and purposely affected melodies which Handel has put into the mouth of Dalilah, was a good test of an artistic singer, and Mme. Bishop did that. And how triumphantly she carried up "the loud uplifted angel trumpets" of the splendid air: *Let the bright seraphim!*

Mrs. LONG more than held her own in the music of Micah, and gave a very satisfactory rendering of the exquisitely tender air: *Return, O God of Hosts*, which is one of the immortal melodies of Handel. Mr. C. R. ADAMS sang some parts of Samson's music beautifully; but in other parts there was evidence of overstraining, force unevenly exerted, a worn sound (as from over-work, and careless work) in his naturally sweet tenor; besides attempts at certain effects not in the best taste; for instance, in the fine air: *Total eclipse*, in the exclamations *No sun! No moon!*—both on the same notes—he seemed to make the moon a reflection (or echo) of the sun, by singing it *sotto voce*, which had a tendency (at least as he did it) to cause a smile. The aged Manohah had by far too much to sing. Mr. POWERS lends no elasticity to his recitative; and generally his tones were lifeless, throaty, self-swallowed like a dry morsel, and often not in tune. Mr. AIKEN, who kindly undertook the ungracious part of Haraphah, in the absence of Dr. GUILMETTE, of New York, gave us no cause to regret the change.

The orchestra was excellent; the overture, good, in spite of its old forms, the funeral march (introduced from "Saul"), and the accompaniments generally, were all we could desire. Mr. ZERRAHN has trained his forces with his usual ability and thoroughness; and such was the satisfaction of the audience that "Samson" is announced again, for the second and last time, for to-morrow evening.

ORCHESTRAL UNION. The sixth Afternoon Concert, on Wednesday, drew a large and delighted audience. The pieces were as follows:

1. Symphony. No. 5. (1st time in Boston.).....Mozart.
2. Waltz. Philomelen.....Strauss.
3. Rondo Aimable. Solo for Clarinet.....Muller.
Mr. T. Ryan.
4. Overture, Der Freyschütz.....Weber.

5. Ballet. From Robert Le Diable.....Meyerbeer.
6. Reminiscences of Tannhäuser.....Hamm.
7. Marseillaise Galop.....Lumbye.

A new Mozart symphony one would go far for. This one could not be called equal to the three which are most played; and yet we heard it with great interest. The first movement has a stately Olympian energy, which Mozart so often has; and the slow movement is full of beauty. Let us have it again, pray. The *Freyschütz* overture is still fresh. Mr. RYAN was happy in his selection of a clarinet solo, to which he did good justice.

Madame Louise Abel.

The fine impression made at the last Concert of the Quintette Club, by the piano-playing of this very superior young artiste, has been repeated and confirmed since by two concerts of her own, given at the Meinaon.

The first was on Friday evening of last week, with the following programme:

- 1—Quintet in E flat, No. 4.....Mozart
Quintette Club.
- 2—Song: "In the eye, there lies the heart,".....Abt
Mrs. Long.
- 3—Trio, in G major, op. 1.....Beethoven
Introduction and Allegro—Largo—Scherzo—Finale, Presto.
Madame Abel, and Messrs. Schultze and Fries.
- 4—Aria: "Sò ave imagine,".....Mercadante
Mrs. Long.
- 5—(a) Etude in A flat,.....Chopin
(b) Variations on the "Harmonious Blacksmith," in E major,
Haendel
Madame Abel.
- 6—Quartet, No. 6, in B flat, op. 18.....Beethoven
Quintette Club.
- 7—Fantaisie Chromatique, in D minor.....S. Bach
Madame Abel.
- 8—Spring Song, (accompanied by the author,).....Lang
Mrs. Long.
- 9—Danse des Fées,.....E. Prudent
Madame Abel,

That early trio of Beethoven, though not one of his most interesting, afforded fine scope for the clear, finished, graceful, and evenly sustained execution of Mme. ABEL. We could not wish to have it more beautifully rendered. The selection from Chopin was not a particularly characteristic one—hardly more than literally an *étude*, in which the player could show some of the outward features, but not much of the spiritual tone of Chopin's music. It was done with infallible nicety. Handel's Variations gave unqualified satisfaction; the rendering was even better than before, and perfectly artistic. The *Chromatic Fantaisie* of old Bach sounded modern enough, as well as dreamy and imaginative enough, for Chopin; and the purity, vitality and grace of rendering were delicious; we only wished that the *Eugene* might follow. In answer to a warm encore, Mme. Abel played here an airy little fancy of Gottschalk's, in which she showed herself gracefully mistress of the modern flowery arts of new school pianism. The *Danse des Fées* had a clear poetic finish in spite of the continuous, difficult finger play which it requires.

It was, we believe, the general and just conclusion, that we have had no lady pianist who was at all the equal of Mme. Abel; the grace and elegance of Thalberg, almost, with more earnestness.

Mrs. LONG was in uncommonly good voice; and the Quintette Club had selected pieces in which their instruments are always sure to blend familiarly and finely, while they are worth hearing many, many times. Mr. Schultze's violin led the way invitingly and delicately through the melodious mazes of Mozart.

At the second Concert, on Wednesday evening, we had certainly expected to see greater numbers present, both from the genuine good opinion which the artist has won with the most appreciative, and

from the reduced price of so excellent an entertainment. But the hall was by no means filled. We are really ashamed for our musical public: where is the live interest in Art which can be indifferent to such appeals! The programme was good again:

- 1—Quintet in B flat, No. 6,.....Mozart
Allegro and Andante
Quintette Club.
- 2—Theme, Variations, and Finale, from the Kreutzer Sonata, in A, op. 47,.....Beethoven
Madame Abel and Mr. Schultze.
- 3—Songs without Words, for Quintette,.....Mendelssohn
Quintette Club.
- 4—The Last Hope, Meditation,.....Gottschalk
Madame Abel.
- 5—Allegro and Tema cou Variazione, from the Quartet in A, No. 5, op. 18,.....Beethoven
Quintette Club.
- 6—Polonaise Brillante, pour Piano et Violoncelle,....Chopin
Madame Abel and Wulf Fries.
- 7—Andante and Rondo from the Clarinet Quintet,....Weber
Quintette Club.
- 8—Sonata in C major, Allegro,.....Beethoven
Madame Abel.

The "Kreutzer" variations were again exquisitely rendered. The Chopin *Polonaise* was again not characteristic, being one of his earliest works, and like what more than one pianist might have written; but it is brilliant and graceful, and was rendered to a charm. The opening movement from Beethoven's fitful and romantic Sonata in C, (one of the two about which he is said to have referred an inquirer to Shakespeare's "Tempest,") was really a treat. The rendering was admirable, and we felt it cruel to be bereft of the succeeding movements.

The Quintette Club gave us for the first of the Mendelssohn pieces, under the head of Songs without Words, the quaint, delightful little Canzonet, with fairy episode, from the Quartet in E flat. We mention it, as having proved a charming bit for a variety in the midst of longer pieces.

Mme. ABEL will leave a most pleasing memory with all music-lovers who have heard her here in Boston, and we trust she may ere long return to us to find us more responsive. In the multitude of claims upon every one's intellectual interest, we are slow sometimes to put ourselves *en rapport* with real merit.

Shakspeare's "Tempest."

Many of our readers, who no doubt will go to-night to hear the "Tempest" read by Mrs. KEMBLE, will approach it with a deeper interest, and truer insight, after a perusal of the following remarks upon the play, written for the *Home Journal*, about a year ago, by Mrs. Kemble herself.

The "Tempest" is my favorite of all Shakspeare's dramas. The remoteness of the scene from all familiar localities allows a range to the imagination such as no other of his plays affords; not even the "Midsummer Night's Dream," in which, though some of the *dramatis personæ* are superhuman, the scene is laid in a wood near Athens, and Theseus and Hippolyta, though mythological rather than historical personages, are yet amongst the early acquaintance of our school days.

But on that uninhabited island, lost in unknown seas, the wandering fancy finds unfettered scope; and, while the scene is remote from all places with which we hold acquaintance, the action—simple in the extreme, and having more reference to past events than to the development of any dramatic plot, through the agency of violent or complicated incidents—allows the imagination to float undisturbed on the smooth and profound stream of poetical inspiration, which characterizes this above all other plays.

But chiefly I delight in the "Tempest" because of the image which it presents to my mind of the supremacy of the righteous human soul over all things by which it is surrounded. Prospero is to me the embodiment of human wisdom and virtue, in their true relation to the various elements of existence, the external world in which they are placed, and the mortal fellowship by which they are affected and influenced.

Of the wonderful chain of being, of which Caliban is the lowest and Ariel the most ethereal limit, Prospero is the main and middle link.

And first we have the gross, ungainly, powerful savage, who represents the lower and more ponderous natural elements—the earth and the waters under the earth—and, as the science of the great magician compels these to his service, so the lower part of man's nature, its coarse and fierce propensities (of which Caliban is also the representative,) are held in stern subjection by him who is the type of that nature's noblest development. Next in the scale, but one grade higher, come the drunken, ribald, stupid followers of the King of Naples, whose ignorance, cowardice, cruelty and knavery represent the worst aspect of that great portion of all communities that can only be raised to civilization under the wholesome restraint of wise authority, and which is always found in natural alliance with the rebellion of brute force and savage ferocity against the powers by which they are controlled. These figures are succeeded by the cunning, treacherous, selfish worldlings, the princes—Prospero's peers in station—and their courtiers, whose villainous and cruel conspiracy (aided, indeed, by his own dereliction of right in neglecting the duties of his state for the delights of his study) overthrows his fortune, and triumphs, for a while, over truth and justice in his person.

From these, who represent the baser intellectual, as the former characters do the baser sensual properties of humanity, how gentle and graceful is the transition, through the skillfully interposed figure of the kind, old, courtly Lord Gonzalo, to those charming types of youth and beauty, Ferdinand and Miranda, in whose fervent devotion and yielding sweetness we have the impersonations of those sentiments and passions which, watched and guided by the paternal prudence of Prospero, receive the sanction of his tender wisdom, and are pruned of their luxuriance, and supported in their weakness, by the temperate restraint that teaches forbearance and self-control as the price at which these exquisite flowers of existence unfold their blossoms prosperously, and bear their appointed harvest of happiness and goodness as well as pleasure.

Next in this wonderful scale of being, governed by the sovereign soul of Prospero, we have the Spirits of the Masque—beautiful, bright apparitions, fitly representing the air, the fire, the flowery and fruitful seasons, and all the more graceful and smiling aspects of nature, which minister with proper obedience to the behests of science; and, when not toiling in appointed labor for the great taskmaster, man, refresh and recreate his senses and his mind with the ever-varying pageant of this beautiful universe.

Last of all—crowning like a flame of lambent brightness this poetic pyramid of existence—flashes and flickers, glitters and sparkles, the beautiful demon, without whose attendance we never see the noble magician and his grave aspect of command. Ariel seems to me to represent the highest intellect separate from moral responsibility. His power and knowledge are, in some respects, greater than those of his master. He lashes up the tempest round the island; he saves the king and his crew from the shipwreck; he defeats the conspiracy of Antonio and Sebastian, and the clumsy plot of the beast Caliban. He wields immediate influence over the elements, and comprehends, without condemnation or sympathy, (which are moral results) the sin and suffering of humanity. Therefore, because he is only a spirit of knowledge, he is made subject to the spirit of love; and the wild, subtle, beautiful, powerful creature is compelled to serve, with mutinous waywardness and unwilling subjection, the human soul that pitied its harsher slavery to sin, and set it free from it; and after compelling it with a wise and necessary severity to the fulfilment of its duties, yearns after it with the tearful eyes of tender, human love, when its wild wings flash away into its newly-recovered region of lawless liberty.

Musical Chit-Chat.

To-night we have the first regular feast of great orchestral music. Let us greet CARL ZERRAHN's first Philharmonic Concert with a full house. He will give us that delicious, sunshiny Symphony of Beethoven, No. 8; Spohr's Overture to *Jessonda* (interesting peculiarly just now); and for novelties one of Liszt's famous "Symphonic Poems" and the overture to the "Sjællian Vespers." Besides which he has the great attraction of the first and only appearance of the young prodigy pianist, ARTHUR NAPOLEON, who will play Weber's *Concertstück*, and other pieces. . . . To-morrow night, "Samson", again, with Mme. BISHOP. . . . Next Tuesday night, the second chamber concert of the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, who will play a pianoforte

Quartet of Mendelssohn (Mr. B. J. LANG, pianist), a Quintet by Onslow, a Quartet by Mozart, and other good things.

At the New York Academy last week, Mozart's "Magic Flute" was performed, for the first time (we think) in America, to a crowded audience—that is, the first time dramatically; Mr. Fry says in the *Tribune*:

"The Magic Flute" has already been produced in splendid style in the concert room in this country. William Norris, Esq., of Philadelphia, an eminent amateur of music, and great Mozartist, spent, some sixteen years ago, about \$4,000 above the receipts to have this work performed twice at the great Music Hall of that city. It was three months in rehearsal, was executed by sixty choice musicians in the orchestra, and a chorus of great force—Mr. and Mrs. Seguin doing the leading parts. Mr. Norris expressed himself perfectly satisfied in having to pay \$2,000 for being present and enjoying each of the two nights this opera was so given. Such liberality is unequalled in this country in the history of art. Mr. Norris afterward went to Europe, and while there sought out Mozart's son, who died recently at the age of eighty.

Many friends of music in New York will lament to learn that Mrs. ANNA J. WARREN, wife of Mr. CHARLES W. WARREN, of that city, died Nov. 9th, of typhoid fever, in Paris, where she had been cultivating her musical talent during the past year.

DEATH OF DR. LOUIS SPOHR.—The death of this eminent musician was quite tranquil. He had been confined to his bed for eight days, and his complaint was of such a nature as afforded not the least hopes of his recovery. As soon as the melancholy intelligence reached Brunswick, the two brothers of Dr. Spohr—one the father of the Countess Sanerma (better known as the celebrated harpist, Rosalie Spohr), the other assessor of the ducal chambers, both residents—hastened to Hesse-Cassel, and were present at the last services paid to the illustrious master. The funeral of the great composer was marked by many reverential tokens honorable alike to the living and the dead. The Prince Elector of Hesse Cassel gave orders to his court marshal to arrange the whole of the procession, which was half an hour in length. The Queen of Hanover sent palm and laurel branches to decorate the sarcophagus. The choruses of the funeral service were executed by the leading members of the Opera and the Grand Ducal chapel. Pupils of Dr. Spohr, scattered over all Germany, arrived at various stages of the ceremony to pay their last tribute of respect to their master—one or two coming from Holland. Dr. Spohr was close upon his 80th year.

Music Abroad.

Germany.

WEIMAR.—On the eve of Schiller's hundredth birthday, according to report, a festival-piece, by Halm, is to be performed in the theatre, and afterwards, the *Lay of the Bell*, represented in *tableaux vivants*. On the poet's birthday, a solemn procession will wend its way to his grave, and there sing a chorale. In the evening, the entertainments will consist of *The Bride of Messina*, followed by a grand torchlight procession. (Schiller's coffin, as well as that of Goethe, is placed in the grand-ducal vault, a plain, noble, temple-like building, in the large new churchyard to the south-east of the town. In the vault, by the side of his wife, reposes, also, the Grand-duke Carl Augustus. On his sarcophagus is the inscription: "Just and mild, valiant and wise." On the east side of the churchyard, not far from the grand-ducal vault, is the grave of Pius Alexander Wolff, the young dramatic disciple of Goethe. A lyre marks his resting-place. He died in 1828, at Weimar, as he was returning from Ems.)—*Theater-Archiv*.

COLOGNE.—With the first Gesellschafts-Concert, given on Wednesday, the 26th ult., in the Gürzenich Rooms, now completely finished, the musical season may fairly be said to have commenced most brilliantly. The programme consisted of the overture to *Euryanthe*, by C. M. von Weber; "Ave, verum," hymn for chorus and orchestra, by Mozart; piano-forte concerto, in G major, by Beethoven, performed by Madame Schumann; "Höre, Israel," aria from *Elijah*, by Mendelssohn, sung by Madlle. C. Beste, from Bremen; Scherzo, in B minor, by Chopin; Gavotte, by J. S. Breh; *Fantaisie Impromptu*, by Chopin, played by Madame Schumann; and the *Lobgesang*, by Mendelssohn, the solos in the latter being taken by Mesdemoiselles Beste, Saardt, and Herr A. Pütz. It would be superfluous to speak at length of

the playing of Madame Schumann, and we will, therefore, content ourselves with remarking that she was duly applauded, and executed with charming effect Chopin's *Fantaisie Impromptu* (Op. 66), which was not originally set down for her in the programme. Mozart's wonderful "Ave, verum," produced the most profound impression. The orchestral works had been diligently rehearsed, and the execution of them left nothing to be desired.—The Committee for the Schiller Festival have already begun their labors. As far as it is possible to speak with any certainty at present, a performance will be given on the evening before the festival in the Vaudeville Theatre, which will be especially decorated for the occasion. The 10th November itself will be celebrated by a concert in the Gürzenich Rooms, all the pieces selected having some reference to Schiller. To this end, Ferdinand Hiller is engaged in composing music to a cantata written by Professor Bischoff, and Wolfgang Müller is busy on a prologue. At the same time, a representation of some of Schiller's works will be given in the Vaudeville Theatre. According to report, these works will consist of *The Lay of the Bell*, with scenic accessories, *Wallenstein's Lager*, and a piece written for the occasion. On the 11th November, there is to be a dramatic and musical amateur performance, the programme of which is not yet settled. The receipts are destined to the Schiller-Fund. In all probability, a banquet in the Casino will form part of the festivities. It is also decided that lists shall be immediately sent round, in order to collect contributions to the Schiller-Fund, and we trust the venerable old city will exceed its wonted liberality.

STUTTGART.—Meyerbeer has sent the King a magnificently bound copy of his new opera, which he is desirous of having performed here. It is not unlikely that Meyerbeer may visit this capital on the occasion of the Schiller Festival.

MUNICH.—According to report, the cost of reviving *Oberon* amounted to more than 6,000 florins. Ten entirely new scenes were painted for it.

VIENNA.—Ludwig Uhland has written a poem for the Schiller Festival, and there is a rumor that Meyerbeer has consented to set it to music.

MULHEIM ON-THE-RUHR.—Ferdinand Hiller's *Zerstörung Jerusalems* was given here with immense success, on the 23rd ult., under the personal direction of the composer.

VIENNA, Nov. 8. (From *Correspondence of the New York Tribune*).—Yesterday evening the cycle of festivities in honor of the Schiller centenary opened with musical and poetical entertainments in the Vienna theatre, which the *Concordia*, a club formed by artists and literary men, had appropriated for that purpose. The throng of visitors proving too much for the dimensions of the theatre, many people had to wend their way back and heard their enthusiasm for a larger field for the exercise of it. The scene represented a sort of hallowed grove round Schiller's bust, encircled by laurels. All Viennese are born musicians, and during the long epoch when they were forbidden to find fault with anything else, they were allowed to vent their spleen on music. Musical criticism played the same part in Vienna that literary and philosophical criticism died at Berlin—that of a breaker of public spirit. It was, therefore, to be foreseen on this solemn occasion, the audience would not be disappointed as to the choice and the execution of the musical *morceau*. An overture of Beethoven was followed by the execution of such poems of Schiller as had the good chance of being translated into musical language by Schubert, the greatest lyrical composer not only of Germany, but of the world. You know that Schiller's lyrical productions, for the most part, have been very indifferently done into notes, the fault being the poet's rather than that of the composer. Schiller's lyrics are mostly spoiled by moral meditation, and, therefore, lack that naive strain, that unpretending modesty of nature, that innate music which characterizes the old lays spontaneously produced by most nations in the primitive epochs of their life. Schubert alone was able to overcome this inherent difficulty, and still he had to be very choice in the selection of his themes. *En passant*, I may remark that most precious manuscripts, consisting of five symphonies, some operas, sacred music, and so forth, composed by Schubert, lie still sealed up and jealously watched in the Vienna Court of Chancery, which has not yet decided upon the conflicting claims of the heirs of Ferdinand Schubert, the composer's brother, among whose bequests that hidden treasure was found. Meyerbeer's festival cantata might have done very well, if it had not followed in the track of Beethoven and Schubert.

The same holds true with the text of the cantata, written by Mr. Pfau, which had the ill luck to be preceded by texts written by Frederick Schiller.

The political significance of the evening's festivity came out in Dr. Schuselka's speech, on the life and the influence of Schiller. All allusions to contemporaneous history were rapturously applauded, Dr. Schuselka's very appearance looked like a protest against the State and the Church, since his name was, on the one hand, mixed up with the events of 1838 and 1849; while, on the other hand, he is the acknowledged chief of German Catholicism in Austria.

The festivity concluded with "Schiller's Apotheosis," a fine tableau drawn up by Professor Rahl, and represented by the personnel of the *theater an der Wien*. There are some circumstances which the Viennese affirm to establish a peculiar connection between themselves and Friedrich Schiller. First, Schiller's grandson, also a Friedrich von Schiller, serves as an officer in the ranks of the Austrian army. Secondly, one of the members of the Vienna Schiller Committee, a piano-forte maker, a certain Streicher, happens to be the son of the late Andrew Streicher, a musician, who, in 1782 fled with Schiller from the *Carlsschule*, at Stuttgart, and for four years shared like a second Pylades, all the miseries of his friend. On Streicher's death, in 1833, a posthumous manuscript of his, which, in truly classic style, describes Schiller's flight, was published by Cotta.

London.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The directors, who take advantage of every occasion to get up a musical excitement, were not likely to allow the recent erection of a monument in Finchley Cemetery to Sir Henry Bishop, to pass by without chronicling the event. Accordingly, last Saturday's concert was entirely devoted to a programme selected from the works of Sir Henry Bishop, vocal and instrumental, executed by the London Glee and Madrigal Union and the band of the Crystal Palace. As a matter of course, the instrumental portion of the scheme played but a very secondary part, and was confined to the overtures to *The Slave* and *Cortez*—two operas now almost entirely forgotten, with the exception of pieces from the first named. A more favorable selection of the composer's music might certainly have been made, and the solos might have been entrusted to more eminent singers; but the performance, nevertheless, was eminently successful, and the London Glee and Madrigal Union may be said to have covered themselves with laurels.

To-day, a selection from the works of Dr. Spohr will be given, including his great symphony, *The Power of Sound*, and one of his violin concertos, to commemorate the recent death of the composer.—*Musical World*, Nov. 5.

Dublin.

The performance of last evening was the noblest heard here since the Festival of 1831. The band and chorus were ample in the extreme, and the whole went intelligibly and grandly, being distinguished for great breadth and beauty of coloring. We may safely cite a few of the choruses that were particularly impressive: "And the glory of the Lord," "Oh! thou that tellest," "For unto us a Child is born," "Surely He hath borne our griefs," "All we like sheep," "The Lord gave the Word," "The Hallelujah," &c. In fact, it was a most satisfactory interpretation of the illustrious Handel's finest composition. Some of the solos demand special observation. Mad. Goldschmidt—whose generous offer of giving her gratuitous services to the two charities originated the large gathering of last evening—sang as few even of the most gifted ever sing. What was so entirely admirable was her thorough conception of the words to be delivered, and her complete sympathy with their meaning. This made the sentences she either declaimed or sustained very precious; while the devotional feeling manifested in the delivery of "Come unto Him" and "I know that my Redeemer liveth" were rarely, if ever, equalled by any other artist. The "Rejoice greatly" was a piece of fine vocalism. Altogether, this generous and gifted lady's singing of sacred music places her amongst the highest of the children of song. Mr. Lockey rendered "Comfort ye, my people," "Thy rebuke," and "Thou shalt break them," with much fervor. Mrs. Lockey gave "Oh! Thou that tellest" and "He was despised" with clearness of tone and manner. Signor Belletti sang the *arias* allotted to him with great skill, tone, and finish. The band and chorus were splendid. The whole was under the direction of Mr. Joseph Robinson, who proved himself equal to the occasion, keeping all together with skill and discretion.—*Dublin Evening Mail*.

Special Notices.

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MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Through the wildwood. (De l'oiseau.) From Meyerbeer's opera "*Le Pardon de Ploërmel*." 25

Arietta for high soprano, interwoven with little phrases like the song of birds, producing a peculiar and very charming effect.

Blue Bells of Scotland. Variations by Oliver S. Adams. 50

A composition of much brilliancy and power, which gives promise of many good things to come from the young composer.

I oft remember thee. Song. C. Gustavus Fitze. 25
A sweet sentimental ballad.

Instrumental Music.

Halle, with variations. Handel Pond. 25
Easy and brilliant variations on the popular air "Gentle Hallie."

Bilbas March. Charlotte Petersen. 25

Bell March. M. E. Follansbee. 10

Railroad Galop. J. Reed Adam. 25

Delta Phi Waltz. J. S. Drake. 25

For recreation and amusement. All adapted for amateurs.

Souvenir de Carneval. Polka de Concert. O. L. Schultz. 25

More difficult than the foregoing, although not out of the reach of somewhat advanced players.

Arbor Waltz. C. A. Ingraham. 30

A pretty little trifle with a sweet vignette on the title-page, representing a couple of Spanish children in the performance of a national dance, accompanying themselves with castagnettes.

Nocturne in E, op. 135. Edouard Wolff. 25

A perfect gem. This nocturne was a great favorite with Alfred Jaell, who played it a good deal in society.

La Pastorella dell' alpi. Transcribed and varied. J. E. Muller. 35

A celebrated Swiss melody, from Rossini's "Soirées musicales." Arranged tastefully. Moderately difficult.

Books.

CANTATE DOMINO. A Collection of Chants, Hymns and Tunes, adapted to Church Service by L. H. Steiner and H. Schwing. 1,25

This work comprises standard English hymns, with translations from the Latin and German. In their selection an effort has been made to include those that have become endeared to the Christian by the associations of years—without reference to the peculiar denominational connections of the authors. The first portion of the book has been prepared with special regard to the needs of the Liturgy published for the use of the German Reformed Church; but the chants and sentences included in it will be found available by all religious bodies.

The hymn tunes have been mostly obtained from the Service and Choral Books of the German Churches which abound in Standard music of a purely devotional character. Many of these will be found new to English ears. The collection also contains tunes by modern composers, specially prepared for the hymns attached to them.

The Cantate Domino is in form octavo, and issued in a style unexceptionable—beautifully printed from new type, clear and distinct, and substantially bound in black morocco, marble edged, and in every particular superior to the usual style of similar works.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 401.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1859.

VOL. XVI. No. 11.

The Poet.

BY JONES VERY.

As one who midst a choir alone doth sing,
When voices harsh fill all his soul with pain,
So that from even a note he would refrain,
And flee away as with a dove's swift wing,
Yet for Religion's sake you see him stay,
And try to raise her service what he may;—
So doth the Poet live amidst his age!
Though at the first his lyre he scarce can hear,
He does not drown its discords in his rage,
Nor fly where they will not offend his ear;
But for their very sakes who spoil his songs,
His heaven-taught strain he more and more prolongs;
Till one by one they with his psalm blend,
And all in one harmonious concert end.

How the D—* went Pleasuring.

(Concluded.)

To go or not to go—that was the question—to the Schneé Koppe—the snow head—the highest peak of the mountain range. But on Monday the Professor must be in his lecture room, and the time was too limited. So our fourth day of pleasuring began with a ride up a beautiful mountain valley, offering, however, nothing remarkable except one of those splendid cataracts of which the Germans make so much and go miles out of the way to see, and which we of course visited. A footpath winding along the banks of the stream, up a mountain gorge with precipices and woods enclosing us, as perfect and delightful as nature and man could make it, led us to the waterfall. The rains had filled the stream, and its roar filled our ears more than a hundred feet away; and when the men let on the extra water, and the flood came rushing down, I venture to say, filling a channel a dozen feet in width, and making a leap of some forty feet—where then was Niagara?

An early dinner and then farewell to Hermsdorf. It is a good thing to travel in good company. My companion is a member of the upper house of the Prussian Parliament, and when he applied at a small government office in the village for a conveyance to Hirschberg, whence we could journey in the great post coach, we were fitted out with a vehicle, than which none could be more comfortable for two persons, and drawn by a noble horse. The driver assumed a sort of uniform showing every passer-by that he was upon government business, and slung a small post-horn under his arm, at the sound of which, as we passed through the villages, teams and carriages turned to the side of the road to give our excellencies a free course. Republican as I am, I must confess to a feeling of gratification as we passed along, and everybody whom we met or wished to pass gave us the way; travelling thus at our ease in a government vehicle and with our driver in a government uniform; stopping at Warmbrunn at a government office, and in short being, so to speak, the guests of his majesty King

Frederick William the Fourth, Dei gratia, &c. —

[Here Charles laughs and says to Laura—“Pooh! He was riding in one of those little one-horse post carriages, which they have on the out-of-the-way routes! But he has made a pretty good story of it.”]

Well, suppose I was, why need you spoil the story?

Hirschberg is little but old. It has 8,000 inhabitants and has had the rights of a city 750 years. In the Hussite and Thirty Years' wars it was successfully defended; in short, it is a place which might fill a column or so in a letter, had the writer a good traveller's handbook at hand. Our business was merely to take the post coach there, and this was the business of so many others, that when we left the place we formed quite a procession of carriages.

It was midnight and rainy when we reached Görlitz. It was one o'clock and rainy when we left Görlitz, on the railroad. Putting a silver coin of the value of 6 1-4 cents into the hand of the car master, I requested him to give me a place where I could have a corner seat to myself, being tired and sleepy. Evidently struck by the generosity of the stranger, he put me into an apartment alone, where, divesting myself of my boots and making bed-clothes of my shawl, I stretched out at full length on the soft cushion, and slept the sleep of the innocent.

It was not yet the sunrise of a warm and brilliant day when I awoke. A beautiful undulating country, but with few villages, and at length wide spread forests. Then along the side of a deep vale filled with evergreen trees, all still and quiet as if we had been transported from over-peopled Europe to our own half inhabited land. What could it mean? On the wings of steam we sped along, just on the verge, getting sudden glimpses into the vistas of the forest below, fresh, cool, and delicious to the eye. But, what? As, with my head out of the car, I look away down there, beyond and below, I see a dome gilded by the rising sun. Other domes and cupolas and spires, housetops—all the marks of a large city—come into view. Dresden it is! And now we rapidly descend and in a few minutes are at the station. Thence to the “Little Smoking House,” of which I once wrote you, where I found the Lauermanns—so high the landlord and his family—as kind and pleasant as in other days. Three days of pleasuring in Dresden—pictures; young and lovely American ladies; two good fellows, graduates of Harvard and from Boston; Atlantic Monthlies: my good friend, the Professor; that young instrument maker, who has been in America, and who is one of the first entomologists of Saxony, Clemens Müller—whom, by the way, I advised to set up business in Cambridge, as maker and repairer of scientific instruments and as leading entomologist; Royal Library. Then along the banks of the Elbe in the cars—making the acquaintance of an American family—to Aussig, whence, by a

branch road, to the hot baths of Toeplitz; not to cure my old infirmities, but to make myself familiar with its geography for future use. One day in Toeplitz and then onward to Prague.

Some two years since a small party remained in Dr. Alexander's church, in New York, after service, and William Mason extemporized upon the organ. That it impressed me strongly is clear from the fact that, notwithstanding all the great organ playing I have heard before and since, that half hour's performance remains fresh and vivid in my memory. In nine cases out of ten, you know beforehand what is to come next in an organ voluntary, just as you know how nine out of ten newspaper stories are to end—or, if your ear is disappointed, it is because the organist knows not where to go nor what to do next. But Mason's themes were so fresh, his episodes so unexpected yet so pleasing, the forms adopted so varied—now a solo with answering chorus is from the Vox Celestæ, now the full rolling masses of tone from the grand organ, and at last a fugue moving onward with stately steps—that the ear was constantly and delightfully disappointed, the fancy continually excited, the musical sense filled with enjoyment. The whole was a fantasy—offspring of Fancy. If my epistolary “fantasia” has given any one a tithe of that pleasure, which Mason's Fantasia gave me, I am thankful and satisfied.

A. W. T.

The Seven Gifts of Froebel.

(From the N. Y. Evening Post.)

The systematic perseverance of the Teutonic race manifests itself even in matters which with most other nations are left to the determination of impulse. In America a mother seldom philosophizes as to the most expedient plan for amusing her little two-year old child, much less does she think of combining the useful with the sweet, and directing her child's frolics into a given path, intended to unite mental training with infantile gambols, and to elevate simultaneously the head and the heels.

But in Germany the philosophic teachers of the young devote their energies towards this happy combination, and with considerable success, as is shown by the prevalence of “Kindergärten”—children's gardens. These establishments are principally founded upon the theories and practices of Frederick Fröbel, a man whose life was devoted to the education of the young. He was born in 1782, at Oberweissbach, in the principality of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, and passed his youth with his father, an humble country curate. He then spent some time with Pestalozzi in Switzerland, took part in the war for German independence, and at its close was offered a high position in the Mineralogical Museum at Berlin. This office he, however, soon abandoned to devote himself entirely to educational schemes, and founded his first establishment at Keilhau, a small village of Thuringia, where this school, supported by the people of the neighboring villages, is still in existence.

The leading idea of Fröbel is “that education should develop the individual according to the peculiar tendencies of his nature, and not according to any arbitrary standard.” To discover these “peculiar tendencies” the various predilections of the child must be observed. These the maternal instinct readily ascertains and appreciates, and it is to this instinct, enlightened by knowledge and aided by systematic discipline, that Fröbel trusts the destiny of the future man.

Fröbel's idea of a “Kindergarten” was an establishment supplied with spacious school-rooms, with

* The Diarist. — For the first day's record see this Journal of Aug. 20. Here is the last; the account of the intervening days has never come to hand.—Ed.

large gardens attached, including a general playground and a special plot for each pupil. The children living at the Kindergarten would comprise both sexes and all ages, from two months to fourteen years. The teachers he considered most efficient were young women of talent and ability.

Of course, babes of tender years could not be prematurely given over to geography and mathematics, or even to primers and horticulture. So, for the infants of two months old and the other younger denizens of the Kindergarten, Fröbel designed games and plays adapted to their age. And it is here the German philosophic tendency seems to us so singularly disproportionate to the object to be gained. Fröbel, in his arrangement of playthings for children was quite as solemn and philosophic as any of the German transcendental theorists.

He therefore devised a series of playthings known in Germany by the name of the "Six gifts of Fröbel." The first of these, intended for the early period of infancy, is composed of six balls, which present the colors of the prism—red, blue, green, yellow, violet and orange. By a judicious use of this, the child, it is maintained, gains its first ideas of form, and color, and size, and number. The teacher is to throw this ball to the child, at the same time singing appropriate nursery songs. The second gift is fearfully suggestive of geometry, and consists of solids—the cube, the cylinder and the wooden ball, and also a stick and string. The third gift is merely an amplification or improvement upon the second, and consists of a cube cut once in every given direction, or into eight similar cubes. The fourth gift is still more thoroughly geometrical, consisting of a cube divided into eight equal planes. The fifth gift is an extension of the third. The cube is divided into twenty-seven equal cubes; three of these are again divided obliquely into halves, and three into quarters. It is argued that this gift enables the child to obtain accurate notions of the elements of geometry and perspective. The sixth gift bears the same relation to the fourth as the fifth to the third. The cube is divided into twenty-seven planes, of which six are again divided, three in height, three in breadth, giving thus columns and squares. Of course, full and voluminous details are given, by which the variety of combinations that may be produced by a judicious use of the scientific playthings are fully shown—in theory at least. These instructions are enhanced by appalling precedents and references. Thus, a child in use of the sixth gift has been known to build miniature houses, churches and bridges, evincing the most surprising architectural skill. The seventh gift contains all the variety of forms of the previous gifts. It is maintained that by the time the child has mastered all the gifts, his mind will be stored with important facts, his body duly exercised, as well as his mental and moral faculties, and himself quite prepared to enter a more advanced school. Following the mysterious games with cubes come horticultural pursuits, mechanical constructions, gymnastic exercises, music, and various other learned modifications of play.

Many people, on learning Fröbel's theory and the results of its practice, would feel strongly disposed to accord to German children preternatural powers. "Modelling in clay," among American juveniles, might be interpreted as "making mud pies," but in Germany it is different. We are told of a little boy, seven years old, who modelled in clay a gorgeous temple, surrounded by elegant columns, with a horse at full gallop before it. This lad was once the terror of the house from his destructive qualities; but he was sent to the Kindergarten, went through a course of cubes, and became a constructive instead of a destructive genius.

In comparison with the German games, we feel inclined to blush at the puerility of the "Hunt the Slipper," "Button, Button," "Quaker," "Oats, Peas, Beans," and other amusements in which our children, who have never enjoyed the instructive influences of the Seven Cubic Gifts, indulge. Fröbel's plays are plays of union and order. Every motion is according to rhythm, and there is not a muscle in the body, nor an organ of the mind requiring exercise, that does not receive its necessary stimulus through them. The charms of music enhance these games, and the scientific gambols are always accompanied by song. There is a play representing the solar system. The tallest child stands in the centre of the room, holding in his hand as many ribbons as there are planets. The smallest child represents Mercury, and taking hold of the shortest ribbon, moves round the "sun," to represent his annual motion, and turning round upon his heels during this circuit, extending the hand that holds its ribbon over his head, to imitate the diurnal motion. In the meantime, all the children sing an ode to Mercury, and then the other planets take their turn. This play might be introduced in this country, if Professor

Mitchell and a deputation from the Dudley Observatory would engage to preside over the astronomic gambols of our rising generation. There are other abstruse games that would demand the services of Professor Draper in chemistry, Professor Silliman in mineralogy, and other scientific men in their various departments.

The comparison between the playthings received by the children of the German Kindergarten, and those showered upon the children of New York, is decidedly striking. The German child has his seven gifts of Fröbel, but what do our parental Fröbels bestow upon their offspring? The first gift is usually a lot of sugar plums, or some sticks of candy. From these the child obtains ideas of form, color, and tooth-ache. The second gift is a drum and a penny whistle, wherefrom the child gets his ideas of sound and scoldings. The third gift is a pair of pantaloons and a jacket, or if a girl, a fashionable little bonnet, from which the child obtains ideas of the combinations of flexible material and of vanity. The fourth gift is a display of ermine or a meerschaum, according to sex, whereby the girl obtains ideas of the expansive properties of matter, and the boy speculates upon the absorption and decomposition of matter, as evinced in disappearing cigars. The sixth gift is a smattering of the pianoforte and a lover, or a fast horse and a passion for brandy smashers. The seventh gift may be considered but an amplification of the preceding ones, and then the child is prepared to launch upon the great school of matrimony.

This is not, however, the kind of child training that Fröbel theorized about and practiced, and perhaps the German educational apostle would express doubts as to its real expediency.

Louis Spohr.

From the London Athenæum.

There are now very few of the famous German musicians, belonging to the great German period, left to depart.—Last week, at the moment of publication, the news of Dr. Spohr's death arrived: too late to admit of a character of so peculiar and distinguished a master being then traced.

Louis Spohr was born, not as the published biographies have announced in 1783, but—as a note communicated by himself to M. Parmentier, and by that gentleman printed some years ago in the *Gazette Musicale*, assures us—in 1784: and at Brunswick, not Seesen, as also has been erroneously stated.—There was little excitement or vicissitude in his life. He had few or no difficulties to struggle with. His father, a physician, perceiving that the boy possessed rare musical genius, had him well taught on the violin by one Mancourt. At twelve years of age he was proficient enough to play a *Concerto* at one of the Court concerts—at thirteen he was received into the Duke's Chapel—at fourteen, if we mistake not, he wrote his first Quartet, in which his peculiar style is already discernible—at eighteen he accompanied his second violin master, Eck, on an artistic tour into Russia. About the year 1804—5 he was nominated chapel-master at Gotha; and soon after married his first wife, Dorothea Scheidler, then reputed to be the best harpist in Germany. It was while on a concert-tour with her in the south, that he was induced to undertake the musical direction of the Theatre *An der Wien* at Vienna. For that theatre his "Faust" was written about the year 1817, to be followed, at intervals, by "Jessonda," (which contains some of his best music), "Zemire und Azor," and some four or five other dramatic works. The above three operas keep the German stage. About 1823, after one or two other long journeys and changes of residence, he became chapel-master to the Electoral Court at Hesse-Cassel, which charge he resigned very lately. A second marriage is the only other event of Dr. Spohr's active and temperately prosperous life which need here be noted.

Active was Dr. Spohr beyond the generality of men. He was during many years the champion of the violin in Germany;—and the career of a virtuoso and the ceaseless practice required by it were enough to occupy one man. To these were added the duties of a conductor; and, when in his prime, Dr. Spohr was a great orchestral conductor. Yet few men have been more voluminous, if we must not say fertile, as a composer than he. There is a large mass of violin-music by him,—Solos, *Concertos*, chamber-pieces in every form; classical or showy, and besides these, some eight or nine Symphonies,—as many Overtures,—the three Oratorios we have heard in England—and numerous Sacred *Cantatas*.—When Dr. Spohr became an elderly man, he began to pour out Pianoforte Trios. In fact, the flow of production never ceased. It is understood to have been his daily habit to devote a certain number of hours to the desk; and

from that desk nothing was sent forth unfinished. Yet, further, during a large part of his life, Dr. Spohr was justifiably regarded as the *Gamaliel* to whose feet every young German violin player must needs repair. His method, in its simplicity, in its absence of everything crude, impure or tricky, made him a first-class professor. Genius and fire cannot be given, nor elegance communicated; but soundness of tone, steady command over bow and strings are only to be taught by those possessing them without admixture of flaw and freak. What Hummel was on the piano, Dr. Spohr was on the violin—the best master of the best classical school.

His playing, we are assured by those who were familiar with it in its golden age, was unimpeachable,—dignified, graceful pure, if less expressive than modern taste requires; and, if cold, so admirably measured as to convert coldness itself into an impressing power. He was singularly tall, and strongly built; of a stately presence,—a man whose demeanor inspired his audience with an idea of confidence and completeness. In England, for this reason, he was more popular as a player than in France; where they have been used to something more spasmodic or intimately theatrical. Even in the year 1843, when we heard Dr. Spohr perform, there was no mistaking the supremacy of a first-class master of his instrument. His playing of concert or chamber-music lives high and distinct among our musical recollections. There was nothing in it to enapture; there was everything which can satisfy.

As a king and ruler among violin-players Dr. Spohr can never be forgotten, so long as the violin lasts;—neither as a special composer for his instrument. His *Concertos*,—in particular the "*Scena Drammatica*"—his double Quartetts, his violin Duetts (most difficult of all, owing to the simplicity of their form), are among the classics for the instrument, which belong to all time.—But after these are enumerated with due honor, we must pause—and change the key. When we begin to consider whereabouts the pedestal of Spohr will be among the great musical poets of Germany, whom the last hundred years produced (in strange coincidence with our era of Crabbe, and Scott, and Byron, and Shelley, and Moore, and Wordsworth, and Southey, and Coleridge,) we have less assurance; having seen how public delight in the mass of his music has been an evanescent thing,—and nowhere more signally so than in this country. It seems like writing the history of another world to recall the riot of excitement which the production of his "Last Judgment" in England occasioned. Yet that Oratorio has not kept its ground; and every succeeding work of its writer produced here ("The Power of Sound" Symphony excepted) has added to the feeling of familiarity, indifference, with some, even a stronger sentiment.

It is worth while to examine why the spell of Dr. Spohr's style has so completely dissolved;—why within a quarter of a century enthusiasm in his works may be said to have died out,—why the world has come to feel that they are well made and peculiar, but only acceptable at considerable intervals and in select portions.—The amount of melody in them is singularly small. Where is the tune by Dr. Spohr?—Then his mode of procedure, which, when it was unfamiliar, seemed so new, so delicate—an advance on what others had done in combination—becomes, on reiteration, intolerably cloying. His interminable use of those finest modulations which can only be applied very rarely, or when varied by the nicest tact, to unmarked phrases, amounts to manner, not to art; for art must work on thoughts, however limited be its way of working. Curiously enough, Dr. Spohr seems earnestly to have wished to be what he never could be—fanciful. His opera-books were always chosen for the sake of some color,—weird German, or Hindoo, or (as in the case of "Pietro von Abano") of Italian witchcraft, or Spanish humor.—His "Faust" came before "Der Freischütz."—Latterly he wished his instrumental music, too, to be descriptive and mystical. He attempted to make it show *silence* and sound in all its varied incitements and associations—"The Seasons,"—"The Destiny of man from the Cradle to the Grave."—No musician has been bolder in trying to fly at various romantic game than Dr. Spohr; yet such flight is almost always a failure.

Let some exceptions be cited. The minuet behind the scenes which opens "Faust," the commencement of the overture to "Der Berggeist," the entire first scene (not overture) of the lachrymose "Jessonda," a scene, so far as music can be, redolent of India, with its funeral piles of scandal wood and its "champak odors," the opening *allegro* to his Symphony, "The Power of Sound," are each colored by a distinct imagination. But, generally, the fancy proved a short inspiration. If the vocal music of Dr. Spohr do not live, such fact is easily explained. Neither

his text, nor his executants, were studied by him vocally. The recitative in "The Last Judgment," "Calvary," and "Babylon," (a sure test of musical truth), is disastrous in its unmeaning dullness. The voice is not so much written for as written against. In choral writing he was habitually unsuccessful; the double quartets in "The Last Judgment" making an exception. The scenic chorus in that Oratorio, as in "Calvary," is singularly poor, in spite of the mystery thrown over its vocal phrases by a peculiar instrumentation. A few Songs from Dr. Spohr's works will probably keep their place in concert-bills. Let us instance that of *Mephistopheles* (how incomparably sung by Lablache!) from "Faust," and the great *soprano scena*, "Si lo sento," from the same opera; the romance from "Zemire und Azor," (a second draft from the spring which yielded to Mozart his "Voi che sapete.") There are also in "Jessonda" the lovers' duet—a consummate example of Dr. Spohr at his best; and the *polacca* for the bass voice. The innumerable respectable, sickly musical pieces, which the same manner of working naturally led the writer to produce in all and every one of his works, cannot, should not, last. Their vogue has gone by.

As a writer for orchestra, such opinion as the above, expressed in regard to Dr. Spohr, may be carried forward in respect to monotony of resource. He could not, or would not, vary himself or consider effect. His works are admirably scored; there is no fire, no surprise in them; only a rich, grand sound fully wrought out,—never out of the ear, and inso-much, satiating. The music of his last years, in which the pianoforte has to take part, may be characterized as *writing*, not creation. The well-known Sonata with wind instruments, a work of earlier days, stands out in high relief as a concert-piece likely to keep its place. The minuet there is one of its composer's few successes when vivacity was the humor attempted.

Thus much of the musician. Of the man two distinct characters could be written; both true. Dr. Spohr's pupils, his friends of the Cassel circle, will agree in commemorating his industry and his kindness, the latter wearing a somewhat authoritative and old-fashioned dress. There can be no doubt of his having personally attracted much respect and friendship. Persons of the outer world, however, who met Dr. Spohr in general society, or in contact with musicians over whom he had no personal influence, cannot but have been struck by a self-occupation, amounting to a disregard of courtesy, which was not winning. He appeared interested in no concerns of Art, save his own. His knowledge of other people's music can hardly have been extensive. We were present when Beethoven's well-known *Andante* in F was played before him. "Good," said the tall and handsome patriarch, with an air of frigid patronage: "Whose music is that?" For so old a man, and one so long connected with Court-service, Dr. Spohr's manner was singularly ungainly and dry, even to women. Perhaps the qualities which tinged his behavior gave, too, some of its peculiar color to his music. But to end as we began, he was a great master belonging to a great period; one whose individuality of style gives him a place of his own. Throughout his long life, too, he was upright and honorable as a man, if not genial. There is nothing to be forgiven by those who write his epitaph; wishing while they write that Young Germany would produce any men so direct, so self-relying, so distinct from their fellows as was Dr. Spohr. His career, let it have been ever so much over-praised, let it be now ever so unfairly criticized, was the career of a real German artist.

Music Abroad.

Berlin.

The musical season opened on the 17th of October with a performance of the "Messiah" by the Sing-Akademie. An Englishman, writing to the London *Musical World* about it, makes the following confession:

After hearing such precision, such fire, such purity and *breadth* of tone as the two hundred members of the Akademie produced, I am not disposed to despise so deeply as I at first thought myself capable of, a certain correspondent in London, who complained in the *Zeitschrift der Musik*, a few weeks ago, that in England, in regard to the performance of Handel's works, quantity and *not* quality of the executants is now becoming the rule instead of the exception. Addison says somewhere that perfection is not the attribute of man; but had he heard the performance of the *Messiah* at the Sing-Akademie on the 17th of October last, he would have been constrained to ac-

knowledge that it was *perfection* in part-singing. If it be asked in what this perfection consists, my answer is that the ideas of the composer are carried out; thus, for instance, there was light and shade—so to speak—where light and shade were wanted, where the idea of such was contained in the words allied to the music. In contrasting this performance with those I have heard in England of the same work, I found that a vocal fugue was better treated here than there. Here you get your subject, and your counter-subject, in the only manner they can reasonably be had. The one is looked upon as chief, the other as a subordinate. There I have seldom been able to distinguish the one from the other. It would have delighted M. Costa's heart, I am sure, to have heard how grandly each respective subject (*thema*) was brought out, and how quietly the voice, which had just preponderated over all the rest, became subordinate to the new voice heralding anew the subject. Why this superiority is, is another question, which I will endeavor, in some future epistle, to explain. Well now, after all this adulation, what does our hard-to-be-pleased critic find wanting? Gentle reader, I was just about to tell you. The solo voices were wanting. No, not the *voices*, but the way to use them. It being impossible to point out at length all the particular points wanting in style, I will only instance the manner in which Fräulein Pechmann produced her tone, and the mutilations she made in the heaven-born aria "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Tastes are fortunately different in different persons; but few who heard this young lady sing on the evening in question could come to any other conclusion than that, if she takes the position her natural talents entitle her to, she must rid herself of that, to a musical ear, most offensive habit of *drawing up* each tone; and secondly, that with the everlasting creations of such a man as Handel, she must take *no liberties whatever*. Completely at variance with the character of the piece, she trilled perpetually, till one could have imagined it was some *solfeggio* or other. Strangely enough, Rellstab approves of both her style and her conception of Handel's aria. This I esteem a misfortune for the young lady's eventual career. But after all, the thoughtful critic would deal very gently with the soloist, for knowing that they were ordinary members of the choir; and in that capacity are to be found twice a week amongst the rest, singing as passionately as any of them. The following bass and alto-soli were decidedly the best. The following changes and omissions took place. "Comfort ye" was sung by a treble: "Rejoice greatly," by a tenor; "There were shepherds," by a tenor; "He shall feed his flock," by two trebles alternately. And "He shall purify," "Thou shalt dash them in pieces," "Let us break their bonds asunder," were omitted. So much for the *Messiah* at the Akademie.

The same correspondent furnishes a list of the concerts which have taken place in Berlin; to-wit:

The first grand Symphony Concert of the Royal Orchestra, with the programme as follows: Symphony, B flat major; R. Schumann. Overture to Anacreon; Cherubini. Overture to Enryanthé; Weber.

For the second concert the following is the programme: 1. Symphony (D minor); Louis Spohr. 2. Overture, Midsummer Night's Dream; Mendelssohn. 3. Overture to Coriolan; Beethoven. 4. Symphony (C major); Beethoven.

Next in order comes Herr Lau with his quartet concerts, the first of which came off on Monday. A finer rendering of the three following works could not be imagined: 1. Quartet, D minor; Haydn. 2. Quartet, E flat; Mendelssohn. 3. Quintet, C minor; Mozart.

The celebrated Dom-Chor have commenced their series. The first concert offers a fair sample of their usual style of programme: 1. Præludium, on the organ; Herr Küster. 2. Motet, by Melchior Frank. 3. Choral for men's voices, by Gumpelzhamer. 4. Lied, by Johann Stobæus. 5. Bass aria, by J. S. Bach. 6. Choral, by J. S. Bach. 7. Psalm 43, from Mendelssohn. 8. Aria from St. Paul; Mendelssohn. 9. Chorus, by Nicolai. 10. Psalm 23, for men's voices, from Schubert. 11. Penitential Song, from Beethoven. 12. Lobgesang; Graf von Redern. 13. Præludium.

It is said that this self-same Von Redern is about to bring out a new opera.

At Liebig's Symphony Concert the other day, a symphony in B major, by Herr Dorn, composer of the opera *Niebelungen*, was performed. The first movement of the same is a master-piece. I record the fact to call your attention to one of the evils attending Liebig's social system. At these excellent concerts the audience are as perfectly at ease as if they were sitting at home in their own drawing-room. The ladies knit, net, and crochet to their heart's content, and sip coffee graciously "between the stitches."

The gentlemen puff their Havanas (though ostensibly it is prohibited), and even condescend to beer. Dorn was present while his symphony was being performed. Exactly in the middle of the *andante*, a kind and thoughtful lady near him, seeing that he was simply occupied with the music, made and presented him a cup of coffee. Poor Dorn smiled, thanked the lady graciously, sipped the coffee as though with relish, while all the time he must have been inwardly wishing coffee and lady both *audiable*.

Rellstab made a feeling appeal to the musical public the other day, to commemorate poor Dr. Spohr's death in a manner worthy of so great a *maestro*. So far as I can hear, no steps have been taken in the matter. Is it much to be wondered at, when no less than three commemorations are already on the tapis? At a grand military concert, under Herr Wieprecht's conductorship, Beethoven's *Dead March* is to be performed in commemoration of the recent decease of Lord Westmoreland. On Saturday next the Stern'sche Verein perpetuates Mendelssohn's death by a performance of some of his finest works, *Walpurgis Nacht* amongst the number. And on the 12th inst., there will be great festivities in commemoration of Schiller's birthday, which the police president has partly suppressed, "for political reasons;" winding up with something good (not yet known) at the Opera House. Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony" will be given on a grand scale before the opera, whatever that may be. The members of the Sing-Akademie, and several other societies, have been invited to take part in the performance.

Paris.

[From Correspondence of the London Musical World, Nov. 2.]

The interior of the Grand Opéra presents at this moment a scene of unwonted activity and excitement. They seem to be rehearsing everything—the *Ame en peine* of Flotow, *Les Elfes*, and *Herculanum*, in which latter opera Madlle. Vestvali and Gueymard will fill the principal parts. The rehearsals of the opera of Prince Poniatowski are also going on, and so vigorously that we may expect to see it performed in the month of January. It will certainly be a change, even if it does not prove itself worthy of taking a high place in the lyrical drama, and a rescue from the everlasting *Trouvère* (*Trouvère*) and the *Favorite*, which are now the only "novelties" at the Grand Opéra; and yet the *Trouvère* is undeniably one of the most attractive pieces there, and brings the largest receipts—M. and Mad. Gueymard getting an invariable encore in the "Miserable," which they sing with irresistible feeling. *Bonnechê* is fine, too, both in acting and feeling, in the part of the Count de Luna. At the Opéra-Comique, notwithstanding the success of the *Pardon de Ploërmel*, they have been alternating it with the *Songe d'une Nuit d'Été*. There is now in rehearsal a work of M. Ambroise Thomas, in three acts, to a libretto by MM. Alexandre Dumas and de Luzen. The *Faust* of Gounod, the representation of which about a month since at the Théâtre-Lyrique, was brought to a rather sudden termination by the serious indisposition of Guard, is now to be again played, Michot singing the music of Faust, and Madame Miolan Carvalbo, of course, playing Margaret—one of her finest parts. For this revival, M. Gounod has composed a new symphony which will be performed at the beginning of the fifth act, during the fêtes of the *Walpurgis Night*.

The Bouffes-Parisiens seems to revel in novelties. We must this week cite also the appearance of a little operetta, in one act, the words by M. Bourget, the music by M. Varney, conductor of the orchestra. Here is the tale. I fancy having once seen something like it at the Palace Royal: be that as it may, it comes out as good as new now, and is entitled *La Polka des Sabots*.—A country youth, having been drawn in the conscription, and being obliged to go off to the wars, makes Madlle. Doucette, the object of his admiration, vow she will faithfully keep him her hand and heart. But, alas! the old proverb, in this case, says only too truly, "Out of sight, out of mind." Miss Doucette, finding her lover is so long away, allows the village shoemaker—Rougeot by name—to pay court to her, to the great vexation of Madlle. Tamgoune, who had already made up her mind to become Madame Rougeot. Such is the state of things, when Belleillet returns from the Crimea, where he has acted the part of shoemaker to the regiment. He comes back to marry his Doucette, and, to gain her good will, presents her with a pretty little pair of satin shoes, in which he will teach her to dance the polka, but which are so much too tight, that they put her in a very bad temper, and she scolds every one, not excepting poor Rougeot, who, in his turn, wishing to please Doucette, buys her also some pretty shoes with red rosettes, but which makes her more cross than before, they having also the same defect.

Everything, of course, ends happily. Doncette, as soon as she has got off the tight shoes, makes it up with Belleillet; Rougeot being got rid of by Doncette telling him she had promised to love a brave soldier, not a cobbler; but Tampoigne consoles him and herself by marrying him. M. Varney, slight and trivial as this piece is, has fully proved his abilities as a composer, for his little village airs are fresh and lively.

Nov. 9.—There existed in Styria, "once upon a time," a popular tradition—that on the first day of Saint Irena, all the souls that were sad and suffering came back to earth once more, and for a short time drew near those who had really loved them. Invisible to other mortals, especially the indifferent or deceiving—the owners of the "suffering hearts" are immediately seen and known by their true friends and lovers. It is from this fantastic legend that M. Flotow, in 1846, composed the charming little opera that was represented after such a lapse of time, last Friday, at the Grand-Opéra; and in listening to the charming melodies that make it a worthy rival of *Martha*, we cannot help feeling surprised it has remained in such a long seclusion. If the tone of the opera is rather too mournful, the fault is the poet's, not the musician's. The ballads are full of melody, amongst the most taking the ballad of Franz, "*Depuis le jour j'ai paré ma chaumière*," that of the Senechal, "*Pauvre âme errante*," the delicious air of Paola, "*Son amour, c'est ma vie*," and one of the finest things is the warlike march which occurs several times in the course of the performance.

The revival of the *Semiramide* of Rossini, at the Italian Opera, has given great satisfaction; Alboni as Arsace; Mad. Penco as Semiramide; and Mr. Merli as Assur, were equally good: though the remembrance of the ever brilliant Gristi as the Babylonian Queen must render it a doubly difficult part for Madame Penco to assume.

M. Fétis, the director of the Conservatoire at Brussels, is now in Paris, superintending the publication of three new works of great importance, *La Biographie des Musiciens*, *La Philosophie de la Musique*, and *L'Histoire Générale de la Musique*.

Musical Correspondence.

VIENNA, NOV. 5.—An account of our singers may not be without interest for your readers. Our great soprano is FRAN DUSTMANN, (formerly Fräulein MEYER). This lady is from North Germany, came hither to study, and then sang a few years in other cities. She was for some time in Cassel under Spohr, a while in Dresden, Breslau, and Prague, and came hither two or three years ago. Her voice is pretty strong, of a very pleasant, sympathetic quality, and of considerable compass, (from C up to D—a little more than two octaves.) Her piano and mezzo-voice are remarkably beautiful, so soft and full, so loving in character. Moreover Fran Dustmann has real understanding and feeling for music; she has fire and poetic feeling and also much taste. She is sometimes induced at exciting moments, to force her voice and to rant a bit, but this is not very often; in calm movements she sings with extraordinary feeling and beauty. For instance, Agatha, in *Der Freischütz*, is from her perfectly given; likewise Rezia in *Oberon*; Elsa in *Lohengrin*, and Donna Anna in *Don Juan*, are beautifully rendered. Once she sang Susanna in *Die Hochzeit des Figaro*'s so charmingly, that I wished to hear always her in that part. She caressed and played so tenderly, so coquettishly with the tones, that one saw the possibilities of Mozart's music. Besides these she sings Valentine in the *Huguenots* very well, and is excellent as Alice in *Robert*, Bertha in "The Prophet," Pamina in the *Zauberflöte*, &c., &c. She also sings "Fidelio," but for this part she has not sufficient voice, and though she has great moments in the opera, and sings throughout with great warmth, she lets herself be carried away by her feelings and voice, and thus exaggerates and becomes unpleasant. If she had more strength, she would be better; for the feeling of weakness induces this overtaxing of the powers and this exaggeration. Fran Dustmann is short and stout, and has an agreeable face; she must be twenty-eight or thirty years old.

Our other great soprano, Fräulein TIETJENS was,

as before related, taken from us by Lumley; very much to her and our disgust. Her voice is a high soprano, of great power and beauty. Her compass is from C to E, two octaves and a third, though her lower notes have little ring to them. Her school was fair two years ago, and has been improving ever since; her natural gifts are very great. She sings with very great ease, both on account of strong lungs and of an excellent throat; intonates lightly and purely, learns very quickly; has a famous memory; is rarely ill; can sing three or four times a week, (no small task in German operas where the parts are so much longer and harder than in Italian operas,) without injuring herself; and finally has an imposing figure for the stage. On the other hand, she is a cold singer, and therefore often uninteresting. She is most unequal in her performances; for instance, once as Donna Anna she sang in the first and last scenes with great animation and beauty, in the other scenes very badly. She has mind enough to rise higher than she yet is, but wants fire, soul, love of and devotion to her art. These latter qualities would give her much more interest to her audience both in play and in song. She usually sang here the same parts as Fran Dustmann, some of them better and some worse; but her repertoire is, I believe, greater than that of the latter. She would sing almost anything, and was thus of great use in an opera company. One night she sang Annchen in *Der Freischütz*, another night "Die Königin der Nacht" in *Die Zauberflöte*; both of them characters belonging to another kind of singer. This latter part was, it is said, learned in one day: it proved however no great success, for the arias demand more execution than Fräulein Tietjens has. Fidelio she never attempted here, I believe; as Valentine she was splendid, and once last winter she sang as Euryanthe most beautifully. Fräulein Tietjens must be also about twenty-eight.

FRAN CZILLAG is a Hungarian by birth, and is about twenty-six years old. She, like Fräulein Tietjens, is very tall and large, and produces a good effect on the stage. Her voice is a mezzo-soprano, (from F up to D flat, perhaps D, therefore two octaves and a sixth,) sound and ringing from beginning to end, of great body, and of a most peculiar tone. It is very passionate and thrilling; if one likes such a voice, one likes it exceedingly. A few nights since in *Lohengrin*, at a moment where orchestra, chorus, all the solo singers were conscientiously doing Wagner's best to make a noise, Fran Czillag's voice was clearly audible, not from its loudness but from its character. She too is highly gifted, has great strength and endurance, much fire and soul for music, and continually improves on herself. A few nights ago she sang in "Fidelio;" unluckily I could not go; but I hear that her performance was far better than in July. She has certainly gained much ground within two years, and, supported by such a voice, such dramatic power in song and acting, and by industry, she will rise very high. It is even probable that her voice will increase in volume. ECKERT, when merely leader at the opera, did much for her in the way of giving her better taste and education; his scholar is a credit to him. Her chief faults are, shaking her voice, (*tremolo*), and occasionally screaming a bit; she has the very common habit of letting her voice loose to bring down the house, just as almost all the Italian singers do. I do not mean that she is alone in this vulgarity, for there are few opera-singers of any nation, that do not more or less indulge their vanity in this way; only Italians are more prone to it than others, from the fact that they are more superficial in their singing, and that the modern Italian music demands it. I think however, that Fran Czillag is bettering herself in this respect. Her parts are Fides in *Der Prophet*, where she is splendid, Eglantine in *Eurianthe*, Elvira in *Don Juan*, both capital; as also Recha in *Die Jüdin*, Agatha in *Der Freischütz*—not so good; The Countess in Fi-

garo's *Hochzeit*, Valentine in "The Huguenots," Lucrezia Borgia, and many other characters. As you see, she can give soprano parts very well, for her high register is good and full. She seems to me to have a remarkable power of conveying feeling with her voice; for instance in *Lohengrin* as Ortrud, (a capital performance of hers), her call to Elsa, (her enemy,) from the dark street to the lighted palace balcony, sounds as if coming from a broken-hearted woman; and in *Don Juan*, she really gives the sensation of tarnished and incensed honor, of angry and insulted love, which is so rarely conveyed by singers of Donna Elvira. Of her "Fidelio" I have already spoken.

It is hard to determine which of these three singers is the best. Fran Dustmann is to my mind an excellent, very charming lyric singer; as soon as she tries a heroic part, I am sorry; for though she often soars high in her enthusiasm and poetic feeling, she is liable to lose her balance, then the result is bad. Fran Czillag, on the other hand, is a purely heroic singer, and is usually misplaced in other parts. I do not think her musical feelings are as quick as those of Fran Dustmann, but they are often more correct in the end. She is very correct in the music, (the mere notes,) of her parts, and enunciates pretty clearly the words. Fran Dustmann is incorrect, and is careless in her enunciation. They both act pretty well, sometimes very well.

Fräulein Tietjens is not a singer of so decided a character, in part because she is not so good in either direction as the others. She has never in my experience risen to such a height as the others, never carried away her hearers entirely, although she has sometimes for a few moments sung as if inspired. I think that she rarely does her best; do any of us? We come at last to one fine quality dear to all men, womanliness; of this Frau Dustmann has a great portion, and through it she wins our hearts. All these ladies are open to much censure, for they all sing too coarsely and too egotistically. They will compare very favorably with any singers in the world almost; but one still seeks more delicacy, more pure taste, less vanity, and lastly so true a love and veneration of this beautiful art, that they themselves should disappear in their characters rendered. A singer should seek the truest, most delicate means for rendering the music; should study, think and feel herself into the part, and then should become purely objective. I am quite aware how seldom this happens in any branch of music or of other arts, but it must be, if we would approach perfection. Objectiveness is a very great virtue in an executing artist, for it proves real love of his art. We have one such piano-player in Vienna, a young man just coming forward and much admired by real lovers of music here; the world may hear of him later, as you certainly shall. J. L.

NEW YORK, Dec. 5.—The opera season closed last Saturday with a matinée, at which ADELINA PATTI sang in *Sonnambula*. As Anna, this gifted young prima donna, has created quite as favorable a sensation as she did in *Lucia*, and both public and critics are unanimous in her praise. Hers has indeed been a brilliant success. She sang at three evening and two day performances, and drew crowded houses every time. She saved the season from utter failure.

Among the later operas of the season was Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*, which was played twice with moderate success, with GAZZANIGA as Valentine, COLSON as the Queen, STIGELLI as Raoul, and JUNCA as Marcel. The great success of the revival was Stigelli; he sang the music of Raoul, and especially the great duet in the fourth act, with wonderful power and effect. No tenor here has ever come near him in this opera. Stigelli has had during his engagement a genuine success, which he owes to his excellent method rather than to any personal advantages, or to an extraordinarily beautiful voice, like Brignoli.

The company have gone to Philadelphia, where they will remain a couple of weeks. They open with Gazzaniga, Brignoli and Amodio in *Polito*.

During their absence, an experiment of cheap Italian opera will be tried at Niblo's Theatre, at fifty and twenty-five cent prices of admission. The company, under the leadership of CARL ANSCHUTZ, will consist of singers who have been unable to get engagements with the Ullman-Strakosch troupe. First on the list come ALBERTINI and BEAUCARDE, who have broken their engagement with Strakosch. Then there is FREZZOLINI, who has been six months in this country without once singing in public. ARDAVANI will be the baritone; he is young and a fair singer. MACCAFFERRI and BEAUCARDE will be the tenors. As yet the opening opera is not announced, and I fear that the whole affair will be a fizzle. Opera in New York seems only to thrive at the Academy of Music, and it does not thrive remarkably well there.

There is little doing in the Concert line. Mr. C. JEROME HOPKINS gave a charitable Concert at the Palace Garden, Music Hall, at which he produced with success several of his own compositions. One of his melodies has been adopted by Schreiber as a cornet piece, and is already popular.

There is a project on foot for a series of mammoth instrumental and vocal Concerts during the winter, in which resident talent will be engaged.

The music of the "Sicilian Vespers" is becoming popular with amateurs, and I think that at the next opera season it will prove an attractive card.

TROVATOR.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 10, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Anthem: "As pants the Hart," arranged for Six Voices, from Spohr's "Crucifixion."

Schindler's Life of Beethoven.

Biographie von Ludwig van Beethoven, verfasst von ANTON SCHINDLER. Dritte, neu bearbeitete und Vermehrte Auflage. 2 vols. 8vo. Münster, 1860, (59).

Our readers have, many of them at least we hope, some acquaintance with an English work, known as "Moscheles' Life of Beethoven," the name of the real author not appearing upon the title page. That author is in fact the above named ANTON SCHINDLER, and the body of the English work is but a translation from the German. Schindler's first edition appeared at Münster, in Westphalia, in 1840; a second, with a few additions in the appendix, in 1845; and now in October, 1859, a third, "re-written and with additions."

Schindler has for more than twenty years been one of the "best abused" men in Germany. In how far he has deserved the treatment which he has received from Spohr, Mendelssohn, Dorn, and from the partisans of each in the German musical world, it is not our purpose to inquire. He has certainly never hesitated to express his opinion as to the manner in which those great musicians have thought proper to conduct Beethoven's works at festivals, and in terms perhaps more remarkable for plainness than politeness. Musicians in all parts of Germany will warn you against Schindler, as being unworthy of credence—and yet whoever writes upon Beethoven plunders him! From a pretty extensive examination of the musical literature of Germany, which can by any possibility throw light upon Schindler's statements, not excepting the controversies, which have appeared between him and others

in the *Kölner Zeitung*, and other non-musical newspapers, we venture to say, that as Wegeler and Ries' "Notizen" are the grand fountain of our knowledge of the younger years of the great composer, so Schindler's book is the most important work upon his later years. As *biographical authorities*, the books of Lenz and Mazx are contemptible. This new edition of Schindler's work is a new addition to our knowledge of Beethoven, and contains very much important and interesting matter. And precisely because it is so important and interesting, and because we hope it will yet find its way into the world in an English dress, we propose to give our readers the means of correcting certain mistakes into which the author has fallen.

Schindler lives near Frankfort on the Maine. He has there revised his work and prepared it for the new edition. But Beethoven lived and died at Vienna, and no one, who has not by long continued labor collected the scattered authorities in that city, can hope to write of his early life, the period of his great productiveness and activity, without falling into many mistakes. When Schindler speaks from his own observation and experience, we are rarely if ever able to correct him; in all other cases he is as liable to be misinformed as any other, who writes without the foundation of broad and comprehensive research. We repeat: because we think so highly of the importance of Schindler's work, it is that we give the following list of some of the principal errors into which he has fallen.

VOL. 1. p. 3. For the spider story, see Disjournal's *Arachnologie*, or Schilling's *Lexicon der Tonkunst*, where it will be found it rests upon a mistake, confounding the names *Berthaume* and *Beethoven*.

P. 4. Schindler supposes Neefe had left Bonn, and settled in Frankfort in 1782. The fact is, that Neefe was there only by leave of absence, for a short time. Bonn remained at his home until August, 1796—nearly four years after Beethoven had left it forever. This is important, as at once clearing up divers, mystifications in which Schindler is here on pages four and five involved.

P. 6. Schindler is a year too late in the date of the publication of the Waldstein, Sonata, op. 53,—for 1806 read 1805.

P. 10. The Sonata's copied into Bossler's *Blumenlese*, Mr. S. thinks are utterly lost. We have reason to think they are the three youthful Sonatas, of which we know one copy of the original edition is to be seen in the Royal Library at Berlin, and which have within a few years been reprinted, both in that city, and by Holle in Wolfenbüttel.

P. 11. Note. The variations on a March by Dressler, we have reason to believe were written when the author was twelve years old, and that they preceded the Sonatas, notwithstanding on the title page of the latter we read "by Louis van Beethoven aged eleven years." Our reasons for this opinion we reserve for another occasion and place.

P. 44. Beethoven was in Berlin certainly in June 1796. That this was his first and last artistic tour is not correct, if Tomaschek may be trusted, who says expressly that Beethoven gave concerts in Prague in 1798.

P. 50. Mr. S. says, (referring to his catalogue, pp. 56, *et seq.*) "it may be taken for a certainty that no one of the works noted farther on, was

written before the year 1794." To this we simply say *here*, "doubted."

P. 54. Mr. S. doubts the anecdote related by Ries that the Trios, op. 1, were played in the presence of Haydn, before they were published, on the ground that the great composer left Vienna in 1794, and the Trios appeared while he was still in England in 1795. Haydn left Vienna January 19, 1794, and Beethoven advertised his Trios to be printed by subscription, May 15, 1795. This is true, and yet we trust Ries in this case, and that they were already written and played to Haydn before the close of 1793. We have no space here for our reasons.

PP. 55—58. In regard to the date of publication of at least half the works mentioned on these pages, Mr. S. is a year out of the way.

P. 57. The first performance of the first Concert for piano-forte in C, says Mr. S., was in spring, 1800. We know of its having been performed in public twice during the year 1795. It was the second Concerto which was given with the Septet and first Symphony.

P. 78. The Balled *Prometheus*, greatly extended in form by Vigana, with much selected music, instead of, and in addition to that of Beethoven, was produced at Milan, May 22, 1813, from whence it went the round of the principal theatres of Italy.

P. 93. As to the "*Christus am Oelberg*," (Christ on the Mount of Olives), Ries says expressly, that Beethoven was putting the finishing touches to it upon his arrival in Vienna, in 1800, (in the spring.) Schindler intimates that it was not performed until 1803—probably correct—and then only once given. We know of three performances of it within the space of a year—from April 1803 to April 1804.

P. 95. Mr. S. says, that the "object of Beethoven's autumnal love was well known to him," and that she was Marie L. P——r, (Pachler). He is nevertheless *mistaken*. The "autumnal love" dated, as Mr. S. shows upon the same page, at least five years before 1816. We know that Beethoven had a project of marriage in his mind in 1810, from another source—and this must have been with the object of the "autumnal love"—i. e., when he was 39 years of age. "Mark how plain a tale," &c. In 1810, Miss Koschak was 16 years old, at the age of 22—in 1816 she married Dr. Pachler, and in 1817 came for the first time to Vienna! while Beethoven never was in Gratz, her native place.

P. 97. The date of the letters to Julia Gruicardi was 1801. Of this we have proof.

P. 99. Mr. S. dates the first performance of the second symphony, and the C minor P. F. Concerto, July, 1804. They were both given in the spring of 1803. Before that?

P. 101. We understand Mr. Schindler to make Bernadotte ambassador to the Austrian Court in 1804 or 1805. In fact, he reached Vienna in February, 1798, and left April 15, following.

P. 112. "The American ship-captain Bridgetower." What can Mr. Schindler mean? Bridgetower had been a "wonder child" as violinist, and came to Vienna as a *virtuoso*, and indeed one in the service of the Prince of Wales, (George IV.) Rudolph Kreutzer was not in Vienna in 1805, so far as we can learn—had been there seven years before. As to the Variations, op. 35, they preceded the Heroic Symphony—they were not "*etwas später*," (somewhat later).

P. 118. Paer and Beethoven were at work the one upon his "Leonore," the other upon his "Fidelio," at the same time—although Paer produced his a year in advance of the other.

P. 119. Beethoven's opera was *never* named "Leonore," upon the theatre bills—we have seen all that belong to the years 1805–6. Perhaps upon the large street bills, but this we doubt.

P. 126. "So rested the opera again, and again full eight years passed," before it came upon the stage. Not at all; hardly a year of the eight in which it was not given, and in fact several times.

P. 140. "Of grand works, except the Sonata in F. op. 55, in this year, (1806,) none appeared." Our list gives the following:—

Sonata in F. op. 54.

Trio for two oboes and English horn.

Trio arranged for stringed instruments.

Andante Favori, in F. 3-8.

Nos. 1, and 2, and 3, of six grand Sonatas for piano forte, violin and 'cello, op. 60.

No. 1, 2 of three grand Trios, op. 61.

16 Variations for piano forte, violin and 'cello, op. 44.

Sinfonia Eroica.

Quite a difference between us and Mr. Schindler.

P. 141. Four symphonies in *one* concert! An error as we think.

P. 184. Beethoven was not in Linz in the spring of 1812, and the memory of Count Brunswick, (who is the authority,) has here failed him and misled Schindler. But the passage is worth translating. "According to his account, (Brunswick's), written me in 1843, the composition of the 'Ruins of Athens,' falls into the first month of the year 1812; at the same time the plans of the two symphonies, [7th and 8th,] of which the eighth in F., was wrought out during Beethoven's visit to his brother Johann, in Linz, in the spring. Thence he journeyed to Teplitz, where the overture to King Stephen was written. After his return, the strengthened master went to work upon the Symphony in A, No. 7." Now it is curious to see how many errors can be contained in so few words.

1. Beethoven was *not* in Linz, in the spring of 1812.

2. Both the "Ruins of Athens," music, and that of King Stephen, had been composed, sent to Pesth, rehearsed, and made ready for performance on the 9th of February.

3. The eighth symphony was not written out in the spring of 1812, at Linz—as Beethoven was not there!

4. The seventh symphony was not written out after Beethoven's return from Teplitz, having been already finished before May 8, 1812.

5. The overture to King Stephen was not written in Teplitz, 1812, having been performed six months before, and not in Pesth alone.

6. The first notice of the eighth symphony is in a letter of Beethoven, written in the spring of 1813.

PP. 207–212. These six pages of the dates of first performances and publication of Works by Beethoven, contain many inaccuracies of more or less importance; the more important ones however may be corrected from the foregoing.

Having now reached the period at which Mr. Schindler made the acquaintance of the great Master, we have only to thank him for the amount of valuable and interesting matter, which

he gives us in relation to Beethoven's later years. One curious mistake, however, we cannot pass over without notice.

In vol. II., p. 129, is a note from Beethoven to Stephen von Breuning, which was sent with a picture of the composer. "Behind this picture, my dear, good Steffen" &c.

This note Mr. S. dates 1826, and says the picture was the lithograph, by Stieler. In fact, the picture is a miniature on ivory, and was presented to Breuning before 1810.

Concerts.

FIRST PHILHARMONIC CONCERT. — Mr. CARL ZERRAHN'S series opened very happily, last Saturday evening, in all respects but one: — the Music Hall was not so well filled as we had reason to expect. But it was the right kind of audience, attentive, and well satisfied. The programme was quite rich in things new and old.

PART I.

1. Symphony in F major, (No. 8.).....Beethoven.

I. Allegro.

III. Menuetto.

II. Allegretto scherzando.

IV. Allegro molto.

2. Grand Fantasia, "Sonnambula," for the Piano-Forte.....Thalberg.

Arthur Napoleon.

3. Overture: "Jessonda,".....Spohr.

4. Concertstück, for Pianoforte, with Orchestra....Weber.
Arthur Napoleon.

PART II.

5. Les Preludes: A Symphonic Poem, (composed after words by Lamartine,).....F. Liszt.
(First time in Boston.)

6. Grand Paraphrase on "Midsummer Night's Dream,".....F. Liszt.

7. Overture: "Les Vêpres Siciliennes,".....Verdi.
(First time in Boston.)

It is nearly three years since we have heard the Eighth Symphony entire. At that time we noted down our impression of it in these words:

Its fine imaginative, happy movements were rendered with much truth and delicacy. It was refreshing both to sense and soul; and though its form is smaller, its mood less earnest, its character more joyous and Haydn-like, and less tending to the sublime, than most of Beethoven's other symphonies, yet it hears as truly as any of them the stamp of genius and of deep experience, and possesses a peculiar interest, when we think of such a gush of delicious sunshine coming from the inmost soul of one, who could not know such joy, had he not been as great a sufferer and as grand a character and genius as Beethoven. It is his opus 93; he wrote it in his dark days. Yet from beginning to end it is as much a "Joy" symphony as the "Choral"—only in a different sense, more purely joyous, the simple, spontaneous expression of a happy moment, and not the crowding of a whole life's meaning and result into a symphony. That second movement expresses a more pure and perfect happiness than almost any piece of instrumental music which we can now recall, and it is wholly different from Mozart or Haydn, implying vastly greater depth of nature than the last, at all events. This *Allegretto scherzando* never fails to charm to the demanding of a repetition. Indeed so perfect is its charm that it ends unexpectedly, and the mind must have more. The Minuetto is somewhat Haydn-like, and so are the themes of the first Allegro; but the working up, the treatment, the instrumentation, show an inimitable mastery and grace. In the Finale joy runs riot in uncontainable ecstasy and play of poetic fancy. Here, as in the *Allegretto*, is revealed an element in Beethoven, not perhaps exactly fairy-like, but romantic in such a way as to suggest comparison or contrast with the fairy vein of Mendelssohn. It indeed transports you far more, into a yet more marvellous realm of fine imaginary existences, and has altogether more that is wholesome and akin to Shakspeare, than Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music. We do not suppose that Beethoven designed anything of that sort; but does he not in this Symphony reveal a faculty, a genius, which might possibly beat Mendelssohn upon his own ground? And do we not find something analogous to the Shakspearian universality and power of

going out of himself and living in his creations in genius which can produce works so different as the Symphony in C minor and this joyous and imaginative No. 8—this last, too, at a time when life was anything but joyous outwardly?

This time the performance must have been even better, and the Symphony itself was all and more than is above suggested. It had lost nothing of its charm; it was peculiarly the same, in seeming just as *new* and fresh as at the first hearing: for this is the miracle of works of genius, that they grow newer instead of older. We might add also, that, while, as before, the predominant expression in it was the exquisite sunshineness of pure and tranquil joy, leaping and sparkling at times in the sun,—we felt more than ever the *depth* of life in it. In the middle portion of the first movement, where the sunny little theme slips into the shade, and a minor mood comes over all the picture, it is as if the composer relapsed for once into those yearnings of a glorious soul in bondage, which no other has expressed so powerfully; there he touches the same vein as in *Leonore*; there again the high, prophetic impulses despair not, the harmonies upheave to a superb climax, the soul emerges into sunshine, and the little theme-phrase, which entered with the first measure (much as in the *Pastorale*), playfully goes out in the last. The *Allegretto*, which is sunshine without speck of cloud from the first note to the last, was encored as usual; but did not deserve it more than each of the four movements; since each gave a happiness which one would thankfully prolong.

And what of ARTHUR NAPOLEON—the "great" little pianist? A slight, black-haired, handsome boy of sixteen or so, with a thoughtful, interesting face, and simple, lively, child-like manners—except that he has caught the trick of casting his eyes up in playing, to look as if inspired. It is the safest way at least for one in such a situation to assume that he is *not* inspired. His execution is certainly wonderful; the feats of Thalberg and of Liszt seemed easy habits with his hands; all was brilliant, clear and nicely shaded. And it was more than execution; there was good conception, and good feeling; real fervor. What he lacked most was the sustained *cantabile* character in melodic passages; he struck the tones with good accent, but they scarcely *sang* themselves; and Thalberg has taught that the piano-forte may sing. The young Arthur has abundant vigor, and sustained himself admirably through Weber's always edifying Concert-piece, so that it counted for a good deal on the classical and genial side of the programme. Was ever subject more absurdly chosen for fantastic variation treatment than the "Wedding March"? So complete and stately is it in itself, that it can only lose by being stretched out thin, and doubled back upon itself, and "cut up into little stars" to sparkle in the tail of virtuoso rockets. The fairy part, however, of Liszt's paraphrase was happier.

We have next to speak of the great modern (or "future") feature of the entertainment, a more ambitious work by Liszt. Liszt has now written, it is said, his *nine*—not Symphonies, but "Symphonic Poems"—so called (and in this sense pertaining to the Wagner or "Music of the Future" direction) because they have not an exclusively and purely musical reference, and do not therefore cling to the usual symphonic form, but take their texts from and propose to illustrate

some poem, or passage from a poem, or some poet's life, or some picture, or what not. Among the titles and the subjects, which he has thus treated, we have seen named: "Orpheus"; "Tasso"; "The Ideals," of Schiller; "Faust"; Kaulbach's painting, "The Battle of the Huns"; "Dante" (if we remember rightly), and these "Preludes," designed as a tone-translation and expansion of the following passage in Lamartine's *Méditations Poétiques*:

"What is our life but a series of Preludes to that unknown song whose initial solemn note is tolled by Death? The enchanted dawn of every life is love; but where is the destiny on whose first delicious joys some storm breaks not—some storm whose deadly blast disperses youth's illusions, whose fatal bolt consumes its altar! And what soul thus cruelly bruised, when the tempest rolls away, seeks not to rest its memories in the pleasant calm of rural life? Yet man allows himself not long to taste the kindly quiet which first attracted him to nature's lap; but when the trumpet the signal gives, he runs to danger's post whatever be the fight which calls him to its lists; that in the strife he may once more regain full knowledge of himself and all his strength."

These themes came up one by one in a moving panorama, as it were, of tone-pictures, painted on a great breadth of orchestral canvas, with a richer scale than usual of colors; thus there were three flutes; four horns; a huge ophicleid, thundering through the other storm of brass; and a harp part, represented in this case by Mr. LANG at a grand piano. You heard first the tolling, and mysterious solemn harmonies, vague yearning questionings, &c., as at thought of the great hereafter; here were some strange and large effects, more physically imposing than beautiful sometimes. Next, a really lovely piece of rich, soft, subdued harmony, from the heart tones of violas, cellos, &c., which we suppose stood for the "dawn of love." Then the storm, which might have satisfied our friend Fry, who thinks Beethoven failed to raise much of a storm; there was a wild, shrill, chill rushing of the whole mass of strings up and down chromatic scales, which was certainly a palpable enough suggestion of the whistling of the wind:—a startling effect, although we can imagine it a rather cheap one. The pastoral music of "rural life," in cheerful six-eight measure, drew its tones happily and skilfully from the warmest instruments, as horns and clarinets, and was indeed quite charming. Finally the march-like finale had a breadth and energy of on-sweep, and a bold, unsparing wealth of instrumentation, which sounded for all the world like Wagner. The real merit of the work appeared to us to lie in the remarkable talent shown for instrumentation. It is full of striking, original, sometimes exquisite effects: there were chord-phrases and blendings of instruments in it which almost opened a new sense. But these seem rather the accumulations of separate efforts, than the spontaneous, and at the same time logically necessitated outgrowth from one central and all-vitalizing thought, as in the real imaginative works of genius. It has a certain outward and well managed unity, we own; but not that sort of unity which great works of Art have, where the whole is implied and felt in each successive part, or rather each unfolding phase. A more instructive contrast between these two modes of production could not well be offered, than we had that night in Liszt's "Symphonic Power," and Beethoven's less pretending, but most imaginative and genial Symphony. The latter music haunts you mingles with your life, your love, forever after you have heard it: will the former?

The overture to "Jessonda" derived new interest from the recent death of its distinguished and long honored composer; and it presents him indeed in some of his best phases. It is a pleasing, interesting overture, but by no means a great one. That by Verdi—the first time we have had a regular overture from him—is an effective piece of instrumentation, dramatic in the same outwardly intense way that Verdi always is, and showing a more marked affinity than ever with Meyerbeer.

The pieces were all finely executed, the orchestra being on the scale of six first violins, six second, four double-bassos, &c. It was a very enjoyable and very instructive concert. The only fault we have to find was with the order of the pieces. The Eighth Symphony would have been such an exquisite last thought to go home and sleep upon! and so inspiring, also, to look forward to, with that always pleasant feeling that the best is yet to come!

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—A stormy night last Tuesday, but a fair audience considering. These were the temptations:

1. Eighth Quintet in D minor, op. 38,.....Onslow, Allegretto—Scherzo—Andante with variations—Finale—Allegro vivace.
2. Lied and Scherzo (for Violoncello and Piano,) H. Marschner. Messrs. Fries and Lang.
3. Quartet No. 8, in F,.....Mozart, Allegro—Allegretto—Minuetto—Finale, Presto.
4. Romanza in G, for Violin,.....Beethoven, Carl Meisel.
5. Third Piano Quartet, in B minor,.....Mendelssohn. Allo. molto—Andante—Allo. molto—Finale, Allo. vivace. Messrs. Lang, Schultze, Krebs and Fries.

Onslow was musician-like and elegant, and tedious as usual; the Mozart Quartet winning and genial, as usual. Mr. B. J. LANG played with more nicety and delicacy, as well as firmness and consistency, than we have before knew him to do, in the Quartet by Mendelssohn, which is a work of great beauty, and depth and energy of feeling. The young pianist constantly improves. The pieces generally were well rendered. The two duet pieces proved agreeable and piquant novelties to most listeners. That by Marschner sings feelingly in the first movement, and has a wild and tricky gayety in the Scherzo. Mr. MEISEL took many of his audience by surprise, by his clear and finished violin playing in the Beethoven Romanza, and a repetition was demanded.

ORCHESTRAL UNION. The programme for Wednesday Afternoon was as follows:

- Symphony. No. 4. Jupiter. (By request.).....Mozart.
Waltz. Panacea Klänge.....Strauss.
Overture. Felsenmühle.....Reissiger.
Duetto. Wm. Tell.....Rossini.
Herzel Polka. (1st time.).....Strauss.
Finale. From the Opera of Lohengrin.....Wagner.
Trovatore Quadrilles.....Carl Zerrahn.

A dark and foggy afternoon. The gas over the stage had to be lighted; and to the sparse assembly there it was cheering to the soul to sit in that beautiful Music Hall, with the bronze Beethoven and the Apollo, and the poetically suggestive walls and ceiling to look at, while Mozart's Symphony opened floods of warm and genial light within. We seldom have enjoyed it more. The Strauss waltz was a highly agreeable stimulus. Reissiger's overture revived old times, and seemed as good as ever; it was a satisfaction to find it so, having just read the death of the composer. And what comforting wealth of melody and harmonic treatment there is in that duet scene from "Tell"! That is one of the great operas; yet Rossini is an Italian; and the Italian taste runs now in so much shallower channels.

The next Afternoon Concert (Wednesday, Dec. 14) will take place in the Tremont Temple, because a Fair will occupy the Music Hall.

Musical Chit-Chat.

The musical excitements of this week have literally blown over, and some of the concerts have blown down the stream of time. Winter, taking advantage of our security on a milder than a May day, last Friday, suddenly swooped down upon us, and has done his wintriest ever since. Some hundreds of people braved the snow-sleet on Sunday night, and reached the Music Hall only to retrace their steps; the second and last performance of "Samson" was postponed, and will take place to-morrow night, when the HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY will again have the brilliant aid of Mme. BISHOP, and of the other singers, organist, and orchestra that they had before. A concert announced by Mme. BISHOP, for Wednesday night, also had to be postponed to Friday. To-night that famous *prima donna* sings in Gilmore's popular and cheap concert in the Music Hall.

A superb new chandelier for our Boston Theatre has just been finished by Cornelius and Baker, of Philadelphia, and the papers of that city are in raptures about it. It is seventeen feet in diameter, fifty-one feet in circumference, and twenty-four feet high, being probably the largest chandelier ever constructed. It has five rows of imitation wax burners, making two hundred and forty lights in all. The lower part, or centre, round which the rows of burners form circles, is basket-shaped, and the whole metallic rims, which are very rich, are of *or-molu*. The cut-glass drops, or prisms, as they really are, are of Bohemian glass. The whole weight is about 4000 pounds. A special contrivance has been made by Cornelius and Baker, by which this immense weight will hang as safely over the parquette of the theatre as if it weighed only as many ounces as it does pounds. It can be raised or depressed with the greatest ease, by a windlass, and will certainly be one of the handsomest chandeliers in the world, as it is the largest.

We have printed several English articles upon the death of LUDWIG SPOHR, and his character as a man, and a composer. That by Mr. CHORLEY, which we copy to-day from the *Athenæum*, harmonizes best with our own experience of his music, and seems to award the right credit with the right qualifications. From a Vienna paper we translate the following intelligence: "At Dresden, on the 7th of November, died the Court-kapellmeister KARL GOTTLIEB REISSIGER (composer of *Die Felsenmühle*). Reissiger was born Jan. 31, 1798, in Belzig near Wittenberg. In his thirteenth year he became a pupil at the Thomas-Schule, where he devoted himself industriously to scientific studies and to music, receiving active aid and counsel from the Cantor Schicht. He had already entered the University, where his tendency to music gained so the upper hand with him, that he thenceforth gave himself exclusively to that. After visiting Vienna, Munich, and Berlin, from which latter place he made a tour of Italy and France, supported by a royal stipend, he was appointed to a teacher's place in the royal musical institute in Berlin. In 1826 he was called to Dresden as musical director of the Court theatre, in which place he has exerted a beneficial influence both as an artist and as a man, to the day of his death. More than 200 works by him have appeared, establishing for him a lasting fame."

Messrs. O. Ditson & Co. are about to bring out, by subscription, a new work of important magnitude in the department of Catholic Church Music. It is a volume of original compositions, by J. M. V. BUSCH, a member of that church, a native of Copenhagen, who has resided for some six years in this country, more recently in Richmond, Va., whence he comes highly recommended by the Bishop and clergy. The volume will include the following compositions, all with Organ or Piano-Forte accompaniment:

1. "Asperges me."
2. "Vidi Aquam."
3. "Mass," for four male voices.
4. "Solemn Mass," for six different voices.
5. "Veni Creator."
6. "O Salutaris Hostia."
7. "Tantum ergo."
8. "Alma Redemptoris Mater."
9. "Ave Regina Coelorum."
10. "Regina Coeli."
11. "Salve Regina."
12. "Ave Maria."
13. "Stabat Mater dolorosa."

Musical Intelligence.

PHILADELPHIA.—A "Grand Symphony Concert" took place at the Musical Fund Hall on the evening of Dec. 1, with moderate attendance. Carl Sentz conducted. The *Bulletin* says:

The first part of the concert consisted of a fine overture of Mendelssohn's, The "Fair Melusine," extremely well played. Beethoven's Concerto in E flat was admirably executed by Mr. Wolfsohn, with orchestral accompaniment. Mme. Johannsen sang *Ah, mon fils*, Taubert's Bird Song, and a ballad by Kücken, in her usual excellent style. Then followed Schubert's Symphony in C major, each of the four movements of which was finely done and gave complete satisfaction. The second and the fourth movements seemed to be the favorites; but the whole work is a grand one, and nothing could be spared from it.

On the same evening a German Company appeared at the Academy, and made a good impression. "The piece played, however, was not an opera, but a local drama of Berlin, with music interspersed, most of the airs being selected from well-known composers."

Mozart's *Magic Flute* was performed on the 2nd, The same authority says:

It was not done in the best style; for the company is rather an acting than a singing one. Mrs. Sieden-burg, by dint of occasional transpositions, got through the part of the Queen of Night pretty well; and Miss Scheller, though she often sang out of tune, was a very tolerable *Pamina*. Mr. Lotti, who has a pleasant, well-managed tenor voice, was good as *Pamino*, and Mr. Lehmann's *Papageno* was admirable. The *Papageno* of Mrs. Meaubert was also good. But the *Sarasno* of Mr. Ehrlein was very bad, and there is little to be said in favor of any of the other characters. There was some good new scenery, and at times there was a good performance of a concerted piece. But the entertainment was, as a whole, wearisome, and not calculated to make many converts to Mozartism.

Here are a couple of the last programmes of the Afternoon "Rehearsals" of the Germania Orchestra. Sentz conductor.

(Nov. 19.)

1. Overture to *Stradella*.....Flotow.
2. Waltz. *Myrtla Wreaths*.....Strauss.
3. Chorus of the Priests. *Tannhäuser*.....Wagner.
4. Symphony No. 2 in E flat; Andante and Minuet. Mozart.
5. Overture to *Oberon*.....Weber.
6. Polka—Muses.....Strauss.
7. Conjunction and Benediction—Huguenots..Meyerbeer.

(Dec. 3.)

1. Overture, *La Gazza Ladra*.....Rossini.
2. Bright Star of Hope—Leclair.....Halévy.
3. Waltz—Nixco Tanze.....Lanner.
4. Andante, from Symphony, No. 2.....Beethoven.
5. Duetto—William Tell.....Rossini.
6. Overture—Returning from Abroad.....Mendelssohn.
7. Introduction and Chorus—*Tannhäuser*.....Wagner.
8. Galop—Hurrah Sturm.....Kéler Béla.

THE FIRST CLASSICAL SOIREE of Messrs. Wolfsohn and Hohnstock took place last evening in the Foyer of the Academy of Music, which was entirely filled with a fashionable and critical company. The performers were, besides Messrs. Wolfsohn and Hohnstock, Mr. Heman Allen, (violin), Mr. Simon Hassler, (viola), and Mr. Charles Schmitz, (violin-cello). The opening piece was Beethoven's well-known and beautiful quartet in C minor, (Opus 18), which was faithfully and elegantly performed. Mr. Wolfsohn then played Liszt's arrangement of a march from Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, in which all the novelties of Wagner are accurately reproduced on the piano. It was finely played, but this public has not yet caught up to the "music of the future," and we doubt whether many really enjoyed the composition. Mr. Hohnstock played a "fantaisie caprice" of Vieuxtemps in masterly style. Then followed a magnificent quartet by Robert Schumann, (E flat major, Opus 44,) in four movements. This, too, requires familiarity with the new German school of music, to be thoroughly appreciated. Still it gave great delight to all, and if heard again, would be still more enjoyed. The soiree was altogether a complete success and a brilliant opening of the series.—*Bulletin*, Nov. 18.

NEW ORLEANS.—The new opera house, which is called The Opera, was to be opened on the 1st. inst.; the city surveyor having certified to the stability of the edifice. The piece announced was Rossini's

masterpiece, "William Tell," in which Gennibrel, the favorite basso, was to make his re-appearance; and the following artists their debuts: Mlle. Fetting-er, prima donna; Mme. Berthil Marchal, dugazon; Mr. Mathieu, first tenor; Chas. Petit, light tenor; Melchisédec, baritone; Vanlair, comic opera basso.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—The Lucy Escott opera troupe opened on Monday in the "Bohemian Girl." The troupe consists of Lucy Escott, Miss Annie Kemp, Miss Duckworth, Miss Bordinot, D. Miranda, Mr. Mayer, Mr. Bordinot, Miss Donn, and others.

ALBANY, N. Y.—The representation of Handel's sublime Oratorio of the "Messiah," by the "Albany Sacred Music Society," at the new Arsenal Hall, on Thanksgiving evening, drew together an immense crowd, which was estimated as high as 2,000. From the long and severe drill which the society had gone through with at their several rehearsals, we expected a concert worthy of themselves and their distinguished leader. Nor were we disappointed. As a whole, the performance was highly creditable to all concerned, and we congratulate this fine body of singers on their complete success. The choruses were splendid throughout, being rendered with power and correctness, and producing all the fine effects which the great master intended should be brought out. In this they were greatly assisted by the excellent Orchestra, whose accompaniments were very fine, eliciting, as they deserved, the warm admiration of the audience. For ourselves, we are free to confess that this is the first Orchestra which has fully met our expectations.—*Express*.

HAVANA, CUBA.—Maretzek is playing with great success in Havana. The opening opera was the ever fresh "Barbier," with the Gassiers and the new tenor, Testa, in the cast, which has been repeated three times. Cortesi made her debut in "Saffo," and created a tremendous sensation. The Havanaes say that she is the best Saffo that has ever been in Havana. She was recalled five times at the close of the opera. See also added to her triumph in "Norma," creating a great *furor*. She will appear in the new operas of "Polinto," "Macbeth," "Medea," and "Otello," during the season. Madame Gassier will appear in the new operas of "Martha," "La Zingarella," and "Fra Diavolo." She is a great favorite. Max will also produce "Don Giovanni," which has not been sung in Havana since Bosio and Steffanoni were there: his new tenor Hernani, whom report speaks highly of, will debut with Cortesi and M. Gassier in the opera of "Lucrezia Borgia." He also played *Rigoletto* on the 23th ult., being the first night of the second subscription, with renewed success. Ettore Barilli was the *Rigoletto*, and was good; the cast included Madame Gassier and Ada Philipps, who are both great favorites.

NASHVILLE, TENN.—A concert was given on the 18th instant, at the Chapel of the Nashville Female Academy, by Mlle. Camille Urso, with the assistance of Mlle. Maria de Roode, vocalist, and Mlle. Athalie Gasche, (late from Paris,) pianist. It is needless to state that the combined efforts of these three pupils of the Imperial Conservatoire de Paris were highly pleasing.

The public is well acquainted with the wonderful powers of Mlle. Urso on her one-toned instrument. Mlle. Athalie Gasche, pupil of Herz, and first prize of the Conservatoire, having been in the city only three days, was fully prepared to appear and take part in duets of much difficulty.

The programme was arranged with taste. "La Straniera," (Thalberg,) by Mlle. Gasche, was delightfully performed. Her touch is clear and brilliant, with that remarkable left hand execution which ever betrays a pupil of Herz.

Aria, "Lucia di Lammermoor" by Mlle. de Roode. This difficult aria, "Regnava nel silenzio," was given with much pathos. "Duo de Guillaume Tell," by Mlles. Urso and Gasche. This gem of the opera was exquisitely performed. "Polacca, I Puritani," by Mlle. de Roode, was gracefully sung. Her voice is beautiful, her upper notes remarkably sweet and clear, and she renders staccato passages charmingly. "L'Ecluse de Mer," (Herz) by Mlle. Gasche, was brilliantly executed. The last two pieces, "Our Starry Flag," by Mlle. de Roode, and "Yankee Doodle," (Vieuxtemps) by Mlle. Urso, were loudly applauded, and if the youths present did not die for their country that night, it was probably because no opportunity presented itself.

The people of Nashville will have the benefit of the valuable instruction of Mlles. de Roode and Gasche, as we hear they are engaged in the flourishing Academy of that city.—*Corr of N. Y. Musical World*.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC.

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MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Land of our birth. National song. *B. F. Baker.* 25

An effective bass or baritone solo with a chorus for men's voices, harmonized in three parts. Words by P. H. Sweetser, Esq.

I love thee yet, or the home of my childhood, *C. W. Glover.* 25

An animated, pretty strain.

Wert thou mine. Ballad. *Frank Mori.* 25

A melody of unusual freshness and power, a genuine inspiration, such as the best song writer will have only once in a while. Designed for a baritone or mezzo-soprano voice. Words by Chas. Mackay.

Charming Sorrentina. Canzonetta. *G. Linley.* 25

Light and playful, resembling in rhythm the bold and gay strains of the "Colassa" and "Manola," about as difficult as the latter. A highly effective song, if delivered gracefully.

The soul of music's gone. Song. *Geo. Linley.* 25

A sentimental parlor song, pleasing and easy.

Will you leave the land, Jessie. *J. W. Cherry.* 25

Distinguished by this author's usual grace and brilliancy.

Pike's Peak. Comic Song. *G. A. Hoyt.* 25

A parody on "Excelsior," very funny, wedded to melody written in a popular style.

Instrumental Music.

La Traviata. Morcean brilliant. *R. Hoffman.* 40

A highly effective and brilliant introductory movement and transcription of the favorite air of the duet: Parigi o cara.

Un souvenir de l'Océan, a musical illustration on "Rocked in the cradle of the deep." *Hewitt.* 50

A very elaborate work by the author of the much praised Nocturne: "A voice from the waves." It gives a fine arrangement of Knight's popular melody, illustrates several passages of the poem with striking truth and beauty—among others: "Calm and peaceful is my sleep"—and winds up with a brilliant Finale. Rather difficult.

Circassian Polka. Four hands. *Chas. D'Albert.* 50

Palermo Quadrille. " " 50

Schomberg Galop. " " 45

A piece of dance-music, if performed by two good players instead of one, is generally so much stronger marked, much more uniform in time, than in playing for dancing, a four-hand arrangement should always be preferred, if possible. The above arrangements offer hardly any difficulties.

Books.

FARMER'S MASS IN B FLAT. With Latin and English Words. By Henry Farmer.

Well adapted to Amateur-Choirs, or Singing-Societies. For the benefit of the latter English words have been added. This work is written in an easy and agreeable style, has an abundance of graceful, pleasing melodies, as well as a variety of solos for all voices. It is treated in a musician-like manner, which will at once recommend it favorably to the notice of organists and choir-leaders.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 402.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1859.

VOL. XVI. No. 12.

(From the New York Evening Post.)

The beauty of the day on which Mr. Irving's funeral took place, and the charming aspect of the surrounding country, in the glorious sunshine which then closed our long Indian Summer, have prompted the ensuing lines, which we have from the pen of a friend of the departed author, himself eminent in the world of letters.

Sunnyside.

DECEMBER 1, 1859.

The dear, quaint cottage, as we pass,
No clambering rose or locusts hide;
And dead leaves flock the matted grass,—
And shadow rests on Sunnyside;

Not by the flying cloud-rack cast,
Nor by the summer foliage bred,
The life-long shadow which the Past
Lets fall where cherished joys have fled:

For he whose fancy wove a spell,
As lasting as the scene is fair,
And made the mountain, stream and dell
His own dream-life forever share;

He who with England's household grace,
And with the brave romance of Spain,
Tradition's love and Nature's face,
Imbued his visionary brain;

Mused in Granada's old arcade
As gushed the Moorish fount at noon.
With the last minstrel thoughtful strayed
To ruined shrines beneath the moon;

And breathed the tenderness and wit
Thus garnered, in expression pure,
As now his thoughts with humor flit.
And now to pathos wisely lure;

Who traced, with sympathetic hand,
Our peerless chieftain's high career;
His life, that gladdened all the land,
And blest a home—is ended here.

What pensive charms of nature brood
O'er the familiar scene to day,
As if, with smile and tear, she wooed
Our hearts a mutual rite to pay!

The river that he loved so well,
Like a full heart, is awed to calm,
The winter air that wafts his knell
Is fragrant with autumnal balm.

A veil of mist hangs soft and low
Above the Catskills' wooded range,
While sunbeams on the slope below
Their shroud to robes of glory change.

How to the mourner's patient sight
Glide the tall sails along the shore,
Like a procession clad in white
Athwart broad Hudson's crystal floor.

So light the haze, in floating shades,
Like tears through which we dimly see,
With incense crowns the Palisades,
With purple wreathes the Tappan Zee.

And ne'er did more serene repose
Of cloud and sunshine, brook and balm,
Round Sleepy Hollow fondly close,
Than on its lover's burial day.

H. T. T.

Bettina's Impression of Beethoven.

[Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have just supplied a want long felt in the literary world, by giving us a new and elegant revised edition of "Goethe's Correspondence with a Child," from which we take the following passage.]

To you I may confess, that I believe in a divine magic, which is the element of mental nature; this magic does Beethoven exercise in his art; all relating to it, which he can teach you, is pure magic; each combination is the organization of a higher existence; and thus, too, does Beethoven feel himself to be the founder of a new

sensual basis in spiritual life. You will understand what I mean to say by this, and what is true. Who could replace this spirit? from whom could we expect an equivalent? The whole business of mankind passes to and fro before him like clock-work; he alone produces freely from out himself the unforeseen, the uncreated. What is intercourse with the world to him who, ere the sunrise, is already at his sacred work, and who after sunset, scarcely looks around him,—who forgets to nourish his body, and is borne in his flight on the stream of inspiration, far beyond the shores of flat every-day life? He says himself; "When I open my eyes, I cannot but sigh, for what I see is against my religion, and I am compelled to despise the world, which has no presentiment that music is a higher revelation than all their wisdom and philosophy. Music is the wine which inspires new creations; and I am the Bacchus who presses out this noble wine for mankind and makes them spirit-drunk; and then, when they are sober again, what have they not fished up to bring with them to dry land? I have no friend; I must live with myself alone; but I well know that God is nearer to me in my art than to others. I commune with him without dread; I have ever acknowledged and understood him; neither have I any fear for my music; it can meet no evil fate. He to whom it makes itself intelligible, must become freed from all the wretchedness which others drag about with them." All this did Beethoven say to me the first time I saw him. A feeling of reverence penetrated me, as, with such friendly openness, he uttered his mind to me, who could have been only very unimportant to him. I was surprised, too, because I had been told he was very shy, and conversed with no one.

They were afraid to introduce me to him, and I was forced to find him out alone. He has three dwellings, in which he alternately secretes himself; one in the country, one in the town, and the third upon the bulwarks. Here I found him upon the third floor; unannounced, I entered,—he was seated at the piano: I mentioned my name; he was very friendly and asked if I would hear a song that he had just composed; then he sang, shrill and piercing, so that the plaintiveness reacted upon the hearer, "Know'st thou the land." "It is beautiful, is it not?" said he, inspired, "most beautiful! I will sing it again." He was delighted at my cheerful praise. "Most men," said he, "are touched by something good, but they are no *artist-natures*; artists are ardent, they do not weep." Then he sang another of your songs, to which he had a few days ago composed music, "Dry not the tears of eternal love." He accompanied me home, and it was upon the way that he said so many beautiful things upon Art; withal he spoke so loud, stood still so often upon the street, that some courage was necessary to listen; he spoke passionately and much too startlingly, for me not also to forget that we were in the street. They were much surprised to see me enter, with him, in a large company assembled to dine with us. After dinner, he placed himself, unasked, at the instrument, and played long and wonderfully: his pride and genius were both in ferment; under such excitement his spirit creates the inconceivable, and his fingers perform the impossible. Since this he comes every day, or I go to him. For this I neglect parties, picture-galleries, theatres, and even St. Stephen's tower itself. Beethoven says: "Ah! what should you see there? I will fetch you, and towards evening we will go through the Schönbrunn alley." Yesterday, I walked with him in a splendid garden, in full blossom, all the hot-houses were open, the scent was overpowering. Beethoven stood still in the burning sun, and said, "Goethe's po-

ems maintain a powerful sway over me, not only by their matter, but also their rhythm; I am disposed and excited to compose by this language, which ever forms itself, as through spirits, to more exalted order, already carrying within itself the mystery of harmonies. Then, from the focus of inspiration, I feel myself compelled to let the melody stream forth on all sides. I follow it—passionately, overtake it again; I see it escape me, vanish amidst the crowd of varied excitements,—soon I seize upon it again with renewed passion; I cannot part from it,—with quick rapture I multiply it, in every form of modulation, and at the last moment, I triumph over the first musical thought,—see now,—that's a symphony;—yes, music is indeed the mediator between the spiritual and sensual life. I should like to speak with Goethe upon this, if he would understand me. Melody is the sensual life of poetry. Do not the spiritual contents of a poem become sensual feeling through melody? Do we not, in Mignon's song, perceive its entire sensual frame of mind through melody? and does not this perception excite again to new productions? There the spirit extends itself to unbounded universality, where all in all forms itself into a bed for the stream of feelings, which take their rise in the simple musical thought, and which else would die unperceived away: *this* is harmony, this is expressed in my symphonies; the blending of various forms rolls on as in a bed to its goal. Then one feels that an Eternal, an Infinite, never quite to be embraced, lies in all that is spiritual; and although in my works I have always a feeling of success, yet I have an eternal hunger,—that what seemed exhausted with the last stroke of the drum with which I drive my enjoyment, my musical convictions, into the hearers,—to begin again like a child. Speak to Goethe of me, tell him he should hear my symphonies; he would then allow me to be right, in saying, that music is the only unembodied entrance into a higher sphere of knowledge which possesses man, but he will never be able to possess it."

SCHILLER FESTIVITIES IN EUROPE.—The principal features of the Schiller Festival were everywhere the same—solemnities and addresses at the academics and schools, musical and theatrical performances, festival and torchlight processions, and illuminations. The Festival has not fallen short of the great expectation; everywhere, from Moscow to Marseilles, it seems to have been favored with the brightest of autumn weather. The Germans in London did their best, and so did they at Paris, Brussels, and other not German capitals; the German colonies in these cities form but a small minority; yet within their walls, and to the large body of their public, Schiller was but a stranger. "Who is Schiller?" was a question heard in the Crystal Palace. Not so in Germany. In whatever town you chanced to stay on that day, you were struck with the festival appearance of the place, even from the early morning; there were the bells pealing merrily, as if they had a special mission to celebrate the poet, who knew how to explain their chiming so well; there were the houses flagged and adorned with garlands; there were the cheerful expectant faces; there was the great holiday appearance of everything—and a holiday it was, not only for the schoolboy, but business and politics all had to give way before Schiller's Festival. Whoever has a name in literature, music, or the plastic art, has exerted his powers to the utmost for the celebration of the day. Berlin was at first refused what all the other large towns in Germany were allowed to indulge in; but a medium was hit on, in the solemn laying of the foundation-stone for Schiller's monument, which will stand on the open place in front of the theatre. The Prince Regent subscribed 10,000 thalers towards the monument, and besides this the government prize for the best German drama awarded every three years, was announced in the official paper. In the Vienna procession were 1,000 torch-

bearers, and 300 banners waved. In the Stuttgart and Leipzig processions, all the *dramatis persone* of Schiller's plays were represented; bell-casters guided a carr with a bell, that chimed in the procession; another cart bore Schiller's house with a baking oven in it, (Schiller's grandfather had been a baker), out of which came a sort of hot rolls (Bretzeln), which were distributed among the people; a printing press in the procession distributed Schiller's poem, "An die Freude;" Bachantes spent the "Marbach Schiller," a mixture of red and white wine, and gardeners threw flowers among the crowd. Frau von Gleichen, the only surviving child of the poet, was present at the Stuttgart Festival, and was welcomed solemnly by the authorities of the place: she seemed deeply moved. Marbach and Gohlis, near Leipzig, were places of pilgrimage to thousands of people. The Weimar procession moved to the Fürstengruff, where laurel wreaths and flowers were deposited on Schiller's grave by the hands of the young; from thence to the Schiller and Goethe monument, where the address was delivered. At Hamburg, the illumination of the Alsterbassin is said to have made a particularly fine effect, with the houses and ships flagged and brilliantly illuminated, the moon all the while trying to eclipse it all, but only enhancing the beauty of the scene. In the Hamburg procession walked upwards of 20,000 people, twenty-four music bands, and 2,000 singers. The Alster club closed this monster procession, with a large boat in its centre, drawn by eight fine horses. The "Lay of the Bell" has been performed almost everywhere, at some places with Romberg's composition, at others it was merely spoken, accompanied by scenic representations and *tableaux vivants*; these last were particularly fine at Munich. Here too the "Song of the Bell" was spoken by Sophia Schroeder, the once famous tragedian, now almost eighty years of age. Old King Ludwig willingly opened his Feldherrn-Halle for the performance of the Festival Cantata. Large donations have been given for the Schiller-Stiftung, a society for the support of poor authors and their families, which has started under the patronage of Schiller's name, in imitation of the London Society. We hear that at Vienna alone, 20,000 florins have been subscribed. Thus, when the remembrance of this remarkable Festival shall have faded away, this one beautiful fact will last to remind a younger generation of Schiller's Centenary Birthday.

DEATH OF REISSIGER, THE COMPOSER.—Only a few weeks ago we had to announce the death of Louis Spohr, and already another well-known name in the musical world, Karl Gottlieb Reissiger, has gone from among us. Reissiger died at Dresden on the 7th inst. Born on the 31st of January, 1798, at Belzig, near Wittenberg, he went afterwards to college at Leipzig, and from thence to the university. Here he resolved upon devoting himself to music entirely; accordingly, in 1821, he went to Vienna, where he composed his first opera, "Das Rockenweibchen," which was not performed, however, as the words did not pass the censor. Since 1826 he has been settled at Dresden, where he succeeded Karl Maria von Weber in his office as *Kapellmeister*. His popularity was more won by his songs than by his dramatic compositions. We only mention "Vater Noah," and "Die beiden Grenadiere," which are known and sung by old and young. Reissiger will be best recollected in England by his piano forte trios, which have a certain elegance and way of their own, though they do not rise to great music, and which are accessible to amateurs; also by that beautiful melody, introduced here under the name of "C. M. Weber's last waltz."—*London Athenæum*, Nov. 19th.

SIGNOR MARIO FIGHTING A DUEL.—The Madrid correspondent of the *London Advertiser*, writing on the 16th instant says:

"The brutal treatment which Madame Grisi has experienced at the hands of the high-born, well-bred, potato-hurling, howling audiences which frequent the Italian Opera here, has given rise to much recrimination. Signor Mario has naturally resented these insults. But in his remonstrances he has been met by the remark, that during the hey-day of her prosperity, Madame Grisi disdained to accept any of the brilliant offers of the Madrid managers, and that she only does so now, when her cracked and broken voice fails to procure any price in the market. Many angry discussions have arisen, and at last they have resulted in a duel, which came off yesterday. The principals were Signor Mario and Senor San Miguel, the director of the Principe Theatre. After several passes, and both combatants were wounded, the one in the face, the other in the arm, the seconds interfered, and the honor of both was declared Scot free. Neither has been seriously hurt; indeed, Mario

would be able to sing again next week, were his services required, but he will decline ever again to sing in this capital."

A Few Hints about "Samson."

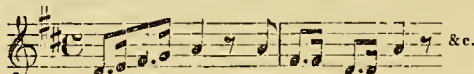
MY DEAR DWIGHT: I have just returned from hearing "Samson" in the Music Hall. I enjoyed it highly, with five other members of my family, but there were a few drawbacks to our pleasure, and I wish the privilege of stating them, through you, to the managers of the Handel and Haydn Society, and to the public.

First. I prefer oratorio to opera, because in the opera the costumes, &c., distract my attention from the music. I think therefore the managers made a great mistake this evening, in having one of the singers dressed in costume to represent Dalilah, "bedecked and gay," and "sailing like a stately ship." It must have been painful to the lady's own good taste, to make her thus conspicuous, and it was certainly painful to those who wished to hear Handel, rather than to see dresses.

Secondly. I have preferred oratorio to opera, because the applause in the opera is an interruption and annoyance. When I first went to the oratorio it was not the custom to applaud, and when this evening the audience not only applauded, but applauded the singing of "Let the bright seraphim" by a lady dressed in character for Dalilah, I confess I could not help feeling greatly annoyed. Could not the managers by an earnest request to the audience, just before the performance, restore to oratorio lovers their old pleasure, of having music uninterrupted by plaudits to the musicians?

Thirdly. There is no chorus that seems to me finer than, "Let their celestial concerts," but it was difficult to hear it on account of so many going out. How would it answer to introduce another chorus after it, so as to let all sit and hear, "Let their celestial concerts," uninterrupted by persons going out?

Fourthly. The Dead March from "Saul," is one of the finest pieces of music ever written by mortal pen,—but does it fit the place so well as the Dead March in "Samson"?



Have the Handel and Haydn Society ever tried the effect of introducing this march? balancing itself so wonderfully between the chorus of lamentation and the songs of eulogy,—and if not, why not?

OCTAGON.

Musical Intelligence.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Handel and Haydn Society gave its first concert at Concert Hall, on the 6th, with a large audience. We quote from the *Bulletin*:

The programme consisted of choruses from well known oratorios, solos, duos and overtures. The choruses were rendered with remarkable precision and spirit, and evidenced careful and thorough rehearsal. An increase of contraltos would no doubt be desirable, as there is an apparent lack of this force in this chorus.

Mr. H., tenor, sang his beautiful song, "Oh, whisper what thou feelest," with fine feeling and sentiment, and was enthusiastically applauded.

The soprano, Aria, "Gratias agimus tibi," sung by Mrs. R., with clarinet *obbligato*, afforded a fine opportunity for a display of executive abilities.

Mr. H., basso, gave a very satisfactory rendering of the song "In diesen heiligen Hallen," from Mozart's *Zauberflöte*; a better understanding with the orchestra would have been an improvement.

The *Miserere*, from *Il Trovatore*, was given with splendid effect, and really loses little from the lack of the accustomed *mise-en-scene*. The superb performance of the solos "D'amor sull' ali rose," for soprano and "Ah! che la morte," for tenor, deserve special mention.

The performance of Kreutzer's Chapel Chorus, for male voices, certainly rivalled, if it did not excel, our

German societies, with whom this noble composition is perfectly familiar. The fine quartet, "Gracious Spirit" was beautifully sung and elicited hearty applause. The overtures to *Martha* and *Zampa* were finely played by the Germania—Mr. Sents leading. Mr. B. Carr Cross conducted the choruses in an able manner. Encores seemed to be the rule, and not the exception, but the performers were good natured and the concert was a decided success.

NEW ORLEANS.—The *Picayune* of Dec. 1, describes a rehearsal at the Opera:

We had the satisfaction of forming one of a favored party who attended the rehearsal of the "William Tell" of Rossini, last evening, at the new Opera House, in Toulouse street, and had the pleasure of hearing, for the first time, some of the new troupe recently imported by Mr. Boudonsquie, the discriminating manager of this elegant establishment.

Our musical readers—the most exacting of them—may prepare themselves for a sensation, in the performance of this noble opera. They will find in Mons. Mathieu, the new tenore robusto, an artist of the higher class. With a voice of the largest compass, exquisitely fresh, clear, full, unstrained in every part of its register, peculiarly sweet and sympathetic in its upper, and resonant and telling in its middle and lower range, he gives to the trying role of *Arnold* a breadth and completeness which but few tenors, in our time, have equalled, and none have excelled. He is elegant and graceful, moreover, in mien and action; and in this, while fully equalling Brignoli as a singer, he is far his superior as an actor, having none of that stiffness and awkwardness, which so mar the best of that favorite Italian tenor's efforts. Mathieu reminded us of Mario, in some of the more delicate portions of this rôle, as, for example, in the delicious duo with *Mathilde*, in the second act. But Mathieu is a more satisfactory because a more conscientious singer than Mario; he evidently is not likely ever to disappoint his audience by slurring his music. A large portion of his part he sang, last night, in half voice, but in others he came out with all his powers; as in the memorable trio with *William Tell* and *Walter*.

And these two parts are proportionably well filled; the first by the new baritone, Melchisedec, and the latter by our old favorite, Genibrel. The former is the best in his rôle we have had here for years; and for purity as well as power of voice, we do not know that we have ever had his superior. It is a fresh and flexible voice, with no sign whatever of wear, and its compass embraces an extensive range. Genibrel's voice struck us as having increased in strength and capacity, while it is very certain he has greatly improved in the style of his singing, since we parted with him two or three years ago.

Mlle. Fettingler, prima donna, comie opera, made a very pleasing impression, by her singing of the rôle of *Mathilde*. She gave her principal scene, commencing the second act, with a cavatina, and closing with the beautiful duo with *Arnold*, charmingly, and convinced all of her possessing all the requisites of her position in the company. Mme. Marchal (dugazon) as the youthful son of *Tell*, went through her pretty rôle very nicely. In the busy finale to the first act, where *Melchisedec* is seized by the soldiers of *Gessler*, she showed a great deal of artistic talent, alike in her acting and singing.

We have scarcely left ourselves room to mention the orchestra and chorus, both of which, however, we must say performed their parts to admiration. The superb overture was finely rendered, under the direction of Mr. Prevost. We were happy to see the accustomed smiling face of Mme. Richer among the new comers, and in her old rôle of the wife of *Tell*.

Dec. 2.—The opening of the new Opera House was the great event of last evening, and it was not a surprise to any one, we imagine, to find it as full as it could hold, from the first row of the parquette to the very ceiling. The *coup d'œil* presented by the auditorium, when viewed from the centre of the parquette, was superb indeed. The house is constructed so as to afford a full view of the audience from almost every point, and its gracefully curved tiers of boxes, rising one above the other, each gradually receding from the line of the other, and then filled, in a great degree, with ladies, in grand toilette, presented a spectacle that was richly worth viewing. The private boxes on each side of the proscenium are elegantly draped with crimson damask, and are all occupied by families for the season. The whole house is painted white, and the decorations of the fronts of the boxes are in gold; the first circle, with rich festoons, and those above it with panel work. A magnificent mirror in a gold frame, on the wall on each side of the proscenium, adds greatly to the picturesque effect of the auditorium. The entrances to the house are numerous, spacious, and commodious,

and the crush room, ladies' retiring rooms, &c., are constructed upon a scale of great elegance and convenience.

Less than seven months ago, there was not a brick laid on the spot where now stands this superb temple of the lyric drama. * * * As to the opera, we have but little to add to what we took occasion to say after hearing the rehearsal, on Tuesday evening. Mathieu abundantly confirmed our warmest eulogiums, and we had the satisfaction, at the fall of the curtain on the last act, to find our opinion of him very generally corroborated by the discriminating and judicious. The first act affords to the representative of *Arnold* but scant opportunity to show what is really in his power to accomplish. And we were not surprised to find that the delicate and comparatively undemonstrative style with which the "Ah Mathilde!" was rendered by Mr. Mathieu, failed in some degree to satisfy some of those who did not remember that herein lay no proper test of the tenor's ability, that the debutant was indeed the great singer fame had given him out. But as he warmed into the cabaletta which terminates the duet with *Mathilde*, in the second act, and soared into the grand trio with *Tell* and *Walter*, that follows the announcement of *Melchthal's* death, and that swells into that wonderful "Oath" chorus, forming the finale of the act, there was a palpable clearing away of all doubts, and the artist was conceded his status, as a first class singer, by universal consent. And this he maintained to the end, bringing the performance to a close with the superb "Amis! amis!" and ringing out the electrifying "Suez moi!" like the notes of a clarion, as he led away the enthusiastic Swiss to the walls of the devoted Altorf, the stronghold of the tyrant Gesler, to achieve the liberation of *Tell*, and the liberty of Switzerland. He was unanimously called before the curtain at the close, and his success was complete.

Of Messrs. Melchisedee and Genibrel, we have already spoken, in connection with their performance of *Tell* and *Walter*. With Mathieu they produced an ensemble, the like of which we have not had, for years, if ever, on our boards. Mlle. Fetlinger, the fair-haired, sweet voiced and graceful prima donna, opera comique, rendered the charming part of *Mathilde* very sweetly and pleasantly, and Mme. Marchal, though obviously nervous and apprehensive, was a satisfactory *Gemmy*. Her acting was especially praiseworthy. The new tenor leger of the troupe, Mons. Petit, made a favorable impression as the *pecheur*, *Ruodi*. He will be a favorite, we doubt not, in comic roles.

The chorus is large, the scenery handsome, and the stage management faultless; and nothing whatever occurred, in the slightest degree, to mar the perfect effect of the first performance at our new Opera House.

On Saturday evening, "Guillaume Tell" again.

At the Theatre d'Orleans, last evening, there was a crowded house to hear Ambroise Thomas's charming comic opera "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Mr. Cabel, *tenor leger*, made his first appearance in the rôle of *Shakespeare*, and was warmly greeted. This artist has a good and well trained voice, sweet and sympathetic, and not lacking power. He showed himself an excellent comedian, and his personation of the immortal Burd of Avon was alike poetical and truthful. This debutant will be a favorite with our public.

Bourdais was very good as *Latimer*, and Sotto in the part of the "fat knight," *Falstaff*, revealed high capacities for the comical, and kept the audience in a roar.

Madam Dalmont, as *Queen Elizabeth*, was very graceful and dignified; she confirmed the favorable opinion we formed of her powers, and rounds of applause greeted the different morceaux she sang. The scene in the park at Richmond was admirably given.

She was well assisted by Mme. Baudoin, as *Lady Olivia*. Altogether, it was a most entertaining *soiree*, the great number of ladies present giving additional brilliancy to the appearance of the house; and the actors, as is generally the case, sang and performed so much the better to a full audience.

The Classic Music Society, to which the lovers of good music have been so greatly indebted in our city, are now ready to make their first appearance for the season. By to-morrow we shall be able to lay before our readers the programme of their first concert, which is to take place at Odd Fellow's Hall, on Wednesday of this week. But we have it in our power to announce that the symphony will be that one of Mendelssohn, familiarly known as his "Scotch" symphony, besides which Beethoven's Overture to "Leonora," Mehul's to "Jeanne Henri," and Meyerbeer's "Torchlight March," which was composed for the nuptials of the Prince Frederick William of Prussia and the daughter of Victoria, and is said to be a splendid orchestral composition, and there will

be several vocal performances besides. The Society is now fully organized, and the orchestra will be the largest ever combined in this city, comprising, as it will, about sixty members.

NEWPORT, R. I.—Last Tuesday evening we were present at an entertainment in Harmony Hall. It was given by the Philharmonic Society, to those of our citizens who so generously originated and carried out the last concert by that body, in order that their appreciation of such a public spirited act might be manifested.

The hall was just comfortably filled, and everything was quiet and pleasant, so far as the audience was concerned.

The following was the order: Now elevate the sign of Judah—Chorus by Haydn; A Scherzo, and Allegro *triacce* movement for two violins and violoncello; To Jesus, the crown of my hope—by Oliver Shaw; Chorus from the Morning; Scenes of happiness—song by Root; The laugh of a child—Glee; Flying home—Song and chorus; Variations on Bounding Billows—original, for two violins and cello; Calomel—a comic song; Rainbow—Chorus from Root.

It will be seen by the above, that for the second time an audience were by this Society gratified with instrumental music. This is a novelty for Newport, and was very pleasing to those present. It is a great pity that the elements for an orchestra are so deficient in this city, and strange that none are ready to take up so pleasant and useful a recreation, when there is every opportunity for so doing.—*Newport News*.

CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.—The Concert on Monday evening last, at the City Hall, by the Germania Band and Mrs. J. H. Long, attracted a full house, and was undoubtedly, taken as a whole, the best musical entertainment we have had in Cambridge for some time.

The orchestra, consisting of ten, under the direction of Mr. Schultze, first violinist—played with the utmost precision, both in time and tune, and the orchestral pieces were given in the most satisfactory manner, opening with the beautiful and popular overture to "Martha," and closing the performance with the Grand Finale from "Lucrezia Borgia," both of which were played in the very best style, and gave great satisfaction, as did also the other instrumental pieces, and especially the accompaniments to the vocal portions of the Concert.

Mrs. Long sang the Aria from "I Lombardi"—"Non fu Sogno"—most charmingly, completely captivating the audience by her beautiful voice, and the ease and fluency with which she delivered her musical tones, without any of the violent contortions so often witnessed, and which are anything but pleasing. The Scotch song, "Charlie is my darling," and the Marseilles Hymn—"very good music of the kind"—were sung very effectively, and were enthusiastically received; as was also the dramatic Contralto Aria from the Prophet, "Ah, mon fils," which is not often sung better.—*Chronicle*, Dec. 3.

The opening night of the Italian opera at the Academy of Music was a success, in spite of bad weather. The audience was very large. The opera was Donizetti's *Polinto*, which was put on the stage in fine style, and well sung. The part of *Paolina* is not one of Mme. Gazzaniga's best. But she sang with much energy, and acted at times with real passion. Signor Brignoli never sang better, and the same may be said of Signor Amodio. The fine concerted piece in the second act was re-demanded with enthusiasm, but the demand was not complied with. The duet in the third act, between Mme. Gazzaniga and Signor Brignoli, *Il suon dell'arpa angelica*, was encored—an honor to which such a meagre, commonplace composition was scarcely entitled. The chorus and orchestra were excellent. But the first impression made by *Polinto* is not very favorable. It is not equal to *La Favorita*, *Lucia*, or many other of its composer's works.—*Phil. Bulletin*, Dec. 6.

Since the Academy of Music was opened, no opera has had such a success on its first representation, as had Verdi's *Sicilian Vespers* last evening. It was admirably sung, well put upon the stage, and is pronounced by all competent judges to be the most carefully written of Verdi's operas. Mme. Colson sang with consummate skill and perfect taste, and acted with perfect propriety throughout. In her first cavatina, the exquisite duet with Brignoli in the second act, a still finer one in the third, and in the bolero of the last act, she delighted every one, and she was well sustained by Brignoli. Signor Junca, as *Jean de Procida*, made a good impression, singing like an intelligent artist and acting well. The new baritone, Signor Ferri, was pronounced one of the best ever heard here. Unfortunately in the ruthless "cutting"

of the opera, to bring it within a reasonable length, a great deal of the best music of *Guy de Montfort* was omitted. But Signor Ferri established his reputation by his first scena, which was sung with true feeling, and in the best style of the modern Italian school. The concerted music of the *Sicilian Vespers* is peculiarly good. One or two of the finales, a grand quartet, and a superb dramatic trio in the last scene, are worthy of any composer. Signor Verdi has been particularly happy in writing for the orchestra in this opera, and while there is less of noise than in many others, he has produced some very original and telling effects in the accompaniments.—*Bulletin*, Dec. 8.

Miss Adaline Patti, the young artist of sixteen, last evening enchanted a large audience at the Academy of Music by her exquisite performance of *Lucia di Lammermoor*. There were hundreds there with whom *Lucia* had long been worn threadbare, and a new sensation in connection with it was pronounced impossible. But even to the most blasé of opera-goers, the evening was one of delighted surprise, and greater enthusiasm has never been exhibited in the Academy on any occasion.

Miss Patti is very young in years and appearance, but she is a finished artist. She makes her debut, indeed, at a point of perfection to which most mature prima donnas never attain. In the character of *Lucia* her gentle, graceful, ladylike manner is exactly appropriate, and there was no deficiency at all in her acting. Her voice is a pure, delicious soprano, of great evenness and purity of tone, amply powerful in the upper and medium parts, and promising greater strength in the lower. It is a fresh, unspoiled voice, with no tremble in it, and none of the cracks that exposure to the Verdi fire always makes in that delicate article, the female voice. It is as flexible as Sontag's, with a good natural shake, and a facility of execution that makes all appearance of physical effort in the most elaborate passages totally unnecessary. Nature has done everything for Miss Patti; but the very best teaching has given her that beautiful, graceful delivery, noticeable particularly in recitative passages, but not the less to be admired in others. She has been singing ever since she could walk, having really "lispd in numbers." She has been heard here in concerts, when only eight or ten years of age. But the usual fate of infant prodigies has not attended her; for her talent and her voice have grown with her growth, and, having ceased to be an "infant phenomenon," she is now that far rarer phenomenon, a beautiful singer, of the purest and best school.

The audience, as usual in Philadelphia, were quite cool and indifferent at the beginning of the opera. An accidental failure to touch a high note in the first cavatina gave some of them misgivings. But before the first act closed there was hearty applause. The duet with *Edgar* and that with *Ashton* each revealed new talent. But the triumph of the evening was in the crazy scene, which was full of touching tenderness, united with as beautiful singing as ever fell from mortal lips. At its close, the audience were entirely thrown off their usual reserve. Bouquets flew from every part of the house, the young artist was thrice called out, and at the last call there was an irresistible shout of enthusiasm, the most honest and legitimate ever displayed in the Academy. Miss Patti will become the pet of the public, and the only fear is that she may be carried off to Europe, to wear the hitherto unappropriated mantle of Mme. Bosio, which she alone, of young Italian singers, seems worthy to receive.

Signor Stigelli made his debut as *Edgar*. He has a good robust tenor voice, which he uses like a thorough artist. His action, too, is more intelligent and intense than that of any tenor heard here for a number of years. In the malediction scene he was most effective; and he sang and acted extremely well in the last act. Signor Ferri was fine as *Ashton*, and the opera was in all respects extremely well done.

This evening, the *Sicilian Vespers* is to be played for the last time.—*Ibid*, Dec. 9.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—From a letter to the New York *Musical World*, Dec. 3, we copy the following:

On Tuesday evening we were favored with a fine vocal and instrumental concert, tendered by the American Brass Band, in connection with Gilmore's Cornet Band, to their accomplished leader and well known bugler, "Joe Greene."

On this occasion they were assisted by Mrs. A. C. Crump, of New York, and Mr. Carl Weise of this city. The music by the bands was most excellent, but a common concert-room is no place for the advantageous hearing of that class of music, and, of course the almost deafening performance of both bands was such as must necessarily lose much of its pleasing ef-

fect, confined as it was within the walls of a moderate-sized hall.

The bands played extracts from "Lucrezia Borgia" and "Saffo," which were well received. The singing, by Mrs. Crump, consisting of an extract from the opera "Der Freischütz," Cavatinas and several Ballads, was fair, and was moderately encored.

Extensive preparations are being made by the Band for their Seventh Course of Concerts, given to their contributing members. In these concerts they are always assisted by accomplished vocalists, and they are always well attended.

We expect soon also, and anxiously await, a series of concerts by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, assisted by quite an array of talent—Mrs. Wentworth, Mrs. Long and Mrs. Harwood.

Fine Arts.

Rembrandt Peale's Lecture on the Portraits of Washington.

The venerable REMBRANDT PEALE repeated by request on Wednesday evening, at Cambridge, his lecture on the portrait of WASHINGTON. He said that, in place of appropriate music, to beguile the tediousness of waiting for the hour of beginning, he had placed before the audience a picture of the patron saint of Music, St. Cecilia, just painted by himself in his eighty-second year. The audience were pleased by this graceful exordium, as they had been in looking at the beautiful picture. Mr. Peale went on to give an account of the various portraits of Washington, historical and critical, sometimes excusing himself by saying, that he was one of the few now living, of whom very soon there would be none who had looked upon the living form of Washington, and could speak from personal recollection and personal study. His lecture was interspersed with many anecdotes, and copies of some ten of the portraits, framed and finely lighted so as to be seen by all the audience, among them his seventy-sixth copy of his own picture, which was received with much applause. Mr. Peale's lecture was gracefully delivered in a clear, sweet voice, and the venerable appearance of the aged artist added not a little to the interest with which the audience listened to him.

No lecture can possibly have greater attractions to an audience any where in the United States than this, alike from its subject, its merit and its illustrations. It should be heard in every great city in the land, it such a thing could be, without utterly exhausting the endurance of the venerable artist. Long may he live to tell his recollections of the face and person of Washington!

Domestic Art Gossip.

(From the Crayon for December.)

The most important items in relation to Art-productions in New York are what has been done in the way of studies from nature, during the past summer. Beginning with CASILEAR, we find in his studio a collection of studies made in the vicinity of the White Mountains. They consist chiefly of trees; two forest inclosures exhibit the best tree painting we have seen from his brush; added to these are a series of moonlight effects, in which the peculiar aspects of cloud and atmosphere by moonlight in wet and dry seasons are admirably contrasted; we have the soft, hazy, silvery glow of a clear sky in a season of drought, and the grand forms of clouds driven by the wind, and only visible when near the moon's disc, presenting sharp contrasts of light above and gloom below, that characterize night landscape at wet seasons—SUYDAM, in the early part of the summer, devoted himself to trees, and in the latter part to coast-scenery on the shores of Massachusetts. A small picture on his easel is the result of his ocean studies. It represents an evening scene.—J. M. HART has made a number of faithful studies of rocks, tangled underwood, and white birch-trees, chiefly for a large picture called "Placid Lake," now in progress. The picture itself is the best summary of his labor. It represents a solitary lake in the Adirondicks, one of those immaculate haunts of nature which now seem to be the only localities within the reach of artists, poets, savans, and metaphysicians, where they can enjoy solitude if they choose to do so,

or disturb it without compromising their dignity. Mr. Hart's picture brings the place before us. There is literally a placid sheet of water surrounded by steep wooded hills, the form of old Whiteface rearing itself up as monarch of the region. In the foreground, on the left, are confused masses of underbrush, moss-covered rocks, and huge twisted trunks; the white birch, in his ragged coat, predominates, sending up its delicate foliage so as to cover the upper portion of the canvas, its extremities fading away in the absorbing light of the sun. This picture is Mr. Hart's most ambitious effort, and one that will add greatly to his reputation.—In KENSETT's studies we find rocks, tide-pools, sedge, sandy beaches, stunted trees, and wastes of turf that abound on the margin of the ocean. The long stretches of beach, with the billows lazily tumbling over upon the sand—the graceful curves that lead the eye away from the foreground out upon the blue waves toward some sparkling sail in the sunlight, the clear, tranquil atmosphere trembling with heat under a cloudless sky, the diminutive figures and vessels that contrast with and enliven the vast ocean, are all harmoniously blended and furnish a perfect idea of the scenery and associations he portrays.—BELLows found material for his pencil in the wilds of Maine. Most of his studies consist of pencil drawings, which are little gems of composition and effect. Whatever he describes to us with his pencil, whether an old rickety house or mill, an old fence or gateway, a shady nook, a flashing vista among the trees, is presented with true picturesque feeling.—WENZLER has a series of remarkably faithful studies which he made at the entrance of the Catskill Clove, using a Claude mirror to reflect the objects painted. These subjects are of special value in relation to an elucidation of some of the principles of sunshine and shadow.—HALL, besides two landscape studies, painted a number of fruit and flower-subjects, all of them remarkable for their truthfulness of color and drawing. These studies are among the very best of their class. Mr. Hall intends to dispose of his Art property at auction in the spring, and we are confident that those studies will be eagerly sought for.—GIFFORD, who has explored the Androscoggin River, now gives us a number of its fine prospects under the dreamy state of atmosphere which he treats so well. His studies are remarkable for the same delicate rendering of distances which has heretofore made them conspicuous.—HOTCHKISS has made a few remarkable studies of trees in sepia and oil. For delicacy of touch and faithful drawing they are almost unsurpassable. One, of an elm tree, is a marvellous production. Mr. Hotchkiss sailed lately for Europe, where he has gone for the benefit of his health.—HAZELTINE's studio is filled with souvenirs of European scenery. The walls are hung with sketches of the magnificent rocks and headlands on the bays of Naples and Salerno, added to which are Campagna and mountain views near Rome, and scenes in Venice; the whole forming a pictorial journey through the rare picturesque regions of Italy.—BREVOORT and MOORE have each a series of studies of landscape "bits."—GRENOUX is engaged upon a landscape entitled "Spring," and CHURCH on a South American volcano.

One of the most gratifying events we have to record has been the recent appearance among us of Mr. J. G. Chapman, who for the last eleven years has been residing in Rome. Mr. Chapman went to Rome in 1848, chiefly for the benefit of his health, as well as to paint in the tranquil, social atmosphere of Rome, and to conveniently mature important artistic projects. During Mr. Chapman's residence abroad he has been faithfully at work; he has explored the environs of Rome for artistic material, and has made himself thoroughly acquainted with the people and scenery of that region, the result of which is a series of pictures of Italian life, character, and landscape in almost every style of art. Few of his works are visible in our exhibitions; but they are widely distributed through the country. Travellers possess them to the greatest extent. His compositions illustrate the picturesque aspects of Italian peasant life, associated with the ruins of the Campagna and with the landscape charms of the mountains near Rome, and they constitute some of the most prized souvenirs of an American traveller's sojourn in Italy. Mr. Chapman's greatest labor has been the preparation of the American Drawing Book, a work the value of which is at length fully recognized. This work contains an elucidation of the principles of drawing so minutely and clearly analyzed, that the dullest mind cannot fail to comprehend them. The book is planned, indeed, with a view to establish the axiom that "he who can write can draw." Besides the facilities afforded to the learner of drawing in this work, there is a store of information for amateurs—the result of Mr. Chapman's professional

practice. Few artists write out their technical and professional experience so as to save labor and thought to beginners in art; when they do, it is considered as a boon, whatever may be its merits or demerits. The information serves as an excellent starting-point, if nothing more. Mr. Chapman's directions in every respect, but particularly in regard to implements and processes used in painting and etching, are of rarest value. We are glad to see an appreciation of the Drawing-book in England, where it has been fairly estimated, and where an edition is soon to appear. Mr. Chapman has brought home with him several of his recent productions, together with specimens of his sons' ability; the latter indicating fine promise. His own works represent some of the picturesque spots of the Pope's garden at Castel Gondolfo; and those of his two sons, John and Conrad, life-studies of Albanian peasants. The pictures are now at the residence of his friend, Wm. Kemble, Esq. Mr. Chapman sailed for Havre on the 12th ultimo.

Boston.—The most recent addition to the Athenæum gallery is a series of portraits of the Kemble family, consisting of heads of Mrs. Siddons, and her brothers John and Charles Kemble and Miss Fanny Kemble, the latter by Sally. Chief among them is the full-length portrait of John Kemble as Hamlet, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, which picture is a reduced copy of the original by the artist. As a painting it is not representative of the ability of Sir Thomas Lawrence; it reminds us of one of Inman's poorest works; the colors have changed, or the picture must have been carelessly painted. The remaining portraits are by Briggs, Hamilton, Clarke, Harlstone and Kenesley, none of them being remarkable in any respect. Whatever interest they possess is due to the fact that they are original portraits of their distinguished subjects. A very good lesson in color may be had in the exhibition of the Athenæum by comparing Page with himself, by contrasting, in a general way, the merits of his Venns and those of his Holy Family, both works hanging side by side, the former painted about two years ago, and the latter about twenty. Nobody could believe that these two pictures were by the same hand, totally different as they are in aim and in execution, the one being a muddy extravaganza, and the other a pure and rationally constructed work of Art. There is a certain maturity of power, a greater decision of drawing (not correctness) in the Venns, which makes it, perhaps a more complete picture. There is bad drawing in the Holy Family, but the better feeling in other elements of the picture, particularly in respect to color, more than counterbalances its defective drawing. The color of the Holy Family appear to be as much superior to that of the Venns as its ideas are; a good Catholic would be warranted in believing that the subject itself had controlled the medium of its representation. A comparative study of the works of Babcock and Page is also profitable. Page is a theorist in color, Babcock has a natural love for it. He not only excels Page in color, but it seems, also, in bad drawing; but his works have genuine sentiment; what truth they possess is better in quantity and quality. Did Babcock's works receive the recognition they merit on account of their color, he would be stimulated by it to overcome deficiencies in drawing, and do nobler things. His subjects consist generally of mythological conceits, cupids and costume arrangements.

Boston is laudably employed in collecting the works of Allston. The latest acquisition is "St. Peter in Prison delivered by the Angel." This picture was painted by Allston for Sir George Beaumont, and was for a long time in the chancel of the church of Ashby de la Zouche, from which place it was removed several years since to give place to a stained-glass window; the picture was rolled up, and remained so until the exhibition at Manchester summoned it from its hiding place. Its exhibition, we believe, and the knowledge that it was for sale, led Dr. Hooper, of Boston, to take steps to procure it, the result of which is that the picture is now in his possession. Although not one of the pictures which best represent Allston's powers, St. Peter in Prison is, nevertheless, a very fine work; it is remarkable for its purity of feeling and power of expression; its effect is somewhat qualified by a certain stiffness in the figures, which is due to the academical notions of drawing and composition and to Sir Joshua Reynolds's old master theories, which prevailed in England at the time Allston painted there. Mrs. Jameson (if we are not mistaken) mentions the picture, in her Sacred and Legendary Art, as the best treatment of the subject she ever saw. The expression of St. Peter has been particularly admired. The original study of this head is in the possession of Hon. George Bancroft, and its interest is enhanced by the fact that Professor Morse sat to the artist as a model for the head. While alluding to this work, we

will take occasion to state that "The Spanish Maiden," said to be one of Allston's finest works, is for sale. The picture is now at the Astor Library.

Of the performances of artists in Boston, we would mention a series of landscape studies by Ordway, made near Conway, N. H.; they are a great advance upon his former studies. Wheelock has also been in the White Mountain region, but later in the season. His studies are in water-color, and chiefly of autumnal scenery. They are remarkable works, showing great command over his materials, and a sound and healthy perception. He draws admirably and with delicacy, coupled with which is a fine feeling for color. Bradford, a marine painter of New Bedford, exhibits, at Williams & Everett's, three specimens of his art that command attention. We have never seen boats more beautifully drawn. His pictures are simple in composition and exceedingly truthful.

Opening of the York Organ.

(From the London Musical World, Nov. 19.)

The opening of the organ in York Minster, on Thursday, the 10th instant, was an event of greater musical importance than has occurred in that time-honored city, since the great festival of 1823. The organ used upon that famous occasion was destroyed when the building was set on fire in 1829; and the late Dr. Camidge, the organist at the time, made the specification for the one which was built to replace it, and which was completed in 1832. The colossal instrument, the most extensive that had then ever been erected in England, was designed upon a plan as entirely without precedent as it is likely to be without imitation; and as the novel experiments in its construction were generally unsuccessful, further experiments to improve upon them have from time to time been made, which had little result but to crowd the organ case with pipes to such repletion that a multitude of them were unable to act, and the remainder could produce but a small portion of the effect which, under a more favorable disposition, they would have yielded. The enormous weight required to press down the key, and the excessive depth to which they had to be pressed in order to act upon the pipes, were matters of marvel to all who understood, and to many who understood not the nature of organs; and the extension of the manual compass to that of a piano-forte keyboard was a device that was not less useless, not less cumbersome indeed to the player than it was original. It boots not to enlarge upon the defects of an instrument which were almost as great as its cost, nor to particularize its redundancies, which redound but little to the credit of their designer; it is enough to sum up all in saying, what is too well known, that it was almost impossible to play upon the organ, and that, when played upon, the effect it produced was in an inverse ratio to the means it possessed. Poor Dr. Camidge became an invalid, and the inefficiency of the instrument he had modelled became even more manifest when his Herculean digits no longer wrought upon its ponderous clavier. Lord Derby appointed Dr. Dancombe to the deanery of York, and the new dean entered on his office with the resolution to spend all his energies upon the aggrandizement of the magnificent and venerable institution over which it became his duty to preside. He soon perceived the necessity to the dignity of the Minster, of reform in its musical arrangements, and one of the earliest acts of the Chapter under his administration was to pension off the incumbent organist and to elect a successor to him. The election was made at Christmas last, and Dr. E. G. Monk was chosen to fill the important office, who made it his first care to examine into the imperfections of the instrument on which he was to play, and to report the imperative necessity for their modification. He was accordingly required to make a plan for remodelling the organ, which being completed when he entered upon his appointment on the 1st of May, Messrs. Hill and Son, the descendants of the firm that carried out Dr. Camidge's design for the original instrument, were engaged to reconstruct it, in fulfilment of Dr. Monk's specification.

The alterations and improvements effected in the rebuilding of the instrument comprise, what is most important, an entire restoration and repair of the whole of the pipe work, a condensation of the unwieldy and unsymmetrical manual compass to the recognized standard CC to G, and the edition of a new pedal organ of 2½ octaves, containing 19 stops, with a separate or fourth row of keys for the "tuba" organ. Another great improvement is the extensive application of the pneumatic system, or lever action, by which the touch of the keys is rendered light and elastic, and the physical labor of the organist, under the old mode of playing, entirely superseded. Each division of the organ has been enriched by the addition of "manual doubles," and new full-toned reed

stops. The monotony of the original oft-recurring "unisons" and "octaves" has been obviated by the substitution of new stops of distinctive and beautiful intonation, imparting to the instrument a dignity, a vigor, and a brilliancy of effect quite unattainable previous to the organ being reconstructed and improved. The whole series of mutation stops has also been remodelled; the "scales," which had been subjected to countless transformations, with the worst results, have been revised, and restored to their original proportions, and the effect produced in consequence is most satisfactory. In the carrying out of the improvements an important desideratum has not been lost sight of, the wind pressure being now remodelled and re-adjusted, whereby increased power and efficiency are secured by means at once simple and easy of management, whilst at the same time the laborious task of filling the pipes with wind is rendered less laborious than it was before. The swell, which some years ago was raised to an unwonted height, marring the general appearance of the organ case, has been lowered no less than six feet, a process which has added greatly to the external beauty of the instrument. This improvement has been accomplished without in the least degree impairing the swell organ either in capacity or tone. The size of the swell box was much too large, owing to a number of worthless and badly arranged pipes which had been crammed into it without the exercise of any due discretion. The superfluous pipes are now discarded, and those only retained which are of an useful character, less space being required for their reception, whereby the height of the swell has been reduced in the manner we have described. Another matter of importance is that the pipes have been re-voiced throughout, and their proper pitch and clearness secured with the nicest accuracy, the brilliancy and distinctness in the tone of the organ being thus greatly enhanced.

An improvement in the arrangement of the "tuba" organ has also been adopted. The pipes formerly stood in a perpendicular position, but now they are placed horizontally, and facing the nave. The unexampled power and splendid tone of those pipes will be heard with better effect in their new situation, for the sound is mellowed and sweetened before it reaches the choir, and the harshness which previously prevailed will now no longer exist. These pipes, by projecting straight out towards the nave, present a somewhat novel sight in this country, but one that is not unexampled in some Continental organs, and one that is by no means inconsistent with good effect and architectural propriety.

The organ does not now contain so many pipes as it did previously. Although a smaller instrument, numerically speaking, in power and variety of "timbre" it far surpasses in its results anything which could be produced under the former arrangement of the organ. There are now 23 stops in the great organ, 14 in the swell organ, 9 in the choir organ, and 3 in the solo organ, making, with the couplers, a total of 75 stops, and about 5,000 pipes in the aggregate. By the alteration in the organ the number of pipes is now fewer by 3,000, but still the instrument is much superior to what it was before the renovation took place. There were multitudes of pipes which never were nor ever could be played upon, but now every pipe will be "made to speak," and to perform its office when required. Before the improvements were commenced, the organ contained 8,000 pipes, and 80 stops; and the old organ, which was burnt by the calamitous fire in 1829, contained at the time of its destruction 52 stops, 3,254 pipes, 3 rows of keys, 60 notes in compass, and 2 octaves of pedals, the largest pipe being 24 feet in length.

Having thus noticed some of the principal alterations and improvements which have been carried out, we will proceed to give an analysis of the several divisions of the organ:

THE GREAT ORGAN, CC to G.

	Feet.		Feet.
1. Double diapason.....	16	13. Twelfth.....	3
2. Bourdon*.....	16	14. Fifteenth.....	2
3. Open diapason, east.....	8	15. Octave flute*.....	2
4. Open diapason, west.....	8	16. Full mixture (3 ranks).....	2
5. Open diapason, No. 3.....	8	17. Tierce mixture (3 ranks).....	2
6. Gamba.....	8	18. Sharp mixture (3 ranks).....	2
7. Stopped diapason*.....	8	19. Cornet (4 ranks).....	2
8. Quint.....	6	20. Glockenspiel (2 ranks).....	2
9. Octave.....	4	21. Double trumpet.....	16
10. Octave.....	4	22. Posauene.....	8
11. Gemshorn.....	4	23. Trumpet.....	8
12. Harmonic flute.....	4	24. Clarion.....	4

THE SWELL ORGAN, CC to G.

	Feet.		Feet.
1. Bourdon*.....	16	8. Dulciana mixture (3 r'ks).....	16
2. Open diapason.....	8	9. Bassoon.....	8
3. Dulciana.....	8	10. Horn.....	8
4. Stopped diapason.....	8	11. Trumpet.....	8
5. Octave.....	4	12. Oboe.....	8
6. Fifteenth.....	2	13. Vox humana.....	8
7. Full mixture (3 ranks).....	4	14. Clarion.....	4

THE SOLO ORGAN, CC to G.

	Feet.		Feet.
1. Tuba.....	16	3. Harmonic Flute.....	4
2. Tuba.....	8		

THE CHOIR ORGAN, CC to G.

	Feet.		Feet.
1. Gedact*.....	16	6. Wald Flute.....	4
2. Open diapason.....	8	7. Fifteenth.....	2
3. Dulciana.....	8	8. Mixture metal (2 ranks).....	2
4. Stopped diapason*.....	8	9. Clarinet.....	8
5. Octave.....	4		

THE PEDAL ORGAN, CCC to F.

	Feet.		Feet.
1. Double open diapason*.....	32	11. Flute bass*.....	8
2. Double open diapason.....	32	12. Twelfth.....	6
3. Open diapason*.....	16	13. Fifteenth.....	4
4. Sub bass*.....	16	14. Mixture (5 ranks).....	32
5. Open diapason.....	16	15. Sackbut*.....	32
6. Violone*.....	16	16. Trombone.....	16
7. Bourdon.....	16	17. Bassoon.....	16
8. Quint*.....	12	18. Clarion.....	8
9. Octave.....	8	19. Octave clarion.....	4
10. Octave bass*.....	8		

COUPLERS.

1. Great Pedal.	5. Swell to Great.
2. Swell to Pedal.	6. Solo to Swell.
3. Choir to Pedal.	7. Solo to Great.
4. Swell to Choir.	

COMPOSITION PEDALS.

Two to Pedal Organ.	Four to Great Organ.
Two to Swell Organ.	Two Tremulants.

SUMMARY STOPS.

Great Organ.....	24	Pedal.....	19
Swell.....	14	Couplers.....	7
Choir.....	9		
Solo.....	3		76

The pipes marked thus * are wood; all the others are metal.

The re-building of this organ has been a gigantic undertaking, and the work has been prosecuted with the utmost vigor by Messrs. Hill and Son, who will ere long finish their labors. Dr. Monk, the organist, has had the superintendence of the improvements, and the anxiety he has experienced for months past is now rewarded by the consciousness that he has the management of an organ of unrivalled gravity, power, and beauty and brilliancy of tone, broad and harmonious both in plan and detail—an instrument in short which the dean and chapter may be proud of possessing, the organist have pleasure in playing, and the congregation who assemble within the sacred walls of the Minster for divine worship have delight in listening to.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Dec. 12.—When the New York *Musical Review* can find nothing else with which to fill up its diluted columns, the Dutch editor of that inestimable sheet attacks *Dwight's Journal*, either in its editorial or correspondence. The *Review* has several times directed its amusing shafts of pointed satire against your New York correspondent, and last week gushed forth in a torrent of fresh vituperation. In extracting from a New York letter to the *Journal*, in which occurs a translation from De Trobriand's criticism on the "Magic Flute," the irate editor takes occasion to call, De Trobriand the writer, "Trovator" the translator, and Dwight the publisher, a number of savage names. De Trobriand knows no more about music than a wig, and Dwight should be ashamed of himself for publishing "the vulgarities" of his New York correspondent. So says the *Review*.

For myself, I am always vastly amused at these funny sputterings of the Dutch editor, and I like to analyze the different titles with which his petty spite invests me. This time he commences by calling me "a dwarf." Then as, if the diminution of my physical proportions were not sufficient to placate his ire, he makes me "small by degrees and beautifully less," by terming me in the second place "a nothing of the Trovator stamp;" now this would intimate my utter annihilation, but as he implies a little further on that I am "a school-boy," there is still a possibility of my surviving his ill nature. I do not think the *Review* scrawler has observed his sequences well, for certainly the "schoolboy," "dwarf," and "nothing," should be the proper consecutive arrangement.

The *Review* has, as I before said, often attacked *Dwight's Journal*—one time the *Review* man thought he would be funny, and probably with some vague allusion to the German translations, and the criticisms on German music that frequently appear in the *Journal*, suggested that that periodical should be published in the German tongue. A reader of both papers remarked to me, on reading this ponderous fling, that it is more immediately necessary for the *Review* to be published in *English*, as the curious grammatical structure of many of its editorials leaves room to doubt as to what the sapient editor means. How a writer who calls other, and I hope different, writers, "dwarfs," and "nothings," and declares they know no more of music than an old wig, can accuse them of vulgarities and not feel a twinge of conscience, is to "Trovator" quite incomprehensible.

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Very little has occurred here in the musical way since my last letter. The "Mendelssohn" gave a weak Concert at Palace Garden, which is getting to be quite a musical place. The concert was a charity affair, for the benefit of St. Ann's Church for deaf mutes, and was given by the Society to fulfil their promises to the subscribers of four concerts per season. ARTHUR NAPOLEON has returned to New York, quite pleased with his reception in Boston, and is engaged for three nights this week at the Palace Garden, at a sort of hodge-podge entertainment, in which Mr. Sam Cowell, the comic singer, and others take part.

The Brooklyn Philharmonic Society gave a concert at the Brooklyn Athenæum, Saturday night, in which a Signor CENTEMERI, a new Italian baritone, sang with great acceptance. Mozart's Jupiter "Symphony," Sterndale Bennett's *Waldnymph* Symphony and Schindelmeyer's Overture, "Uriel Acosta" were the orchestral pieces. Madame Johansen also sang, and M. Schreiber played a couple of cornet solos.

TROVATOR.

NEW YORK, DEC. 13.—There is but little stirring in the musical world. Even in the Philharmonic rehearsals, there is an unusual pause, owing to the Academy being occupied by a gigantic Fair in aid of all the Roman Catholic churches of the city. Last week, indeed, Mr. and Mrs. ROBERT GOLDBECK gave a couple of their so-called Lyric Recitals, in which both Music and Poetry are represented, the former by Mr. Goldbeck, the latter by his lady. Mrs. Goldbeck, under the name of Miss Freeman, has already won some reputation as a painter, and now ventures upon a new field of talent. The selection of pieces is judicious, and affords much variety. Mr. Goldbeck played some of his own compositions, as well as those of some of the greatest masters. He is always conscientious and pains-taking.

A very interesting feature to music lovers are Mr. FRANZ SCHLOTTER's Lectures on the Art, which commenced last week. I had intended giving you, to-day, a resumé of the first three, but indisposition obliges me to shorten this letter, and I must defer the particulars till my next. I send you the programme, however, which may give you an idea of the value of this course. The lectures are exceedingly interesting, though of course such a quantity of matter cannot be very thoroughly digested in so small a compass.

PROGRAMME.

- No. 1. History of Music from the commencement of the Christian era to the end of the sixteenth century. Palestrina, Nanini, Allegri.
- No. 2. History of Music from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth century. Bach, Handel, Haydn, and Mozart. The Italian School.
- No. 3. History of Music during the last fifty years. The Characteristic of Italian Music. Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, Mercadante, Verdi. The Characteristic of German Music. Schneider, Mendelssohn, Weber, Schubert, Schumann, Meyerbeer, and Wagner.

- No. 4. Beethoven—his Biography and Influence.
- No. 5. Harmony and Melody.
- No. 6. Harmony—Explanations most necessary to Performers on the Piano and in Singing.
- No. 7 and 8. Musical Dynamics.
- No. 9. The Piano—its Organism and effects in consequence thereof. Its History.
- No. 10. The Ancient and Modern Compositions for the Piano, and their Characteristics.
- No. 11. Clementi, Hummel, Moscheles, Czerny, Listz, and Thalberg.
- No. 12. General review and closing remarks.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 17, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — 1. Conclusion of Anthem: "As Pants the Hart," by SPOHR. 2. Quartet and Chorus: "Blessed are the Dead, who die in the Lord," also by SPOHR, from G. J. Webb's *Cantica Ecclesiastica*.

Sacred Melodies by Bach.

JOHN SEB. BACH: *Eight Airs for an Alto Voice*, from various Cantatas and Masses; the Piano-forte arrangement by ROBERT FRANZ. (Boston, Oliver Ditson & Co.)

We have here the first eight of those wonderful arrangements of wonderful old melodies, to which we have already alluded at length (see *Journal* for Sept. 24) as promised us by Germany's most gifted living song composer, as well as most appreciative and devout disciple of Sebastian Bach. These eight are all for the Alto voice, but are also convenient for the most part for the Mezzo-Soprano. After much study of them, with still deepening enjoyment, we find them more than realizing all that is promised for them in Franz's preface, which we have already copied in our former notice. We feel that we have here the purest gold which any musical mining has for many years turned up. We called them wonderful *old* melodies; but we have found no songs for many years,—hardly excepting those of Franz himself—so fresh, so new; and none that grow upon one with such deepening interest; yielding new beauty and new meaning every time we listen, whether with the ear or in the mind only; sinking into the heart, and identifying themselves, as the very truest language, with the holiest and deepest feelings. It seems to us that we have known but very little music so religious as this is, and that Bach, as these songs reveal him, must have been a profoundly religious man; that it was the religious earnestness and wholeness of his life that made his Art so grand and perfect.

A few words first upon the eight *Airs* generally.

First, as to the melodies in themselves. With much less of the old conventional turns and phrases in them, than we have for the most part in Handel, they have all the immortal qualities of his best airs, with even more of tenderness and charming quaintness, more that is purely singable and not declamatory, while they give you the most secure feeling that the strain can never possibly relapse into so much as a bar or two of common-place. The inspiration is always sustained; there is a flavor of individuality about every air. The melodies are remarkably broad, and symmetrically rounded; well poised and sustained in their long flight. Each is most happily suited to its subject, as if spontaneously born of it, and perfectly wedded to the words, fondly entwining itself about a syllable here and there, not for mere ornament, but obviously to show how

full it is of meaning. The tenderness and pathos of many of them is unsurpassed in any art or language: and it is so strong and healthful at the same time! But the great wonder is their freshness; most of the melodies of the day, like fashionable young men, are old before their time; but here are airs, written a hundred years ago, sung *once* perhaps in the ordinary course of the Lutheran Church service, laid on the shelf to be forgotten until now, when they are brought out to surprise us with an immortal youth of song.

To the singer and the listener we cannot too earnestly commend these melodies, for the inward joy and comfort they will surely afford, when one once begins to be really acquainted with them. And for the singers, if it were possible to separate them as mere vocal exercises from the meaning and the feeling with which each phrase is laden, we should say that they would prove the fruitfulness of vocal studies. One who shall have thoroughly studied these eight airs with the voice and mastered them, will have learned more of the true art of singing, more of the noblest and most expressive habits of the voice, than she could by executing a whole repertoire of fashionable operas. They are hard lessons, but none more worth the learning. The right delivery of these songs brings every faculty of the true singer into requisition.

2. The words. These are quaintly simple and antique, and often strongly Calvinistic; in the almost Methodistical style of the old Lutheran hymns. Bach did not quarrel with them; one would say, he evidently loved them. Franz (see his "Introductory Remarks" prefixed to each number of the *Airs*), felt it his duty to preserve the German words unaltered, since words and tones with Baach are always mutual interpreters. The English version here presented has been made as close to the original as possible, and with especial pains to reproduce the very sound and accent and poetic image of a word or syllable, where Bach has clothed it with a peculiarly felicitous melodic or harmonic illustration. This of course has involved some boldness and homeliness of language. Those who do not like the words, or find them repugnant to their creed of mind or heart, must take them as antiquities, poetic reproductions of the past; the *music* will translate all into thoughts loved of all humanity, melting away whatever can offend.

3. The piano-forte accompaniments. These are as wonderful as the melodies themselves, as vital, and inseparable from them. They are essentially, and almost literally, Bach's own, and yet the work of reproducing the harmony from the original score, (where it is distributed among the quartet of stringed instruments, with sometimes flutes, trumpets, &c., besides, each part moving as it were with a melody of its own,) and of condensing it in practicable shape upon the key-board of the piano, without loss of any thing significant, or addition of anything alien, was one that could only have been entrusted with safety to a musician as profound, as delicately apprehensive, and as largely imbued with the very spirit of Bach, as Robert Franz. And most admirably has he done his work, solving not only the problem above stated, but the harder one of supplying, from the mere figured organ bass which Bach has contented himself with jotting down occasionally, *parts*, which develop as naturally and move as freely as they might have done un-

der Bach's own hand. These accompaniments, in truth, are difficult, abounding in widely dispersed harmonies, and contrapuntal imitation; they require a masterly pianist; but some are more practicable than others, and all are so beautiful, so full of exquisite expression, that any one, with a soul for beauty in him, will find the slow labor of studying them out more satisfying than any he could spend on difficult show pieces of the modern school. The player, as well as the singer, must make careful study of the "Introductory Remarks" by Franz.

In another article we shall speak of the eight *Airs* in detail.

Concerts.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY. The Oratorio, "Samson," was repeated in the Music Hall last Sunday evening, as was also the cheering spectacle of a very large and well pleased audience. The choruses seemed to ring out with even more life, promptness and precision than before. There was some improvement also noticeable in the solos. Mr. ADAMS raised himself somewhat more nearly, in some portions, to the severe requirements of the part of Samson; and Mr. AIKEN gains ground with his audience clearly; his heavy tones have life and resonance, and he delivers those bold challenging strains (to which, as music, we are less partial than to Handel's good things generally) with good style and spirit. The duet of mutual defiance: *Go, baffled coward, go*, could be dropped out, we think, to the improvement of the general effect of the oratorio. We were particularly struck this time with the beauty of the air in the part of Samson: "*Thus when the sun from's watery bed*"; Mr. Adams sang the first half of it very pleasingly, but strength seemed to fail him for the last half. Mrs. LONG was as usual, and Mme. BISHOP showed herself still the model of clear, finished style and execution in English singing. Such opportunities of hearing her should be carefully improved.

We trust the Handel and Haydn Society will now soon feel themselves in sufficient strength and courage to resume that far greater work of Handel, "Israel in Egypt," and give it a chance of that success which anything so grand is sure to have (as sure here as in England) as soon as it becomes a little better known. There are many calls too, we are sure, for more hearings of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise"; and, as that is a short oratorio (and all the better therefor), what could eke out the evening more effectively or more instructively than the singing by that grand mass of voices of a few of Bach's Chorales? And when shall we hear "St. Paul?" when "Jephtha"—another of the very best of Handel? At all events we look for something worthy of the old Handel and Haydn.

ORCHESTRAL UNION. These enterprising musicians, much to the misfortune of the public, gave their last Wednesday Afternoon Concert under not very genial auspices. In the first place another long Fair in the Music Hall drove them to set up their tabernacle for a while in Tremont Temple; and then the hour came attended with such whistling, bitter blasts and driving snows, that we have not yet heard who went in or came out. We are only able to record the programme, which was not as good as usual.

Pity! for it would have been at least one inward triumph over the opposing elements, to have felt that the programme was up to the level of one's musical "best hours."

1. Symphony. No. 2.....Haydn
2. Waltz. Telegraphic Despatch.....Strauss
3. Overture. Martha. (By request).....Flotow
4. Nocturno.....Thalberg
5. Cavatina and Finale. Ernani.....Verdi
6. Torch Light Procession.....Danze
7. Gallop. A Night in Denmark.....Lunbye

"By request"! Who is entitled to the granting of requests? Are there not requests for every thing, good, bad and indifferent, and must the loudest and the foolishhest be always the first served?

DEATH OF NATHAN RICHARDSON. There cannot be many of our musicians and music-teachers, nor indeed many members of the musical world hereabouts, who have not owed something to the obliging, generous, cheerful qualities of the young and enterprising founder and proprietor of the "Musical Exchange," a few years since a favorite and famous resort of all the friends of music. He has since become more widely known as the author of two most successful instruction books, the "Modern School," and "Richardson's New Method," for the Piano-Forte. His zealous devotion to the cause of musical education, his enterprising turn of mind, his industry, his frank and social disposition, making friends on all sides, marked out for him a sphere of real usefulness, upon which he seemed to have but just joyously and manfully entered, when consumption had him in its grasp. He was forced to retire from his business a couple of years ago, and devote himself thenceforward to whatever chances of the restoration of his health, taking up his residence for some time in the pleasant town of Warren, in Worcester County. He then made a voyage to Smyrna, with more apparent than real benefit to his health, — writing while absent some very interesting letters to the *Transcript*. Flattered by the feeling of returning strength, and anxious to be useful, he then prepared his "New Method," which, we are glad to learn, will prove a source of income to his family. In the Spring he went to Paris, where he has since resided and where he died on the 19th of November. His young wife, who arrived last week in New York, in the steamer Ocean Queen, with the remains, was the first bringer of the sad news.

The deceased was a native of South Reading, Mass., where many of his kindred now reside. His age was 32 years. The Paris correspondent of the *Traveller* furnishes the following particulars of his death:

Mr. Richardson had for three years suffered from consumption; but since he had been under the care of Dr. Churchill here, a physician of extensive reputation, who professes to cure consumption by administering the hypophosphites of lime and of soda, Mr. Richardson's health improved. He thought, and Dr. Churchill said his recovery was near at hand. The gales of the early part of this month suddenly changed the weather here; it became excessively damp and raw. Mr. Richardson was taken with hemorrhage of the lungs, and after treating it four or five days Dr. Churchill thought the accident remedied; but the rawness of the weather increased, and last Tuesday week the Doctor discovered inflammation of the lungs. Mr. Richardson's disease became hopeless, he grew worse until Friday night, when a marked change for the better took place; this, however, did not last, and he breathed his last Saturday morning at eleven o'clock, utterly unconscious that death was upon him. His body was sent home last Wednesday on board the Ocean Queen, attended by his faithful wife, who refused even after death to part from her husband's body until she saw it laid among his kindred under Massachusetts soil. If his acquaintances here were few, they were all of them devoted in their attentions to him and his widow. One Boston family, especially, (I would I felt at liberty to mention its name!) acted with the rarest delicacy and generous kindness.

Musical Chit-Chat.

Next Tuesday evening comes the third of the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB's present series of Chamber Concerts at the Meionaeon. They have searched their repertoire for some of the choicest pieces this time, to-wit: Beethoven's F minor Quartet, (heard with such interest, for the first time, a few weeks since); Mozart's G minor Quintet; Mendelssohn's Quartet in E flat; a Clarinet Concerto by the lamented Spohr, &c. . . . There will be the usual Afternoon Symphony, with et-ceteras, on Wednesday; and beyond that we scout the horizon in vain for sight of coming concerts, Mr. ZERRAHN not having ventured to fix a date for his next Philharmonie, while the Music Hall is taken up by an indefinite continuance of Fairs, &c., so that one almost begins to doubt whether we have a Music Hall. That doubt, however, will ere long be settled, when we shall see reared there in solid wood and metal, that magnificent architectural design for the new Organ, drawn by Hammatt Billings, which we have just been feasting our eyes withal. Its erection will be an era in this country, architecturally as well as musically.

In another column we have allowed "Trovator" to answer the attack which his own amusingly frank dissent from the world's, from *our*, respect and love for Mozart's operas, has provoked. He may fight his own battles, (although we advise him henceforth to abstain, nor deem it necessary to have the last word). We fight not, and notice no attacks from certain quarters. Our readers know that we have never agreed to endorse the opinions of our correspondents, and that it is very much our humor to let the *other side* disport itself freely in our columns, provided it can represent itself cleverly and readably; the complexion of our own views, we are sure, is not easily mistakable, nor is their influence lessened by the hospitality of our columns to those of other ways of thinking.

"E. P. K.," of Louisville, Kentucky, has our thanks for his translation of Mme. George Sand's reminiscences of Chopin, in the *Memoirs* of her own Life; but we are sorry to inform him that the passages have already been translated in this Journal (Vol. VII., Nos. 25 and 26.)

Mr. B. D. ALLEN still keeps the pure fire alive among a circle of lovers of classical music in Worcester, Mass. Recently he gave a soirée which must have been refreshing. The *Palladium* says:

The opening piece was Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, Op. 58, and it was finely, grandly rendered by Mr. B. D. Allen and Miss E. S. Bacon. Portions of the work were given with effect almost orchestral, and in all its picturesqueness, beauty, and sublimity, it lay before us a clear, charming picture. Such performers of Beethoven's music are rare, and they are his true disciples. Impressed with his spirit, they seek not to show themselves, but to interpret the master and his work. Miss Bacon played as piano solo, Beethoven's Sonata in A, Op. 2, very tastefully, feelingly; and Mr. Allen a Rondo by Mendelssohn—a most brilliant performance. One of the marked features of the evening was Gluck's overture to *Iphigenia*, arranged for two piano-fortes, eight hands. This was indeed a rarity, and rarely was it enjoyed. The vocal selections were: Duet from *Semiramide*, Evening Prayer from *Eli*, "O, how pleasing to the senses," from Haydn's *Seasons*, and "O Lovely Peace," from *Judas Maccabeus*. Mrs. Allen and Miss Whiting were the singers. The latter sang the Prayer of Samuel with excellent effect, and her smooth, silvery soprano, under perfect control, told well in the duets with Mrs. Allen, whose rich voice is always heard with pleasure. Again we wish that the love of classical music was so deep and abiding among us that hundreds of our citizens would, each winter, subscribe for a series of such chamber concerts. We should confess with shame to an ignorance of Shakspeare, Milton, &c., yet the classic authors in music are little known to us beyond their names.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

[From Correspondence of the London Musical World, Nov. 19.]

SCHILLER FESTIVAL.—A dramatic representation being impossible, there being no German company, the committee replaced it by a festival given at the *Cirque de l'Impératrice*. The programme included a prologue spoken by Mlle. Bruning (a great deal too long); the third act of *Don Carlos*, declaimed by Boquimil Dawson, the greatest tragedian of the day; the fine partition of Mendelssohn, for orchestra and male voices, to the words of the *Fest-gesang* (*Chant de fête*) of Schiller; the *finale* of the Ninth Symphony, with chorus by Beethoven, to the words of the *Hymne à la joie*—of the great poet; a grand cantata and march composed for this occasion by Meyerbeer, and the overture to *Oberon*, of Weber. Besides Mesdames Bockholtz Falconi, Marie Cruvelli, M.M. Morini and Schlosser, for the solo-singers, there were several choral societies, and an excellent orchestra of rather more than 500 performers, under the direction of M. Padeloup.

The ceremony commenced by the March of Meyerbeer. Grand and solemn were the sounds that arose first from the violin and violoncellos; the brass instruments then joined in with telling notes, and then the graceful and flowing tones of the harp wedding themselves to the melody of the violin and violoncellos. The air, always wonderfully treated, reappearing once more, the whole swelled into a magnificent *crescendo*, which brought down a perfect storm of applause and forced the performers to go through it once more.

The same enthusiastic reception was accorded to the fine cantata and chorus of the great master. Mmes. Cruvelli, Falconi, M.M. Morini and Schlosser sang it to perfection, from the first air to the ascending modulations which melt away in the *tremolo* of the last bars.

But it required all the talent of these artists to give an equally good ending to the *finale* with the *symphonie avec chœurs*. It is, so to speak, an almost vocal impossibility, for the colossal symphonist of Germany has rarely consented to lend his genius to the exigencies of the human voice, and expected to draw from them the effect of sounds with the same facility that he did from instruments.

Nevertheless the chorus was excellently performed, as also that of Mendelssohn and of Weber. The *Cirque de l'Impératrice* was handsomely decorated and full, the receipts rose to nearly 20,000 francs, from which, it is true, must be subtracted about 14,000 for expenses.

It is said that, at Berlin, the Prince Regent gives his thorough co-operation to the project of erecting a statue to Schiller; and has afforded a solid proof of it in the donation of 10,000 thalers. He is desirous that the same programme should be observed for laying the first stone as in the case of the monument to Frederick the Great.

THE OPERAS.—There is little news to tell of music or the drama here during the last week. At the Italian Opera, Madame Borghi-Mamo has made her re-appearance in the *Barbiere*. Although the music is rather high for her voice, Madame Borghi-Mamo sang it with ease and brilliancy. In the Neapolitan song of the Santa Lucia, which she introduces in the "Singing Lesson," she was very good; indeed, it was far superior to the "Una voce." In her duet with Figaro she was encored. Gardoni sang his "Ecco ridente" with much feeling.

At the Grand-Opéra they are busy organizing the *fête* that is to be held there on the 10th of next month for the benefit of the fund for poor artists. It will open with a grand *divertissement* by M.M. Mazillier and Petipa, the music arranged by Strauss from the airs of Auber and Adolphe Adam. After this there will be a *tombola* (lottery). Already more than fifty prizes have been presented, at the head of which I should mention a beautiful gold cup, given by the Emperor, and incrustured with precious stones.

At the Théâtre-Lyrique the *Orphée* of Gluck will be given soon.

London.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—Mr. John Hullah commenced his winter concert season, on Thursday evening, with Handel's *Alexander's Feast* and Professor Bennett's "Pastoral" *The May Queen*, and gave a very excellent performance of both these masterpieces. The orchestra, as on former occasions is numerous and efficient; while the choir, if not of greater numerical strength than of late years, evidences more evenness and steadiness in its singing. Although there were no encores in Handel's piece,

the applause was frequent and loud, and some of the choruses, to wit, "The list'ning crowd," "Behold Darius," "The many rend the skies," and "The princes applaud," were eminently worthy of the plaudits bestowed on them. The soloists were Miss Fanny Rowland, Miss Martin, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Weiss, all of whom sang their best. In Professor Bennett's *cantata*, encores were elicited in the chorus with solo "With a carol in the tree," and in the bass air, "'Tis jolly to hunt in the bright moonlight," which was admirably sung by Mr. Weiss. The hall was filled, and the whole performance thoroughly enjoyed.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The second season has commenced, just as the first ended, with the utmost *éclat*. The fog on Monday night was fearfully dense and humid, but neither humid nor dense enough to appal the lovers of good music—as was seen in the crowd that already filled St. James's Hall before the performances began. An audience better able to appreciate, or better disposed to enjoy, was never assembled in a concert room. The programme (a Beethoven programme) need not be cited in full, having been inserted more than once in our advertising columns. The quartets were in B flat (No. 6, Op. 18), and in E minor (No. 2, Op. 59—"Rasounowsky"), both masterpieces—racy and vigorous examples, the one of the early, the other of the middle period of the great musician's productive life. The B flat (a comic quartet), in some respects not without glimpses, here and there, of the grand symphony in the same key which came later out of the teeming brain of the Colossus of instrumental harmony) was led by M. Sain-ton, who surpassed himself; while the more fiery, restless, and imaginative "Rasounowsky" was entrusted to the charge of M. Wieniawski. In each quartet the second violin, tenor and violoncello were held by Herr Ries, M. Schreurs, and Signor Piatti. The B flat appeared to have been the most carefully rehearsed; at any rate, it "went" with more smoothness and precision than its companion.

The piano forte solo-piece was the sonata in A (No. 2, Op. 3, dedicated to Haydn), played in a very remarkable manner by Mr. Charles Hallé, who shone to no less advantage in the Violin Sonata in G (No. 3, Op. 30), with M. Wieniawski, a very fine and spirited performance on either hand, which brought the concert to an end and still found the entire audience in their places. So that the calculation of the directors in the slight modification they have made in the *form* (not the *spirit*) of their programmes seems to have been a wise one.

The vocal music was first-rate. Madame Sherrington, in Mozart's brilliant "Non temer" (the violin *obbligato* being admirably played by M. Sain-ton), and in the lovely romance, from Mr. Macfarren's *Don Quixote*, "Ah, why do we love?" (the almost unanimous encore to which she discreetly resisted) shone to equal advantage. On the other hand, Herr Reichardt, the Hungarian (not "German") tenor, selected two of those songs, with the very spirit of which he is imbued, and of which no one before the public knows better how to impart to his hearers the proper sentiment. One of these was the 6th and last of Mendelssohn's, Op. 99 (*Es weiss und rath es doch keiner*); the other Schubert's familiar *Ständchen* (or "Serenade"). Both were given by Herr Reichardt with faultless taste, and both were received with the utmost possible favor. Rossini's delightful "Mira la bianca luna," and one of the best pieces from Spohr's *Jes-sonda* ("Fairest maiden"), were the duets, and were the means of winning more applause for Mad. Sherrington and Herr Reichardt, who sang them in a highly finished manner.

At the second concert, on Monday, although the programme is entirely new, the instrumental pieces will again be exclusively selected from the works of Beethoven.

BOLOGNA.—Letters from Bologna speak in the highest terms of Madame Vera-Lorini, in the *Favorita*—with Signor G. Bettini as tenor, and Signor Zacchi as baritone. The *Arpa* and *Monitore di Bologna* say, that since Malibran they do not remember such an actress and such a singer. Madame Vera-Lorini is engaged for a year at the San Carlos, Naples, to commence at Easter.

MADRID.—Letters from Madrid state that the cabal is over. Grisi is to appear this week in the *Huguenots*. The *fiore* created by Mario in the *Trovatore* and *Barbiere* is quite unprecedented. Mlle. Tribelli, the *contralto* (pupil of M. Wartel), admired for her beauty, as well as for her voice and method, has been very successful in Azucena, and Mlle. Sarolta applauded in Leonora.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Over the river they beckon to me. Ballad. E. M. Wheelock. 25

A fine musical version of this exquisitely beautiful poem. Easy.

There is a joy the sad heart feels. (Ah, così ne' di rider.) From Donizetti's "Anna Bolena." 25

Celebrated Bravura song, adapted for medium voices

I have no mother now. L. O. Emerson. 25

A very touching song, one of this popular author's best efforts.

The sun will shine again. F. Wallerstein. 25

A pretty parlor ballad.

Instrumental Music.

Morning Thoughts. Varied. Handel Pond. 35

Elegant and delicate, for ladies' fingers.

Overture "I Montecchi e Capuletti." Bellini. 30

A good arrangement of a standard overture.

Two Sonatas in C and G, for four hands, opus 24. Anton Diabelli, each. 30

Of superior merit for instructive purposes. They are warmly recommended by Julius Knorr in his "Methodical Guide," which is acknowledged authority in matters of this kind.

Blazing Star Polka. Henry Tucker. 25

Melodious and brilliant. Much above the general average of Polkas.

Institute Grand March. L. O. Emerson. 30

A composition for ambitious young players. The titlepage has a fine view of the Powers Institute, Bernardston, Mass., where Mr. Emerson superintends the musical education of the pupils.

Dream of the past. Nocturne. J. W. Turner. 25

A sweet melody, full of feeling and sentiment, and easy withal.

Books.

THE SANCTUS. A Collection of Sacred Music. Full and Complete in every department; adapted to the Worship of all Protestant Denominations. By Edward Hamilton. 75

The music in this book is mostly new. There are a few popular and useful old tunes, suitable for worshipping assemblies, where it is the practice to sing, congregationally the last hymn in the service. As a general thing, the tunes throughout the book are easy to learn and easy to sing; being written within the compass of ordinary voices, and being for the most part free from difficult modulations. There are a few pieces of a somewhat difficult character, which will be interesting to those who desire to exercise their powers upon something out of the common run of psalmody. Particular care has been taken to make the Tenor an interesting part to sing, and a number of tunes will be found having the leading melody in that voice. There are many instances of Trios for the three upper or three under parts. These are real Trios having motion in each part, and not mere Duets with accompanying Bass. A few familiar tunes, such as Peterboro', St. Thomas, and others, have been arranged in three parts, with the view of having the Tenor and Treble voices sing the air together, in octaves. The Anthems, Sentences, and the like, are very numerous, and nearly all easily mastered by average choirs. A few will fully tax the best powers of the most cultivated singers. "The Sanctus" will be found well adapted to Choir Practice, Singing Parties and the Home Circle.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 403.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1859.

VOL. XVI. No. 13.

How the D— went Pleasuring.

SECOND DAY.

[The package from our friend, containing the missing second and third days of his "pleasuring," is here at last; it should have reached us some six weeks ago. The fourth day, despatched from Vienna some weeks later, reached us in time to be printed in our number for Dec. 10,—leaving an unaccountable gap in the story, which is now supplied.—ED.]

"What a crazy idea!"

"What, then?"

"That of pleasure in a journey by stage or mail coach."

"Yes, according to your experience; jammed with eight other persons into a narrow coach, hung on straps, giving a boat-like motion, so that tender stomachs learn the misery of sea-sickness, without the satisfaction of being able to talk about the wonders of the sea; called at the most unseasonable hours in the morning, and deposited at night at hours equally so; started off in the morning with a cup or two of bad coffee, dried up, hard pseudo-beefsteaks, ham and eggs, or something else equally palatable, after some three or four hours of sleep,—no, being in bed—forced down your throat by the reflection that, take or leave it, you will get nothing else until you reach the dining place at Pig's Misery; or perchance started off with nothing, until you reach Skunk's Misery, where you are told, "twenty minutes for breakfast, gentlemen," which twenty minutes are spent in finding out where and what to eat—and whether there is anything to eat, and in paying the half dollar, which must come out of you, whether or no; then jolt and twist, and rumble and tumble, now deep in sand, now deeper in mud, now enjoying the variety of a piece of cobblestone 'pike, and then a strip of corduroy; bump, jump, drag, flag, hurry, scurry, worry, flurry,—meantime the piece of leather which you swallowed at starting, or at breakfast, begins to speak that dreadful word, that horror of all men of sedentary life—Dis-pep-si-a—and at the first opportunity, in very desperation, (if it is to be had) you say, necessity knows no law, not even the laws of the Tee-Total Society, and down goes that which for the time being eases the gnawings of that which you swallowed almost whole from inability to gnaw;—twelve o'clock, now; "half an hour to dine, gentlemen;" and just as you get something on your plate and begin to eat,—"Stage ready!"—your half dollar is fleeced out of you, you take your place in your prison, and there sit impatiently waiting long enough, before actually leaving, to have eaten two dinners—American dinners of 11 minutes and 45 seconds each.

No, the picture of the reality is too horrible to be drawn farther! I have been through that mill!

Had there been the slightest reason to suppose, that any such experience was within the range of possibility, the announcement of the Professor, that our second day of pleasuring was

to begin with a mail coach journey, from Freiburg to Schmiedeberg, would have been disheartening in the extreme. But as I never yet found a journey in a mail coach here other than pleasant, I only looked forward to the next morning with anticipations of a delightful ride. Why not? I knew that in Prussia, alone, are some twelve or fifteen thousand miles of post road, every rod of which is smooth, hard and free from dust as the best macadamized street in Boston; that all these roads are laid out by engineers as carefully as the railroads, that every rod of way is examined daily by the road masters, and the first hint of a rut is noted and obliterated; that the engineers learned long since that it is no further round a hat than over it; that I should have ample opportunities to eat and drink, and only what I consumed should I have to pay for, and that at no unreasonable price; that if the weather was bad I should be amply protected, if good should have ample opportunity to enjoy it; that at the precise moment given in the travelling plan I should be in this, that or the other village; that, in short, if this "Journey of a day" could only be "a picture of human life," Dr. Johnson's Obidah—not Obadiah, Mr. printer—and all other Obidahs could have nothing to complain of. We had taken our places and paid for them; numbers 7 and 8, which gave us two of the three seats in the forward coupé, the conductor having the other, and the driver having a small elevated seat in front. We had a receipt for our seats, and the king himself could not have ejected us from them for that particular journey.

A glorious morning after the heavy showers of yesterday; a capital breakfast with plenty of time to eat it; and at 8 A. M., behold us as passengers in one of the two large mail coaches, departing from Freiburg, while the two drivers played inspiring marches and popular melodies on their horns, the one playing a second to the other's airs. From the large clear panes of glass, which were inserted in three sides of our coupé, to be opened or shut as we pleased, we enjoyed the superb views of the mountain ranges in the distance, with the glorious country and the scene of our yesterday's pleasuring in the foreground. A steady uniform motion, not very rapid, yet more so than was apparent, owing to the perfection of the road way; nothing to hinder our conversation, which could go on as easily as if we were sitting on a sofa at home. I declare I see not how this continental post-coach system can be improved!

Then, too, our way took us through such a delightful country—gloriously cultivated, with no signs of poverty and want;—in fact, I can remember rides of a few hours in New England in my life, during which I have seen more marks of misery and squalid indigence than I have seen in Prussia in the last six months. This is literally true, but I hope the temperance reform has now worked a change for the better.

Throughout this little trip I have been struck

with the difference in favor of these Silesian peasants, over those of the Rhine region and some other parts of Germany, in their general neatness and cleanliness, and that of their habitations.

So, a little past noon, we were ascending the lofty ridge which separated us from the noble valley in which lie Schmiedeberg, Warmbrunn, with its hot baths, Hirschberg, and other places of local celebrity. It was the last of the ranges to be passed before reaching the "Giant Mountains," which had been all day becoming more and more distinct, putting off more and more their dim, mysterious garments of blue, and showing more and more clearly their varied forms and the vast cavities in which lay the accumulations of the snows of infinite winters.

It would be nonsense to describe these heights as in any degree emulating the Alps; they do not surpass in height our own White Mountains, nor are they more noble, varied and magnificent in form and effect; but the surroundings!—the "setting" of them is so different! So, as we, walking on ahead of the coach, came at length to the crowning point of the ridge, and looked down into the glorious valley—a basin some twenty-five or thirty miles by half that, in extent—surrounded by the huge wall of mountain, which towards Bohemia shewed no opening—all together formed one of those pictures which daguerreotype themselves upon the surface of memory in an instant and forever. The views from Mts. Holyoke or Tom, though exquisitely beautiful, dwindle greatly in comparison, although they possess one element here wanting, the Connecticut. But the mountain ranges are there comparatively insignificant.

Descent is easy, and downward we sped rapidly, stopping at the Great Linden—a vast tree—while the coachman drank his beer—then onward—into the interminable main street of Schmiedeberg.

Near the post-office, a few rods from the street, a Shooting Festival—the opening scene in "*Der Freischütz*," was going on, with all its accompanying merry making. But it was not for us, and in the course of an hour we were on our way, in our own hired vehicle, for the glorious park of Buchwald, the seat of Count Redern. Hardly were we away from the inn, when the very windows of heaven were opened and a flood descended, upon unprotected, poor, old coachy, which I venture to affirm will be to him, for all time, his own private and personal era of the Deluge. The coach was for us an ark of safety; but I will risk any reasonable wager, that he would have rejoiced, had any other than the vehicle which he drove, been the Ark of the Covenant which we had made with the livery man. Poor old chap, how he did drop—I mean after he had done streaming. He looked like a river god in human toggery, driving a pair of land horses. There was no escape, nothing to do but bear it. We comforted him of course a little, when we came to Buchwald—that is, what there was left of him. Between the

gardens which surround the chateau and the main body of the park, runs the high wood, and here Count Redern keeps up an excellent inn. His park and gardens are open and unprotected, save by the good sense and taste of the people. Buchwald is a great place of resort from Schmiedeburg, and the neighboring towns and villages, as well as for tourists, and the inn is so conducted, that while the poor man with his family can venture to visit it, the wealthy stranger has no reason to complain. Owing to the rain we did not see the place in its glory. For when it ceased, and we could ramble through the avenues and paths, among the fine old trees, the beds of flowers and the rows of flowering shrubs, still the thick clouds denied us sunshine, and the place lost much of its charm. But I could see how tastefully every thing down to the fish ponds and the mimic cataracts was laid out, and on how noble a scale; and moreover how from the arbors and shaded branches, the eye could look through the openings in the trees, and rest upon the grand forms of the mountains beyond.

A few miles farther, and we were at Erdmanskorf, in the pleasant inn, called the "Schweizerhaus"—Swiss house—from its style of building—which is an appendage of the chateau and park of the king of Prussia—his favorite Silesian residence—but one which he will never see again.

I have a great dislike to anything in the way of music at meal times—a very common annoyance, however, at German inns of an evening.

Now, see what association of ideas will do! This mere mention of music at supper time, carried me back to Mayenne, in August, 1849, when I was with a party of Bonn students on the way to Frankfort-on-Maine, to the inauguration of the Goethe statue. As we took supper in the Carp inn, there were a fiddle or two, and a guitar or harp or two, playing cheap melodies, with a regular thrumming accompaniment, at the other end of the long table, and our party of students began to drum their own accompaniment, in such a ridiculous manner, as at length to put the players to flight, amid the general laughter of the guests.

Speaking of Goethe reminds me that I was in Germany at the centennial anniversary of his birth; so I am here again at that of Schiller; in 1856 I assisted, as the French say, at that of Mozart, in Berlin. Those of the death of Bach and Handel, both have found me in Germany, and the fiftieth anniversary of that of Haydn. While during my various visits have died Humboldt, Bettina von Arnim, Carl Ritter, Varnhagen von Ense, and old Metternich.

This little digression springs out of the annoyance, which the young man strumming on the piano-forte, in the room at the Swiss house, where we took our supper, caused me. But by and bye the guests had retired, and a music stand and violin made their appearance; and to my surprise our landlord tuned up, and with the young man aforesaid, began to play the Sonata, op. 30, No. 3, of Beethoven! Of course it was not great playing—not such, as when I heard David of Leipzig, and Robert Radeke play it at Mad. Zimmerman's, in Berlin—or when Vaughan and Paine played it at our Minister's last spring—but still it was enjoyable, and then to our American notions, it was so odd that an innkeeper should be the violinist. Then his intense enjoyment of the music—his full appreciation of its beauty—his evident playing out of pure love to it—all com-

bined to render it as delightful as it was an unexpected entertainment. After the sonata they turned to arrangements of Haydn's and Mozart's symphonies for piano-forte and violin, and long after I was in bed, their music mingled with and gave color to my dreams. A foolish habit of getting interested in all sorts of people, has grown upon me of late years, and, before we left next morning, the young pianist had opened his heart to me. Music is his passion. He lives at some distance from Erdmanskorf, and fills some kind of post, perhaps as tutor, I forget what—on a small domain. His piano-forte playing he has had to pick up himself, there being no instructors in his neighborhood. When he can get—not often—a day or two to himself, he comes hither and is the guest of the landlord of the "Schweizerhaus"—and the two have then—their musical carnival! He has never heard an opera, an oratorio, nor a symphony in his life! If I understand him rightly—he never heard a full orchestra! It was positively painful to all the workings of his feelings, as I answered his thousand and one questions as to music in Berlin and Breslau, and the thought would not down, that he was deprived of all this for the want "of so much trash as may be grasped thus."

The notion seems to prevail in other lands, that one has only to cross the German boundary, to hear everywhere and at all times music of the highest forms. Is not Germany the land of music? Cannot all Germans sing and play upon instruments? Will not every Teuton go without his dinner rather than his symphony? You would think so, to read the nonsense that folks write about music in Germany. Let me fly off in a tangent here for a moment, and explain one thing, viz., how it is that often in little out of the way places, one can hear a very decent quartet, and generally find some one who can play a sonata of Beethoven respectably. Among the higher and "upper middle" classes, instruction in some one of the arts is considered almost a necessary accomplishment—at all events almost every boy in the gymnasium, if he has a taste and talent for drawing or music, has it developed. In the university, if he has much taste he continues his study and practice, and when in the universities of the large cities, where most students continue to pass one or two terms, he makes it a point, if musical, to hear much good music—especially in Berlin, where Liebig's concerts afford the students a school, in which to study the highest orchestral music.

Again, no one expects to be in a position to earn so much in any profession, law, medicine, theology, or teaching, as will enable him to marry, before the age of thirty or thirty-five, and when he enters upon his career he has for years abundance of leisure and precious little money. Now music forms his resource—and many a one of this class, who has come to America, finds himself, to his surprise, fully competent to become a popular and successful music teacher. This by the way. Well. At length our young man has passed through all his various, searching examinations, and is on the list of persons to be appointed by Government, (or with the consent of Government in some cases,) to the small offices, in the little towns and villages. Everything, you must know, goes out from the various ministries, in some way or other. Take the small town of Golgotha for instance—the place of a skull—where

one skull is to be established to do the baptisms, the marriages, the burials and the confirmations at so much per head; another skull to dispense small justice; another to take care of the postal affairs; another to keep the apothecary's shop; another to look after the health of the people, and still another to be schoolmaster. Now all these skulls, if not exactly appointed to these places by the ministry, are controlled by it, and as a rule each has undergone examinations, which has compelled him to spend years of study in other and larger places. The pastor, physician and justice, have had a regular university education, and if musical, have (ten to one on it,) learned the piano-forte, violin or violoncello.

You must know moreover that the dullest, most monotonous places on earth, are the little retired German towns. When therefore in answer to advertisements in the newspapers, out of the numerous candidates, who have appeared, appointments have been made to the various places above specified, you find half a dozen men from various parts of the country brought into the same neighborhood. They find few, oftentimes no other educated people in the place, unless perchance the family of the "Gutschesitzer"—owner of the domain—happens to reside on the "paternal acres" whither they may occasionally be invited.

Here it is, that forced to look to themselves for amusement, they form then a little musical club. The pastor perhaps plays the 'cello; the schoolmaster being also against the piano-forte; the *post-Sekretair* is great on the violin; the young justice learns the viola, and the doctor, being a genius, takes any instrument that may be wanting, from the second violin to the horn or trumpet—playing them all equally—ill.

Sometimes you will find a Golgotha, where these personages are mostly advanced in years. Their faces show proofs that in years long gone by they were of the mildest "reunionists" in their universities—but who could dream it to see them now! The entire system of conducting the public affairs of the towns and villages is one of such mere routine—the constant theme of fun for the "Fliegende Blätter"—the Munich Punch—that our wild students are now the steadiest and most humdrum of philistines. They talk it is true of the days when they were men of prowess, and could use the rapier with skill, but with an air, as if astonished, that they are the same persons. They still keep up their musical meetings, and you will hear the quartets of forty years ago, played with a vigor that leaves—everything to be desired. Their children are taught music, and bring back with them from school and college, a knowledge of new men and new music—especially of fantasias upon popular operatic themes—anything which is in contrast to the favorite pieces of their fathers. And so good bye to Golgotha—by which I do not mean Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

The performance of mine host and his visitor also sent my thoughts rambling in another direction—I will not follow them far. But as I heard them playing the symphonies of Haydn and Mozart with such ardor and enjoyment, in the mere outline afforded by a violin and piano-forte arrangement, it awakened the reflection, what an inherent vitality, what a richness in pure musical idea, must that music have, which, thus reduced to its lowest terms, is still so fascinating, so invigorating, so enjoyable. While looking at some of

Turner's paintings in London last year, which to my untutored eyes, were little more than dashes of brilliant color, out of which the imagination could hardly draw anything like the outline of a picture, the query came up, suppose these works to be engraved—would there be anything in it but a little light and shadow? Can such in reality be considered great pictures? Would not the attempt to engrave them prove an absolute poverty in anything but coloring, gorgeous beyond comparison? Is there not something higher and grander in the pictorial art than mere coloring? It seems to me that piano-forte and violin arrangements of orchestral works, are some such test of their excellence, as engravings are that of paintings; and if a symphony or overture in this form fails to attract and interest, it must be wanting in certain characteristics, the place of which no amount of brilliancy of instrumental coloring can adequately supply.

And thus, very didactically endeth, the second day of pleasuring. A. W. T.

(No. 3 next week.)

(For the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

The Proscenium Papers.

No. I.

ANTI-VERDI-ISM.

Seated in the balcony of our noble Academy the other evening, when the *Huguenots* were being butchered in a two-fold sense, there advanced to tender his respects to Mrs. Owlet Blink, Miss Calliope Blink, and to myself, who have chaperoned these accomplished females during several seasons, Dr. Karper, President and Conductor of the *Arbeiter Fiedel Verein*. Even a casual observer of men, in scanning the spacious forehead, searching grey eyes, and semi-shabby attire of the Doctor, would rightly mark him for a disciple of Kant and Hegel, for an enthusiast, with the whole of *Wilhelm Meister* upon the tip of his tongue; and, musically, as a one-sided analyzer of abstruse classical composition.

When Miss Calliope, between the acts, propounded the following query—"How do you like Meyerbeer, Dr.?"—the rationalist responded:

"See, now, Miss, Giacomo Meyerbeer is the lowest upon the catalogue of those whom I entertain or endure for a moment. De line must be drawn somewhere. From Beethoven to Meyerbeer inclusif, is found de veritable *cultus*, de school of reflection, of profundity,—de school which alone exercise de highest faculties. Under Meyerbeer, nothing but de most sickening sentimentality, de swaying of de human heart mitout *erbauung*. What you call de last term in English? (I relieved him by offering the word *edification*.)"

"What of Verdi, Dr.?" quoth the maternal Blink, playfully tipping his watch-guard with her sandal-wood fan.

That query proved the fuse which exploded the hidden magazine. The learned Doctor was well nigh a monomaniac in his bitter antipathy toward Giuseppe Verdi—and, little heeding the presence of Mrs. Owlet Blink, who rates the composer of *Traviata* her beau ideal, and of Miss Calliope, who vows the *Gran Dio* the most thrilling moreau of the entire lyric repertoire, he commenced helching forth a crashing array of disparaging epithets against the *maestro*. Not content therewith, he mumbled satirical imitations of Verdi-an orchestration in unmeaning tones akin to the following:—

"Hum, tumtum—hum, tumtum—hum, tumtum," designing the first sound of each couplet to represent the invariable single-note hack of the contra-bass, and the latter for the never-failing common chord in the treble.

"I like him?" sneered he—"yes, madam, I like him *super levum*,—over de left," as de American plebs have it! I like him!—de destroying angel of all sound taste, de plagiarist, trash-breeding, unlearned *windbeutel*, de sentimentalist, who court de popularity of de hand-organs at de sacrifice of intellect. 'Hum, tumtum, Hum, tumtum, Hum, tum, tum!' Where you find *genie* in that?"

And herewith the prejudiced champion of the classical schools bowed dubiously,—as though the Blinks had been lowered many degrees in his estimation scale, because they seemed annoyed with his wholesale anti-Verdi-vituperations—and regained the

lobby, joined Herr Geiger, the distinguished viola player, with whom he soon engaged in a profound dissertation upon Schumann's famous quintet.

When he had departed, Miss Calliope Blink remarked to me—

"I envy neither the head nor the soul of the individual who ignores Verdi. No man is more worshipped by the million than this same author of the *Trovatore*, and a man's greatness should ever be rated in proportion to the quota of applause and favor which is accorded to his efforts."

"Not exactly," quoth I, "for that would be to argue the author of the 'Old Folks at Home' into a higher scale of greatness than Beethoven. With your permission, allow me to tender a few remarks *apropos* to the subject."

Seeing, however, that the third act of the opera was about to commence, I reserved my opinions, until *Raoul* had leapt through the side window, and Valentine fallen as flat as a steaming griddle-cake upon the boards, when, encouraged by Miss Calliope's seeming eagerness to hear my views, I resumed:

"That man, Dr. Karper," said I, "is a type of a class of bigoted zealots, who would shrink from acknowledging aught of the beautiful in a rose-garden, because, forsooth, their tastes lead them to prefer grand mountain scenery. Do you take? Eh bien! This deliver into the abstruse harmony depths of a Beethoven or Handel; this bookworm who wears out his very vitality with profound contrapuntal effects and with ceaseless strivings after ingenious mathematico-musical formulas, sneers at the wiser Art-philosopher, who, while he accords due attention to these, simultaneously regales himself, recreatively, with the out-gushings of a more genial and less exacting muse. Mark the result! While the former grows prejudiced, rigid, hypercritical, ignoring all that which fails to reach a certain self-established standard, thus searing his sympathies, and deadening the natural play of his finer feelings, the latter, while acquiring a suitable knowledge of theory to render his appreciation comprehensive, glows with the warmth of a melodic enjoyment, which humanizes his passions, socializes his thoughts, and generalizes his temper. Without desiring to abate one iota from the importance and merit of classical music, (and you might be proud to be an adept therein), it seems to me that a one-sided tending to that must eventually constitute its devotee a musical bigot; and *vice versa*, I maintain that the sole cultivation of the languishing Italian school cannot fail to engender a morbid sentimentality, alike vitiating to the taste and a bar to refined appreciation. What you want, Miss, is a suitable admixture of both in your musical culture, just as an appropriate variety of substantials and delicacies is important to the proper development of the *physique* and the elasticity of the mental faculties."

"And now, with regard to the Verdi question more particularly. Have you ever observed, Mrs. Blink, or you, Miss Calliope, the rancor wherewith these classic devotees pursue this *maestro*? Your acquaintance, Dr. Karper, let me assure you, is a mild lamb, when compared to some of the lions who roar fiercely at him, in the lobbies of this Art palace. And yet, allow me to state my conviction that, had fate cast Giuseppe Verdi into Vienna, Berlin, or Dresden, those cradles of classical composition, his career would have been equally brilliant in that school, as it confessedly is in his own. There are multitudinous traces of genius throughout his works to furnish ample ground for this belief. Who can analyze carefully the imposing finale to the second act of his much abused *Traviata*, the *Sommo Carlo*, or the *Bella Figlia* Quartet in *Rigoletto*, without recognizing in the superb dramatic conception, rhythmic grace, mosaic combination, and lastly in the pathetic blending of voices and movements expressing diverse emotions, without recognizing therein an exalted genius—a genius capable of bearing off laurel wreaths in any school, amid whose influences it might chance to be nurtured? Verdi has had his powers developed within a national style, in a school where outgushing melody and warm sentiment constitute the chief characteristics; and true to his training, to his birth, and to those for whose pleasure and instruction he most directly invokes his muse, he writes as an Italian should compose for his countrymen. If the outside world does not chance to admire the style, is that a reason or a palliation for decrying the man *in toto*? Your Dr. Karper ignores from prejudice, and damns without doing his victim the justice of a trial."

Here Mrs. Owlet Blink stemmed the torrent of my eloquence, by pointing to the gathering of the orchestra for the last act of the opera. And when the *Huguenots* had been finally and effectually extinguished I concluded my remarks, as we lolled homeward in the family chariot of the Blinks.

"That Verdi," I concluded, "has written divers flippant, tasteless, unsatisfactory morceaux, I, for

one, cannot deny; but this proves nothing worse against him than that he occasionally aims premeditatedly at street-whistle and barrel-organ effects; or, it may augur that the *maestro*, like many others before him, has his strong and weak moments of imagination and thought. To close the subject—it only requires a spirit of generous toleration, a proper recognition of the merit of each school, and a fair knowledge of theory for the sake of a comprehensive appreciation, to afford to the devotee the full measure of enjoyment from musical culture, and to prove to him how the art divine sways his feelings and appeals to his senses with a power tenfold greater than that of language."

Here Mrs. Blink, finding that I had concluded at last, reminded me at parting of my duty to attend herself and daughter again on the following night, and thanked me cordially for my agreeable "*conversazione*" as she elegantly expressed it. I took my departure, with a smiling vaunt that I had just thrown off these little, trifling, weak observations by way of demonstrating what I might do if I were to set my mind fully to the task.

B. NATURAL.

American Singers in Paris.

A Philadelphia paper has the following:

Not many weeks ago, there were gathered one evening, in the magnificent saloon of the Hotel de Louvre, in Paris, a brilliant assembly of Americans and Frenchmen, to listen to a musical treat by two of our fair countrywomen—one of them, an Albany lady, Miss Isabella Hinkley, who has been perfecting herself in music for the last two years, in Florence. Miss Hinkley is the daughter of Dr. Hinkley, of Albany, N. Y. The other lady hails from Boston, and is well known to our musical world as Miss Virginia Whiting, now M^{me} Lorini, having married the celebrated tenor of that name, recently engaged at the Musical Academy of New York. The programme, a copy of which is before us, was very rich. A correspondent (for a copy of whose letter we are indebted to a friend, in this city,) says:

Miss Hinkley has a rich, flexible, and powerful voice, and it has been highly cultivated. She performed her part with ease, and without fault, and showed her power by giving for her first essay, that difficult cavatina from "*Semiramide*" (Bel raggio) which is considered a difficult piece of music, and only attempted by leading artists. There is no doubt that Miss Hinkley will take rank among the first of *prima donnas*, after she has had opportunity to obtain upon the stage, that ease and grace which is only obtained by long study and practice. She has the voice, and will without doubt by her perseverance become an actress. Her figure is good, and her face in singing, lights up with an expression of inspiration, very pleasing in concert, and very effective in opera. Our American friends should be proud of her, and give her a warm welcome when she returns among them.

Madam Lorini is the possessor of a voice of no ordinary power. She has been singing in Italy and other parts of Europe as "*prima donna*" for several years, and has now obtained all the ease and grace of a finished artiste. Her singing was universally admired, and her rendering of the cavatina from *Traviata* (*Ah! forse e lui*) drew down loud applause; this is Piccolomini's "crack piece," and there were many present who declared they had never heard the great artiste sing as well. Lorini is earning a European reputation, and when she returns to the United States, deserves a welcome as a champion of American talent, such as has never yet been accorded to any native artiste, and only awarded to those of foreign birth. She leaves to-morrow for an engagement at Venice, and returns to Paris in December for an engagement at the Italiens.

Musical Intelligence.

PHILADELPHIA.—"The Huguenots" drew a good house last evening, but it went off tamely. The audience was very chary of applause, and seemed to be chilled with more than the proverbial coldness of Philadelphians. The remembrance of Fomes and Poinset eclipsed the performance of Junca and Gazzaniga. In the famous solo of the first set, the voice of Signor Junca was quite drowned by the orchestra, and Madame Gazzaniga is more deficient than ever in execution and flexibility of voice. Her great tragic intensity, however, is still matchless, and some of her declamation last evening was magnificent. The duet in the third act was a great success, both for her and Signor Stigelli, and excited quite a *furor*. The splendid method and fine acting of this tenor begin to meet with their proper recognition. Mad-

ame Colson was dressed richly, but as her head-dress very much resembled the covering worn by Mrs. Candler, as seen in *Punch*, it was not altogether becoming. She sang sweetly, but did not seem in very good voice.

Signor Weinlich was satisfactory in every respect, but Amodio was dreadfully careless. The introduction of horses on the stage, though required by the libretto, always leads to confusion, and would turn the most classic of dramas into a farce. Those whose tastes are equine, can gratify them at Dan Rice's.

By way of offset to this fault-finding, we can speak of the orchestra in the highest terms. Carl Bergman has no superior as a leader, and the instrumentation last evening was most admirable.—*Evening Journal*, Dec. 13.

Rigoletto has never been so well played in Philadelphia as it was last night at the Academy of Music. The leading character, that of *Rigoletto*, the jester, was in the hands of Signor Ferri, who showed himself to be not only a fine singer, but an actor of great force and intelligence. As presented last evening, it is one of the most interesting and original male characters on the operatic stage. Mme. Colson's *Gilda* was a first-rate personation in all respects, and the same may be said of Signor Stigelli's *Duke*. Mme. Strakosch's voice is scarcely powerful enough to be heard against three such voices, and therefore the very original and beautiful quartet in the last act lost some of its effect. Nevertheless it was warmly encored, as were several other pieces in the opera.—*Bulletin*, Dec. 14.

The audience last evening was an immense one. The opera was *La Sonnambula*, which is so old and well known that it usually fails to half fill the house. Miss Adelina Patti, however, being announced as *Amina*, every spot was filled to hear her. Her success in it was equal to that in *Lucia*, and the public were never more enthusiastic. Her singing was excellent throughout; but in the first act, especially in the air *Sorra il sen*, it was delicious. In the duos with *Elvino* she had to contend with usually boisterous and explosive singing from Signor Brignoli, who seemed bent on making an impression by mere noise. The audience were more surprised than pleased with this style of performance on the part of their old favorite. Miss Patti, in the rondo finale of the opera, sang the music in the original key, without transposition, taking a high E flat without difficulty, and astonishing her hearers by brilliant staccato passages and roulades that would be impossible for much more experienced singers. She was called out repeatedly and honored with numerous bouquets. Signor Amodio performed the part of Count Rodolfo very well.—*Dec. 15.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—A complimentary concert to the Great Western Band, was given at Metropolitan Hall, Dec. 9, the Mendelssohn Society and Miss E. Garthe assisting. *The Tribune* complains that the programme was too good for the majority of the public; no doubt so; but it is only by persevering in giving good music—that is, music which does not wear out, but grows better and better with frequent hearing, that the taste of the public can be raised or kept from sinking. Here is the programme:

1. Overture, (The first time in this city,).....Wagner Orchestra.
2. Scene and Air.....Beethoven Miss E. Garthe.
3. Notturmo, from Shakspeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream,".....Mendelssohn. Orchestra.
4. 42nd Psalm.....Mendelssohn. Mendelssohn Society.
1. Chorus. As the Hart Pants.
2. Air. (Soprano Solo:) For my soul thirsteth,
3. Recit: My tears have been my meat,
4. Chorus: For I had gone forth most gladly. Why, my soul art thou so vexed.
5. Solo: Ood, within me is my soul cast down,
6. Solo and Chorus: The Lord hath commaded.
7. Chorus: Trust thou in God.
5. 9th Symphony.....Mozart. Orchestra.
- First movement, *Allegro*. Second, *Adagio*. Third, *Minuetto*. Fourth, *Presto*.
6. Farewell to the Forest, Male Chorus with Horn Accompaniment.....Mendelssohn By the gentlemen of the Mendelssohn Society.
7. Fantasia for the violin, composed and performed by....H. DeClorque.
8. Soldier's Prayer and Chorus, from *L'Etoile du Nord*.....Meyerbeer. Orchestra.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—If the new Plymouth Church should prove a failure, the Brooklyn Academy of Music will not. There will be an Opera House, whether there be a Brooklyn opera or not. The money for that great undertaking has been all secured, the lots purchased, the plans made, and the foundations for the building already laid. A short distance above the site of the great church, on the same side of the street in Montague place, near Court street, the Academy of Music is now in process of construction on a scale of startling grandeur. It has a frontage on Montague place of 250 feet, exceeding the Academy in Fourteenth street by 35 feet; but as part of this will be appropriated to a small concert room, the auditorium of the Opera House will be something less than that of the New York Academy.

The Committee having the affair in charge, instead of advertising for plans, very sensibly employed an architect, in whom they had confidence, and empowered him to furnish the plans according to their requirements. The individual chosen was Mr. Theodore Eidlitz, who made the designs for those remarkable buildings, the banking-houses of the American Exchange Bank on Broadway and the Continental Bank on Nassau street. Mr. Eidlitz has a fondness for the ponderous and romantic style of architecture, and, instead of making the Brooklyn Opera House of that light and riant style which should be, in some measure, indicative of the purposes to which the building is to be put, he has chosen an ecclesiastical style, better for a theological seminary or a nunnery than a place of amusement. There is nothing about it in harmony with the lyrical nature of the entertainments which are to be given within its walls. The materials of which the building is to be constructed—dark red brick, with dressings of olive-colored stone—will tend to its gloomy and ponderous appearance. The Academy will present the appearance of a congeries of buildings, rather than one entire structure, as it is broken up into four compartments, with an extension of 25 feet to be appropriated for a green-room and dressing-rooms. The entire structure will be 250 feet by 92 feet. The small music hall, or concert room, will take 40 feet, leaving 210 feet for the auditorium, stage, and lobbies; but the plan is so arranged that the entire extent of the building can be thrown into one grand hall where there is occasion for it. The stage will be 76 feet deep and 88 feet in width; the proscenium is 42 feet in width, and the same height; there will be two galleries and a parquet with seats for 2,000 persons. The form of the auditorium is not of the conventional horse-shoe pattern, but of a balloon shape. The interior decorations are in keeping with the heavy ecclesiastical character of the exterior, of a decidedly gothic tendency, the most unsuitable that could be designed for such a purpose. The architect probably has kept in view the fact that, as Brooklyn is a city of churches, even its places of amusement ought to be expressive of solemn and serious ideas. But the design may be easily altered in this respect.

The estimated cost of the Brooklyn Opera House is \$180,000, and is to be completed by September next.—*N. Y. Tribune*, Dec. 17.

NEW ORLEANS. (Week ending Dec. 10.)—The new Opera has been fairly inaugurated, at the corner of Bourbon and Toulouse streets. Mr. Boudousquie has shown us all the resources of his troupe, as far as *personnel* is concerned, and, in the presentation of several standard operas, has given us an opportunity of gauging their ability, and settling their status. Our current notices of the performances have shown what, in our opinion, is the measure of both. We certainly have never had a company superior to it, as a whole, in this city; and, from a pretty long course of observation and experience, we may say, in this country. The management has yet, however, to open his capacious and extensive repertoire, and to present his forces to us in pieces not familiar to us. One of the earliest of these will be the "Marta" of Flotow, in which St. Urbain cannot but be bewitching.

At the Orleans, M. Philippe has continued to maintain his popularity as one of the best tenors we have ever had on our lyric boards. He has, certainly, a superb organ, and uses it superbly. Mme. Dalmont's *Fille du Regiment* showed her to be a most charming prima donna in opera comique, and we suppose we shall have the pleasure of hearing her in cognate rôles. Mme. de la Tournerie has made her mark in the "Favorite." The ballet troupe have shared the applause of the town, during the week. They appear, it will be seen, in a new mythological ballet, by Ronzani, this evening.

The Classic Music Society have commenced the season auspiciously, with a greatly increased and improved orchestra, an extensive repertoire, and a large addition to their subscription list. Still there is

room: and when we apprise our music-loving readers that, for thirty-five dollars, they can secure five admission tickets to five concerts, yet to come, as well as to the weekly rehearsals of each concert, we think they will agree with us that so much amusement of the highest order can hardly be obtained for such a sum. The first concert was creditable to the Society, and would be to any, in what part soever, of this or any other country.—*Picayune*.

A correspondent at Rio Janeiro, writes as follows about the Opera:—The Opera is flourishing here, and the talent which the impartial *impresario* has succeeded in engaging does credit to his energy. The gauge of Signor Mirate is 16,000 millreas (about \$7,500) per month, and he has been engaged at that small (!) salary for one year. The opera house itself is a fine one—roomy, elegantly furnished, and lighted up with myriads of gas lamps. The orchestra is indeed a combination of talent of all nations, and 120 instruments are very apt to enable a director to make a splendid effort at success. The Opera is well visited, and in spite of the enormous charges—six millreas (\$3) for a parterre seat—the house is crowded every night. "Les Huguenots," "I Puritani," "Norma" and "I Martiri," were on the hills this week, and a grand oratorio is to be sung in the Church of the Holy Cross on Sunday. The Emperor Don Pedro II. is present at the Opera almost every night, and *on dit* that he pays a goodly sum every year for the sustaining of his whim, to have at least some things, such as the Opera, like European courts.

Musical Correspondence.

VIENNA, OCT. 20. — Two weeks the opera-house have remained shut, and then on a beautiful Sunday evening, July 17, the German season began.

A great loss had been suffered in the company, for the great soprano, Mad. Tietjens, was snatched from us by Mr. Lumley. There was some difficulty about the contract. Lumley failed, as the story goes, and was thus forced to abandon his opera-house in the Haymarket, London. Mlle. Tietjens feared that he would not pay her, and was moreover not at all inclined to sing anywhere and everywhere as Lumley proposed she should. So one fine morning this gentleman appeared in Vienna, and threatened to compel the lady by legal means to accompany him; to which logic she yielded. The opera-manager, Carl Eckert, might well turn pale at this news, for he will look far and wide ere he finds another so useful and reliable a singer as she. And when the news of the brilliant success which had met the attempts of Mme. Czillag at the grand opera in Paris, reached our ears, we thought that the opera-house here never would be opened; for the other first soprano was ill and not likely to sing for some time. However Eckert was luckily in Paris at the time, and managed so cleverly that Mme. Czillag refused a splendid offer in Paris, and came back to us.

And now it was seven o'clock, and we all went in to hear again "Fidelio." The overture was well played, and the curtain, going up, discovered to us Francis Hoffman, a nice small soprano, and Herr Walter, a young tenor of great natural gifts and less musical education. They began the little funny duet—but perhaps your readers do not know the plot and character of this great opera. The scene is laid in a Spanish prison, of which Don Pizarro is governor, and Rocco jailor. Jaquino is the porter of the jail, and is in love with Marcelline, the daughter of Rocco. She again is in love with Fidelio, a *seemingly* youth in her father's service. But Fidelio is, in reality, Leonora, the wife of Florestan, who is a Spanish nobleman. Pizarro hates Florestan because the latter has thwarted some of his evil designs in former days, and having got him, unknown to the world, into his possession, has thrown him into chains and is starving him to death by slow degrees. Rocco is his instrument in this deed, being forced to obedience. "Leonora" has, in some way, discovered that her husband is here, and has entered the service of

Rocco clothed as a man, and won his favor by her industry and faithfulness.

Here we are at the beginning of the opera. Jaquino asks, nay teases, Marcelline to marry him, but she refuses continually, and at last gets vexed with him. The music is as fresh and naïve as possible, and reminds one of Mozart's. It fits and suits the words and sense of the scene perfectly; and charmingly did Fraulein Hoffmann and her lover render it.

Then in comes Rocco and immediately afterwards Fidelio. The part of Rocco was most admirably rendered by Herr DRAXLER, one of our first basses. Both in song and in action he was just right; and his full voice rolled forth the music famously. He, as well as the first pair, were very warmly greeted by the audience, for you must not forget, that they had not been before us for three or four months, and we were glad enough to see them again. Then too the Viennese are very warm and true in their attachment to artists. But when Frau Czillag appeared as Fidelio, there was a storm of applause to meet her, for she had won laurels since leaving us, and we rejoiced heartily at it. Besides, she is a great favorite here, and especially in this opera. In a moment the first quartet began, and as the singers, one after another fell in, we saw how fresh and full their voices were. Thus all went on well; Rocco promises Fidelio Marcelline's hand as a reward for his fidelity, at which Jaquino is much disgusted.

How characteristic is that song of Rocco's about "money and money; to keep house one must have money." Then come the guard who file in followed by Don Pizarro. Our great baritone BECK sang the part. He too is a great favorite, and was also greatly applauded on entering. He opens his letters, learns that the minister Don Fernando is coming the next day to visit the prison, and immediately resolves to kill Florestan. He gives his orders to the captains of the guard for setting a forepost to apprise him of the minister's coming, and then attempts to bribe Rocco to be his accomplice in this foul deed. Rocco refuses utterly at first, but soon is induced to dig the grave.

Then comes their stormy duet, and they disappear. Fidelio has overheard the whole conversation, and now rushes forth with "*Abscheulicher*" (Atrocious or atrocious man): thus begins the great aria. Frau Czillag has a very powerful, tearing voice of most peculiar tone. She has studied and sung this part a great deal, and is in it wonderful. This night she was in excellent voice, and was thoroughly in the spirit of it. The aria, taken from beginning to end is a great piece of music. It begins with this horror and indignation at the intended murder, then goes to the sorrows and troubles against which she and her husband must struggle. But the sun breaks out from the clouds with the adagio "*Komm Hoffnung*" (come hope) she sings, and then we hear of her heavenly trust in the power of love. Great Heavens! how Frau CZILLAG did sing that Adagio! She was glowing with fire, melting with tenderness and with exaltation at the idea. The eyes that did not fill and run over that night must have strange ears. Then comes the triumphant, victorious part of the aria, and here again she poured forth her voice till the house shook. Towards the end is a spring of two octaves (b to b) in which she usually indulges, and which has a good effect. Only the tones must be strong and clear; many a good singer cannot risk that. She left the stage amidst a storm of applause.

Then comes the chorus of the prisoner, followed by Rocco's account of his interview with Pizarro; the governor has agreed to the marriage, and much more important to Fidelio, has consented to Rocco's desire that he may take an assistant with him to dig the grave. The prisoner's return and the appearance of all the personages of the opera, Florestan excepted, close the first act.

The second act is in the dungeon of Florestan, our

best and very favorite tenor, Herr ANDER. This gentleman has a most sympathetic voice, and a really musical organization. His lungs are weak, indeed he was once given up as a singer, and was not expected to live long, but he recovered and though an invalid still, he sings most beautifully. That evening he was not in good voice, but he sang with much understanding and feeling as ever. His aria is truly beautiful, from the beginning, where he speaks of his duties as performed and of his quiet conscience, to the second part, where the vision of liberty and of his beloved wife leading him to heaven fires his brain.

Then come Rocco and Fidelio with their spades, and begin their work and their grave song, again so peculiar and characteristic. Floristan wakes from his fainting fit, into which he falls after his aria, and begs for a little water; and they give him bread and wine (rather against Rocco's better judgment), and sing their trio.

Pizarro enters, orders Fidelio to leave the dungeon and then tells Florestan who he is and for what he is come. From beginning to end Beck played and sang his part most devilishly, and his hideous character reached its climax here. Fidelio (who has hidden herself,) springs between the murderer and Florestan, and defies the former. Astounded as the villain is at this act of heroism, he once more rushes on the prisoner, and is again kept back by Fidelio, who now declares herself the wife of Florestan Electrified now as they all are by such self-sacrifice and courage, Pizarro a third time springs on his two victims (for he swears to murder both) and is only prevented from fulfilling his purpose by a pistol pointed at his breast. In that moment the trumpet of the coming minister is heard, and they all know that Pizarro's hour has struck. In a moment Jaquino appears to announce the arrival of Don Ferdinand, and Pizarro leaves the dungeon with Rocco. The scene is very well contrived and produces a great and real effect: the music rises in interest and grandeur until the end. Then comes that gushing forth of ecstasy in music, the duet between husband and wife, the one following the other, then joining and melting into perfect happiness and tenderness and this in a measure repeats itself. Here Frau Czillag was splendid and excepting in power, Ander was equal to her. There is to me more character and more feeling in a mezzo-soprano voice than in a soprano; and the voice of Frau Czillag is in such passages exceedingly beautiful.

The scene changes to a space before the prison-gates, the soldiers, villagers and prisoners come in and begin their great, exulting chorus. In a moment, Don Fernando, the minister, appears for the first time. This part was filled by Dr. SCHMID; he has a real bass voice of most splendid, ringing quality, which together with his talents as singer has made him a great favorite. He is a large, fine looking man, just suited to his part of deliverer, and sings his short solo, half recitative, half melody, most worthily and nobly. The text is fine, and is beautifully portrayed in the music; one can hardly conceive the part better looked or sung. Just as he finishes, Leonora and Rocco supporting Florestan, appear, and the latter claims the aid of the minister for the prisoner. What is Fernando's astonishment to find his beloved friend, supposed to be dead, in chains and thus wasted away. All is explained in a moment, and Leonore has the delight of taking the chains from her husband with her own hands. Pizarro leaves the stage under guard, and the chorus bursts forth anew. The happy pair give thanks for their deliverance, and Marcelline is much troubled at first, but soon decides to marry Jaquino, and then they all sing to express their feelings more adequately and fully. The closing scene is a splendid song of jubilee, and one must do the chorus the credit to say that they performed their part extremely well. The great overture to "*Leonore*" or "*Fidelio*"

more properly speaking, is here always played between the acts. Eckert takes his *tempi* rather quick; which habit, though it increases the difficulties of the music, certainly increases the legitimate effects of it.

This overture, if properly played, is no easy task. But the opera orchestra can play anything, if they like, and they always give this overture and indeed the whole opera with great care and precision, and with a fire unsurpassed and perhaps unequalled. The triumphant march of the victorious party towards the end is truly glorious. And thus our season opened. J. L.

CINCINNATI, DEC. 12. — We are not having quite such a good musical year in Cincinnati as we could desire to have had. Year before last we boasted of the *Paulus* twice, and the Symphonies of Beethoven, First, Second and Fifth, *Eroica*, *Pastorale*, each several times. This year we have had no orchestral Concerts, but our steadfast old Cæcilia-Verein still holds on, and has given us *Elijah*, and on the evening of our glorious Schiller Fest, Romberg's Music to the Bell.

Perhaps the most interesting to our citizens has been Mrs. VARIAN-JAMES' debut in this her own city, in concert and opera. What Biscaccianti is to Massachusetts, that Mrs. Varian-James is to Ohio; anxious and friendly eyes are following her successes. Our conviction is that this lady is in every way adapted to the opera. She made her debut here this fall in *Rigoletto* as Gilda, and though all the circumstances were unfavorable she gave unmistakable indications of histrionic talent, and a flexible, clear voice. We have never heard a person who could sing a gay, bright piece, especially if sparkling with curt prestos, better than Mrs. Varian-James. Last night at a private complimentary concert given to her by her friends, at which we had also some fine Harp music, she sang *La Prigioniera d' Edinburgo*, by T. Ricci, an arietta from *Mercadante* (Eleonora,) and a Napolitana song with great elegance, and with notes which played like a fountain of crystals. C.

AURORA, ILL., DEC. 10. — Perhaps some of your readers may like to know something of a music-teacher's life "out West." For the edification of such I subjoin a memorandum of a week's work of a music-teacher in regular standing.

Monday. Take the cars at 10 o'clock, and go to B., thirteen miles, ten by railroad and three by stage. In P. M., give private lessons from 2 to 4 on Melodeon. Eve, singing class, numbering seventy-five. They will sing the cantata "*Daniel*" at close of the course as a concert.

Tuesday. 9 to 10 A. M. singing lesson to public school. P. M., two private lessons. Eve., singing class at C, (three miles from B) numbering fifty. The weekly singing school is an event to the most of them and the enthusiasm is proportionately great.

Wednesday. One private lesson. Eve., singing class, numbering seventy, at D, (five miles from C.) The enthusiasm is good, and they will sing "*Esther*," by Bradbury, at the close of the course.

Thursday. Take the cars at 3 A. M., and go to E, 17 miles from D, (we came back to D after singing school last eve,) and give private lessons on pianoforte all day, say ten lessons. Return to A. in eve on the cars. This eve, for a wonder, we have to ourself, and luxuriate in going to bed at 8 P. M.

Friday. Give four private lessons on piano. At 1 P. M., lesson in public school, one hour. Eve, choir meeting; this is a Catholic choir, and sings Mozart's Masses and such like. This evening is a pleasure.

Saturday. Take the cars at 7 A. M., go to E seven miles, and walk to F, three miles further on. Give six piano lessons, walk back to E, give four lessons, return to A, and sing at choir rehearsal (Baptist) from 7 1-2 to 8 1-2. At 8 1-2 go to Catho-

lic choir, and return home at 11 P. M., thoroughly tired both in mind and body. You retire to rest with comfortable consciousness of being able to sleep until 8 or 9 o'clock the next morning.

Sunday. At 10 1-2 A. M. go to Baptist church and play and conduct singing for first two hymns, which being got along with, must be at Catholic Mass at 11 A. M. This lasts until 1 o'clock, and then hurrah for freedom until 4 o'clock, when Vespers require our attention. This is soon over, and we are free again until 5 1-2 P. M., when the evening service at Baptist must be attended. Finally, at 9 o'clock, P. M., your week's work may be summed up at 28 private lessons, three singing classes, two public school lessons, three choir meetings and four services on Sunday. Sometimes this routine is varied by an application to conduct a three days' session of some county musical association, when we delight in the best of Psalmody, Anthems, and choruses from Mozart and Handel.

"What works do we use?"

Why, for singing classes on Monday and Tuesday eve, the "Shawm"; Wednesday eve, the "Jubilee"; in the public schools, "Mason's Normal Singer"; for the Melodeon, "Zundel's Method"; for the piano forte, "Richardson's New Method," which we like much; for advanced pupils, anything from Grobe to Beethoven.

"Does it pay?"

"Well, pretty well; here is the tariff. Private lessons, 50 cents each; public schools, \$1.00 each; singing classes, for 12 lessons, \$1.00 per scholar. Conventions anywhere from \$25 to \$100 for three days. The first sum is about the customary price to a local conductor. Choirs, \$700 per annum, each.

"Is there much musical taste there?"

Well, yes; pretty good, at least for the country which is so new. We have some fine musicians in the West.

A good knowledge of music, geniality, good humor, knowledge of human nature and "soft sawder," and untiring energy are essential to succeed here, and with them one may do well, as the above (which is the actual week's work of the writer,) will show.

DER FREISCHUETZ.

LISBON, ILL. — The Kendall Co. Musical Union held their third meeting here, commencing Dec. 6, and continuing three days, under the direction of Mr. W. S. B. Mathews, of Aurora. At the concert on Thursday, the Union sang choruses from "Messiah," Mozart's "Gloria" from the 12th Mass, and a part of Root's cantata "Daniel." The Union will meet at Oswego, Jan. 3. S.

CHICAGO, Dec. 12.—The Benefit Concert of the Great Western Band on the 9th of December, calls for a short notice in your valuable paper, as it was the first concert in which our "home talent" dared to present a miscellaneous programme of entirely first class music. Here it is:

PART I.

1. Overture, Tannhäuser.....Wagner.
2. Per pietà, Aria.....Beethoven.
3. Notturmo, Midsummer Night's Dream.....Mendelssohn.
4. 42d Psalm.....Mendelssohn.

PART II.

1. 9th Symphony.....Mozart.
2. Farewell to the forest. Male chorus with horn accompaniment.....Mendelssohn.
3. Fantasia for the violin.....Mendelssohn.
4. Soldier's chorus from Etoile du Nord.....Meyerbeer.

The orchestra numbered thirty musicians, and performed throughout well. The Mendelssohn Society, which last year confined itself to male choruses, have for this winter invited ladies also, and number now some fifty singers. They sung Mendelssohn's 42d Psalm exceedingly well, the solos being taken by Mrs. KITCHELL, a member of the Society. Light and shade was well preserved; the fugue too went in excellent time without being hurried, as is usually

the case, and the orchestra sustained the choruses and solos in a musician-like manner. The gentleman gave us a taste of their last year's practice, by the performance of Mendelssohn's "Farewell to the forest," which went with a precision that spoke well for their training. It was received with hearty applause by the audience. Some of our city papers found it indeed necessary to "pitch into" such an attempt at a classical concert, and "musical suggestions" on the one hand, and respectful silence on the other were the consequence, but we are glad to know, that the members of chorus and orchestra are willing rather to give concerts "few and far between" to audiences which will pay their expenses, and consent to be "bored by an overdose of classical music" than to cater to the public taste for the sake of a few dollars in their pockets.

We had also two opera companies here during the last week. The PARODI troupe performing at Metropolitan Hall, and the ESTCOTT troupe at M. Vickers theatre, both with good success. The Mendelssohn Society we learn, are hard at work on Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise." Success to them!

S. W.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 24, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Four-part Song, for Men's voices: "Student's Song, (*Das Lied vom braven Mann*), by MENDELSSOHN, from Ditson & Co.'s edition of Mendelssohn's Part-Songs, with words translated by J. C. D. Parker.

Sacred Melodies By Bach.

JOHN SEB. BACH: *Eight Airs for an Alto Voice*, from various Cantatas and Masses; the Piano-forte arrangement by ROBERT FRANZ. (Boston, Oliver Ditson & Co.)

Having already spoken of the rare interest of this publication in general, we have now a word or two to add respecting each of the eight songs.

No. 1 is a large, rich, noble melody, full of soul and tenderness, and clothed with an almost orchestral wealth of most suggestive and select harmony, to these words (closely imitated from the German):

Well done, ye good and faithful servants,
Whom God hath called to homes above!
What earthly crown so worth possessing?
What wealth of everlasting blessing!
And all from *Him* whose name is Love!

We italicize *Him*, in the last line, because the music marks it so feelingly. These songs are full of such significant heart interpretations of important words.

The first thing that strikes one in this piece is the wondrous beauty and richness of the accompaniment, which preludes with the princely palmette at some length, with great breadth of harmony, moving in double thirds so balanced that that they only enrich and do not cloy, and afterwards supporting or alternating with the voice in the most felicitous manner, so as completely to bring out all there is in the musical idea of the whole which could not sing itself out. The wide intervals make it difficult to play; but one cannot help getting enamored with it, and trying to master it, and finding real satisfaction in so trying, even if he only partially succeed. There are two or three passages in it, where you would think you were listening to a very full piano-forte arrangement of some Beethoven symphony. And there is another place, near the end of the song, where the harmony is thinned out to a mere sketch and the upper parts only are left hanging in the air and floating away with an ethereal delicacy.

But do not think, because the accompaniment is so much (thanks both to Bach and Robert Franz), that the voice part is subordinate. By no means. A more original, more beautiful, consoling, tender melody is not to be found; nor one more large and noble in its form, or more native to the voice. It goes like a warm and strengthening cordial straight to the heart.

No. 2. *Cradle Song*, from the Christmas Oratorio: "*Slumber, my darling, O sweet be thy rest! Darkness shall flee from us all with thy waking!*" &c. A strain of old German childlike piety, sung to the Christ-child. This will be the most general favorite of the eight. It is indeed a lovely tune, as fresh and innocent as childhood, and sounds as modern and as fine withal as if some spiritual Chopin had conceived it. This resemblance is sure to be felt in some of the delicate and rare modulations of the harmony. The accompaniment is built for the most part upon a drone bass which rocks up and down an octave on the same note through several chords, while the upper parts flow smoothly along with the voice part or enrich it with contrapuntal imitations. And how charming the melody! entering softly on a sustained monotone, and then dropping slumbrously down, by an unexpected modulation, upon the next; brightening into fresh enthusiastic feeling with the hopes excited by the second line: *Darkness shall flee from us all with thy waking!* The theme flowers out into some fineness of ornamental passage work, very naturally and expressively, towards the end. The numerous returns of the leading thought, in this as in No. 1, are always gratifying, never tedious. Surely there never was, before or since, so exquisite a cradle song.

No. 3. Air from the mass in G minor, to Latin words: *Domine Fili unigenite! . . . Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi!* This is in a very different style; as beautiful and noble a piece of sustained, flowing Catholic church melody, as we have ever heard. It has the grace of Mozart, the richness in modulation of Beethoven or Schubert or Cherubini, and a depth of religious feeling which we doubt if one would find exceeded in Palestrina.

No. 4. Air from a Cantata, on a grave theme, couched in strong old Calvinistic words:

Mortals, trust this wondrous mercy,
Lest in sin ye surely die,
Lest ye perish utterly!
Mortal works and mortal thought
Will with God avail ye nought;
Born in sin is ev'ry creature,
Ev'ry soul is lost by nature;
Faith alone our souls can lave,
And from swift perdition save!

Pretty strong this! Decidedly smacking of a creed. But Bach accepts with childlike piety the *form* of faith given him; the *spirit* in which it lives in him we must seek in his music. The melody here, a serious, pleading one, in E minor, is all love and unspeakable tenderness. It is a most beautiful and feeling strain, full of the tenderest concern for another's soul in danger. And with what a shuddering accent the dangers are hinted on the words "perish," "utterly," "perdition," &c! Yet how the sweet appeal of love prevails! Franz has shewn the finest skill here in the manner in which he has reproduced Bach's polyphonous harmony.

No. 5. *The Herald comes*: Recitative and Air. This we understand to be Franz's own favorite

among the airs. It is certainly the most peculiar and original, especially in its syncopated rhythmic structure, of all the regular melodies we ever met; the most elaborate and the most difficult of the lot. After a singularly effective bit of Recitative: "*The Herald comes, behold, your King appears! He calls; O linger not; arise ye now and speedily go forth; haste where the voice invites; it shows the way, it shows the light, whereby yon blissful fields of glory all shining we may see before us,*" the song theme is taken up in two repeated strains of instrumental symphony, and then the voice enters upon a long-drawn melody, whose syncopated accent and phrasing will seem very strange at first, but will continually win upon one, if it be rightly sung. The words are these:

Come, all ye repentant sinners,
Of the glorious prize be winners,
'Tis your Saviour calls and cries!
Ye, like sheep astray who wander,
Cast ye off your sinful slumber,
Heed this calling from the skies!

The musical declamation in all this is most perfect. We would give something to hear it well sung and well played in a concert room. It would be a new revelation of melody. Beethoven alone offers such wonders of modulation as occur in it. This is in every sense a great song.

No. 6. "*O man, in sin no longer languish.*" A song of terrible beauty! "*The wrath to come*" is foreshadowed in it with such wild, energetic, nervous accent, such ponderous tread of stately and unearthly harmony, and such vivid imagery, where the music almost turns single words into pictures, as one hardly expects to find outside of the finale in *Don Giovanni*. Yet the same pleading tenderness prevails in it. This is one of the least difficult of the airs to accompany.

No. 7, is a cheerful, even-going, hearty, strong didactic strain, which takes you up in the most simple, sociable manner in the world, and carries you along with it, through a pretty brisk (*Andante con moto*) and long walk, with ever deepening delight. These are the words:

A life devout and faithful,
A heart sincere and truthful,
Shines clear 'fore God and man away.
The Christian's ways and doings,
His comings and his goings,
Should all be open as the day.

There is an old-fashioned, quaint *nüveté* in the one melodic figure which is wrought all through the accompaniment, with perpetual imitations, a happy brook-like attendant on the vocal melody. It is marvellous how much alike it is at every step, and yet how always new in interest. This too is one of the easier ones, both for singer and player, bating a few roulade passages.

No. 8. *With trembling steps, &c.* A most charmingly intricate web of harmony, in which the voice is as one of the several instrumental parts which are so curiously woven together. Difficult therefore for any singer to read at sight; for the accompaniment, instead of helping the voice by keeping the pitch in mind, is apt to bewilder, until the thing is thoroughly taken in and mastered as a whole. Yet it is an exquisite song, as truly expressive as it is artistically wonderful, and fully conveys all the "trembling" and all the Christian assurance of the words:

With trembling steps I groped in blindness,
But Jesus looked on me in kindness,
And to the Father leads me on!
When loads of sin were on me weighing,

Thy voice, my Jesus, cheered me, saying
Thy love for me enough hath done!

We look forward with much interest to the succeeding sets of Robert Franz's arrangements of airs by Bach. The next six or eight will be for a bass voice. Soprano airs and tenor airs will follow.

Concerts.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—A fierce snow-storm thinned the audience last Tuesday night. The absent ones lost much, for not only was it an excellent programme, but everything was played uncommonly well.

1. Quartet, in E flat, op 12. Mendelssohn.
Introduction and Allegro—Canzonetta—Adagio, and
Finale, Allegro vivace.
2. First Movement from the Clarinet Concerto in C
minor. Louis Spohr.
Thomas Ryan.
3. F minor Quartet. Beethoven.
4. Adagio (God save the Emperor) with Variations,
from the Quartet No. 77. Haydn.
5. Quintet, No. 4, in G minor. Mozart.
Allegro—Minuetto—Adagio—Finale, Adagio and Al-
legro.

That Quartet by Beethoven grows upon us; yet we would fain understand it better. It is extremely interesting. That by Mendelssohn is always welcome, especially the quaint little fairy Canzonetta. Haydn's skilful exhaustion of his subject in those Variations, old story as they are, struck us with new interest,—perhaps because they were played so well. The Quintet by Mozart, his finest, was rendered to a charm, and is one of those things which we shall never weary of hearing. The clarinet piece had all the Spohr characteristics, in parts very graceful, in others not only manneristic, but weakly striving after strange effects.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—The Music Hall "Fairs" still keep the Afternoon Concerts banished to the Tremont Temple. Last Wednesday the audience was large, and the orchestra sounded remarkably well. Here is the programme:

1. Symphony. No. 5. Mozart.
2. Waltz. Extravaganzen. Strauss.
3. Overture. Siege of Corinth. Rossini.
4. Favorite Polka. Strauss.
5. Finale. Romeo and Julietta. Bellini.
6. Miserere. Trovatore. Verdi.
7. Wedding March. Mendelssohn.

That Mozart Symphony, with its stately Allegro, its beautiful Andante con moto, its lively Minuet and Finale, seemed more delightful than the first time. It is a great addition to the repertoire. The Waltz and the Rossini Overture, are both interesting of their kind, and were rendered so effectively that no one failed to listen eagerly.

These "free and easy" Concerts are doing much for the cultivation of a taste for good instrumental music. The art, or science, of rightly mingling the elements of a varied programme is not, to be sure, always understood, or one of the easiest things to practice. Here is a communication which we have received upon the subject, to which we willingly give place; but we suspect the writer attributes to Mr. ZERRAHN a responsibility which does not belong to him in the matter of the

Afternoon Programmes.

Mr. Editor,—I am sorry that Mr. Zerrahn has found it necessary to depart from the practice of giving first-rate programmes, with which he began the present season. I went ten miles last Wednesday in the face of the storm, expecting to be paid for it by hearing a really good concert. When I saw Haydn's name at the head of the list, I must own to a little

feeling of disappointment, because, although I enjoy his music very highly, I enjoy Mozart and Beethoven still more. Still I found no fault with that, and felt thankful for the opportunity of hearing Father Haydn; and here I was gratified by finding it one of the richest and most beautiful of Haydn's Symphonies. "But," I said, "surely this light symphony must be balanced by *Egmont*, or the *Zauberflöte*, or *Oberon*. No, my eye fell on a dreary waste of Strauss, Lumbye, Verdi, and Flotow. Now I am truly catholic in my tastes, and confess to a hearty enjoyment of Strauss' waltzes and operatic arrangements. But I must say that when a man wants a piece of good roast-beef, he is rather disappointed to have nothing placed before him but syllabubs and macaroons. I know that in these afternoon concerts we have a compromise between the lovers of classical and of light music, and I should be well satisfied with two solid classic pieces—so much I think we have a right to expect. If it is necessary to cater exclusively for one taste, I think Mr. Zerrahn will find it for his interest in the long run to satisfy those who love classical music; for they are the ones whose taste does not vary with every season, and who are not prevented by a storm from going several miles—as I know others did beside myself last Wednesday—when they know there is good music to be heard.

Yours truly, A.

Musical Chit-Chat.

To-morrow will be Christmas, and the Handel and Haydn Society will, of course, celebrate it in the evening by a performance of the "*Messiah*." And how can one pass a better Christmas evening than under the inspiring sound of Handel's mighty choruses, and soul-comforting airs. The Music Hall will of course be crowded. . . . Mr. ZERRAHN means to give us the glorious Seventh Symphony, and Meyerbeer's *Pardon de Ploermel* Overture, in which is introduced the novelty of a chorus behind the scenes—a striking composition, it is said—at his next Philharmonic Concert. The time is not yet fixed.

The letter of our Vienna correspondent ought to have reached us a month ago, in the same budget with the "*Diarist*." We have to print both after more recent communications from the same writers, or else cancel them, which would be a loss to our readers.

A Bostonian in Paris, writing to the *Transcript*, says:

"So much for the shoes,—now for the opera; and I only wish you and all music lovers were here this week to go with us again to the little "*Theatre Lyrique*," where we sat last night two hours after dinner listening to Viardot in Gluck's "*Orpheus*." It was the grandest lyric rapture I ever witnessed on the stage. The scene with the fairies, and when Orpheus pursues the faces of the crowd in the Elysian Fields, to discover his lost Eurydice, were wonderful bits of pathos. You should hear and see Viardot. She recalls Booth continually. In some of her energetic passages it was music in a white foam. She is the very opposite of your pretty, smiling sopranos, and she so pitches her enthusiasm that in the very torrent and whirlwind of her passion, the sunlight leaps through the storm as vividly as the lightning. We were enraptured with this most glorious genius. Tell John Dwight to hurry over this way before Pauline Viardot takes her voice to another sphere.

The individual so kindly telegraphed, trusts the Elysian Fields will welcome him there some day, although he may not "hurry over."

At a representation of Mozart's "*Don Giovanni*," a young coxcomb hummed so loud certain airs of the opera as to annoy all his neighbors. An amateur, who sat beside him, unable to hear it any longer, said aloud, "What a fool!" "Do you mean me?" said the troublesome fellow to him. "No, sir, I complain of Mario, who prevents my hearing you."

According to the New York *Staats Zeitung*, HEINRICH MARSCHNER, the composer, will, after all take up his residence in this country—probably in Wisconsin. He says, the sickness of his son in Europe is the only reason why he is not already in this country. He has lately been pensioned, and received the title of General Music Director. Notwithstanding all these attentions paid him, he insists upon making this country his future home.

Music Abroad.

Germany.

[From Correspondence of the London Musical World, Dec. 3.]

BERLIN, October 29.—On this day the second symphony concert of the Royal Orchestra, the chief feature of which was the lamented Spohr's D minor symphony. It was played with a wonderful amount of feeling; the recent decease of the Master inspiring each and every member of the incomparable band with more than ordinary zeal and desire for perfection.

Then the performance of Beethoven's "Dead March," by the United Garrison Band, under Herr Wieprecht's direction. This was in commemoration of the late Lord Westmoreland, to whose zeal for the "art divine" nearly all the papers have paid most flattering tribute. In art circles, at least, his memory will long be affectionately cherished. Many a struggling artist here laments the loss of a generous patron.

Sunday, 30th.—Mlle. A. Meyer gave a concert, at which she sang one of Juno's songs in Handel's neglected opera, *Semele*. I certainly never heard her to greater perfection. At Liebig's usual symphony concert, Spohr's D minor, in memoriam.

October 31.—Grand concert in the Sing-Akademie, conducted by the rising Radecke. This was the first of a series of four, which this popular *Lehrer* gives annually. It boasted, as usual, some novelty, this being Schumann's music to Byron's *Manfred*. The overture is remarkable for nothing but a species of exaggerated melody, which leaves the ear in a most unsatisfactory state. An intrade, on the contrary, which occurs later on, is unquestionably a work of genius, and hence of beauty. It has a most ingenious subject, and is treated in a style most masterly. Two choruses struck me particularly; one is a dashing well-worked out chorus (in, I believe, five parts), the other (Requiem) is quite opposite in character, but not less expressive nor masterly. If Schumann had but fewer romantic notions, what might he not have accomplished! The performance was, upon the whole, flatly received, as most things of this mixed character (half sung, half spoken) seem to be. Herr Radecke treated us, moreover, to Beethoven's glorious G major concerto, which I need scarcely add was listened to with breathless attention, and tremendous applause at the close; forming a striking contrast to the afore-mentioned work.

Nov. 1st.—Grand rehearsal in the Sing-Akademie of Bach's Christmas oratorio, which, in a purely vocal point of view, impresses one much less favorably than the wondrous masses by the same hand.

Nov. 2d.—Usual meeting at the Sing-Akademie. A most delightful motette by the venerable Greil was sung for the first time for some years.

Nov. 3d.—Oh, for the power of divisibility! At the Opera, *Don Juan*. In the Sing-Akademie, grand symphony concert by Liebig, at which Spohr was again venerated by the performance of the *Jessonda* overture. At this concert there was a sonata of Beethoven, scored by the respected director, Ries; it was G major (Op. 30). Such an event must not pass without the severest censure. That the scoring in itself is masterly, cannot be denied, but, good heavens! what could induce a mortal man to take such a liberty with a god-like creation of a Beethoven? On the same evening, Herr Edouard Ganz gave a *soirée* for chamber music in the comfortable and acoustically agreeable hall of the *Englische Haus*, where I found, on my arrival, a large and fashionable audience. A trio of Weber's, for pianoforte, violin and violoncello; a sarabande and gavotte for violoncello, of S. Bach; and Beethoven's variations, Op. 44, formed the leading features in the programme. The sarabande was delightful—nay, enchanting! In the name of Fortune, why do ye Piattis, Lucasas, ye Collinses and ye Aylwards, let such treasures lie buried? There is more music—hence, elevating pleasure—in this single piece, than in all the "airs with variations" that were ever written.

Friday, 4th.—Second quartet concert of Herren Laube (not Lauli as it stood in my last), Radecke, Wierstand Bruns, and a great treat it was. The programme was as follows:

E flat major.....Mozart.
No. 3, A major (Op. 41).....Schumann.
E flat major (Op. 127).....Beethoven.

A comparison between the first and the last was inevitable. Mozart loses nothing by it in my opinion. Only in fire and development of ideas has his mighty successor surpassed him. Still Beethoven's adagio is a lovely movement, the melody of which the immortal master himself has published as a soprano solo. The words begin "Es wand sein Geist,"

etc. Schumann's andante was the only movement that pleased me, and so far as I could learn, people generally. When he wrote that, his soul seemed to have been revelling in the sacred land of sweet soft melody. When he wrote the scherzo he may have had the tooth-ache. It is cross enough.

Saturday, 5th.—To-day poor Mendelssohn's lamented death was commemorated, and that most worthily. The ever thoughtful Sterne took the lead, as he always does on this particular occasion. His excellent choir delighted an audience which, for both quantity and quality is not often to be met with here. And then such a tone of darkness prevailed! All the ladies being clothed in sombre black. A hush, bedecked with laurels, stood on the *very spot* where the immortal master himself stood and directed the master-works of Bach, when he counted no more than fifteen years! Thy mutations, O Time, are indeed incomprehensible! The programme included the eight-part Psalm (104), with orchestra; Psalm 2, in eight parts, à capella (look after it at once, Mr. Leslie); the irresistible capriccio in B minor (superbly executed by Hans von Bülow, who thereby rose considerably in mine and everybody else's estimation), and the music to *Walpuris Nacht*.

Sunday, 6th.—Preliminary rehearsal for the ninth symphony. At Liebig's, Beethoven's eighth symphony, and in the Royal Opera, an opera entitled, *Die Verjüngliche Wette*, by whom I know not, having forgotten to take my usual glance at the "K'rect card."

Monday, 7th.—The preparation for the Schiller Festival had a depressing influence on the musical market. The rehearsal at the Sing-Akademie, as well as that of the Bach Society, both thinly attended. Nevertheless, a new star at Kroll's establishment attracted a goodly assemblage of connoisseurs. This was a young Polish violinist, by name Loto, who, so far as I can learn from judges who have heard him play, will soon take a splendid position in the musical firmament. His execution is said to be superb; I could not (most unfortunately) attend; his musical knowledge is extensive, his manners unassuming, and his taste sound. He played Mendelssohn's concerto with a fascinating grace and ease. After all this, see to your laurels, M. Wieniawski! Speaking of violin *virtuosi*, reminds me of poor Wolff, with whose masterly playing I was completely captivated last Christmas. Some ugly Zeuave, fit for strata-gems and spoils, has put out the fire of his artistic spirit. He was "summoned" by his Austrian government, sent off to the seat of war, and died the death of a hero at Solferino.

COLOGNE.—A literary and musical entertainment was given at the Gürzenich, on the 11th ultimo, in honor of the Schiller Festival. After an excellent prologue by Gustave Pfarrus, and the ceremony of crowning Schiller's bust, Mendelssohn's *An die Künstler* was given by the Cologne Männergesang-Verein; Herr Ferdinand Hiller improvised an admirable accompaniment, on the pianoforte, to a recitation of the "Burgschaft," by Wolfgang Müller; Herr A. Pütz sang "Die Sehnsucht," for tenor voice and orchestra, by Andreas Romberg; and the second part consisted of the "Glocke" (by the same Romberg), under the direction of Herr Franz Weber. The solos were allotted to amateurs.

ST. PETERSBURG.—On the 3d of November, Mad. Charton-Demeure sang, before the Court, at Gatchina, the first two acts of *La Sonnambula*, and Mad. Nantier-Didière the *rondeau of the Italiani in Algeri*. *Les Huguenots* is announced for the end of the month, with Mad. Lagrue (Valentine) and Tamberlik (Raoul).

The papers have published the rules of the Russian Musical Society, sanctioned on the 1st May, 1859, by the Emperor. The object of this society—re-organized on the model of the Symphonic Society, which existed up to 1847—is to develop in Russia the principles of music and to spread a taste for the latter. According to paragraphs 2 and 7 of the rules of the Society, 1: ten Symphonic *Soirées* will be given every year, at which *Soirées* the members of the Society will execute the best productions of vocal and instrumental music, such as symphonies, overtures, oratorios, cantatas, &c.; and 2: the Society will also give Russian composers an opportunity of producing their own works, and, in proportion to the increase of its resources, it will distribute various rewards to such persons as shall exhibit peculiar talent, both in composition and execution, either of vocal music or of instrumental music, no matter on what instrument. The following gentlemen have been elected directors of the society: Count M. Wielhorsky, Messrs. B. Kologriovoff, A. Rubenstein, D. Kanchine, and D. Stasoff.

Special Notices.

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Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Thy charms my memory haunt. Ballad. Linley. 25

Rose of the Alps. " " 25

Two of Lioley's latest and best.

The Ocean is my home. L. O. Emerson. 25

A pretty and spirited Song of the Sea.

Alla vita che l'arride. (To thy life.) From Verdi's "Masked Ball." 25

Volta la terrea. (Lift up thine gaze.) " 25

Morro, ma prima in grazie. (I die, but first in pity.) "Masked Ball." 25

Three more songs from this opera, which is studded with gems. The music to the "Masked Ball" written for the lyric stage of Italy, is light throughout, coming in point of difficulty nearest to "Traviata." The two last of the above named songs are for soprano voice, the first a sparkling, lively composition in Ron-do-form, the last a beautiful Prayer. The Song "To thy life" is for Baritone, and quite effective.

Dreams of youth. Song. G. W. Stratton. 25

Pleasing and easy.

Wishing. A nursery Song. F. Booth. 25

This is nothing more than what it purports to be, a song for the nursery. The music is charming, and will find great favor with those who are acquainted with Taubert's or Kücken's children's songs.

My heart is sad and lonely. W. R. Dempster. 50

A fair song, which ranks with the best compositions of this highly esteemed writer.

Leaving Home. (Von meinem Bergli.) Tyro- lese Air. 25

Of all Tyrolese melodies this is the prettiest and best known. The German words are in the original dialect and the English version is faithful and natural.

Instrumental Music.

Twilight Reverie. Tremolo on the melody "Di pescator ignobile," in Lucrezia Borgia. Berg. 35

This clever writer and excellent pianist, whose charming compositions are daily becoming more popular, has clothed this gem of melody in such a beautiful and brilliant garb, that it is positively delightful to play this piece. It will have a run.

Handel's Dead March, for four hands. Rimbault. 25

A very complete arrangement, as full and true as the piano-forte will admit.

Gipsy Polka, for six hands. T. Bissell. 30

Very useful for teaching. The arrangement is easy.

Autumn Polka. J. V. Flaglen. 25

Fannie Polka. R. H. Green. 10

Mount Vernon Polka. H. von Benzon. 25

Pretty and easy.

Books.

CONCONE'S FIFTY LESSONS in Singing for the Middle Register of the Voice, with an accompaniment for the Pianoforte. By J. Concone. Complete, Cloth Bound, \$2.00. In two parts, each 1,50

A new and complete edition of a valuable work. The Committee on Music of the Academy of Fine Arts, French Institute, reported on this book as follows: "The melody is invariably pure and chaste, and the harmony throughout ably managed. Signed by Cherubini, Bertini, Auber, Halevy and Carafola.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 404.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1859.

VOL. XVI. No. 14.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

How the D— went Pleasuring.

THIRD DAY.

How it rained! The mountains had caught the warm winds in their broad, cold hands, and pressed out their moisture during the night in streams upon the vallies below. But the kindly sun scattered the spongy clouds, and by the time we had walked through the Erdmansdorf Park, broken our fast, gone through a most kindly leave-taking of our musical landlord and his guést, and had journeyed the few miles in our own hired vehicle to Warmbrunn, the day had become warm and delightful. The "season" was not yet at Warmbrunn,—its hot baths were as yet in but occasional requisition—but we saw on every side the evidences that we were in a famous watering place. Such quantities of gewgaws for sale on all sides—such advertisements of coffee houses, reading rooms, circulating libraries, billiard halls, and all that;—a handsome music stand in the broad promenade, and a band even now collecting to wake the echoes for the sparse company;—fine gardens for leuning, with fanciful arbors and summer-houses—rows of droschies and carriages; Jews from all quarters with wares for sale; and there in the background the everlasting mountains looking down from misty heights, upon the little nest of pismires, here to-day, gone to-morrow and gone forever; while they stand there in the calm consciousness, that as they were a thousand generations ago, so they will be a thousand generations hence—that he who looked upon them from the warm springs of the valley before the dawn of history, saw their grand features as I see them to-day, and as he will see them, who comes here when history exists no longer.

From the springs we rode onward half an hour longer to Hermsdorf, and rejoiced the heart of the landlord of Tietz's Hotel—perhaps, Tietz himself. For as yet visitors were few, and two at once were a small specimen of a God-send. Tietz rejoiced our hearts also, for poetically minded as we were, in the flesh we were hungry. Now Tietz had a large perforated box sunk in the cold waters of the brook, which came hurrying from the cold mountains to mingle itself with larger streams, and work its way to a warmer region,—and in the box TROUT.

Obadiah, are you fond of fish? I am. Ask my aunt,—if I was satisfied with her splendid fish dinners once a week, and if I did not add thereto divers meals caught by myself at the pond—pickerel, pouts, perch and eels? I have not many so-called accomplishments—but I *can* fish! I have achieved an efficient proficiency in fishing, which would do honor to the first official of Fishkill, and a deficiency of fish is to me the cryingest evil of Germany; and you, Obadiah, if you set your heart on fish, and are coming "over," must eat your fill beforehand. Ah, give me the Boston fish market, and I will never mourn for the flesh-pots of Egypt!

And in the box trout!

The barbarians boiled them!

I gently hinted to the Professor that fried in butter they would preserve their flavor better than when half boiled to rags. The seed fell upon good ground, and special directions were given the cook, that the next lot should be so prepared. There was true poetry in that dish of trout!

I am as impressible as most people to the associations of scenes and places with the memories of famous men—but they must be *men*—mere men-killers are nought—Bonapartes and Wellingtons and Marlboroughs. I have been within an hour's ride of Brussels several times without visiting Waterloo; but twice I have journeyed some 60 miles on foot to the scenes of Luther's childhood. A sublime spectacle of moral courage, of heroism, was the American Congress calmly uniting in their Declaration of Independence; but when one has formed some clear conception of the state of opinion in Europe 200 years ago—of the feelings with which kings and princes were regarded by all classes and conditions of men—the conviction gradually forces itself upon him that the assembly, which first taught tyrants the possibility of punishment for the breach of all laws human and divine,—that assembly, which brought Charles' head to the block, was one of heroes whose moral courage was sublime. Hence the memory of Ludlow, at Vevay, in Switzerland, of Goffe, Whalley and Dixwell, at Hadley and New Haven, in our own land, have made those places for me truly places of pilgrimage. Next to such grand acts of heroism in the great contest between the people and their oppressors, in the beauty and touching interest of the associations which they awaken, come the conquests of science and the triumphs of artists and literary men. For me Florence would have a greater charm through Galileo than through the Medici; Prague is more to me for the memory of Tycho Brahe than for Wallenstein; Berlin for Humboldt than for Frederick II.; Vienna for Beethoven, Mozart and Haydn, than for all the Hapsburgs; and little Baireuth, the home of Jean Paul Richter, is a thousand times more to me than Ajaccio; the birthplace of Bonaparte.

On the other hand poetry and romance have rarely lent a charm to any of the many interesting places I have seen. The old ruins of the Rhine have borrowed no charm from the legends told of them. Juan Fernandez in the Pacific would interest me exceedingly through the memory of Selkirk, but could I once stand on that island in the Atlantic, "off the mouth of the great river Orinoco," De Foe's Crusoe would lend it no charm, though no book has given me more delight, than the adventures of that son of Defoe's marvellous fancy. No imaginary personage ordinarily lends any interest to a real scene. I have tried in vain to feel a thrill in Auerbach's cellar at Leipzig, at the remembrance of the famous scene in Faust.

I remember in London, however, to have had a taste of this sort of association. I was passing through a long, rather narrow street of cheap lodgings, and two-penny shops, when I caught its name on a corner, and a thrill of pleasure ran through me as I remembered that when Mr. Pickwick arose in the morning, (at Mrs. Bardell's), and looked out of the window, Goswell street extended to the right, and Goswell street to the left as far as eye could see, and the opposite side of Goswell street was over the way—and it still remained there, as I stopped and wondered in which house had lived the widow of the quondam Bardell.

As I intimated, legends of old castles and the like do very well to read 3000 miles away, of an evening, sitting on your sofa, or in the arm chair by a winter's fire; but as for reading Legends of the Rhine on the Rhine, my common sense always rebelled against them—and they became insipid, tedious, silly. Give the imagination full play, and they have a charm; but when you are told: "On that rock was chained the lovely Guldikunda, up that gorge came the monster to devour her, and down that precipice the valiant knight hurled the dragon"—then you laugh—if the story does not make you too sick.

There is a legend, which always delighted me hugely for the fine instance of poetic justice with which it closes; but it had never any fixed locality in my fancy, and as it took me by surprise to-day, for once a mere legend lent a charm to a ruin. After the trout the professor engaged one of the loiterers by the inn to go with us to the ruined castle, which looked down to us nearly 2000 feet, from its seat on the spur of the mountains beyond Hermsdorf, as Stolzenfels looked down from its lower height upon Paul Flemming. The old fellow was full of chat, like all of his kind—had tales and legends, facts and fictions in quantities to suit all comers. The glorious view from the terrace, where we took our coffee, was fully enjoyed, and a guide had taken us to the various, now open spaces, surrounded with ruined walls, where once were saloons, and halls of judgment—not of the justest sort—the courts for tournaments, the dungeons, the granaries, and all the et-ceteras of old castles; we had ascended to the top of the tower, and looked out upon valley and mountain and forest with speechless admiration; and now the old man took us around the outer wall, and to a huge flat rock, and told us again the old legend of the Bride of Kynast! On this rock her suitors mounted their horses, and rode across that narrow passage above the gateway, now half crumbled to ruins, and then along this thin wall, with the narrow passage way on the one side and these lofty precipices on the other, until here or there a false step, or a sudden gale, hurled them to destruction on those crags so far below. But for none of them did the cruel fair one feel the least pity—she saw their fall but as a happy deliverance for her. But one day came such a gloriously beautiful and noble young knight mounted on a magnificent black charger, that the lady's heart bled as she

beheld him. Oh, that she could now be dispensed from her vow! And the knight, having paid his respects to the lady, ordered his horse to be led to the flat rock, and there mounting him, he rode slowly with loosened rein along the narrow way, his face blanching, his eye quailing not, on and on, now looking calmly down the dizzy heights, now encouraging his steed, now losing himself in deep thought—turning angle after angle of the wall, and at last leaping from the goal into the court yard of the castle. Then the lady's deep agony of terror, of horror, was over and, radiant with tenfold charms, she came to throw herself into his arms, and make him master of herself and all her broad domains. Then the knight looked sternly at her, and upbraided her for her cruelty and wickedness, and told her that he had only come to risk his life to prevent the sacrifice of farther victims—for that he had already a wife surpassing her in beauty, as in loveliness of character, to whom he should now hasten that she might know of his safety.

The lady was so overcome by love, and sorrow, and repentance, and other appropriate emotions, that she fell down in a swoon, and when she came to herself, she either went to the convent or to the devil—I forget which.

Our old man told us the story with such evident faith in the details, and pointed out the localities so minutely, that for once I felt the charm of a legend—say for ten minutes.

In the main court he drew our attention to a sort of cellar—storehouse for vegetables, beer and other indispensables of the "guest-house" division of the Kynast.

"That" said he, "was the entrance to the subterranean passage which led down the mountain to a village yonder." Afterwards, as we sat in the woods outside the ruins, enjoying the magnificent prospect, he pointed out the village, at least a mile and a half away. He assured us that the existence of this long "tunnel" is no myth, and that in the "good old times," after the lords of the castle had cried "stand and deliver," like Falstaff's "true men," to travellers yonder in the valley, they returned to their stronghold through this secret way. Now this may be so—but—and there is virtue in this *but*, I wot—but, if these old fellows did run such a tunnel two thousand feet down the mountain, and twice or three times as far beneath the surface of the plain below—that "adit level" to a certain copper mine, which kept my pockets clean two or three years, and which for aught I know has not reached the copper to this day, was a bell-string to it!

Behind the ruin is a deep gorge which they call the Höllenthal—the vale of Hell—a pleasant spot with a base name. And here we get the echo of a small piece of ordnance—provided we pay a reasonable number of groschen. The wind was so high that we derived no great satisfaction from it. Speaking of echoes: There is a long and splendid railroad bridge over the Oder, just below Breslau, sustained by three piers some seventy or eighty feet apart in the water, and some twenty more, in the low ground beyond, much nearer together. Between the bridge and the city is a broad space of low land, where the soldiers practise shooting. I was one day on the dike, some fifty rods below the bridge, the firing being as far from it above—the consequence was, that a second or two after hearing a report it

came to me echoed from all these piers, with some such effect as this—

pop, pop, pop, pr-r-r-r-r-r—that is a series of some twenty-four distinct echoes,—and this again recalls to mind how my classmate H. and I used to get a musical tone from a single clap of the hands, viz., by standing, of a still, calm evening, at an angle from a picket fence, at such a distance as to get an echo. Now as each picket sent back its own echo, they all fell upon the ear at minute but regular intervals, and the result was a faint, but perfectly clear, musical tone.

At length our visit to the Kynast ended, though not so tragically as the visits of the cruel Kuni-gunde's lovers, and through the Hell-vale, where nothing frightened, and thence through the long, neat village of Hermsdorf, the way fresh with the cold waters of the mountain brook, and sweet with the fragrance of the cottage gardens, we came again to Tietz's. There are other legends connected with the ruins up there on the height, to which I now, after supper, look up from the broad balcony where I am promenading back and forth, alone, the professor having left me for the night. Delicious this! The air is cool after the heat of the day, and I am a dozen or fifteen feet from the ground, so that the chill from the damp meadows does not reach me. How grandly the wall of mountain stretches away as far as eye can see, with a quite different effect under the full August moon, from that in the broad sunlight! And all is so still! From other villages come the sounds of the church clocks striking the hour, and mingle with the gentle rushing voice of the brooklet just below me. A sweet close to the third day of pleasuring. Shall I add the legend of the page to whom the lady sent a file and a cord in a loaf of bread? We saw to-day the bars of the grating to his window in the tower up there, with the marks of the file upon them, and the space which he at length won, and through which he made his escape. Or shall I give the fantasy, the scene of which is the large dancing hall, which opens out upon the balcony? and which relates how I became a convert to so-called Spiritualism? ["Don't laugh, for, in the words of Freeman S., it is an all-fired serious subject."]

"And moreover," continued the stranger, "there is the history of Samuel's appearance to Saul?"

"True, but that was evidently an exceptional case, and the old prophet was displeased at the interruption of his slumber: 'Why hast thou disquieted me to bring me up?' But passing all these cases in point, my objections are on the broad grounds,—

1. That your notions give ubiquity to your spirits, making Washington or Franklin obey your calls in a dozen different places at the same moment.

2. That no fact, new in science, philosophy or religion has come from you.

3. That while you base your faith upon the Bible, you overlook the remark, which the Great Teacher, 1800 years ago, put into the mouth of father Abraham: "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead"—which remark has for me this significance—that no spirit of one departed shall ever pass the "great gulf," which separates it from us, to convey to us new truth—

for human wants and necessities, and indeed capacities can reasonably go no farther than is already provided for us."

I went on in this strain much longer, and to my objections the replies of the stranger offered no satisfaction. At length I said, that could a single new truth in science be communicated, or even a scientific theory proved incontestibly, no one could be readier of belief than myself.

"Perhaps it may come to that," said the stranger. "Of course spirits can employ themselves alone with spiritual things; and scientific questions, which relate only to matter, are out of their province. But possibly, as a means of inducing faith in a faithless generation, some scientific proof of our teachings may yet be submitted to a committee of the American Association for the advancement of Science."

"See how gloriously the moon," I replied, "is looking down upon us, apparently resting upon the mountain top. Why, in case it is so important that your doctrines should find credence, should not some spirit of astronomer departed tell us of the true nature of that member of our planetary system?"

"Even then," replied the stranger, "unless his account agreed with some one of your previously formed theories, you would give it no credence."

"Certainly not," said I, "if it conflicted with what we know to be scientific truth. Reason has been given us, that we may test all questions by it, and especially those of such moment as these. In little things we may trust our first impressions, but in points so momentous as to influence our faith in the unseen world, our reason is our only safeguard, and he who surrenders it is faithless to himself. Should it ever be my lot to witness a communication purporting to be of a scientific truth, and to come from the invisible world, I should consider it by the best light which my reason could throw upon it, and demand an answer to all objections, which my slender stock of knowledge would enable me to offer. Should such objections be fully met, faith would follow of course."

Such were the leading points in my conversation with that stranger. As I promenaded the balcony, musing of divers things, it at length occurred to me that the sounds, which came to my ears from the large hall within,—in which three long rows of tables stood ready for the coffee drinking guests from Warmbrunn—which sounds were like the faint rapping of the fingers upon a table when one would attract attention, and to which I had given no thought—might be a communication from the spirits. I smiled to myself at the idea, and yet must confess to a strange sensation pervading my entire being. I entered the room. I walked its length and breadth, and convinced myself that I was alone. Then standing in the centre I listened. Faintly, like the ghosts of raps, came the feeble sounds to my ears. But as the eye, coming from bright light into a dark place, gradually sees dim outlines become strong, faint colors clear, and chaotic masses assume order, so the ear soon began to distinguish clearly and distinctly the differences in the tones, as modified by the size, shape, thickness, and materials of the different tables. It was all new to me, and for some time I was confused, and only after some moments of reflection did I recall the key to this kind of communication. Then

I began to count,—23 raps on this large pine table—"W."; 18 do. "r."; 9 do. "i."; 20 do. "t."; 5 do. "e."—"Write." I hastened to my room, and brought paper, pen and ink. I took no candle, arguing that if my hand was guided by an invisible power, darkness and light were one. A slight rap at one of the tables drew me thither. Placing myself in a writing posture, with pen well inked, my hand wrote involuntarily—"Pythagoras"—in a large, bold hand, in Greek letters! This I felt at once to be a miracle; for the college marks at Cambridge will prove to any inquiring mind that I am like Shakspeare in this—i. e., "know little Latin and less Greek."

A rap from another table. By the same process, "Copernicus." And so from table to table I went making the acquaintance of Tycho Brahe, Herschel, Galileo, Horrocks, the Philadelphian, whose invention of the quadrant is by all the world credited to Halley—and this I suppose is the reason that Halley was not present—and others. At one name, Symmes, I irreverently, not to say profanely, exclaimed: "Who, the deuce, is Symmes?" Then flashed through my mind that great man's theory of the hollow-sphericity of the earth.

I was now in a state of intensest excitement and expectation.

But for some minutes no sign came. Then the hand began to move—

The—Der—il—la—a whole line of articles in various languages. Then under the articles thus—

The—Der—la—&c.

Moon—Mond—lune—&c.

Gentlemen, said I, one language is as good as a dozen—after which the pen wrote only in English—

"is made of green,"

"pshaw," said I, "cheese!" Now had the harmless word "cheese" in fact followed, I should have explained the whole as an involuntary muscular action of my fingers, arising from some subtle impulse of the brain, which in turn had its origin in a sort of half remembrance of our so common contemptuous phrase, "he thinks that the moon is made of green cheese." But to my astonishment, and in fact, not a little awed by it, the letters were slowly traced—"w-h-i-t-e"—then a pause, then, "o-a-k"—after which "cheese" was rapidly written.

Now, I solemnly declare that the epithet "white oak" was not in my mind, nor am I conscious ever to have heard that the moon's cheesy substance is of the "white oak" species—from which it follows conclusively—i. e., conclusively *quoad* cases of this sort—that the writing was not an involuntary transcript of one of my own thoughts. Struck with this announcement of a lunar theory, which has long since been considered as utterly untenable by Pierce, Hill, Gould, and other eminent astronomers and mathematicians of the day, and which, so far as I know, finds no place in ancient Hindoo astronomy, as described by Professor Whitney, of Yale, and yet one so simple and so long, too, prevalent among men—I could not but exclaim, "there must be something in that cheese!"

Feeling no farther impulse to write, I paced the saloon up and down, I venture to say, for fifteen minutes, in a deep study of the various objections to such a theory which presented them-

selves to my mind. I think now upon reflection that some supernatural assistance enabled me to reason with a depth and wide-embracing power, quite out of and beyond the normal reach and condition of my mental faculties. The result of this remarkable mental operation was to fix upon one, single objection, which if unanswered, would leave me as far as ever from believing in communications from the invisible world, and would convince me that I had been simply imposed upon by an excited imagination. The objection was this:—"The lunar sphere, having now been for many thousand years revolving around the earth, must have passed from the 'green' into the condition of 'old' cheese—supposing it to be cheese." No sooner had I thus distinctly stated the objection to myself, than instantaneously from all parts of the room a perfect tempest of rappings.

Seating myself at the table with pen in hand, the following reply was traced:—

"The substance of the moon is constantly renewed. Quick as thought was my objection, 'what becomes of the old?' and quick as fingers supernaturally guided could write, was the answer, 'it is consumed as nibble by spirits of the lower spheres.'"

I must have paced the room and the balcony after this reply an hour, viewing the subject in all its aspects, before I hit upon my final objection, which I put into a question as follows:—

"Whence the supply, and what the nature of the materials for this constant renewal." Symmes was speaker for the assembly to this last question, and answered it slowly by rapping, the others after each word giving a chorus of raps, which reminded me of the solo, with the word *credo* in chorus, in the confession of faith in one of Southard's masses—

"C-u-r-d-s-f-r-o-m t-h-e M-i-l-k-y W-a-y."

I retired to rest convinced.

A. W. T.

(Fourth day already printed, see No. 11, of this volume.)

Hints on Purchasing Piano-fortes.

As this is the season, when, probably, one-third more pianos are sold than at any other period of the year, we purpose briefly to present to our readers some information relative to the characteristics of a truly first-class instrument, and at the same time we shall endeavor to enlighten them in regard to the various methods adopted, especially in this city, to deceive the unwary purchaser. And in this latter respect, and prominent among the means resorted to of late, we find a plan adopted that is well calculated to impose upon the majority. A certain class of manufacturers—whose pianos are constructed with the most economical expenditure of time and money—are in the habit of sending their instruments to private houses, and by means of attractive advertisements, wherein they elaborately describe the external of a first-class piano, they manage to dispose of their instruments at a handsome profit, and that, too, at a price fifty per cent below that required to procure an apparently similar style of piano of the best makers. One prominent feature of these advertisements is the fact so glaringly put forth, of the "great sacrifice" offered being the result of some adverse circumstance or other. By this gross imposition, which is carried on to an unlimited extent, and the advertisements worded in every imaginable way that can possibly attract the credulous purchasers, hundreds of pianos, of the most inferior quality of materials and workmanship, are spread among the community, to the detriment alike of the purchaser and the honorable portion of the manufacturers. Many of the auction rooms, too, are used as depots for the special sale of these inferior instruments, as at such places the external appearance of the article for sale is frequently the only means the purchaser has of forming any estimate of its value. A piano-forte is an article of luxury, and—when we take into consideration the materials, skill, time and money employed in the construction of a thoroughly made instrument,

it must necessarily be an expensive one. In many respects, it is similar to a watch. Now we know that we can procure a handsome lever watch of one manufacturer at one-fourth the price we can obtain its apparent duplicate of another, and the reason is obvious, for, though the principle of mechanism be the same in both cases, the one has had four times the amount of time and labor expended on its construction and finish that the other has; and so it is with a piano. As, for instance, we can purchase of A, B, C & Co., a handsome-looking seven-octave piano for \$200, and yet we could not procure its apparent counterpart of Messrs. D, E, F, & Co. for twice the sum, for the simple reason that the former, though possessing a handsome exterior, and having the same principle employed in the construction of its "action," is not only composed of the most inferior quality of materials, but has been constructed with about one-fourth the expenditure of time and labor employed in the manufacture of the other; hence the difference in price—the high-priced one, as a matter of course, being in reality the cheapest. Out of all the manufacturers of piano-fortes, only a proportion are above mediocrity, and still fewer combine in their pianos the requisite qualities of tone, touch, finish, and durability which characterize a superior instrument. It is evident, therefore, that considerable judgment is necessary when making a purchase, and it would in most cases be advisable to be accompanied by some person competent to make a judicious selection, as few who rely solely upon their own judgment in the matter escape disappointment in the result. There are, however, a number of our manufacturers, whose regard for their well-earned reputations fully equals that for their pecuniary profits, and on these we may safely depend for a good piano, without the *ipse dixit* of a professor; but they are sadly in the minority. The qualities of a piano, which we shall briefly remark upon, are its tone, touch, finish, and durability; and, of these, durability is the equality of primary importance, for, even if a piano possess the essential qualities of tone, touch, and finish, to perfection, if it lack durability all its other excellencies are of comparatively little advantage; and, in this respect, those pianos having iron frames are the ones most likely to stand well in tune, the strength thus derived fully compensating for the disadvantage arising from the metallic tone imparted by such frames; but, unless the wooden portion of the instrument is made of the best seasoned material, even though iron-framed, the piano will not remain in tune, for the reason that, when the "pin block" is not made of the best seasoned stuff, the hold on the pin relaxes, and the instrument gets out of tune. It is only requisite to apply the test of the furnace heat—now in such general use—to one of these inferior instruments, to have the fact we above refer to fully exemplified. As regards tone, the most durable quality is the "mellow tone;" a "brilliant-toned" piano soon loses its delightful quality, and by constant use, becomes hard and often harsh, whereas a mellow-toned instrument changes by use to a brilliant one, and retains its quality of tone for some time. A fine touch to a piano is a somewhat rare qualification, the majority of instruments being either too hard or too easy to be desirable. An easy touch, although pleasant to the young pianist, is far from being advantageous; a moderately hard touch being preferable for many reasons, the most prominent being the fact of its being less liable to become hard in tone from use. Every well-finished piano will admit of the closest examination in every part; this is not the case with those of inferior make as, in the latter case, those portions not exposed to view will be found to be roughly and hurriedly finished. As to external appearance, that, although generally the first, should be the last thing thought of. Many a piano is finished externally in a very handsome manner, in order to hide internal and important defects; this is especially the case with low-priced instruments, recommended by their handsome external appearance. We cannot speak favorably of any of the numerous "attachments" to the piano, as they all more or less detract from its intrinsic value. To sum up these remarks, however, we would advise all to avoid purchasing a "cheap piano"—in the general acceptance of the term—as it is next to an impossibility that it can be a good one, and most unreasonable to expect such to be the case, when, as before remarked, we consider the materials, skill, time and money employed in the construction of a first-class instrument.—N. Y. Tribune.

Musical Intelligence.

PHILADELPHIA.—The opera season just closed is thus summed up by the *Evening Bulletin*.

To show how much has been done in three weeks, and how severely the opera-goers have been taxed in

attending these entertainments, we give a list of the operas performed and their respective dates:

- Dec. 5th. Donizetti's *Poliuto*.
 " 7th. Verdi's *Sicilian Vespers*.
 " 8th. Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*.
 " 9th. Verdi's *Sicilian Vespers*.
 " 10th. *Lucia*, with 1 act of *Traviata*, and one of *Poliuto*.
 " 12th. Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*.
 " 13th. Verdi's *Rigoletto*.
 " 14th. Bellini's *Sonnambula*.
 " 15th. Pacini's *Saffo*.
 " 16th. Verdi's *Sicilian Vespers*.
 " 17th. *La Sonnambula*, with 1 act of *Lucrezia* and 1 of *Rigoletto*.
 " 19th. Mozart's *Don Giovanni*.
 " 21st. Mozart's *Magic Flute*.
 " 22d. Verdi's *Trovatore*.
 " 23d. Mozart's *Don Giovanni*.
 " 24th. Verdi's *Sicilian Vespers*.

Thus, it will be observed, there have been sixteen performances in twenty days, including two Sundays. Eleven different operas have been performed, four of which—*The Sicilian Vespers*, *Poliuto*, *Saffo*, and the *Magic Flute*—were new at the Academy. *Saffo*, although played only once, made a sensation, chiefly owing to the fine performance of Mme. Gazzaniga. *Poliuto* was a comparative failure. The *Magic Flute* made a *succes d'estime*, chiefly out of respect to Mozart's memory and talent. The *Sicilian Vespers*, which occupied one-fourth of the season, was brilliantly successful. Not only is it the best written of all Verdi's operas, but it was here extremely well performed, and was put on the stage in a style of splendor never before seen in America. Indeed, the grand palace scene of the third act has never been surpassed, if equaled, in any theatre in the world. Mme. Colson, in this opera, established herself in the estimation of the Philadelphia public as a first-rate artist.

Of the other more familiar operas performed here, *Rigoletto* was one of the best done, the part of the jester being finely played by Signor Ferri, while Mme. Colson and Signor Stigelli (a most excellent tenor, a debutant of this season,) well sustained the two other leading characters. The *Huguenots* was not as well performed as it was last season, and therefore created less enthusiasm. *Don Giovanni* proved attractive, as it always does for one or two nights in a season. The *Trovatore*, which was played on an off night, failed to draw a large audience.

Besides Signor Stigelli and Signor Ferri, the two successful new artists already named, Signor Susini and M. Jnnca, (both basses) appeared and were successful, the first named particularly so. But the grand feature of the season was the appearance of the young prima donna of sixteen, Miss Adelina Patti, the magic of whose talent galvanized even the dead but beautiful old operas of *Lucia* and *La Sonnambula*, and made them draw crowds as if they were new. To a beautiful though delicate soprano voice and a perfect method, Miss Patti unites the charms of youth, good looks, graceful and intelligent action, and that rare self-possession and *aplomb* that are never found in young artists except those who have genius. She appeared twice as *Lucia*, twice as *Ami-na*, and once as *Zerlina*, and in each revived the memories of Bosio and Sontag, with whom it was feared that the best Italian singing had departed from the world. A great future awaits this young lady, if her health is preserved and her voice is as carefully nurtured as it has been heretofore.

There were some poor houses at the Academy this season; but that was to be expected, when the performances took place every night. On the whole, we understand that the season has been profitable to the directors.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—Mlle. Patti played Zerlina on Monday. She played it with the grace and archness of innocence and youth, she sang it with sweetness and precision. But the *tessitura* was low for her, and her soaring birdlike voice seemed enchaind by the simplicity of the music, or, perhaps, knowing what wonderful things she can do, the public longed to hear her wonderful carolling and felt that for that reason, they preferred her in more modern music. Mlle. Adelina, however, achieved a great success in this opera; but certainly those who have only heard her in Zerlina do not know half her wonderful powers. Brignoli sang his one *aria* magnificently. Susini, who appeared as Leporello, wanted spirit, and was not over certain of the music. Amodio was a delicious Masetto. Decidedly, if he had not been a singer, he would have been a dancer, for he is enchanted (as in this part) to find an opportunity of showing that "large bodies" do not always move slowly. Ferri's lovely voice was in its element in the *Don*. Mme. Strakosch made more of Donna Elvira than we have ever seen made of it before.

On Wednesday, another of Mozart's *chef d'œuvres* was given, "Il Flauto Magico." This opera contains some lovely melodies, but, as a whole, is *rococo* and tedious, Mozart thought it be. Mme. Gazzaniga sang better than we have heard her before this season, displaying great sweetness and grace. Mme. Colson gave us the extraordinarily difficult *arias* of the "Queen of the Night" in the most perfect and finished style. These are the highest *soprano* airs on record. Junca appeared to great advantage in the part of the High Priest, though he altered some of the music, which was too low for his voice, as it is, almost, for every one's. The *libretto* of the "Flauto" is a literary puzzle, or, perhaps, some profound allegory, of which the key is lost. Certainty it is beyond all comprehension. "Trovatore," ever popular, gave us Stigelli and Ferri in the two male parts, and both were so admirable that the public forgot to compare them with the favorites who are associated in their minds in both these parts.

With great good taste the management, on Friday evening, gave Mme. Colson an opportunity of singing Zerlina, she having kindly resigned the part on the first representation, to the pet of the company, Adelina Patti. Mme. Colson's Zerlina is one of the parts in which she is most charming, and in which the tender, silvery notes of her medium voice are heard to the greatest advantage.—*Sunday Transcript*, Dec. 25.

The GERMANIA ORCHESTRA gave their usual public rehearsal Saturday afternoon, with the following programme:

- Overture to the King of Yvetot.....Adam.
 Aria from *Rigoletto*.....Verdi.
 Waltz—Hymen's Celebrations.....Lanner.
 Andante from Symphony.....Schubert.
 Overture to *Lodoiska*.....Cherubini.
 Polka—Alice.....Alice.
 Finale of *Don Juan*.....Mozart.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—The second concert of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, from Boston, was given last evening in Pratt's Hall, to a larger and better audience than the preceding. We can scarcely draw distinctions between the playing on the two occasions, but in the subject-matter there was a manifest improvement. Every one present should have been glad of the opportunity afforded of comparing two such composers as Mendelssohn and Beethoven in works which are so characteristic as the Quartet in B flat and the Seventh Symphony. The sweet melody, the wild romance, and the joyous hilarity of the one stood out in pleasing contrast with the rich harmonies, the delicate playfulness, and the deep pathos of the other. So of these composers. The one is like a mountain streamlet, ever bewitching the traveller to follow it in all its wanderings; the other, like the mountain itself, with sunshine and clouds playing upon its side, at one time lovely in the bright verdure of summer, and at another resplendent with the sparkling vesture of the Ice-King. The third great master of the German school (Mozart) was also brought before us in all his charming simplicity. For those who longed for opera music, no better selection could have been made. The overture by Flotow, and the freshness and variety of Meyerbeer, were far more satisfactory than the oft repeated "pearls" of the Italian writers.

We must thank Herr Meisel for his beautiful rendering of *I Lombardi*, but we wished that we had not been forcibly reminded of the street grinders and their attendant *Quadrupana*. It cannot be denied that vocalization, whether good, bad or indifferent, is popular, to a far greater degree than the best instrumentation of the noblest compositions, and this is perhaps natural, but we are sure that our taste for the highest musical culture will be greatly improved, if we have more frequent opportunities of attending such Concerts.—*Journal*, Dec. 24.

NEW ORLEANS. CLASSIC MUSIC SOCIETY.—The first concert was given Wednesday night. The execution of all the pieces was well worthy of the large and brilliant audience which attended it. The society comprises a very numerous corps of performers, admirably disciplined. Its musical repertory is much more complete, and a new and desired improvement—vocal music—will soon give that society all the prominence which it deserves. The programme of the evening was composed as follows: "Scotch Symphony, in A minor," by Mendelssohn; "Chasse du Jeune Henry," by Michel; "Overture to *Leonore*," by Beethoven; "Torchlight March," by Meyerbeer; aria "Casta Diva" and "I am near Thee," sung by M'me Ruhl. The symphony in A minor, the loveliest key, was written by Mendelssohn after his sojourn in Scotland. The *allegro* was especially well executed, and elicited the warmest applause. We must acknowledge that the society have had ample cause to realize their highest expectations. The arias sung by M'me Ruhl were feelingly and judiciously rendered.—*Courier*, Dec. 14.

OPERA, Dec. 7.—Mr. Bondousquié, it must be confessed, has more than kept faith with the public in the organization of his forces for its entertainment this season. He has, in point of fact, three well balanced opera companies, beside his dramatic troupe. With Guesmar, Mathieu, Genibrel and Melchisedec, he can give the grand operas of the French school; with St. Urbain, Ecarlat and his bass and baritone, those of the Italian school; and with Feltlinger, Preti-Kaille, Marehal and Petit, comie opera. We have had a taste of each of the two first of these, and the result is perfectly satisfactory. The "Barber of Seville" (what a *Figaro* will Melchisedec be!) is to come, after one more performance of the "Trovatore," and then we shall have the third.

Verdi's peculiar yet popular opera, just named, was given for the first time last evening. The house fairly sparkled with the beauty, taste and fashion of our city. Two new *prime donne* and a new *tenore* were to make their debuts upon the occasion, and as was natural to suppose would be the case, expectation was on tiptoe. The *Leonora* of the evening, Mlle St. Urbain, first presented herself; and the first impression was favorable. Pretty, petite, plump, pouting, and Piccolomini-like, with a mouth like a half-blown rose, teeth like pearls, and a faultless figure, she had only to sing as well as she looked, to complete the perfect fascination of her audience. And this she did. Overcoming, by the aid of M'me Richer, who seemed to be assuring her that it was all right between her audience and her, a few moments' nervousness, she soon convinced the most exacting that she would do. She has a voice of singular purity and clearness; her method is of the best school, and does her training the amplest justice. She sings unexceptionably true, and renders her rôle conscientiously, without overlaying it with trillos and fioriture. . . . Mlle Guesmar was the *Azuena*. She had taken the part for the occasion, the artist cast for it being indisposed. The music lay mostly out of the main range of her voice, but she sang it in a manner to leave nothing to be desired. Her rôle is that of prima donna, soprano, grand opera, and it is in the part of *Valentine* in the "Huguenots," she is to make her veritable debut. We saw and heard enough last night, to convince us that she will achieve a triumph. We were particularly impressed with the faithful, scholarly style in which Guesmar did everything. . . . M. Ecarlat, the new tenor, should be *Monsieur Ecantant*; for that is the style of his voice and of his use of it; brilliant, sparkling, resonant, and striking as they both are. He made terms with his admirers before he showed them his face. The serenade of the Troubadour, in the garden, settled his status; and he kept it, establishing himself in it, more and more firmly as the opera proceeded. His style of singing is large and artistic. He uses most judiciously the powers of a voice singularly capable of effect in all the degrees of its register, and though, as we have described it, of the brilliant (*éclatant*) order, yet by no means wanting in its ability to deal fitly with tender passages. It is a remarkable peculiarity of this artist's singing, that he never (at least in the rôle of *Manrique*,) uses the *voce di testa*, meeting all difficulties with the abundant resources of his natural, or chest voice.

We need not say, we suppose, that M. Melchisedec was found fully equal to the demand made upon his superb voice by the rôle of the *Count*, or that he sang it satisfactorily, throughout.—*Picayune*.

Dec. 9.—At the new Opera House, there was a fair, but not full attendance, to hear the "Barber" repeated. It went off very well, and seemed to give adequate satisfaction to those present. The *Figaro* of Melchisedec, like everything else this sterling artist has done, since the season commenced, was very fine. Preti Baille sang the rôle of *Rosina* correctly, but lacked animation in the acting. Petit, the new tenor leger, was a good *Almaviva*—a part which, however, makes too strong a requisition upon his delicate, but not powerful organ. We wait to see and hear him in some of the parts more entirely within his register.—*Ibid*.

Dec. 17.—Last evening, there was a brilliantly fashionable and numerous audience, to witness the production of Meyerbeer's master work, the "Huguenots," and we believe it would be conceded that never has there been a more perfect success in the entire performance of an opera in our city, than on this occasion. The great charm of it was its completeness and evenness. No part, prominent or minor, unfilled adequately; nothing lacking in the mounting or *mise en scene*, no balks of any sort; and although it was the first night of a difficult work, in a new house, with a newly combined corps of artists, there was nothing throughout to indicate that it had not been performed by them together an hundred times.

The grand incident of the occasion was the proper debut of Mlle Guesmar, in the fine rôle of *Valentine*.

Now that we have had an opportunity of seeing her face and form, undisguised by the brown hue of *Azucena's* complexion, and the wild garb of the gipsy-mother, we are enabled to tell our readers that in Mlle Guesmar we have a beautiful and graceful young lady, we should judge of not many more than twenty years, with a most expressive face, a dark sparkling eye, a somewhat slight, but yet finely modelled figure, a good stage presence, remarkable ease and grace as an actress, and with a voice, which, if not as powerful as it might be, is nevertheless of the purest and most sympathetic quality, a soprano, whose register is ample and fresh and telling in every part. Her style is faultless, and evinces the best cultivation in the best school. She gave the rôle of *Valentine* its full interpretation, both in singing and in acting.

Mathieu, as *Raoul*, strengthened the favorable impression he had created as *Arnold* in the "William Tell." He is an artist of remarkable resources, and the chief charm one finds in his singing is the marvelous mastery he has over every portion of his voice, which he manages in the most artistic manner. In the suppressed, piano, *mezzo voce* passages he is singularly sweet and touching, as in his first duo with *Valentine*, while in such morceaux as the duo scene, "en mon droit j'ai confiance," his voice rings out like a finely toned trumpet. His acting, a rare thing with grand tenors, is admirable, and meets every demand made on it most fully.

Melchisedec, as *Nevers*, had not as full scope for the display of his fine powers, as in the "Tell" and the "Barber;" but he gave his only grand morceau, that in the third act, where he declines to join the conspiracy of *St. Bris*, in his usual noble and effective style. Genibrel's *Marcel* is too well remembered by our musical readers to need more of special mention than that it was worthy of his best days—which, by the way, we really think are his present days. He gave the "Piff, paff, pouff" with great effect, and in the great duo, in the second act, with *Valentine*, was admirable. So in the grand closing scene of the opera. Mlle. Preti made a very pretty page, *Urbain*, and sang the sparkling music of that part most pleasingly.

The chorus was perfect, and the orchestra performed its part with the fullest accuracy. The five new scenes were five superb pictures, and of themselves are worth a visit to the Opera to look at, as they are successively displayed.

ORANGEBURG, S. C.—Here is a "south-side" symptom of musical enthusiasm. It is seldom that we see anything so "gushing." The measuring of the "Phantom Chorus" by Carl Formes, is certainly original; and Jenny Lind must be pleased with the success of her "singing lesson." It is a communication to the Charleston Mercury:

Mr. Editor:—Throughout the day the arrivals at the hotels had been continuous, and demands for lodging were much oftener made than satisfactorily answered. The joyous faces of those who were blessed with daughters or sisters at the institution, and the scarcely less happy looks of those who held invitations, were to be met at every turn. Each heart beat high with expectation, till at length, to the satisfaction of all, "the nebulous star" declined, and twilight "followed hard upon."

By seven o'clock the College Chapel was filled by a motley throng, almost to suffocation; the honest ploughman standing shoulder to shoulder with the European tourist, and the buxom country maidens with their hickory substitutes pressing "almost to death" the steel crinolines of fashionable belles.

The performance of the evening opened with an instrumental duet from *Lucrezia Borgia*; this piece was admirably selected, and by the extreme taste of its rendition, partially prepared our minds for what was to follow.

Music and her Sister Song, for four voices, and a *Fantaisie sur un Theme Allemand*, an instrumental solo, came next in succession, both of which were most happily executed.

Nearly the whole musical force of the College was then called in the Phantom Chorus, from *La Sonnambula*, and the effect was truly overwhelming. Never, since listening to Carl Formes and his sublime orchestra, have our souls so thrilled to the touch of music, as when drinking in from those youthful lips the weird notes of that master-piece. A few more alto voices—a little more unity of action, and it would have been, as a whole, unexceptionable.

My sighs shall on the balmy breeze, as a duet, was sung with considerable pathos; after which followed a Grande Marche (instrumental duet) by Donizetti, a pleasing combination of *L'Aria Finale de Lucia de Lammermoor* and a part of *Belisario*.

Napolitaine, a vocal solo, by Lee, displayed the powers of an exquisite and highly cultivated soprano.

The *Etude Galop*, by Quidant, from *Mazeppa*, was executed with a dashing, agitated emphasis, that almost pictured to your eyes the flying feet of the Ukraïne steed.

Jenny Lind's *Singing Lesson*, a trio, was sung with a sweetness that can only be compared to the gleesome union of three mountain streams.

The *Marche de Nuit*, replete with the rich, deep chords so peculiar to Gottschalk, was performed with an enunciation which elicited ill-suppressed applause.

The soprano, in the duet *Two Merry Girls are We*, was, if preference must be given, intrinsically the best. The song itself was but poorly calculated to bring forth that voice, it was too quick, too (if you will pardon technicalities) *staccato*: its part should have been some of Beethoven's *legato* passages, where the transition is so gentle that the notes melt, as it were, into each other.

The *decrescendo* movements of the tenor, in the duet *See the Pale Moon*, were surpassingly plaintive, and well deserve a more special notice than my limited space will allow.

The overture from *Jean de Paris* was the last link in the beautiful chain that bound happiness to our hearts that night, and as its last note floated out upon the breathlessly attentive audience, and the rude discords of life forcibly thrust themselves again upon our notice, how many, many of us mentally sighed: *On n'a de maître que son plaisir et son goût!*—at least any whose comfort we would more readily consult.

SUMNERVILLE, S. C.

P. D. H.

WORCESTER, MASS. Madame Anna Bishop, assisted by Mr. Henry Draper, vocalist, and Carl Hause, pianist, gave a grand concert, at Mechanics' Hall on Friday evening last, to a small but appreciative audience. Madame Bishop delighted her audience with her ballads, and her artistic rendering of an Italian cavatina, told upon her listeners. Mr. Draper's singing proved acceptable to all; he won new laurels on this occasion. Carl Hause has an enviable reputation, and he well sustained it.

Fiske's Band gave another of their promenade concerts on Tuesday evening of last week. It was not as successful as the first, but all who were present enjoyed the entertainment. Until nine o'clock, they gave the audience some of their choicest selections of music; then the floor of Mechanics' Hall was nearly filled with those who love to join in the merry dance free from all display; while in the galleries were those who only wished to gaze on the festive scene below.—*Palladium*, Dec. 21.

Christmas finds eloquent expression in music—particularly in great music; and its anniversary seems not wholly celebrated that does not afford us an opportunity to hear the *Messiah* music of Handel, or something that shall in part take its place. Our city unmusical as it seems to be growing, resounded, so far as we have heard, with but few Christmas strains. We wonder that some of our choirs, for the very love of the thing, do not sometimes sing the music that one may hear every Sunday in a Catholic church. We hear of the performance of Haydn's Mass in C., No. 2, at St. John's Church on Christmas morning.—*Ib.*, Dec. 26.

PITTSFIELD, MASS. Another Soirée was given by the young ladies of the Mendelssohn Musical Institute, under the direction of Edward B. Oliver, principal, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 27. This was the programme:

1. Sonata in E.Diabelli.
Misses Mary G. Chapman and Triphene E. Harkness.
2. Sonata in A.Clementi.
Miss Frances A. Buel.
3. Song—"When the stars in splendor golden". F. Hiller.
Miss Helen A. Carson.
4. Andante, in G minor.Beethoven.
Miss Ellen T. Chapman.
5. Song—"Spring is returning".Mendelssohn.
Miss Maggie A. Wilson.
6. Sonata in E♭.Kuhlau.
Misses Helen A. Carson and Florence E. Chapman.
7. Allegro de Concert.Charles Meyer.
Misses A. F. Warner and M. A. Wilson.
8. Lied ohne Worte—(Song without words). Mendelssohn.
Miss H. A. Carson.
9. Song—"Oh, welcome fair wood".Robert Franz.
Miss Augusta F. Warner.
10. Sonata in C.Beethoven.
Miss Julia F. Harkness.
11. Two part Song—"Oh, Swallow, happy Swallow".
Misses A. F. Warner and M. A. Wilson. Kücken.
12. Overture to Midsummer Night's Dream. Mendelssohn.
Misses J. F. Harkness and E. T. Chapman.

Musical Correspondence.

VIENNA, NOV. 16.—Our Vienna concert season has opened with the Schiller-festival. On the 6th inst. was given the first of four yearly concerts by

"The Society of the Friends of Music." These concerts are always at 12½ Sunday noon, and are sprinkled through the winter. They are always much worth the hearing, as the music is good and the orchestra composed for the greater part of the best artists in Vienna, to whom are added a few excellent amateurs; in all about eighty strong. The leader has for some time been the director of the conservatorium, Herr JOSEF HELMESBERGER; but though this gentleman was competent to the task, yet he resigned (it is said in consequence of too much work) this fall, and was replaced by a young man of considerable ability, Herr JOHANN HERBECK. We all were glad enough to hear again a great orchestral concert. The programme was:

- Four Ballads—the Page and the King's daughter—for solo voices, chorus and orchestra, (new). . . .Schumann.
"Nacht-lied" (new).Julius Mayer.
"O sanfter, süsser Hauch".Mendelssohn.
"Deutschland, (new)."
(These last three for chorus of male and female voices.)
Symphony in F, (No. 8).Beethoven.

With the exception that two lady singers, who had solo parts, were not to be seen until too late (carriage did not come or — or —), the ballads were very well given, and afforded much delight to the audience. They are not equal throughout, but are for the most part beautiful; the Vienna public is doubtless thankful to the new director for his pains in producing them. The other choruses were also very good, and well rendered. The symphony is delicious, as all the symphonies of the great master are; but I think the Allegretto was taken too quickly, and the Minuetto too slowly.

Monday night, an "Akademie," as it is called here, was held at Shickaneder's Theater an der Wien. Fräulein BOGNAR, of the Imperial play-house, spoke a prologue; the Männer-gesangs-verein sang Mendelssohn's Ode to "the Artists"; Herr PARZER, solo singer in the court chapel, sang a song of Schubert's, *Der Kampf*; Frau DUSTMANN, of the opera, sang another song of Schubert's; the Männer-gesangs-verein, Schubert's "*Gruppe aus Tartarus*," arranged for chorus; Dr. OLSCHPAUER, an amateur with a beautiful tenor voice, Schubert's song "*An die Hoffnung*," and then these three solo-singers with the Männer-gesangs-verein gave a short cantata, written for the occasion, by Meyerbeer. This last piece was rather poor, at any rate decidedly indifferent. The curtain fell, and in a moment the orator of the evening, Dr. SCHUSELKA, came forward, and enclained the attention of his audience for half an hour. His oration was full of noble thoughts and sentiments, and was glowing with the heat of his heart; in a word was most happy, and was very warmly applauded. A tableau of the principal characters in Schiller's dramas ended the evening. The music was pretty well given; the leaders of the Männer-gesangs-verein, Herr SCHLÄGER and Herr J. HERBECK, managed that portion of the entertainment. One funny thing happened during the evening. In the cantata some choir boys from one of the churches sang too; Frau Dustmann stood by their side and undertook to manage them. She counted their pauses, and then gave the sign for them to begin; but when her own turn came, she was not ready. One of the little fellows at her side looked up at her half-amused and half-afraid, as much as to say: "You'd better have minded your own part and not ours." These boys are perfectly secure and trustworthy in counting, for a mistake brings them a rap over the knuckles.

On the 8th inst., at half-past twelve o'clock, A. M., a great concert was given in the Redoutensaal by the united orchestras of the imperial play-house and opera, led by CARL ECKERT, by the solo singers and chorus of the opera, and to which was added declamation by members of the playhouse. The orchestra was composed of twenty first and twenty second violins, ten violas, ten violoncellos, ten contra-bassos,

two clarinets, two hautbois, two flutes, two fagottos, four horns, two trumpets and a drum; in all eighty-five musicians, to which were added about two trombones and a military drum for the last movement of the Symphony. The pieces and songs sung were from Schiller, as well as the "Song of Joy" which is the last movement of the great Ninth, Beethoven's last child. The programme was:

Beethoven's Overture in C, (opus 124), for orchestra.

Schiller's "Der Kampf der Drachen," declaimed by Leninsky.

Schubert's "Des Mädchens Klage," sung by Frau Czillag.

Schiller's "Der Taucher," declaimed by Frau Rettich.

Schubert's "Sohnsucht," sung by Frau Dustmann.

" "Jüngling am Bache," sung by Herr Grimmlinger.

" "Gruppe aus Tartarus," arranged for orchestra by Heinrich Esser; and sung by Dr. Schmidt.

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

The overture was well played, and pleased very much. Herr Lewinsky declaimed with great fire and beauty; he is very young, and a great favorite here on account of his great talents and modesty.

Frau Czillag sang her beautiful song very respectably, at moments very well indeed; she is no song-singer, but has improved in this branch.

Frau RETTICH is also a favorite actress, no longer young, but very good; this piece however was not her happiest performance by any means, for she exaggerated unpleasantly at times.

Frau Dustmann hurried her song fearfully, and thus quite destroyed its beauty. Herr GRIMMLINGER was also rather poor in his song, that is, his conception of it was very good, but he appears not ever to experience a glow; he sang very well, and poured forth his splendid voice with great effect; the orchestral arrangement was very good.

The playing of the Symphony has given very general satisfaction even to the Vienna critics. Only three rehearsals were held on account of the numerous engagements of the orchestra; had more been held, the result might have been better yet; but it was very good indeed. And the music! it is certainly the greatest instrumental work in existence. It is so full of melodies, so rich and yet simple in harmony; it is so fully thought and worked out, so perfect in all its parts. One often hears that it is "somewhat confused, a little crazy, as most of Beethoven's last works are;" I do not see how or where. The form is perfect as in all symphonies, the harmonies are very simple and quite according to rule; there is nothing extraordinary to be found about the instrumentation; his orchestra is quite limited; and yet we have there the greatest result as yet produced. The Andante is the most truthful, earnest, soul-felt prayer (as it seemed to me) possible; and the "Song of Joy" is glorious. It is interesting to see how in the opening of the last movement he tries one after another the different themes already used, and, satisfied with none of them for the highest expression of Joy, at last falls back on a popular melody and the human voice. Every one knows how exceedingly difficult and trying the vocal music of the symphony is. Beethoven would never alter it, though Sontag and Caroline Unger, at the first representation, begged him to do so. To heighten the difficulties, the general orchestra pitch has been raised since Beethoven's day, and the Vienna pitch is especially high. Frau Dustmann, Frau Czillag, Herr Herabaneck (bass), and Walter (tenor), sang the solos with great energy and very well, though the first-named lady looked as if she were singing her last tone; she had however the trying part and was not well at the time; great credit is due to her for her performance. The chorus was sung by the opera chorus and all the solo singers. Think of that; all the solo singers of this very large and rich company! and the effect was as one could expect, first-rate. Eckert deserves great credit for the whole performance, and the leader of the orchestra (first violin-player), Josef Helmesberger, likewise, for

his pains and energy in the rehearsals. The concert left about \$5000 gulden (nearly \$2500) for the Schiller society and its objects; the Emperor and his court were present at the concert, and he paid the costs of the performance from his private treasury.

A vocal concert was given in the Sophien-saal by the Society of the students, "Academische Verein," the next day, which was highly successful. A torch-light procession was held on the 8th; it was very pretty and long. It filed out of the city at the Schotten-thor, and greeted a statue of Schiller with a speech and with song from five hundred voices or more. Another concert was given by the "Enterpe," an orchestra of amateurs. Since then we have had a concert in the opera-house, in which Dustmann sang an aria from Spohr's "Faust," which was very good, though a little too much for her; the brothers DOPPLER played a brilliant concerto for two flutes; several very poor things were given, and at the end the Ninth Symphony was again played. The orchestra was reduced to the simple opera orchestra, but the symphony was in some respects better played than in the Redouten-saal; the house was crammed full and very much pleased with the concert. Sunday, at noon, DREYSCHOCK played Beethoven's Concert, in E flat major for the piano with orchestra, and several other good things, in the Musik-Verein-saal (Conservatorium). At the same hour, the Sing-Akademie, a society of male and female voices, under the direction of Kapellmeister STEGMAYER, gave in the Redouten-saal their first concert of this year. The programme contained sacred music of Frank, Bach, Arcadelt, Schein, Eccard, Gabrieli; the ninety-fifth Psalm of Mendelssohn; "König von Thule," harmonized by Taubert; "Highland lad," by Robert Burns, (translated into German,) music by Schumann; "Die Wasser-rose," by Gade; a Swedish national air, arranged by Berg; and "Die Allmacht," a song of Schubert's, arranged for solos and chorus by Franz Mair, a young Vienna composer of talent, and second leader in the Sing-Akademie. The concert was very good, though a bit too long. Sunday evening a young violoncellist, ROSA SÜCK, played in the Musik-verein, and pleased very well, though she needs more strength. Dreyschock has played a second time, giving Beethoven's Sonata, Opus 10, No. 3, several smaller pieces, and a "Fatale Hon-groise" of Liszt. His concert was so empty that he lost money; in part no doubt because he chose a bad hour, half past twelve, on Saturday, the 19th. He is probably the most remarkable piano-player as far as finish and correctness of execution goes; his octave playing is something truly extraordinary. He gives excellent music, plays Mendelssohn as hardly any one can, thinks and studies his music with great care, and gives all with greatest precision and clearness; but he wants poesy, plays coldly. Such is the opinion of the best critics and best musicians here, I think. A friend of mine, a pianist, assured me that Dreyschock played much better in his own room than in a concert; it is however true of many musicians. He gives his third concert next Monday.

Besides all this, CARL MAYER, a pupil of Professor PINKERT, and a leading pianist in Vienna, has just given his first concert and advertises a second. His programme was very good, and I hope later to give a report of his playing. J. L.

ALBANY, N. Y., Dec. 28.—During the past month the history of our city has been quite a musical one. Last Thanksgiving evening, the SACRED MUSIC SOCIETY performed "The Messiah," before an audience of about eighteen hundred. The chorus numbered one hundred effective voices, and the orchestra—the finest that has assisted at a musical performance in our city—was furnished by Mr. JOSEPH NOLL, of New York; the whole being under the direction of Mr. F. F. MUELLER, conductor of the Society. The performance was in every respect a success, and tak-

ing all things into consideration, the efficiency of the choruses, the rendition of the solos, (all by members of the Society,) the performance of the orchestral accompaniments, the character of the music, and last, but not least, the precision of the tempo in which the whole oratorio was given, the oratorio was certainly one of the finest things in the way of a public performance of music that has ever been given in our city. The Sacred Music Society have done well in adhering strictly to oratorio music; for while it is more difficult to master, and is not so pleasing to many as music of a lighter character, still it awakens a higher appreciation of music as an art, and the impressions which it leaves upon the mind are deeper, more lasting, and as a whole more satisfactory than are produced by music, the effects of which are those of pleasure rather than grandeur—and which appeals rather to the heart than the intellect. After the conclusion of their performance, the usual request for a repetition was voted by the audience, (an old custom here;) but I believe it is more in response to repeated and urgent solicitations from our citizens, that the Society have decided upon a concert embodying selections from "The Messiah" and "The Creation," on the 12th January. That it will be a success cannot be doubted, yet I think it is a question, if the Society had not done better to have avoided a mixed concert, and proceeded at once with the rehearsal of another oratorio. However, *chacun à son gout*.

The "Union Musical Association" gave a concert on the evening of the 26th inst., before a large audience, the New Arsenal Hall, capable of seating 2000 persons, being completely filled. The programme consisted of Mendelssohn's Overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream;" Overture to "Maritana," by W. V. Wallace; Sestet in brass, by Von Weber, which were performed by the orchestra, (numbering twenty performers from Dodsworth's band,) under the direction of H. B. DODSWORTH; Mendelssohn's 95th Psalm, (Come let us sing)—Spohr's "God, thou art great," and Ries's "Morning," under the direction of Mr. THOS. S. LLOYD, conductor. The choruses were not quite as efficient as we had anticipated; but this was doubtless owing in a good measure to the malformation of the room for acoustic purposes;—nor was the time in which they were given always correct; and the performance of the orchestral accompaniments will admit of criticism. Barring these however—and every concert has its drawbacks—the performance was a creditable one to the "Musical Union" and gave general satisfaction.

On the 29th inst., GEO. WM. WARREN gives a ninth charity concert. Mr. Warren's efforts in this respect have received,—as his forthcoming concert doubtless will—the liberal patronage of our city. Mr. Warren's concerts are always attractive; and what with the presence of his many little pupils, and an inviting programme, a good deal will be effected towards making a "happy New Year" for many hungry mouths, but warm hearts. HANDEL.

The Worcester Palladium speaks appreciatingly of the Airs by Bach, to which we have been calling attention of late:

Last, by no means least, No. 4 of the fine series of "airs for an alto voice," selected from various cantatas and masses of rare old Sebastian Bach, which are now in process of publication under the superintendence of Robert Franz, the song writer of Germany. Franz, than whom none should do it better, with a view to exciting in wider circles, "that interest in the works of Bach to which they have the fullest claim," has arranged many of the songs of the composer with reference to modern musical taste, making such modifications as should adapt the voice part to the single accompaniment of the piano-forte, whereas, the composer wrote for the orchestra and the organ. The number that lies before us is the song, "Mortals, trust this Wondrous Mercy;" a deeply devotional air, in E minor. We trust this edition, which is to be followed by "similar sets for other classes of voices," will lead to that faithful study of Bach's works which never fails to repay the earnest student.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 31, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—We commence this week the publication of WILLIAM STERNDAL BENNETT's Pastoral Cantata: "THE MAY QUEEN." It will occupy in all some eighty pages, and consists of Overture, choruses, solos, duets, trios, &c. The words are by HENRY F. CHORLEY. For completeness's sake, we begin with the overture, which will extend through two numbers, and which, even in a piano-forte arrangement, is interesting, the work of a musician of refined, poetic temperament and delicate artistic skill. In whole, or in part, the "May Queen" will furnish good material for practice in choral societies and clubs throughout the country. — We shall alternate its publication occasionally with that of pieces of another character.

The Christmas Oratorio.

THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY, true to their good old custom, gave us last Sunday (Christmas) evening a performance of Handel's "Messiah." And well was the opportunity appreciated, if a full Music Hall and close attention and numerous instances of irrepressible applause be any true signs.

The performance was one of more than average excellence. Some of the choruses, indeed, never went off with more spirit and precision, — especially the "Hallelujah," and that grand three-headed mountain of a chorus which rises so superbly at the end; three in one: "Worthy is the Lamb," "Blessing and honor," &c., and Amen! The high crystal harmonies of those semi-choruses, too; "Glory to God!" and "Lift up your heads, O ye gates!" rang out like angelic choirs in the cold starlit Christmas air. We feel it an especial matter for congratulation, too, seeing that some omissions in so long a work must needs be made, that the profoundly beautiful and touching choruses: "Surely he hath borne our griefs," and "And with his stripes," were not among the omitted numbers, as they too commonly have been. The latter one, especially, has more affinity with Bach, in spirit and in treatment, than one often finds in Handel; for deep, soulful beauty there is no chorus in the oratorio which we love better. And then these two pieces are the natural and necessary preparation by contrast for the reckless, careless sounding "All we like sheep have gone astray." The one fault in the choruses was the unfortunate and unusual disproportion of the vocal forces. There were in all perhaps two hundred and fifty singers, and the Contraltos did not number more than thirty; yet these were quite effective voices. The Soprani were ostensibly more than seventy, although their collective volume of tone was sometimes too thin to suggest the idea of half that number. The Basses were superb, and the Tenors far more satisfactory than was wont to be the case for many years.

Mrs. HARWOOD's voice grows more and more rich and beautiful in the middle and lower tones. She sang with good artistic style, and much ease and brilliancy of execution the airs: "O thou that tellest;" "He shall feed his flock" and "Come unto him;" "But thou didst not leave;" and "How beautiful," with the appertaining recitatives. It would have been better had she also sung *He was despised*, lying as that melody does in the rich region of her voice; it proved too low for the bright best tones of Mrs. LONG's soprano.

This lady in other parts did excellent service. In *I know that my Redeemer liveth* it seemed to us she never sang so well; the sustained high notes were very beautiful; the style and feeling of the whole artistic, — if we can only forget Jenny Lind! The tenor and the bass solos had for the most part satisfactory treatment at the hands of Mr. C. R. ADAMS and of Mr. AIKEN; but such a song as *Thou shalt break them*, demands a tougher "rod of iron" than this delicate *tenore*.

The orchestra was excellent and Mr. ZERRAHN had his forces under his usual good control. The Organ voluntaries, during the assembling of the singers, by Mr. B. J. LANG, were well chosen and effective. But is it not rather a questionable custom, this of preluding to an overture with a whole long oratorio at its heels? Is it not a cloying superfluity?

What the Society will do next, has not transpired. Would it not be a good idea, and practicable say by next year or the year after, to study up, by way of novelty, the Christmas Oratorio by BACH? It seems but fair that Handel's great contemporary, equal co-sovereign with him in the highest realm of sacred music, should begin at last to be a little better known among us. It would be extremely interesting, after sufficient study, to compare a Christmas Oratorio by Bach with that so well-known by Handel. The two names Bach and Handel couple themselves together far more significantly than the not very essentially related names, "Handel and Haydn." Doubtless the name of our old Oratorio society dates back to a time in our local musical history, when the "Messiah" and the "Creation" filled our whole limited horizon.

Musical Chit-Chat.

OPERA becomes the word again. The Ullman-Strakosch company will open the "Regular Winter Season" on Monday evening, at the Boston Theatre, when will be given, for the first time here, Verdi's new opera, written for the Grand Opera in Paris (for, having conquered the Italian world, he must now do as Rossini and as Donizetti did before him, bring out his chef-d'œuvre, his "Tell," his "Favorita"), "The Sicilian Vespers." Those who wish to prepare themselves by a good clear critical analysis of plot and music, will do well to turn back to our numbers of Sept. 10th and 17th, and read what we have translated from the French of Scudo. Signor MUZZIO will conduct, and the principal rôles are to be sustained by Mme. COLSON, Signors BRIGNOLI, JUNCA, and the new baritone, admired in New York and Philadelphia, FERRI. On Tuesday evening the wonderful little vocal phenomenon, ADELINA PATI, who has shot up with sudden meteoric brilliancy, but not like a meteor gone out, will give us a first taste of her singing in *Lucia*. There will be operas every night but Thursday, and a "Grand Matinée" on Saturday. One stupendous feature of the announcement for Monday night is the "Inauguration of the New Chandelier!" The managers announce an unusually rich repertoire of pieces, some of which are new to us here, and others as good as new. If we get all that is promised, worthily performed, it will be a notable season; for the promise includes "Der Freyschütz," Mozart's "Magic Flute," Rossini's superb "Tell," Pacini's "Saffo," besides all the old favorites, with the exception, we are sorry to see, of the *Nozze di Figaro*. But it will be something worth the while to hear the *Zauberflöte*, in spite of all the newspaper small talk in New York and Philadelphia about its being *rococo*, a dull respectability of a past age and of an obsolete

man of genius. Give us *genius*, even in old forms and absurd plots, rather the mere try-hard intensities of third-rate talent which happens to be popular for a while. It is very cheap and easy work to sneer at Mozart; but when Verdi and Co. will produce any thing as fresh as every strain of Mozart's is to-day, it will be time enough to sneer. The charm of freshness will beat all the stimulating spices in the long run. Besides, these critics reason in a circle; they want to show that *we*, in our enlightened day and land, judge for ourselves, and are not governed by names; we do not like Mozart's opera, because we only like good things and don't swear by names; and why is it not a good thing? because *we* don't like it. Popularity is not the surest test. We have no doubt that the plot of the *Zauberflöte* seems bewildering and absurd enough; but is not a mere picturesque fantastic medley, even if not clear or quite consistent, full as interesting as some of the thread-bare dramatic commonplaces of the modern opera? Besides, if any one will take the pains to read the story of the "Magic Flute," as written out in story-telling fashion by our friend the "Diarist," about a year since, he will perhaps find there is something in it.

There was no Afternoon Concert this week, owing to both Music Hall and Tremont Temple being pre-occupied against music. Fairs seem to be becoming the rule, and Music the exception in halls built for music. The concerts will be resumed, however, in the Tremont Temple, next Wednesday afternoon. . . Mr. ZERRAHN now intends to give his second Philharmonic Concert on the 14th of next month. In honor to the memory of Spohr, so recently deceased, he proposes to bring out, (for the first time,) that master's Symphony for double orchestra; *Das Irdische und das Göttliche* ("The Earthly and the Divine,") leaving Beethoven's Seventh Symphony for a succeeding concert. He will also repeat the "Preludes" by Liszt, and give us some good overture by Beethoven. . . Next Tuesday is the regular evening of the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.

The members of the HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION will please bear in mind, that their annual meeting will take place at the Revere House, on Monday evening, Jan. 16. See advertisement.

We are pained to learn from A. W. T., that a couple of musical students—not that very promising young man J. R. Paine, we are glad to say—have run away from Berlin, leaving their tailors, shoemakers, and others unpaid. For the present we suppress their names, and hope if they are again in America, that they will at once take measures to relieve the American name from the disgrace thus cast upon it.

Here is one of the "fearless" newspaper criticisms referred to above:

The "Magic Flute" is soporiferous in its tendencies. It may be classical, and all that, but it is dull. It could not well be otherwise with such a plot. Such a rigmorole of absurdity is without a parallel. The music, to interpret such puerile, silly thought, ought not to be grand or beautiful. The opera does, indeed, abound in melodies, and admits of occasional vocal displays, which cannot but astonish an audience, but it can never be popular, and does not deserve to be.

"We are, we trust," says a London cotemporary, "violating no confidence in stating that the return of Madame LIND-GOLDSCHMIDT to her profession, has, for some time, been an event most hopefully looked forward to in English musical circles. With the charitable and generous feelings which have so consistently characterized her career, it has been understood that Madame Goldschmidt would be happy to inaugurate her return to the musical world by co-operating with the promoters of the embryo Handel College, and of contributing the aid of her unrivalled ability to the centenary festival of the immortal composer."

Music Abroad.

Paris.

In the way of opera, the real new thing is the revival, with some impertinent pruning and other modifications, of an old thing, the *Orphée* of Gluck, at the Theatre Lyrique. The Parisians show their independent, honest sense of the musical art by crowding to hear it. The *Pardon de Ploemel*, already old at the Opera Comique, is not nearly equal in merit to Meyerbeer's last preceding work produced there. His everlasting *Africaine* cannot be brought out this year, either, at the Grand Opera, where there is no great new piece to take its place, and no great artists to perform. Wooden-armed Roger will reappear presently, and in any of his old rôles will have an immense success for some time—lovers of music will be so curious to see him sing with a wooden arm.

The *Italiens*, too, is less brilliant than last year in stock and stars. The outside public, a few weeks ago, were anticipating something uncommon from the announcement of a new opera by Rossini. That *maestro*, and two or three singing men and women, being considered by a certain public as the last best gift of God to men since the invention of the mariner's compass, and printing, to take the most recent dates. *Il Curioso Accidente*, the "new opera," by Rossini, is a collection of scraps, a *pasticcio*, an *olla podrida*, made up, with his permission, from tragic, comic, and buffo operas that he composed in his youth, that have never been performed out of Italy; to these were added some other bits picked up in the portfolios of Italian opera managers. These were all tacked, patched, and betched together and a libretto was made for them. All this was done by one Berrettoni, an impresario, an old and rather seedy acquaintance of Rossini, with the permission of the latter. So long ago as last year, Calzando, the manager of the *Italiens* here, had been offered the piece, had jumped at it, baited by Rossini's name, had then found that he was bit, had tried to get rid of his engagement to perform it, had a law-suit about it (as impresarii are always having law-suits—Melpomene and Themis are always playing into one another's hands), and had been condemned to have it performed. Finally, to cut a long story short, it was performed and summarily damned the other night, Rossini, Calzando, the performers, and in fine, everybody but Signor Berrettoni and the audience being indifferent or content.—*Corr. of N. Y. Tribune.*

London.

(From the Musical World, Dec. 3.)

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The third concert attracted the largest audience of the present season, and in some respects was the most interesting which has yet been given. The programme, for reasons not less honorable than obvious, was devoted in its most important branches, to the music of Dr. Spohr.

Quartet in G major, No. 32, Op. 146. Spohr
Duet, "Absence" Henry Smart
Aria, "Dalla sua pace" Mozart
Song, "Suleika" Mendelssohn
Sonata in A flat, piano-forte solo. Spohr
Introduction and Rondo, for piano-forte and violin, in E major. Spohr
Aria, "Che farò" Stradella
Songs, "The Savoyard" and "The Stolen Kiss." Beethoven
Duet, "Two Merry Gipsies" Macfarren
Double quartet in E minor, No. 3 (Op. 87). Spohr
Conductor—Mr. Benedict.

Let us begin with the singers. The duets (both perfect in their way) were extremely well sung by Miss Fanny Rowland and Madlle. Behrens. The last-named lady developed good *contralto* tones in Gluck's "Che farò," and Miss Fanny Rowland gave Mendelssohn's "Zuleika" (No. 2, the fine outburst in E major) with a degree of passionate expression which showed at one and the same time her power to appreciate the sentiment of the music, and her capability of executing it in such a manner as to convey to the audience and enlist their sympathies for all that poet-Goethe and composer-Mendelssohn intended. This is great praise, but at the same time, thoroughly well merited. Mr. Sims Reeves surpassed himself, and in "Dalla sua pace" was, as it were, Mario and Reeves fused into one. Such faultless singing could not but elicit enthusiasm, and no wonder there was a unanimous encore. Instead of repeating Mozart's air, however, Mr. Reeves gave "Adelaide."

The magnificent double quartet in E minor, which had so brilliant a success last season, was equally a triumph now. M. Wieniawski, who led the first quartet (choir?) surpassed all his previous efforts. He, Pole though he be, had thoroughly imbued himself with the spirit of the Branswick *altmeister*, and played as Spohr would have liked to hear his music

played. Then at the head of the second quartet (choir?) was M. Sainten, who knows his Spohr as a true believer knows his Bible, and who reads him as though he had shared the post of *Kapellmeister* with the illustrious musician during the seven-and-thirty years he groaned in servitude (consoling himself by giving *chef-d'œuvres* to the world) under the electoral despotism of Hesse-Cassel.

The pianist was Mr. Lindsay Sloper, whose performance of the very trying and difficult solo sonata was masterly from end to end, as finished and satisfactory to the nice ear as it was *émouvant* to those who look for the mere poetry of music. Not less charming was the *Introduction and Rondo* for piano-forte and violin (the violin part being as arduous and exacting as a concerto), played with consummate excellence by Mr. Sloper and M. Sainten.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.—The first concert took place on Monday evening, in the Hanover Square rooms, when the following was the programme:

PART I.

Symphony in A minor. Mendelssohn
Song (MS.), "Nay, smile not thus," Miss Del-
by. Lord Gerald Fitzgerald
Glee, "Ye spotted snakes" Stevens
Concert-stück, piano forte, Miss Freeth. Weber

PART II.

"Night," and "Military music," (Judith). Henry Leslie
Song, "Broken vows," Miss Dolhy. Francesco Berger
Fantasia, (Bohemian Girl), Miss Freeth. Madame Oury
Glee, "The Fisherman's good night" Bishop
Overture, (La Rein d'un Jour). Adam
Conductor—Mr. Henry Leslie.

The symphony in A minor inaugurated the fourteenth season of the Amateurs, with a larger show of ambition than of practical success.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—At the moment when a large section of the musical community, rendered expectant for nearly twenty years by M. Jullien's provisional enterprise, was about to resign all hopes of their customary annual entertainments, specifics against November fogs and preparatives for the Christmas holidays, Mr. F. Strange, manager of the refreshment department at the Crystal Palace, steps into the breach and offers a series of concerts instead. Having made arrangements with Mr. E. T. Smith, for Drury Lane Theatre, Mr. Strange secured the services of Mr. Manus, conductor of the Crystal Palace band, who has enrolled a tolerably powerful orchestra, taking as its nucleus the chief members of the Crystal Palace, unaccountably, however, omitting Mr. Horatio Chipp, principal violoncellist, a grave loss, and procuring additions to the wind and stringed instruments, from the best available sources at hand. Messrs. Wedemeyer and Willy lead the first violins, and the principal soloists comprise M. Dubem (cornet), Mr. A. Wells (flute), Mr. Crozier (oboe), M. Papé (clarinet), Mr. Hutchings (bassoon), and M. Daubert (violinello). The band is neither so numerous nor of such excellence as M. Jullien's celebrated battalion; but it is a good working body, nevertheless, and efficient at all points. The season has been restricted to fourteen nights.

The first concert was given on Saturday. The night was damp and cold. The attendance was good, nevertheless, especially in the promenade, which was crowded almost from the commencement. M. Jullien devoted a number of his concerts to classical performances. Mr. Augustus Manns devotes all. The classical concerts of course mean the dedication of the first part to the works of one of the masters. Mr. Manns chose Mendelssohn to begin with. The selection comprised the Italian symphony, the violin concerto, *Scherzo* from the *Ottello* for stringed instruments (Op. 20), arranged by the composer for orchestra, "Wedding March," from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and "May Song." The symphony was satisfactorily executed in the first three movements, the violins, however, indicating a want of power. The *Saltarello* movement, taken at the true Mendelssohn speed, was not so correct. The *Scherzo* was altogether better, and the "Wedding March" was admirable. M. Wieniawski was too much of an artist to pay attention to the announcement "that he would play the first movement of the violin concerto." He executed the whole magnificently, eliciting a perfect storm of applause at the end. Mad. Lemmens Sherrington was eulored in the "May Song," and substituted, "My heart is sair for somebody."

The "Mendelssohn Night" was repeated on Monday.

On Tuesday, a "Beethoven Night" was announced but could not be given. Reason, Band had not rehearsed the "Pastoral Symphony," and Violin Concerto.

Wednesday, the "Weber Night" was repeated with some alterations.

Thursday's performance was made up of selections from the works of Haydn and M. Hector Berlioz.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Two merry gipsies are we. Duet. *Macfarren.* 30

A lively duet for soprano and mezzo-soprano. The title bears a strong resemblance to a couple of very popular duets of Stephen Glover's, and so does the music remind you occasionally of Glover. It is withal a very pleasant, charming composition, full of life and spirit, and distinguished for graceful, striking melodies.

Oh! I'm the Elf in Vesper bell. Song.

Mrs. L. A. Denton 25

A fairy song, light and tripping; for mezzo-soprano.

Katie of Babbie Brook. Song and Chorus.

J. McNaughton. 25

One of the best songs of this gifted poet-composer. It will please wherever it is sung.

Instrumental Music.

Nocturne, op. 16, in A flat. *Ad. Gutmann.* 25

This nocturne is not less pretty than the one which is already so widely known and appreciated.

Bonnie Deen. *E. F. Rimbault.* 15

Campbells are coming. " 15

Arranged for very young pupils, to be used even in the first quarter.

Ange si pur. From "La Favorita." Transcribed

by *W. V. Wallace.* 30

An excellent arrangement of the celebrated air "Spirto gentil," of medium difficulty.

La Marsellaise. Serenade militaire. *A. W. Berg.* 35

There is hardly any author at the present day with whose compositions teachers are so generally pleased as with those of Berg. His style is graceful and brilliant, his taste unexceptionable. The pupils are universally delighted with his pieces, and this "Serenade militaire" will be no exception to the rule.

The Sledging Frolic. Polka. *J. E. Muller.* 25

The Snowman. Rondino. " 25

The Skaters. Polka Mazurka. " 25

Santa Claus. Waltz. " 25

Easy and pretty little pieces, composed for scholars. They are the first numbers of a series of instructive pieces called "Winter's delights."

Silver Wedding Waltz. *J. W. Wilson.* 25

Poplar Hill Commencement Waltz. *P. Schmidt.* 25

Popular Dance music.

Books.

NEW METHOD FOR THE MELODEON, and other Instruments of the Organ Class, selected mainly from "Zundel's Melodeon Instructor," to which is added a collection of the most popular Songs of the Day, and a variety of Psalm and Hymn Tunes. 1,00

Nothing need be said in addition to what may be found in the first page of this paper to commend to teachers and pupils of the Melodeon this work as one of real value, or to dealers as one that is destined to become, immediately, the most popular and useful Melodeon Instructor to be found, and consequently one that will meet with a very large sale. The elementary portion of the instructions is, for the most part, taken from "Zundel's Instructor" and presents the most thorough, complete, plain and concise course of study which can be laid before a pupil.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 405.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1860.

VOL. XVI. No. 15.

(From the Free Press, Burlington, Vt.)

The Snow Storm.

Fall, fall the fleecy flakes,
The feather-like, star-like, crystal flakes;
The very sight of their coming makes
The air to tingle, with the merry jingle
Of the merry sleigh bells' merry dingle,
When flies o'er the road the well bestowed,
The laughter-ringing, frolic-flinging,
The mirthful, singing, tumult-bringing,
The talking, jesting, noisy load.

Down, down, over country and town,
Are the scattering snow-flakes thickly strown,
Falling softly like eider-down.
I think with delight of the robe of white
Which will deck the earth like a vestal bright,
In exchange for her faded russet gown,
Her homely dress of withered brown.
Spangled and light, gemmed like the night,
Is the robe which is weaving to be her own,
And to-night will be gracefully over her thrown.

Off, off, gently and off,
Come the fluttering snow flakes down from aloft,
Floating and flying and fleecy and soft;
Out from the sky, drifting rapidly by,
Down to the place where they quietly lie
Come they one by one, yet missing is none;
Not a floating speck, not a feathery fleck,
But in the chase of its downward race
Shall win its appointed resting place.

Pile, pile, silence the while!
Far and around and for many a mile,
Spreads the evenly scattered, snowy pile,
Over field, over fold, over clearing and wold,
Spotless and smooth and icy and cold,
Round the hut of the poor, round the rich man's door,
Over mountain and moor,
O'er the grave of the dead, o'er the pillowed head,
On roof and on ground, with never a sound.

Drift, drift, hastily drift!
How the winds in their arms this snow will sift,
When the icy meal to their sieves they lift!
How they'll toss it and twirl, and whistle and whirl,
And deposit at last with crinkle and curl,
In a mound as white, as porous and light,
As the frosted cake which house-wives make,
When to neighbor and friend a summons they send,
Their household comfort and cheer to partake!

Waste, waste, steadily waste!
When the sun looks down in its face so chaste,
How 'twill glide aside from his gaze in haste!
How 'twill shrink away from the wind of the South,
From the warmth of his breath, from the kiss of his
mouth,
Till will nothing remain, on the desolate plain,
But her mantle moist and dripping rain!
How she'll pass away, in a mild decay,
From the wind of the south and the noon-tide-ray!

Vt.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Diarist Abroad.

IN PRAGUE.

A fortnight in the hottest of June weather in old Prague, which lies in a deep hollow, where the breezes of heaven find no ready admittance! But spite of the heat, spite of my disappointment

in the public libraries of the city, which contain little or nothing for my purposes, those two weeks were neither unpleasant nor unprofitable.

When you come into a strange city with no letters of introduction, and you find all the gentlemen to whom you have occasion to apply for aid in your researches, not merely willing but glad to assist you, treating you rather as an old friend, than with the common politeness due from man to man, you leave that city carrying grateful recollections for kindness received, which impart a roscate hue to all your memories of the place. This is the case with me. Volkmann, of the Kinsky Library, Schebeck, Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, Ambros, an advocate, Kittl, Director of the Conservatorium, Dreyschock, the great pianist—from these gentlemen and others I received important aid or friendly attentions.

It was at the season when music rests, and when many of the leading artists are away. Hence I have little to say in the way of a musical report; and my other notes have been kept back by a pressure of work of other kinds, which has prevented me from writing them out. They are musico-literary, and therefore not likely to lose their interest,—in so far as they have any, by delay.

Dr. EDMUND SCHEBEK I mention not as a musician, but on account of a work which he gave me for the Boston Library. He was one of the Austrian commissioners to the Paris Exhibition, in 1855, and the work in question is his report upon the orchestral instruments. It is beautifully printed of course, being from the imperial press. Should I ever succeed in finding an opportunity of sending it home, I call your attention to the epitome of the History of the Violin, and the discussion of the principles involved in the construction of the instrument. I have seen a letter from David, of Leipzig, praising this part of the report very highly, and surely David is a competent judge.

Dr. AUGUST WILHELM AMBROS, an advocate, a small man with a pair of very brilliant dark eyes and a magnificent head, is rapidly rising into the first rank of German writers upon music. I take him to be the pianist mentioned in the 43d and 46th volumes of the old Leipzig Music Journal. His tendencies are, I believe, the new school music. He has published some music, but is known principally as a writer upon Art. A little work of local interest upon the old Cathedral of St. Veit, in Prague, appeared some years since. Of more general interest are several small musical works; one upon the Conservatory at Prague, on occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation; another upon the Limits of Music and Poetry; a third just out, upon the prohibition of consecutive fifths; and two works of great extent are announced as finished or in preparation—I really do not know which—a condensed history of music in 2 volumes, and "*Kultur-historische Bilder aus dem Musik-Leben der Gegenwart.*" I had the pleasure of a call one

day from the Director of the Conservatorium, who invited me to a private orchestral performance of the pupils. To say they played finely for boys, would be doing them injustice; though the ages of the performers ranged from 15 to 18 years only, it was good orchestral music—they played *well*. Here and there in the wind instruments, one felt that the youth had not yet attained a man's strength of lungs, but their execution was perfectly satisfactory. I sat in astonishment at such a performance by an orchestra of boys!

It was composed thus:—

First violins.. . . .	6	Second Violins.....	5
Violas.....	3	Violoncellos.....	4
Contrabassi.....	4	Flutes.....	2
Oboes.....	2	Clarinets.....	2
Bassoons.....	2	Horns.....	2
Trumpets.....	2	Tympani.....	1
Total.....	35		

What did they play? Some light, easy symphony of Haydn? Possibly Beethoven's First? or some simple overtures? Not at all. Spohr's 2d Symphony, No. 69, and Schumann's *Manfred* Overture—two works, as you well know, not written for boys, but for men. The Director of a Conservatorium of Music, so widely known as this at Prague, occupies a position influential enough to make his biography of interest. Hence the following sketch.

JOHANN FRIEDRICH KITTL was born May 8, 1809, at Worlik, in Bohemia, in a chateau belonging to the Schwarzenbergs, where his father was the principal judicial officer. He was an excessively sensitive and excitable child, and very early showed a talent for music. This was cultivated so that in his ninth year, before leaving home to enter a Latin school in Prague, he gave a sort of private farewell concert in his father's house, playing two or three of Tomaschek's Eclogues, and the piano-forte part of an easy Trio by Hummel.

In Prague for six years he lived with a grandmother and aunt, and indeed too exclusively, as the development of the manly elements in his character was for a long time hindered, and the natural excitability of his temperament was left without a due counterpoise. He made good progress in study, was an insatiate reader, and developed his piano forte playing to the extent of performing concertos by Ries and Hummel. Then came a period when he ran riot in poetry, but soon returned to music, and knowing nothing of the art of composition, was obliged to get another to write out the songs, which he composed in his sixteenth year.

Entering the university as a student of law, he became also a pupil of Tomaschek in harmony and counterpoint. Soon after this the effects of his almost cloister life for the preceding years, and of the severe preparation, which he had been obliged to make to pass his examinations, were felt in the miserable condition of his nervous system.

The catastrophe was brought on by his falling

in love with, and engaging himself to a girl, who he soon afterwards learned was unworthy of him. He became incapable of study, and hardly 19 years old, he remained sunk in deepest melancholy, even making attempts upon his own life. Being sent to a watering place, the sight of a patient, the victim of a melancholy, which had sunk to an incurable madness, gave him a terrible shock, and his horror enabled him to obtain at length mastery over himself, and he returned cured—save from the loss of the elasticity of temperament, which is our great safeguard from the ills of life.

Princess Schwarzenberg invited him to her Salons, where as pianist, he had opportunity to make a wide acquaintance among the Bohemian nobility. His ambition was again aroused, and he returned to Prague to resume his legal studies, living by turns in the families of Müller, Professor of Aesthetics, and Lichtenfeld, of Philosophy, and profiting much by being so intimately associated with them. He was a constant visitor at the house of Tomaschek, and thus was thrown much into the society of musicians. After the lapse of a year, his family, with the exception of the father, removed to Prague, and he had opportunity for two years to pursue his studies living at home. A "*Spinnerlied*," written previously, led to his acquaintance with the daughter of a general, whose singing so charmed him as to induce him to compose most of the songs for her, which have since appeared.

When about twenty-four years of age, a young man, his most intimate friend, through a mistake of a physician, was killed by laying ice upon his head when sick of the small pox. Kittl had acted as nurse, and was with the patient when after a period of dreadful delirium he died. This completely upset him, and threw him into a fever, during which he had fits of delirium. In one of them he thought his friend appeared to him, and said: "Hans, wrote a requiem for my soul." "My dear Alois, I could never accomplish it." "Yes thou wilt and soon."

As soon as he was well he began his work, and finished it in six days. The next year he lost his mother, but happily he was now engaged to one who could sympathize with him and comfort him.

During the next two years, he was so busily engaged in preparing for his examinations, as to compose only a few songs, three scherzos, and a sonata for 4 hands. At length he had passed all his examinations, and was ready to enter his profession. His father had destined him to be his successor at Worlik; but as the time drew near for him to leave Prague, he felt all the difficulty of leaving a city where his artistic tastes could be cultivated and indulged, for an obscure village and the routine life of his father. His entreaties at length prevailed, and Kittl senior, allowed his son to enter the finance department of the government of Prague.

Once settled, he went through a regular course of musical study with Tomaschek, and with such success as to write an entire sonata in double counterpoint of the octave—of course very learned and very unmusical in any high sense.

A septet for piano forte and wind instruments, seems to have been his next work. At this time he and his lady love separated, as he no longer could think of marriage for some time to come, and he formed not another connection of that sort, but an intimate friendship with Richard Wagner.

In the autumn of 1835 he wrote a nonet, several songs, and a piece for four men's voices, four horns and piano forte. On his birthday, 1836, May 8, he made his public appearance as composer, by giving a concert to nine hundred invited guests, at which the nonet, septet, the piece for voices, horns and piano forte, and several songs were given. The song: "*IVär ich ein Stern*," from Jean Paul's "*Flegeljahren*," was so successful as to be immediately called for in print, and from this time Kittl was known as a composer. In the autumn of 1836, he wrote a symphony in D minor, and in the spring of the next year a hunting symphony, which were both performed in Conservatory concerts.

In 1839, Spohr conducted the latter in a concert at Cassel, and recommended the composer to Mendelssohn's notice. The latter was thus induced to invite Kittl to Leipzig in 1840, to a performance of the same work in a Gewandhaus concert. He went and spent "the happiest day of his life," for the symphony was a success. It was printed by Breitkopf and Härtel, dedicated to Mendelssohn. A musician named Friedland, on his way from St. Petersburg to Paris, was at the Gewandhaus concert at the performance, and liked it so much as to take it with him to the French capital, where it was performed several times.

In the autumn of 1840, Kittl was thrown from a carriage, his shoulder put out of joint, and a dangerous illness, lasting some three months, followed. Upon his recovery, he composed a piano forte piece called "*La Guérison*," containing difficult passages for the left hand—the injured one, and in the spring of 1841, a concert overture in D, printed in Leipzig. In the summer he journeyed to Vienna, where he for the first time heard an Italian Opera, the principal performers being Tadolini, Frezzolini, Moriani, Donzelli and Badiali.

On his return to Prague, he composed another concert overture, and his third symphony in D.

After the great fire in Hamburg, he gave a concert for the benefit of the sufferers, and cleared a handsome sum.

He embraced the opportunity to visit Leipzig again, and having sold some of his manuscripts very advantageously, extended his journey to Hamburg and London. After an absence of nine weeks he appeared again at his post in Prague, and was informed that he must keep the office hours as well as others—upon which he resigned his place, with the determination to trust to music for a subsistence. His father, who had now removed to Prague, learned this first through the newspapers, and naturally enough a great scene with his son was the result. But there was no help for it.

In December, 1842, old Dyonisius Weber, the founder of the Conservatorium, died, and the proper authorities advertised for candidates to fill his place as director. Thirteen candidates sent in their names—among them Spohr, Molique and Kittl—each accompanied with his "views of old and new music, and how both may best be united in a Conservatorium." While the matter was still in abeyance, Mendelssohn invited Kittl again to Leipzig, (January, 1843,) to direct his new symphony. Here he refused to direct, but was present at its performance. This work has been published at Mayence, and Marschner gave it in Hanover with success.

On the 16th of May, 1843, the decision in regard to the directorship of the Prague Conservatorium was made known, and Kittl proved to be the choice.

His first work, after the hard task of getting his duties as director into good working order, was a mass in C, (1844). After this he visited Italy. In Milan he was present at a performance of Verdi's "*Ernani*," in which the public saw fit to put down one of the singers. "Of the hissing, yelling, coughing, jeering, whistling and singing, with which every phrase of the unlucky one was accompanied, he had never until then had the faintest idea." Returning through Switzerland, he was just saved by his guide from falling from his horse—the saddle slipping—and being plunged down one of the awful precipices near the hospice of St. Bernard. Passing over the journeys which he has made, during the vacations of the Conservatorium, and which have extended as far as Stockholm,—sickness only prevented him from accepting an invitation to St. Petersburg,—and during which he has been received by the first musicians and composers as a worthy compeer, I come to his first opera.

In the autumn of 1846, he was in Dresden, and visited his old friend Richard Wagner. To the latter's question, "How goes it with you?" Kittl replied, "Not well." Many suffer from want of appetite, others from want of sleep—I from want of an opera text. "I will help you," said Wagner, "I have a text for you."

He accordingly read a manuscript, which he had written after a romance by König, entitled "*The noble Bride*." Kittl was delighted with it, and in course of a year, working evenings and nights upon it, he finished it, giving it the title "*Bianca and Guiseppe*." It was performed Feb. 19, 1848, at Prague, and the author had the satisfaction of having his first production for the stage prove a triumphant success. Then came the revolution, and there for a time was the end of theatrical triumphs.

In February, 1852, a second opera, the "*Wald-blume*" (Wild flower), met with a fair success and in April, 1854, the third, "*Die Bilderstürmer*."

In 1852, to go back, he was invited to Frankfurt am Main, to produce his hunting symphony, and his "*Bianca and Guiseppe*," or the "French before Nice. Both were successful.

So far as I know, Kittl's name is quite unknown in our concerts. I have not heard his music, but from what I have read and heard about it, I should judge that some of it, and especially his "hunting symphony," (*Jagdsinfonie*) would please an American audience.

(From the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

The Proscenium Papers.

No. II.

ARTIST-WORSHIP.

I was comparing the beautiful *ensemble* of white opera cloaks presented by an arc of the parquette circle, visible from our point of observation in the balcony, to a snow-drift, and the jewels sparkling in the mellow effulgence of the pendant bee-hive chandelier, to crystalline ice-points glistening in the garb of winter, when the sun stands at meridian. I was throwing off one of my brilliant similes, I repeat, when Miss Calliope Blink asked my opinion of Senti Mentali, the tenor.

"His *mezza voce* is the finest I have ever heard," I rejoined; *practerea nihil*. I know that he rarely interprets the meaning of the composer properly, for he *fortes* and *pianos* in proportion as he chances upon the

richest or weakest of his tones, regardless of the composer's expression marks. But I know that you, in common with an immense per centum of this audience, idolize him; and, let me assure you, that you frequent the opera less from an enthusiastic love for art, than from a positive infatuation for certain artists."

Here Mrs. Owllet Blink, who had been critically admiring an elegant point-lace sleeve near her, turned around and solicited me to repeat that which she had only partially heard.

"I was remarking, madam," I continued, "that the larger proportion of opera habitués frequent this refined amusement more from an infatuation for certain artists, than by reason of a genuine love of art; a fact which cannot fail to have its retarding influence upon the progress of musical taste and appreciation."

The matron had a clincher ready for my assertion. She had drawn herself up majestically and cleared her throat for it, but Lieutenant Flabber, of the Navy, who at that moment made his obeisance to her, drew the matron on to another tack, and I was rejoiced to address my remarks to Miss Calliope. The task of proving my assertion became just so much lighter, by the opportune arrival of the middle-aged Lieutenant, as it is easier to make an impression upon the intellect of a languishing, blue-eyed blonde of eighteen winters, than upon the settled and developed opinions of a matron of forty-five.

"Miss Blink," I said, "your musical talents are by no means despicable. Indeed, Signor Portamento, your singing-master, vows that nothing but a lack of proper application will prevent your eventually vocalizing the *Casta Diva* as flexibly as you now do the *Libiamo*. What you want, principally, is discrimination and a healthy taste, and these you can only acquire by studying carefully the compositions of judicious writers, and by according at least the same attention to the music of the various operas you hear, as you bestow upon the artists."

"How can an admiration for those who afford us pleasure possibly be avoided? Is it not natural?" exclaimed the damsel, with the triumphant air of a metaphysician.

"There is a sensible distinction between *admiration* and *infatuation*," was my reply. "I commend or condemn an artist by the criterions of vocalization, but never allow myself to be drawn into the popular *furore* for any individual. No more should you, Miss Blink. I feel a due regard for the achievements of the gifted *prima donna* who has wrought her natural voice into a marvel of flexibility and power; but I warm with enthusiasm for her just in proportion as she successfully interprets the thoughts of the poet and the *maestro*, clothed in the celestial breathings of melody, and by no means by reason of a handsome *personnelle*, or of a few declamatory mannerisms, however impassioned. When you go to the opera, let it be for the improvement of your musical taste above all other considerations."

At that instant the curtain rose. The favorite tenor stood in the centre of a band of choristers, vocalizing the introductory choros of the opera. An immense round of prolonged applause hailed the presence of the worshipped artist before he had sung a note, so deafening as to distort one of the composer's finest efforts into a hideous conglomeration of discordant and unmeaning sounds. How many from that brilliant audience received any impressions from that admirably conceived and developed chorus? Not my *chère amie*, Calliope, surely; for her pretty features seemed radiant with enthusiasm for the popular idol, as she closely scanned his triumphant presence with her pearl lorgnette.

"I do think," she fairly gasped with excitement, when, subsequently, the worshipped *Senti Mentali* had dropped from a long sustained minim to the keynote of his first *romanza*. "I do think no mortal man ever sang like that!" "Such mellowness!" "What a control of voice!" "What tenderness, expression, taste!" Her beautiful features were flushed with extraordinary excitement, and, as for Mrs. Owllet Blink, she closed her eyes for many moments, as in a delicious reverie. Lieutenant Flabber alone sat immovable, erect in his accustomed military rigidity, afraid to risk an opinion now, since his accomplished companion had checked him in the most timely manner, a moment before, when he was about to applaud a long *recitativo*, as dry as the desert of Sahara.

"Don't you rate that as a masterly effort?" finally appealed Miss Calliope to me.

"You must have observed that I applauded sufficiently to express my satisfaction at the manner in which it was sung," I answered; "and I wish you to give me *your* opinion of the *romanza* itself, at the conclusion of the present act."

"I am not a professed critic," retorted the pride of the Blinks, sharply; and therewith she levelled

her lorgnette more eagerly than ever at the popular idol. The Lieutenant donned a solemn air, seemed excessively bored, and muttered between his lips, that he would pay quadruple the price of admission to see Parodi upon the boards, as he had seen her prior to his last cruise, vocalizing the *Star Spangled Banner* under the folds of Columbia's flag. When the act had concluded, I pressed the charming Calliope for her opinion of the great tenor *romanza*, and ask of her whether she did not deem the oboe *obbligato*, which accompanied it, a happy thought of the *maestro*. Alas! if I had demanded her opinion of a Sausserit rhyme, the beauty could not have been a whit more staggered. In her absorbing infatuation for the popular idol, she could give no account of the musical merits of the *morceau* itself.

"How do you ever expect to attain to a healthy discrimination at this rate, Miss?" I queried.

"Do you imagine, then," was her reply, "that the music of an opera makes no possible impression upon me? Don't I carry home with me the principal melodies? Don't I purchase and learn them?"—to which I rejoined—

"Exactly, as you obtain a general impression of an artistic painting, without discovering those deeper and more striking points of beauty, which lie hidden beneath the surface. Depend upon it, Miss, that the improvement of your taste and appreciation rests upon a regard for the music first, and for the artist, as the interpreter thereof, secondarily."

I found by the rapt attention now accorded to my teachings by the impressible Calliope, that these desultory observations were inaugurating a good work within her, and I continued, with warming enthusiasm—

"When I was a lad it was my blessed privilege to reside in a country town, settled by Germans and their descendants, for the most part, which boasted of the best Philharmonic Society outside the great cities of Philadelphia, Boston, and New York. The Director of said Association, finding in me an aptitude for music, placed in my hands a viola, and pressed me into the active service. It was the wont of the Society to tender to its subscribers three grand concerts during each season, either miscellaneous in their character, or distinguished by a performance of some grand oratorio. I well remember how, on rehearsal nights, we were wont, instrumentalists and choristers, to gather around a patriarchal old stove, to discuss the merits of the various compositions which we had undertaken. This was no mutual admiration society—but a gathering of art lovers, anxious for practical improvement and theoretical edification. The intrinsic merits of a Haydn *œuvre d'inspiration*, perchance, were the all-absorbing and prime theme of conversation, and, had instrumentalist or vocalist distinguished him or herself in its performance, the proper meed of praise was extended to the deserving, in a quiet way, blended with the circulating remarks. And what was the result of a system of art-worship, thus carried on for years? Mark it well! A pure taste, correct inspiration, and in many instances, striking excellence of judgment and performance! Moreover, this little band of genuine Euterpean votaries leavened the entire population of the village, so that even striplings and girls came to form very excellent conclusions on matters of art at an early age—and the musical prestige of the romantic town of B—— has been acknowledged throughout the land."

Just then the last act of the opera commenced with a noble aria for baritone, admirably conceived, by the composer, and most satisfactorily vocalized by Signor *Smania*. The audience received the effort coldly, especially Mrs. Owllet Blink and her daughter, while I applauded the *morceau* and the execution thereof. Here was a palpable and unerring proof of the assertion I had made at the outset; and I bestowed a searching glance at my female companions. The baritone aria presented even finer melodic and harmonic features than the tenor *romanza* before mentioned; but the difference in the applause was like as the surging of the mighty ocean to a ripple in a stagnant pond. Whence this marked dissimilarity? Not in the music, but in the *status* of the singers with the public. And how many in the vast crowd had any conception of the intrinsic merits of either of the two *pièces de résistance*? Are not the impressions which such like efforts should make upon the soul and the intellect of the auditors, shut out in the wild whirl of infatuation for a worshipped artist?

When the performance had ended, I found Miss Calliope Blink so seriously reflective as to afford me the brightest hopes of her approaching conversion from extreme artist worship to the more healthy musical condition, in which love of the art itself is of primary importance, while due consideration is accorded to the merits, personal and vocal, of individual artists. Confident I am, moreover, that a public

change in this regard would add immensely to promote a pure taste, and a generally correct discrimination. It seems clear to my mind that, when once people shall go to the opera, at least as much from a love of art as from artist preferences, an impetus must be given to taste which will indubitably place this fascinating amusement upon a permanent basis. As for Miss Blink, I repeat my hopes of her conversion, and inasmuch as I expect, eventually, to enter into a sacred covenant, "for better or worse" with her, I shall have a finer opportunity to mould her tastes, and to guide her musical progress, according to my own opinions, than I now enjoy in my present chaperoning capacity. B. NATURAL.

German Music in America.

The love of music is characteristic of Germans everywhere, and they are exerting a perceptible influence in the United States to propagate a love for that art, without which a man is said to be "fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils." In this way they are no doubt, contributing much to refine social usages and to rationalize enjoyments, especially among that class of population which can indulge in the luxury of song, even though precluded from all others. The proficiency which Germans make in vocal music was aptly illustrated on a recent occasion, at Cooper Institute, when the American part of the audience gave expression to both delight and surprise, as the sweet harmonies rose in such volume and power from a promiscuous assemblage. And we have still more notable instances, occurring in connection with the centennial anniversary of Schiller's birth. Probably the musical festivities of the German Liederkrantz and Saengerbund, last Wednesday and Thursday evenings, were fully equal to anything of the kind ever given in this country. Among those present were Baucroft, the historian, William Cullen Bryant and several other prominent men.

Having reference to the desirability of cultivating a correct musical taste among all classes, it is worth while to inquire into the organization, management, &c., of German musical associations, as conducted here and elsewhere. There are in New York city not far from thirty German societies for the culture of music, all of which meet twice a week respectively for practice, and once a month as a "Saengerbund" (or association in which the whole are united,) to rehearse the larger choruses, requiring many voices; and the latter body convenes once a year in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore or Cincinnati, forming a national organization quite numerous and thoroughly disciplined.

This is in accordance with the custom observed in Europe, except that the cities of Germany afford a much wider circuit for rotation. The individual societies number from twenty to eighty members, each of whom pays an entrance fee of two dollars, and twenty-five cents per week subsequently, for the payment of the director. The latter is elected to hold office so long as his services are acceptable.

It is by such associations as these that Germans acquire celebrity as musicians. Their advantages in this country, however, are not equal to those enjoyed at home, where the ordinary occupations of the day are less engrossing. Moreover, in Prussia, at least, music is invariably made a part of common school education, it being customary to reserve one hour in the morning, immediately preceding the opening of the school, for musical practice.

Later in the day the blackboard is used for the study of the characters used in writing music. In this manner every youth is trained from earliest childhood, so that often the families of those most humble in life and indigent in circumstances produce musicians of the first rank. Germans ridicule the attempts of Americans to promote "congregational" singing, while the subject receives such superficial attention, especially in the early stages of education. Certainly we may imitate them in several essential particulars with advantage. The more we can place innocent methods of diversion within the reach of the less favored classes of population—that is to say, the great mass of the people—to that extent temptation to a vicious course of life will be diminished, and the interests of religion and morality promoted.—N. Y. Jour. of Com.

Inequality of Tone in Instruments.

It is often the case, in piano fortes and other instruments, that an inequality is perceived in the tones; sometimes in one tone as compared with another, and sometimes in several tones together, perhaps an octave, as compared with several tones in some other part of the instrument. Some of the tones have less power, purity, sonorousness and clearness than others, even in new instruments; and sometimes the tones lose in this respect with the lapse of time, and some

tones more than others. In stringed instruments, also, like the violin, it is sometimes the case that one or two of the strings sound with clearness, fullness and purity, while the tone of the others is dull, feeble and short.

The cause of this inequality of tone is, generally, some inequality in the sounding board; either an inequality in the thickness of the parts, or in their elasticity, or in their relative support.

In reed and other wind instruments, the fault is generally owing to a false proportion between the openings, the finger holes, &c., or to one part of the wood or metal being knotty or harder than other parts, and therefore less elastic. In these latter instruments, the fault is much more difficult of correction; since it is often the case that only one or two tones are bad, and any attempt at correcting them might do harm to the others. In the violin, violoncello, &c., an alteration of the sounding post, or a new bridge, a little higher or lower, wider or narrower, will often remedy the difficulty.

In the piano forte this inequality is much more difficult of care, any farther than can be effected by the apparatus which regulates the keys, or where it is owing to the imperfect leathering of the hammers. This instrument is too complicated to attempt much beyond this, and yet of all instruments it exhibits this fault the most frequently; indeed, it sometimes happens that only two or three of the tones are woody, dull and shallow, while all the rest are good. The best piano forte makers cannot guarantee that this fault shall not exist in any one of their instruments, and they are all liable to be affected by time.

The same inequality of tone is also often found in the organ, and arises from a variety of causes. Persons intending to purchase an instrument of any kind, and wishing to procure a good one, will do well to have it carefully examined, previous to making the purchase, by one whose skill and experience render him competent to judge of their quality.

SERENADING A YOUNG LADY.—A newspaper tells the following:

"In my young days I was extravagantly fond of attending parties, and somewhat celebrated for playing on the flute. Hence it was generally expected that when an invitation was extended, my flute would accompany me.

"I visited a splendid party one evening, and was called upon to favor the company with a tune on the flute. I, of course, immediately complied with the request. The company appeared delighted; but more particularly so was a young lady, who raised her hands and exclaimed, it was most beautiful, delightful, &c. I, of course, was highly delighted, and immediately formed a resolution to serenade the young lady on the following night. I started the next night in company with several young friends and arrived, as I supposed, at the young lady's residence, but made a glorious mistake by getting under the window of an old Quaker.

"Now boys," said I, "behold the sentimentality of this young lady the moment I strike up the 'Last Rose of Summer.' I struck up, the window remained closed, and the boys began to smile.

"O, said I, that's nothing, it would not be in good taste to raise the window on the first air.

"I next struck up 'Old Robin Gray.' Still the window remained closed. The boys snickered, and I felt somewhat flat.

"Once more, boys, said I, and she must come. I struck up again—'My Love is like the red, red rose.' Still there was no demonstration.

"Boys, said I, she's a humbug. Let us sing 'Home, Sweet Home,' and if that don't bring her I'll give up.

"We struck up, and as we finished the last line the window was raised.

"That's the ticket, boys, I knew we could fetch her.

"But, instead of the beautiful young lady, it turned out to be the old Quaker, in his night cap and gown.

"Friend," said he, 'thou was singing of thy home—and if I recollect right, thou said there was no place like home; and if that is true, why don't thee go to thy home? Thee is not wanted here, thee nor thy company. Fare thee well.'

"We, and our hats, went home."

Casting of the colossal statue of Mendelssohn.

On Tuesday, the colossal statue of the late Mendelssohn Bartholdy, modelled by Mr. Bacon, was cast in bronze at the works of Messrs. Robinson and Cottam, Lower Belgrave-place, Piccadilly, in the presence of many of the late composer's most eminent admirers and a large body of ladies, among whom was the relict of the revered and lamented Sir John Franklin.

The erection of a statue to the memory of Mendelssohn originated with the Sacred Harmonic Society

about seven years ago, the council of the society commencing the list by a donation of 50 guineas; but the idea had no sooner been promulgated than her Most Gracious Majesty transmitted a similar amount in furtherance of the objects of the society. Among the contributors also are to be found the names of Lady Caroline Cavendish, Sir George Smart, Mr. Costa, Miss Alexander, Mr. Buxton, and others, who were all most anxious to perpetuate the "man as he lived," and to pay their heartfelt tribute to his transcendent genius. Upwards of 400 guineas having been subscribed, the task of carrying the work into effect was entrusted to Mr. Bacon, and he immediately applied himself to produce an exact likeness of the great original, calling to his aid portraits in the possession of Mr. Buxton and Miss Alexander, and assisted by the vivid recollections of Mendelssohn's most intimate friends. The fidelity of the likeness and the close resemblance of the costume worn by the composer were the theme of universal approbation, and while the model was in progress it was inspected by the Prince Consort, who was pleased to express the great satisfaction he had experienced in viewing so faithful a counterpart of the illustrious original.

The method of casting the statue, which is upwards of eight feet in height, is peculiar to the establishment of Messrs. Robinson and Cottam, for, while it used to be the practice to cast large statues piecemeal, by an improved plan they are now cast entire. The preparations consisted of a large iron case, bound and rivetted together, and built on the floor, of such dimensions as to allow the reception of the full length figure in a horizontal position. Immense furnaces charged with metal were heated to a degree which it would be difficult to define, and at a given signal an opening was made, and truly and literally the liquid fire poured in one vast stream into a large iron cauldron placed for its reception, into which the contents of two other cauldrons from other furnaces were poured, to form the required composition of metal. This immense cauldron of mixed metal, containing nearly two tons, was then raised by machinery, and when immediately over the mould it was tilted into a large receiver, communicating with the mould beneath. A wheel was then turned, and immediately there was a gurgling and gushing of the flaming liquid through about fifty channels, conveying it simultaneously to every part of the horizontal figure beneath. It was somewhat curious to watch the skimming process, which went on while the metal was in a state of fusion, so that no unsightly excrescences might appear on the surface of the casting. After the lapse of a few minutes the workmen commenced knocking away the frame-work and block mould, but it will be a day or two before the statue is completely cleared. It is believed, however, the work was most successfully performed.

The quantity of metal used in the statue is about a ton and a half; it will stand eight feet high, and will be elevated on a granite pedestal. With respect to the site on which the statue will be placed, application has been made to her Majesty's government to allow it to be placed in the Mall in St. James's Park, but the answer has not been received.—*London Musical World*, Nov. 26.

Carl Reissiger.

(From the *London Musical World*, Nov. 26.)

Scarcely is the ink dry which chronicled the demise of one of the giants of music—the grand composer, Spohr—than it becomes our duty to record another, though inferior yet not indifferent, loss in the same domain of art. Karl Theophilus Reissiger, *Kapellmeister* to His Majesty the King of Saxony, departed this life at Dresden, on the 7th instant, at the age of sixty-one—having been born Nov. 31, 1798 (at Betzig, near Wittenberg.)

Some years ago, when not merely amateurs but professors of the average stamp were much less ambitious, the death of this composer would have caused a deeper sensation than it is likely to do at present. The trios of Reissiger, for piano forte, violin, and violoncello, were, at one time, as much the delight of dilettante-circles as, in the last century, the string quartets of Ignace Pleyel.* They were tuneful, fluent, well-written, effective for all three instruments, and not by any means difficult to play—sensible music, in short, at once grateful to performers and agreeable to their

*Father of the late Camille Pleyel, who was Mad. Pleyel's husband and the Broadwood of France. Ignace Pleyel, at one period, enjoyed such renown as a composer of symphonies for the orchestra, and sonatas and quartets for the chamber, as to maintain a sort of rivalry even with Mozart and Haydn. How few of his works are now remembered!

bearers. Somehow, nevertheless, their vogue has pretty nigh passed away; and, excellent as these things were of their kind, fulfilling thoroughly the aim of their composer—which was to attract by simple means and please without perplexing—they are now, except in some few part-works—shipping holes and corners, where a taste once adopted is never changed or modified, without exception forgotten. Whether, from a certain point of view, they have been worthily replaced, and whether Reissiger, in his unambitious sphere, had not merit and usefulness—ay, even beauty and charm—enough to warrant his being preserved from oblivion, are questions worth considering. For our own part, we own to a large measure of respect for such unpretending and at the same time able workers—men who, perfectly conscious of the limits that bind their inventive capacity, modestly labor within their sphere, never attempting to travel beyond it. The decline of Reissiger's influence may be in a great degree traced to the revival of the music of some of his immediate predecessors, whom the world has only lately begun to acknowledge had been most unjustly neglected. The composers of chamber-music, contemporary with and at the head of whom flourished Dussek, were formed of elements of a more solid stamp than those from which sprung the peculiar talent of Reissiger. Now, at this actual period, Dussek, and some few of his followers, absorb a very serious amount of attention—so much so, indeed, that care must be taken, lest, in placing them on too lofty a pedestal, they stand in danger of toppling over. Dussek may be regarded as secure, place him high as we think expedient, because he was a man of *genius*; and so, perhaps, may Clementi, who, less genial, imaginative, and ideally prolific, was even a greater master; but a distinction should be made between such rare *phenomena* and "appearances" (to use the German term) of less characteristic individuality and *creative* power. To glance at higher regions; there has been, and even now there is, a mania for ranking the Jonsons, Websters, Fords, and Dekkers, alongside of Shakespeare—an error more pernicious, because of more intellectual importance, but hardly less *radical* than that of measuring Steibelt, Wölf, and the rest with the two we have named. By the side of some of these Reissiger might fairly appeal for sympathy; for, while undoubtedly Steibelt had genius, Wölf learning, and Reissiger in a strict sense neither; while they were decidedly original, and he nothing of the sort; Reissiger had, nevertheless, the merit of doing his best with such assiduity, with such conscientious adherence to what he believed was right and good, through so long a period of years, that what were essentially but slight materials, of little intrinsic value, in the end became moulded into such form and consistency as to represent a *style* that none could fail to recognize.

In other spheres than that of chamber music, though even more prolific, Reissiger is hardly known even to his admirers in this country. A few orchestral overtures (*Yelva* at the head of them) were familiar to our suburban and provincial music societies; the rest, so far as musical England is concerned, might have been left unwritten. And yet Reissiger composed many operas, some of which were eminently successful when first produced, although not one of them (to speak in conventional language) seems to have "kept the stage." *Die Felsenmühle* (the *Mill of the Rock*), produced at Dresden, in 1831, was received with equal favor at Leipzig, Berlin, Copenhagen, and other cities. Previous to this must be reckoned *Didone Abandonnata*, an Italian opera seria (1824); *Yelva*, a musical melodrama (1827), to the overture of which allusion has been made; *Libella*, a grand opera (1828); *Turandot*, a romantic opera (1835); *Adele von Foix* (1841); the *Shipwreck of the Medusa* (1846), &c. Besides these Reissiger wrote an oratorio called *David*; several grand masses for the chapel of the King of Saxony; an orchestral symphony in E flat; and a whole catalogue of minor compositions, vocal and instrumental, so that it cannot be said of him that he wasted the resources with which he may have been endowed,

or spent an idle, thriftless life. As a *chef-d'orchestre*, moreover, he enjoyed a considerable reputation; while as a man individually he was universally liked and respected.

We cannot perhaps more appropriately terminate this brief tribute to the memory of Reissiger than by narrating the *real* history (according to his own version) of the pleasing and well-known bagatelle which so long deceived the musical world under the title of *Weber's Last Waltz*. The following is a translation of the letter addressed by the genuine author of the tune to M. Parmentier (formerly one of the writers in the *Revue et Gazette Musicale de Paris*), Oct. 9th, 1846:—

"The *Last Waltz of Weber*, published in Germany, and also in Paris, a short time after the death of the celebrated Weber, towards the end of 1826, is nothing more (as I have on several occasions stated in the musical periodicals of the time) than one of the waltzes composed by me in 1823, and published in 1824, by Peters, at Leipsic, under the title of *Twelve Brilliant Waltzes in A flat*, Op. 26. The publisher, Peters, ten years ago, also stated this fact in the public journals, and the result was that the waltz in question has since been entitled *Waltz by Reissiger*—known as the *Last Waltz of Weber*. I am not aware how it happened that one of my waltzes was used in this manner; but it is certain that it was a speculation of music-sellers, and a veritable fraud. My friend Weber had often heard me play this waltz (at Leipsic, in 1823); and I also know that it pleased him very much, and that he himself played it very often. I am not aware that he ever played it in Paris, but it is probable he did."

The same unworthy hoax was practised—and for a time not less successfully—with a waltz by Schubert, under the title of *Beethoven's Last Waltz*. Subsequently, in fact, the trick was multiplied to such an extent, that no composer, however humble his merits, presuming that he had attained to some slight degree of public notoriety, was allowed to be dead and buried a week without the sudden appearance of his *Last Waltz*; till at length people's eyes were opened, and the last "*Last Waltz*" (we forget to whom attributed,) was unanimously scouted.

Music Abroad.

Germany.

COLOGNE, Nov. 26.—The second Gesellschaft's Concert was given in the Gürzenich, under the direction of Herr Ferdinand Hiller, on Thursday, the 10th inst. All the pieces performed on the occasion had some connection with Schiller's poetry. Robert Schumann's overture to *Die Braut von Messina*, a composition which some critics boldly class among the most important orchestral works of modern times was admirably executed. It was, perhaps, the first work by Schumann ever received here with lively satisfaction. Herr Ferdinand Hiller had scored for a full band, in a very pleasing manner, two songs by Schubert for one voice with pianoforte accompaniment: "*Des Mädchens Klage*" (alto), and "*Die Erwartung*" (tenor). The latter especially, will probably become, in this shape, a favorite with concert singers. Mlle. Francisca Schreck sang the first with well-merited applause; Herr Wolters gave "*Die Erwartung*," also with success.

The *Festival-Cantata*, by Herr Ferdinand Hiller, comprises seven or eight different movements, and, apart from its original object, is well adapted for concerts, especially as we are not very rich in vocal productions of a moderate length with orchestral accompaniment. It requires a solo quartet, the soprano part of which is the most important, although not difficult. On the whole, the work pleases by its melodic excellences, and contains, especially in the first half, and at the end, very striking passages—among the rest a solo quartet, which had not a fair chance of being appreciated, on account of the great difference in the quality of the voices.

The performance of Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* again displayed in a brilliant light the excellence of the Concert-Gesellschaft Chorus. The admirable manner in which the choruses were rendered was not owing to a thorough course of rehearsals, for which there had been no time, but to the musical education of the executants, and the spirit that inspires them whenever they are called upon to interpret the works of our great masters. In Beethoven's symphony, however, as in Hiller's *cantata*, the solo quartet was

by no means efficient. The orchestral movements gave entire satisfaction, the *adagio* especially being played to perfection.

Spohr's Symphony: *Die Weiher Töne* was given in honor of the memory of that great musician, on the 13th instant, by the Musikalische Gesellschaft; Herr Otto von Königsłow then played one of the master's violin concertos; and the performances terminated with the Overture to *Jessonda*.

The Soirées for Chamber Music recommenced on Tuesday, the 15th instant, at the Hôtel Disch. During their continuance, Herren F. Stiller, F. Breunung, and Bargiel, will, in turn, preside at the piano; Herren Grünwald, Von Königsłow, Derckum, and B. Brenner, will form the string quartet, while, in the quintet they will be aided by Herr Peters (violin), or Herr Hoecke (violinocello). At the first *soirée*, we had a violin quartet in B flat major, by Haydn; a sonata for piano and violin, by J. S. Bach, No. 2. A major, (Hiller and von Königsłow); the string quartet, in C major, of Franz Schubert (with two violinocellos, Brenner and Hoecke), and the *Serenade* for piano, violin, and violinocello, by F. Miller, (Hiller, Königsłow, and Brenner).

CASSEL.—It is in contemplation to found a Spohr Institute at this little capital, on the model of the Mozart Institute at Cologne.

The late Dr. Spohr.—Letters from Cassel state that the MS. of an autobiography of this celebrated musician has been found among his papers in his own handwriting, and that it will be immediately published.

LEIPZIG.—Herr J. Rietz, Capellmeister and conductor of the Gewandhaus Concerts, has relinquished the post which he has held since the death of Mendelssohn, and accepted the place at Dresden left vacant by the death of Reissiger.

BREMEN.—At the first of the "Private Concerts," as they are termed, M. Vieuxtemps executed his Concerto in D minor, as well as several other of his own compositions, including, "Oh, Willie, we have missed you." Mad. Clara Schumann played the A minor concerto of R. Schumann, Chopin's *Fantaisie Impromptu*, in C sharp minor, Schumann's "Schlummerlied," Op. 24, and Bach's Gavotte in D minor, the latter being enthusiastically encored.

Paris.

Of the recent revival of Gluck's *Orpheus*, at the Théâtre Lyrique, the correspondent of the London *Musical World* writes:

It has long been the fashion to talk and think of Gluck as "heavy," and to believe his works would not bear representing as a *whole*. M. Carvalho, who is in every sense of the word an artist, has had the energy to bring the *Orphée* again before the world in such enchanting guise, that the perfect success with which his efforts have been crowned, must prove at once how mistaken such notions have been. M. Carvalho, wishing to give this opera of Gluck's in all its pristine grandeur to the world, begged Berlioz—who, above most others, is versed in a thorough knowledge of the productions of Gluck—to so combine the Italian and French scores as to give the opera to the world in its most complete and perfect form. Berlioz accepted the task with alacrity. They told him the instrumental part of one air was insufficient, but he, fearing to touch such a *chef-d'œuvre*, refused; but a skilful though less discreet hand added the instrumental part.

To give some idea of the work all this has given, one must recollect that the *Orphée* was first written at Vienna, in 1764, to the libretto of the poet Calzatiigi, who, without possessing the glowing power of description of Metastasio, understood perhaps even better the art of allying scenes to music, and furnishing dramatic situations. Some time later, Gluck wished to have done for *Orphée* that which had been done to *Iphigénie* and *Alceste*, that is to say, to have it translated into French. A person named Molina, undertook this work. But the part of Orpheus in the Italian score being written for a contralto, was obliged to be transposed to suit an alto voice, the voice, in fact, of Legros, the only singer at that moment in France who was capable of filling the principal part. You may imagine the variety of alterations this occasioned in the whole work, and how this part of Orpheus, having been given to Mad. Viardot, they have been obliged to re-transpose in the Italian score the songs that already figured there, and also to turn into contralto tones the airs for the same character which belonged only to the French score; so it follows that not even in the lifetime of Gluck has the opera ever been performed in so complete and perfect a form.

The only thing left slightly in the shade was the overture, and really it does not merit being brought more prominently forward. Nothing can be more

poetical than the melody in E flat, on the violins, in the opening scene, where the shepherds and nymphs come to strew flowers over the tomb of Eurydice, followed by the air of Orpheus, "Objet de mon amour." Then follows a charming air of Amour, who comes to console Orpheus, telling him he will subdue the infernal gods, and after a recitative taken from the Italian score, Orpheus sings a bravura air descriptive of glowing hope, an air Adolphe Nourrit never could sing, and to which M. Camille de Saint-Sacns has added more instrumental accompaniment. But it would have done well without this addition, and Mad. Viardot sings it with extraordinary feeling and passion.

The first act ends here. The second, for scenery and music, is equally marvellous. The exquisite gradations of sound—the effect of the thrilling tones of Orpheus as, while he traverses the infernal regions, little by little, the demons yield subdued to the power of melody, quite merit the praise of M. Fétis, who says, "It is in this second act that Gluck attained the highest point of the sublime." But the succeeding scene shows another phase of his talent—the happiness that reigns in the Elysian Fields shows with what happy art he joins animation to melody. The air for flute in D minor, and the song of Orpheus, "Quel nouveau ciel pare ces lieux," are the gems of this scene.

It is decidedly a success. Madame Viardot surpasses herself in this part. Melancholy, heroic! impassioned, sublime in sorrow, sublime in love, we see realized before us the Orpheus of the ancients. I should, perhaps, mention that it is Meyerheer who suggested to Madame Viardot the idea of playing this part.

Dec. 1. (From the Same.)—The event of the greatest interest at the present moment is the performance that is to take place on Thursday, the 15th of December, at the Grand-Opéra, to celebrate the re-appearance of M. Roger, to the great delight of his numerous friends and admirers. The entertainment will run thus: Roger will sing the first act of the *Dame Blanche*, an opera in which he won his earliest laurels. He will next sing the fifth act of the *Prophète*, assisted by Mad. Alboni; and the fourth act of the *Favorita*, with Madame Borghi-Mamo. After that, Duprez, Madame Miolan-Carvalho, and M. Dufresne, will sing the grand trio scene of *La Juive*. There will be also, to add still greater interest to the entertainment, some solo singing, by Mad. Miolan Carvalho; she will give the *Carnaval de Venise*, and then the *Ave Maria* of M. Gounod upon the *prélude de Bach*, accompanied by a chorus, orchestra, and the violin of M. Alard, who will also perform a solo; a ballet is to follow.

All Paris goes to see the *Orphée* of Gluck at the Théâtre-Lyrique, which is alternated with performances of *Faust*.

I shall give you but very few details as to the *Général de Brabant* of M. Offenbach (libretto by MM. Jaime fils and Tréfeu.) The legend they have most wofully distorted, taking from it its charming simplicity of detail, which has so often charmed children, "great and small." But as it is a burlesque I must not criticize too harshly, but pass on to the music, which is charming, one or two airs being full of melody, others equally remarkable for spirit and life. Of the *finale* of the first act, the departure for Palestine, which is worthy of the Grand-Opéra, M. Alphonse Royer said, in leaving the theatre, "Ah! Offenbach is practising his hand for us." Three "motifs" balance each other in this chorus, a war song, a joyous strain, and the farewells of the women, all intermixed with the trumpet calls. In the second act there is a charming little hunting quartet: and the Gipsy-song of Madlle. Tantin, "Je viens de bien loin d'ici," was much applauded. This little operetta is decidedly a success. The costumes, also, are beautiful, and were designed by Gustave Doré. The great Meyerheer and the Grande Duchesse Marie were at the second representation, besides Jules Janin, and a crowd of Parisian celebrities.

At the Church of St. Fustache, a musical solemnity in aid of the funds for musicians, was given last Tuesday. The music performed was a work of Mozart, the Third Mass in B flat, and admirably sung by Mesdames Carvalho, Ugalde, &c., and a band of five hundred artists. The collection rose to as much as five thousand francs.

London.

(From the Musical World, Dec. 10.)

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—In a recent number it was briefly mentioned that this society had commenced its season on Friday the 25th instant, with a performance of Spohr's *Last Judgment* and

Mozart's *Requiem*, the former being given as a special mark of respect to the memory of its gifted composer, who, it will be remembered, died on October 22d, at Hesse-Cassel. Of the general execution of both works we can speak in terms of almost unqualified praise, soloists, band and chorus, all doing their best to render justice to the music, and with perfect success.

The Hall was crowded, and, notwithstanding the regulations, the scarcely suppressed applause frequently testified the satisfaction of the audience.

The *Messiah* was given yesterday evening, when Mr. Sims Reeves was to appear.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was given on Wednesday last to a crowded audience, who seemed fully to appreciate its beauties, if we may judge by the profound attention with which it was listened to, and the frequent and hearty applause—the law of Exeter Hall not holding good in Long Acre. The band was full and efficient, while the chorus, consisting of members of Mr. Hullah's First Upper Singing School manifested great care and commendable excellence, doing every credit to the training of their conductor. Nevertheless, we must object to Mr. Hullah's taking some of the times too slowly, as Mendelssohn's, of all music, suffers the most from being dragged.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 7, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. Continuation of W. STERNDALÉ BENNETT's Cantata: "The May Queen."

Boston Academy of Music.

Such is the new name under which what was the Boston Theatre, has been announced this week. This change is made, as we suppose, to bring it into line and system with the lyrical "Academies" of Philadelphia and New York—all three institutions being now under the common management of Messrs. ULLMAN & STRAKOSCH, whose troupes of singers make the circuit of the three. Just now we have them. The winter season was inaugurated last Monday night, by the first shining of the new and immense chandelier, of which we have already spoken, which was the central sun of admiration, beneath which the vocal stars upon the stage became for the time being secondary. For verily the splendor thereof was bewilderingly bright; the house was flooded with light, that searched out every corner; theatre and audience never looked so finely, and the chandelier itself is a most beautiful object. They call it the largest in any theatre in the world. It may be so. One thing we know, it is a trial to weak eyes and aching heads. But brilliancy, and not repose, is the first attribute of Art, the first thing sought in all artistic pleasures, in these "fast" and intense days of Verdi-ism. A new Verdi Opera, therefore, was the fitting programme of the all-dazzling occasion.

It was Verdi's great Parisian effort, "The Sicilian Vespers." Great effort—but not great result. Like Rossini, Donizetti, Meyerbeer, it became his turn to try to make his great impression there, and swell out to Grand Opera dimensions. An account of the first performance, with an able description and critical analysis of the work, we have already given in these columns, from the pen of M. SCUDO, (see Vol. xv. Nos. 24 and 25). Our correspondents also have described it, so that we need not undertake that work anew. Our general impression, after a first hearing, is that M. Scudo has awarded it its full due of praise. We had heard much of its being in a new vein for Verdi, richer and more delicate in ideas and in treatment. In this we

were quite disappointed. The novelty was more in spectacle, in stage effect, than in the music; with the addition that the orchestral element seemed more, and more questionably, elaborate, than ever. We have long thought there was a natural affinity between Verdi and Meyerbeer; this time we feel disposed to accuse Verdi of purposely striving to do like Meyerbeer. The "Vespers" abounds with strange orchestral combinations and effects, now and then for a few bars beautiful or grand, but oftener more odd than edifying, and sometimes puzzling one exceedingly to guess what the peculiar figure or independent melody of the instruments has to do with what was sung upon the stage. We can sympathize with a remark we heard made by a listener: "It seems as if he made it a point to give weird and solemn accompaniments to all the light airs, and light, festive accompaniments to all the mournful ones."

As to melodies, we have throughout the opera the usual Verdi types repeated—of course without the freshness of the earlier works. Some of them afford good occasions for the singer; as the bass air (soliloquy) of Procida, as he steps ashore at the opening of the second act; the duos between Montfort and Henry, and between the Duchess and Henry in the fourth act; the Bolero of Helen in the last act, &c. In many of the solos there were short strains of beauty and of sweetness; but the sweetness often had the taint of maudlin commonplace; and this was the poor relief we got between those long melodic spasms of high-darting passage work, bravura, with which Verdi does so love to whip the air. Mme. COLSON's first solo was of this sort, full of trills, and upward flashes of the voice, and every sort of difficulty, without much beauty apart from mere vocalization; we wondered how her refined and lady-like voice could go through such gymnastics; but she achieved them quite triumphantly. There were a few good bits of concerted music,—one quartet especially, a strong conclusion of a trio,—and one or two finales that were striking, but not to be compared in real effectiveness with all those in *Ernani*. The gay Barcarole chorus of women carried off by soldiers, crossing the back of the stage in an illuminated galley, and which is heard in curious combination with the muttered fragmentary phrases of imprecation from the male chorus (bereft husbands, sons, &c.) in the foreground, is perhaps the most genial and original of all. The male chorus es generally have that barbaric stamp, that unison recitative style so common with Verdi:—sometimes striking for a moment, but fatiguing and offensive when indulged in at much length. On the whole we should say, here is a great sacrifice of the intrinsic charm of music to the dramatic element, without corresponding gain to the latter. Some of the instrumental pieces proved interesting; some dance music, (in which Verdi is usually happy), particularly so,—that Tarantella for instance; but not so the Overture; its softer portions are sick music, too suggestive of the *Traviata*.

We think the "Vespers" failed to awaken enthusiasm in the audience. Leaving out the show (for the *mise en scène* was rich), and the interest in the singers individually, it seemed a rather dreary entertainment—by no means Verdi's best, although his most ambitious.

Mme. COLSON, as the duchess Helen, sang and

acted with her never-failing propriety and charm; her voice, at first seeming, rather delicate for Verdi, gradually winning on us as she warmed up in her part. The duet with BRIGNOLI (Henry) was exquisitely sung. Sig. JUNCA made an imposing John of Procida, and delivered his music artistically, with grand voice, albeit rather coldly. Sig. FERRI has a baritone of very great power, rich and musical in quality, which he modulates at times to strains of much delicacy and tenderness, although he is too apt to indulge in the overpowering. His intonation is true, and his style artistic. He has a commanding presence, which suited well his rôle of Guy de Montfort, the French tyrant of Sicily.

There was a very large audience, eager to be pleased, and quickly recognizing what was good, but not much warmed. "The Vespers" will be performed again, and we shall try to find more in it.

SECOND NIGHT. *Lucia di Lammermoor* was given Tuesday evening, and its hacknied strains seemed positively refreshing after *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*! Here at least was something genuine and spontaneous in music. The performance was of average excellence, BRIGNOLI being Edgardo, and Ashton having swollen into a huge "ton of man," AMODIO. The lazy tenor gave us some of his best moments; he has tones of real manly beauty, when he pleases, and he has tones that are nasal and of pinched and vulgar quality; now and then will he emerge from this lower element and through a passage, or a whole air, give you pure, golden and expressive tenor singing. In his best, he sounds more like Mario than any tenor we have known.

The central and absorbing feature of the opera that night was the performance of the newly famous ADELINA PATTI—"little PATTI." A young girl, a mere child in appearance, slender, dark and beautiful, a delicate copy of her sister, Mme. Strakosch, with all the simplicity and natural enthusiasm of a child, she sang and even acted the part of Luey with an ease, a truthfulness, and an artistic finish, that astonished and delighted every one, and suggested very high comparisons. That she sings as well as Lind and Bosio and Sontag is of course one of the extravaganzas of New York critics, proving, however, the real enthusiasm she created. Her voice is a delicate, pure, reedy, sympathetically vibrating soprano, very evenly developed, from brightest notes in *alt* to good positive low tones of passion. Throughout, its quality has native refinement, as if given her for fine, high uses, and not for cheap dramatic intensities or dazzling feats of mere skill. She really seems destined for an artist; she shows grace of nature. It must be by a superior instinct partly, although of course at the same time creditable in the highest degree to her education, that she can sing you all the music of so difficult a part as Lucia, in a manner almost as artistically satisfying, as her fresh, maiden-like, sincere devotion to her task is charming. The freshness and vitality of such a voice, of such a nature, united with such delicacy, such instincts of good taste, is reviving to one's faith. Her execution is certainly most wonderful for one so young,—so perfect that you continually forget to think it strange. There is an evenness and symmetry in all her voice achieves, which one expects only of high artists. This was strikingly

apparent in her singing of *Spargi d'amor*, and indeed the whole of the crazy scene. We usually dread that scene; most prima donnas make it maudlin, and we squirm under it. But here a young girl gives it, both in song and action, in a manner that well satisfies its requirements, while there is nothing overdone, no nonsense about it, but all agreeable and not offending the artistic feeling.

In the great scene of the betrothal, the Sextet, she showed good dramatic qualities, an intensity remarkable for one so young, and her voice rose clear and effective above the whole mass of voices and instruments. Of course her acting cannot be called impassioned; it is chaste and simple, youthful as it should be; thank Heaven, she has not yet caught the trick of premature impassioned utterance! Nor can we call her action or her movement graceful; but it was all appropriate and well conceived. True to her part in all, she added nothing, and no applause could draw her out of her character to make acknowledgements; that was a good sign.

Whether she really have the heavenly gift of genius, is a question which we need not be impatient to have answered. So far all is good; may it only keep a good direction! The most important question is: Will the voice wear well? It is of that same reedy quality as her sister's, only finer, and one trembles lest by overworking it get ruined. Total abstinence from Verdi would seem at least a prudent maxim for her. With these hints we must congratulate the management upon the treasure they have got in little Patti.

THIRD NIGHT. On Wednesday we enjoyed about the best performance we remember of *Ernani*. Four such artists as Mme. COLSON, and Signors STIGELLI, FERRI and SUSINI, have seldom sung together here in any opera; all admirable singers, and of goodly presence too. It was all well sung. Stigelli, if there were any doubt of it before, established himself that night as a right manly, satisfying and artistic tenor. His voice, German though he be, was fully adequate to all the demands of the trying Verdi music; all was delivered in rich, honest chest tones; there were moments of superb *abandon*, while true artistic feeling and good judgment tempered all. He is awkward in appearance; but his mind and voice triumphed in spite of that. Our friend Brignoli might, were he morally capable, learn some good lessons from this man.

The basso SUSINI made a dignified Don Sylva, and delivered his round ponderous tones in excellent style. Sig. FERRI, too, was a stately and effective Carlo Quinto, singing nobly, only at times too overpoweringly. The choruses, also, were in fine mood, and the brilliant finales,—either of them enough to obliterate the “Vespers”—were performed superbly.

But we are leaving out the eyes of the perit. The charming COLSON was never more so than in the part of Elvira; her voice, her singing and her action were throughout as purely edifying as that music would allow. She is an artist, one feels always sure of.

A MUSICAL NOVEL.—We have dipped here and there with great pleasure into the sheets of a new novel, just about to be published by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia. It is called

“*Compensation; or, Always a Future.*” The author is Miss ANNE M. H. BREWSTER, a Philadelphia lady, of fine culture, and evidently some depth of experience, who is devotedly at home in the best music, a wide reader, a passionate lover of nature and of art generally, and who has furnished some very interesting sketches during the year past to these columns. It is her first book, but shows the practised writer, and one who has lived much and observed much in spheres of higher culture.

The scene of the story is in Switzerland. It shows fine feeling for nature; insight into characters, with a happy gift of portraying them; a deep religious feeling; and a keen zest for all that is æsthetic, even in the minor every-day details of life, but most of all for music, in interesting and original discussions and descriptions of which the book abounds. We have room now only for a single extract:

Ehrenherz drew his bow over his Stradivarius, and soft, pleading tones poured out from it, which thrilled us to the very heart; our thoughts grew tearful and sad, as he improvised from his own memories of the past. After awhile, Mr. Merle and Tante Cecile left us, and he laid down the instrument, and, leaning his head on his hand, said, half reproachfully: “Mademoiselle Merle, you have never played Beethoven for me.”

“Because,” answered Marie, “I have not dared to.”

“And yet you play Chopin for me without timidity?”

“Yes; because Chopin had not yet grown so trammelled with conceits and traditions of pedants. In another twenty-five years one will feel timid in playing Chopin.”

“What a wide difference there is between the music of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn and Chopin!” said Ehrenherz; “and each so beautiful in his own peculiar *genre*, each one telling his own tale of ‘hopes, and fears that kindle hopes!’”

“De Lanz,” I remarked, “that clever Russian writer, says, ‘that Haydn’s loves end in hymeneals, and Mozart’s in festivals.’”

“That is a pretty idea!” cried Marie; “then Weber’s end in a wedding also; but not a wedding like Haydn’s; it is during the age of chivalry, and the lover is a princely, valorous knight, and his lady love some gentle, lovely young Chatelaine. Mendelssohn’s loves are also satisfactory, ending in lawful, honorable marriage, but more calm and domestic.”

Ehrenherz smiled sadly, as he added his tribute to our fanciful comparisons: “But Beethoven’s loves,” he said, “lead to no such happiness; they follow a solemn harmony which seems to descend to a tomb. Sometimes they tell, indistinctly, of a sad, mournful tragedy, too awful to give in detail, and over which his profound chords draw a heavy veil; sometimes a glorious, funeral hymn, as if mourning for a love that gave one pride to dwell upon.”

“Chopin’s loves,” said Marie, “lead also to the tomb, but not a hopeful tomb, like Beethoven’s; a wild cry of despair rings out, as if there were no hope of meeting hereafter; then a sob of remorseful agony, as if the love had been for a lost spirit. Never, never do his loves lead to the belief that his better nature had been gratified or elevated by them. What wild cries of sorrow pour out in his Nocturnes; what despair in his Seberzos, and hopelessness in his Preludes! This, *par exemple*,”—and she played over the touching, beautiful Prelude in *Re bémol*, through the whole of which one feels “the old wound, ever aching.” “What solemn tales of remorse they tell!” she continued; “of a high-toned spirit, humiliated and abused at the desecration of that one feeling, which should never be profaned! And then it seems as if through all the wailing there rises gloriously, from time to time, a heavenly strain, breathing out: ‘thus could my spirit have loved, had my baser nature let it soar aloft.’ Sometimes the melody sounds like the cry of a Francesca di Rimini; the accessories of the composition suggest the cloudy depths of an *Inferno*, and through the gloomy space sweep those two weary souls, with ‘no loving prayer to stay them,’ solemnly chanting their lost heaven, their bitter remorse, and yet their mournful happiness even in hell,—

“*piacer sì forte,
Che come vedi ancor non m’abbandona.*”

We both remained silent; we could not speak, for we were so touched with the enthusiastic girl’s tone of voice and sweet, young, solemn face, both expressing deep, sincere emotion and feeling, which is woman’s most powerful eloquence. Her hands rambled

led over the keys of the piano as if searching for some thought. Chopin’s wild *Lament* came stealing out first, with its choking, proud sorrow; then, after a short preluding of chords, filled with uncertainty, she dashed off into one of Chopin’s wildest Pyrrhic Polonaises.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, JAN. 3. — I promised, in my last, to give you a résumé of Mr. SCHLOTTER’S lectures on Music; as, on account of the holidays, the first half of the course is divided from the second by a pause, I shall try to give you an outline of the first six now. In the first lecture, M. Schlotter gave a hasty, yet comprehensive sketch of the history of Music, from the Christian era to the sixteenth century. He said that our present system of Music was generally supposed to have originated with the Greeks, but in his opinion, this was a mistake. The Greek Music died in its infancy, a lovely child, but incapable of maturity. As long as any of its elements were mingled with those of our music, so long was the development of the latter retarded, and it only improved in proportion as the influence of ancient music died away. Music, as we know it, had its origin in the catacombs and caves in which the early Christians held their secret assemblies. The rude chants to which they adapted their hymns soon, by frequent repetition, became form, and in the fourth century a number of these were in general use. St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, born 335, was the principal founder of regular chants, and also established four scales, from d—d, e—e, f—f, and g—g. The next collector and compiler of church music, the only kind then in use, was St. Gregory, who lived during the sixth century. He added four more scales to those fixed by St. Ambrose, and made a law that his chants should be sung in congregations. Some of them are still sung in Episcopal and Roman Catholic churches, as is well known. Mr. Schlotter gave two specimens of them, of course with modern harmony.

Charlemagne did much for the advancement and improvement of music. The first attempts at harmony are generally ascribed to Hubald, a Flemish monk, who died in 930; but the foundation which he laid was built upon a century later, by Guido, of Arezzo. He also improved the notation of music, which before this had been written on two lines, with mere dots of two colors. Guido added two lines, and applied to the different notes the names of ut, re, mi, fa, sol, &c., which were the first syllables in the lines of a hymn to St. John, the Baptist. The twelfth and thirteenth centuries brought increased knowledge and improvement in harmony and notation, also the establishment of notes of different value, and of rhythm. Franco, of Cologne, and Adam de la Hale were prominent names at this time. In England, meanwhile, attention was being said to the theory of music.

Until the thirteenth century, when rhythm and harmony were established, melody had been considered as secondary in music. At this time, however, the troubadours or menestriers became more and more prevalent, who cultivated melody solely. One of the chief and first of these was Thibaut, King of Navarre, who, subject to a hopeless passion for Queen Blanche of Castille, brother of St. Louis, was advised to soothe his sorrows with music, and found it an effectual remedy. The first attempt at opera was in the shape of a little play performed at Paris in 1313, which contained two songs, by Adam de la Hale. Mr. Schlotter played the airs of these two songs, the second of which sounded quite modern, and gave an amusing sketch of this little operetta, which was called Robin and Marianne. In Germany, Mr. Schlotter next observed, harmony was not introduced until the fifteenth century, though in France part songs had been known before, and in the Netherlands, where much attention was paid to the theory of music, hymns were sung with three or four different voices, and music was patronized by the higher classes and the church. William de Foye, about this time, distinguished himself by his compositions, and was called to Rome, where many of his Masses are still to be found in the library of the Vatican. His harmony was always full, his melody heavy and hard. He died in 1432.

(To be Continued.)

NEW ORLEANS.—Our opera houses, notwithstanding the cold weather, have both been well attended during the week. At the new one in Bourbon street, the tragic and the comic muse have alternately presided and the high priest, and priestesses, St. Urbain and Guesmar, Mathieu, Ecarlat, Melchisedec, (a good name, by the way, for a priest,) and Gennibrel, have officiated to the great satisfaction of the lovers of opera. At the old house, in Orleans street, Phil-

lippe, Dalmont and Latournerie, together with the ballet, still retain their hold upon the preferences of their admirers, and win their share of the patronage and the applause.—*Picayune*, Dec. 25.

PHILADELPHIA.—The performance of *The Messiah*, last evening, by our own Handel and Haydn Society, was peculiarly appropriate to the festivities of Christmas week, and was, in many respects, worthy of the great composer.

Handel's Melodies, more properly called *Airs*, for he was seldom guilty of more than four bars of melody consecutively—are, in the hands of commonplace performers, immensely dry and unedifying. Competent interpreters of the Handelian school are unfortunately rare, even among artists. It requires in the singer, a thorough appreciation of the sentiment, a careful and even rigorous observance of the tempo, and admits of none of those liberties, too frequently allowable in the Italian school. Several of the solos were, however, very fairly rendered last evening. Miss McC. sang the beautiful aria for contralto,

"He was despised and rejected."

in a thoroughly artistic manner, and with that pathos which it requires. She was enthusiastically applauded and deservedly encored. The tenor, Mr. H., although laboring under a severe cold, acquitted himself creditably. Much of the part intrusted to him was thus necessarily omitted.

Mr. Thomas, who we believe is a stranger here, gave the principal bass part with care and finish. His execution of the difficult and trying air, "*The trumpet shall sound*," (the trumpet did sound most ex-cruciatingly!) deserves much praise.

The performance of the solos, "*Rejoice greatly O daughter of Zion!*" and "*He shall feed his flock like a shepherd*," the first sung by Miss R., the latter by Miss S., is highly to be commended.

As a general thing, the choruses were rendered with power and precision. We would especially cite "*For unto us a child is born*," and the "*Hallelujah*," in which the breadth and grandeur of Handel are pre-eminent.

The great lack of unity in the performance of the chorus, "*All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way*," strongly suggested a singular application of the words.

Mr. B. Carr Cross conducted the orchestra, which was excellent, and the accompaniments generally were all that could be desired.—*Bulletin*, Dec. 30.

NEW YORK.—Christmas Eve, according to announcement, the Harmonic Society gave the oratorio of "*Messiah*" at the Academy of Music.

The performance was not superior to those we have had by this Association heretofore. Some of the choruses were rendered in a very imperfect manner, while others were highly satisfactory. "His yoke is easy" and "Behold the Lamb of God" were sung finely.

The favorite chorus, "For unto us a Son is born," was rendered very ineffective by the manner of bestowing light and shade; there is no reason why the voices should be kept so pianissimo in the first part that the whole soprano chorus has not the weight of a single voice. It is the intermediate shades which color either music or paintings with beauty. Voices hushed to a shrill whisper, and without any crescendo plunging into a fortissimo passage at once, has no other effect than that which a life and a drum make on the ear—extremes are rarely pleasant.

Madame Bishop's voice sounded quite natural, and proved that she was as spirited an oratorio singer as formerly. We must object to her peculiar enunciation, for the sake of the many young singers around her, who might be misled by it. This peculiarity in some passages became ludicrous. In the words, "He shall bring peace unto the heathen," Madame Bishop persisted in saying, "He shall bring peace unto the he-heathen." Likewise, the introduction of roulades in Handel's music is in doubtful taste, according to our ideas.

Miss Coleman did herself great credit; her improvement is truly wonderful. Her voice is very fresh and pure, which, notwithstanding her timidity, was entirely at her command. Her efforts were warmly applauded by the audience.

Mrs. Westervelt, Mr. Thomas, and Mr. Simpson sang the music correctly, but in such a spiritless manner, that it fell coldly on the audience, though all are possessed of charming voices. We hope, if the Harmonic Society intend to give the "*Messiah*" next year, that they will commence their rehearsals immediately, in order to be able to do equal justice to all the choruses.

The Jardine organ was a great addition to the orchestra, and produced some fine effects in the "*Pastoral Symphony*," and also in the choruses. Mr.

George Bristow conducted in his usual manner. How we wished we were Santa Claus, or some other good *geni*, to be able to endow this talented musician with a certain amount of fire and energy, which is all he needs to make a great reputation for himself, and without which he can never inspire either the orchestral or choral department under his control with the ideas of the composer.—*Musical World*.

(From Correspondence of the Musical World.)

BUFFALO, N. Y., Dec. 21.—Our home talent has been unusually quiet this season; a few miscellaneous concerts, and Romberg's "*Song of the Bell*," by the Liedertafel, being the only efforts worth mentioning.

Our musical wants, however, have been amply provided for by the different operatic companies which have visited us. To the Parodi troupe we are especially indebted; they having remained here two weeks, giving us, in admirable style, the operas of *Ernani*, *Trovatore*, *Traviata*, *Polinto*, *Favorita*, *Lucrezia*, *Lucia*, *Norma*, and *Il Barbiere*.

The Parodi troupe have received two accessions from this city, in the persons of Mr. F. Miller, an excellent musician, who acts as manager, and Miss Hattie Brown, one of our most popular vocalists.

We also had a week of English opera, by the Escott and Miranda troupe, but this has already been noticed in your columns.

Our last musical feast has been furnished by the Cooper troupe. This is an excellent company, and they deserve a much better reception than they met with here. Miss Milner is a most pleasing artiste, and she never fails to secure the approbation of her audience. Her powers are best displayed in *La Sonnambula*, the *Daughter of the Regiment*, the *Barber*, etc. She was ably supported by Messrs. Bowler, Rudolphsen, Cook, and others. The performance of Mr. Cooper on the violin was a noticeable feature in these entertainments; but it seems a pity that so eminent a violinist should not let himself be heard as a soloist.

I regret to state that this troupe were subjected to considerable when here by the attempt of Mr. Carr (manager of the Metropolitan Theatre), to interrupt, or rather prevent, one of their performances. Mr. Carr claims that they made an engagement to perform at his theatre, and having failed to keep this engagement, he issued an attachment and seized the music of *Der Freyschutz* just before the rising of the curtain. The public care little whether Mr. Carr's claim is a just or an unjust one, but they will not soon forget his attempts to mar their evening's enjoyment.

Truly yours, A NATURAL.

TEXAS.—A music-dealer and teacher in Milan Co., writes the following description of his operations:

"I have a regular store in my dwelling house, which is situated on the main street. I have bought it, and what is better, paid for it, and eight building lots. On one side of my store I have sheet music (not enough to hurt), and small instruments, and a couple of pianos, melodeons, etc.; expect books on commission also; and pray sir, guess what I have got on the other side of the store? If you were not a born Yankee I would not ask you to guess, and really in spite of Yankeeism, I do not think a man in Massachusetts could guess at first pop what I have on the other side of my store. Well, I will tell you what is written on my sign (18 feet long 1½ feet wide), "*Family Groceries, cheap for Cash*." I follow Beethoven's advice, which he gave to his music publishers, when they complained of so few customers coming: "*Sell Lager beer and Sausages; something to eat will draw customers*." And so I think; something to eat will always sell. So now you know what I have got on two sides of my store, now I will tell you what I have on the third and fourth sides; on the former, a couple of windows and a door (not either of them for sale), and on the latter side is a huge fireplace,—how cold it is now here! we have had sleighing; lots of cattle and several teamsters frozen to death; such a time was never known. But what is on the floor in my store I have already mentioned, viz., pianos and melodeons; and what is going to hang on the ceiling is chairs and other furniture. I have sewing machines also coming, and other patent contrivances. Now say I am not a business man! knowing at the same time that I am teaching fourteen pupils."

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Lament of a bachelor who would fain marry, but thinks he cannot afford it with an income of but £200 since ladies are so extravagant.

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A new arrangement which has peculiar claims to the friendly notice of amateur-players. It almost seems to be written for lady pianists; as the strength of the wrists is hardly brought into requisition, and all the work is left to the fingers, which must be plied nimbly and rapidly, to attain the full effect.

The Vesper hymn. Transc. B. Richards. 50

In the same style as the above.

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A brilliant piece of dance music, quite a favorite in London, where the author is leader of a much sought for band.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 406.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1860.

VOL. XVI. No. 16.

Wagner and the School of Liszt.

(From the *Neue Wiener Musik-Zeitung*.)

Wagner's object and works differ so materially from those of the Weimar (Lisztian) school, that it would cause surprise to see both, even most recently, so often regarded, admired, or condemned from the same point of view, if superficiality, forced enthusiasm and hatred had not always arrogated the right of judging first.

Wagner's reformatory efforts are directed exclusively to the musical drama, or opera. Hanging himself on to Gluck, he resolutely insists, above all things, on the dramatic truth and character of the music; in order to attain this, he requires the closest connection and blending of the musical and dramatic declamation, going so far as to say that, *in every case, the music must be rendered subordinate to the words.*

This theory, springing from a great truth, involves a great error in its last deduction. That the music of an opera, like the words, must faithfully mirror the soul, feelings, passions, and characters of the *dramatis personæ* is that great truth of which Gluck was the first champion, Mozart and Beethoven the most sacred exponents. But that the inward world of our minds can be declared to us in two languages—in words and tones—at one and the same time, and in each of these languages be expressed in an *artistically independent and separate form*, is a secret of two-fold creation constituting a mystery to be penetrated by no theory. It is revealed only to genius, and through the latter to us.

Wagner's analytically-doctrinal theory leads him, in a one-sided endeavor to attain the musical characterization of the words, into a system of musical declamation without end and without purport. It gives us a succession of emotions, of lyrical and passionate touches, but scarcely ever does real feeling or passion—profound and beaming from a single focus—present itself to us in mighty and complete grandeur. Yet emotions should receive form and flowing ease in the melody from the artist's creative power. It is not the recitative but the *melody which is the creative act of genius*, and, in opera as well as in the symphony, music is an absolute and independent power and art.

Now no one supports this very *absolutism of music* more loudly than the disciples of Liszt's school. Beethoven's symphonies have stirred these gentlemen up very strangely! Because his symphonies display to us, more powerfully than the joy and passion of the human breast ever previously supposed possible, our inward souls, the spiritual life of nature, and even the holy and mighty terrors of a world to come, these Epigoni fancy that there is nothing which cannot be said and represented by music. But one little step further than Beethoven, and — with the immaterial they thrust the material world into music, and paint everything: presentiments, feelings, thoughts, storms and shipwrecks, hunger and inspiration. Music thus becomes a *symbolism of tone*, which is to express the world and all that it contains; as, however, the public would be sometimes rather too much puzzled to make out its meaning, they are presented with a printed commentary, and with this guiding thread have to find their way through, and escape from, the Ariadne garden of programme-music.

It is a peculiar phenomenon of our age that, over-excited with enjoyment and civilization, it struggles to overstep those limits in which true artistic genius moves freely and harmoniously.

Our genial friends are mostly anything rather than artists; our genial friends are—used up; for *used-upness is the rotten kernel of our exaggerated tendencies in creating and enjoying.* It is this we have to thank for all the intentional of-

fences against harmony, for the numberless bizarre caprices of musical style, for the overloading of instrumentation, with a view to gigantic effects, and for the concerts of "a thousand performers," which threaten with destruction true Art as well as good taste. As "irony" was once considered the *haut goût* of poetry by the followers of the romantic school, so *strange uncouthness* is evidently the genius of the Music of the Future.

The prophets of Leipsic pointed, not long since, to the universal and restless tendency for progress in modern times as their justification. We tell them, in reply, that, though it is true the domain of creative fancy is inexhaustible, the law of Beauty is eternal and inviolable; that every person endowed with strong and creative individuality will fashion out of himself a world of his own adorned with fresh charms of beauty; that, however, real progress does not step from the Supernatural into the Naturally-limited, but always sinks again into the depths of the human heart, whence alone the spring of endlessness gushes forth; that the preponderating civilization, from the heights of which we look down so condescendingly on the old *naïf* times of creativeness, enriches, it is true, our art-theory with new perceptions and views, and places at the command of our soul new causes of excitement, and feelings, besides giving the composer increased means for a more effective clothing of his thoughts; but it is never capable of supplying the place of, or even augmenting, the real creative power of the soul. If, finally, the disciples of the school in question lay a stress upon the fact that music, ought, henceforth, to pay more attention to the law of characterization, in addition to that of materially-formed beauty, we beg to inform them that every art, as much by its essential attributes as by its means of representation, is restricted to natural limits, beyond which it can neither work nor characterize. This limit commences for music at the phenomenon of the material world; as far as this is concerned, music has no right to paint, describe, hint at, etc., nay, if it undertakes to do so, it *degrades itself and its high mission; that of being the interpreter and exponent of the immaterial world.* So often, therefore, as we see music, leaving this, its divine home, go astray and coquet—no matter under what mask—in the service of materialism, we will combat it in the name of Art!

Milan Cathedral.

(From Mrs. Browne's Letters to the Independent.)

I have been spending a good part of this day on the top of Milan Cathedral—walking up and down amid its forest of white marble spires and battlements, and looking off on the most magnificent panorama of the distant Alps that exists in the world.

I dimly understand that there be critics who look coldly on Milan Cathedral, who bring to it certain preconceived theories of art, or some technical rules by which they try and find it wanting. I should as soon think of testing Niagara Falls by a code of criticism, remarking that the spray wants solidity, and that the colors of the rainbow over the arch are too vivid for the solemnity of the scene—or I should as soon try by the rules of technical art the deep arches, checkered shadows, vine-twined trees, and flower-embroidered ground of an aboriginal American forest. If a person does not *feel* it and does not like it, why, he *does not*—it may be no fault of his—only his misfortune, but let him not interrupt those who do with any nonsense about Art. Milan Cathedral is a growth of the Christianized æsthetic mind of Northern Italy: it is just the

point of confluence where met the strong reverential earnest spirit of the northern races with the airy genius, brilliant fancy, and tender sentiment of summer skies and warmer-blooded races. We have all the religious sentiment without its gloom. There is no haggard, dark sublimity, but sublimity melting into beauty—the sublimity of the ocean when every wave is breaking into crests of snowy foam. In the midst of the city—amid common and ordinary houses it stands pure and glittering as a piece of winter frost-work; and the whiteness of its thousand spires against a blue Italian sky has a loveliness of effect which can no more cease to charm, than can the oft-repeated yet ever new miracles of nature.

Who can describe it! So vast, yet so fine, so thread-like and lace-like in its lightness, so full and ornate in its regal abundance of detail. The marble below is somewhat stained and blackened by time, but as you look upward and follow the line of architectural ornament, it is beautiful to see how the marble refines and purifies itself from the stains of earth, till all its battlements and snowy spires, crowned with figures of saints and angels, seem to dwell in the regions of snow purity, to have the dazzling whiteness of a transfiguration.

But you go up on the roof, and you walk upon the battlements or ascend the highest tower, and you seem to have passed high out of the region of commonplace things. The beautiful plains of Lombardy lie around you like a map, and the horizon is glittering with the entire sweep of the Alps, like a solemn senate of archangels with diamond mail and glittering crowns. The Mont Blane, Monte Rosa with his countenance of light, the Jungfrau, and all the weird brethren of the Oberland, rise one after another to your delighted gaze, and the range of the Tyrol goes far off into the blue of the sky. All around, wherever you turn, is the unbroken phalanx of mountains; and this temple, with its ten thousand statues all standing in attitudes of ecstasy or praise or prayer, seems like a worthy altar, a fitting shrine, for the great plain which these beautiful mountains inclose. It seems to give all Northern Italy to God.

To speak of ten thousand statues is not a mere poetical phrase. When all is completed there will be ten thousand—at present they number only seven thousand.

The effect of these statues in this high, pure air, in this solemn and glorious scenery, is peculiar. They seem a meet companionship for these high regions. They seem to stand exultant on their spires, poised lightly as æthereal creatures, the fit inhabitants of the blue, pure sky. One feels that they have done with earth—one can fancy them a band of white-robed kings and priests forever ministering in that great temple of which the Alps are the walls, and the Cathedral the heart and centre.

This afternoon as I was there it was the time of evening service, and the whole building at times seemed to vibrate with the swell of the organ, and the rising and swelling of the Ambrosian chant seemed surging and dying like the distant sound of many waters. I stood and leaned against the marble right over the choir, where I could feel the vibrations of the organ, and around me were noble and thoughtful figures of men and women who had been exalted there for no false or earthly standard of honor, but for having led noble and earthly lives—for humility, patience, fortitude, constancy, for the victory that overcometh the world—and I thought to myself how wholly and characteristically *Christian* the whole thing was. Suppose an old Roman, like Cato or Cicero, for instance, to have fallen asleep in his day and suddenly awakened in ours, and placed

silently on the top of this vast building, how would he be puzzled to know what it commemorated. That it was a solemn commemoration of something, he could at once see. That crowds both of men and women were thus exalted to be had in perpetual remembrance would also be plain—but for what? One universal expression in every face, whether uplifted or downcast, must have struck him as something new, something different from what antique sculpture ever dreamed. Who were these that pressed the cross to the breast with one hand and bore the palm-branch in the other? What are these with this strange, sweet ecstasy that look upward? Here a woman stands on a wheel armed with spikes, yet looks joyfully heavenward. Here a man stands in shackles, yet seems radiant with joy. Truly Cicero would say, Who are these and whence come they?—and the only answer could be, “These are they that have come out of great tribulation, having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb!”

The summit of this splendid building is crowned with the image of her who was pronounced blessed among women—yet she was poor and lowly, and her best-beloved died the cruel death of the vilest criminal. All these have suffered—and through suffering entered into glory, and this splendid building stands a majestic witness of the change that the life and death of Jesus have made in the world.

It seems fitting that there should be so glorious a shrine, so beautiful a record of so glorious a life and death; and no country is so fair a spot for its existence as Northern Italy. Never were nature and art so majestically married by religion in so worthy a temple.

Never shall I forget that solemn evening,—that temple throbbing and pulsating with the majestic chant within, and the silent assembly of spotless, saintly figures bright with the last rays of evening—the distant rosy Alps. It was worth many days of common life.

H. B. S.

Musical Extracts from a New Novel.*

THE SISTER ARTISTS AND THEIR MASTER.

I wanted to combat her unjust opinion of music, but the curtain rose, showing a simply furnished salon occupied by a middle-aged man with two young girls, his daughters, standing by a centre-table, sorting over some music. The father advanced to the foot-lights with the girls and bowed, then seated himself at one of the pianos, while one girl with a violoncello and the other with a violin took their position near the music stands. They were very young; the eldest, the violoncellist, being apparently about fourteen, the violinist a year or two younger. They were dressed simply in rose-colored and white-checked silks, made close up to the throat and tight to the wrists. Their waving hair was cut short, and lay in little soft curls around the temples and back of the neck. The figure of the eldest showed the effect produced by close practice on her heavy instrument; already one shoulder was partially elevated and her chin was thrown forward, giving a pained expression to her countenance. She had good firm features, but a serious expression of the eye told she had already felt the weight of the future on her, and which said, like Shylock, “sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.” This is, alas! the truth, so far as the mediocre are concerned who choose the stage for their livelihood. The younger one looked well fitted for her profession; there was no suffering or sufferance about her business to her. She took her stand with the most perfect *aplomb*; her whole little figure was erected and well poised. She was prettier than her sister, had brilliant black eyes, finely arched brows, and a beautiful mouth and chin. There was the same *froidueur* that characterized her sister's face, but in her it amounted to almost positive scorn, and the cool manner in which she looked at her audience was amusing. Afterwards I discovered that she was near-sighted, and was spared that one great trial of her

profession—the clear perception of “the sea of heads and waves of eyes” beneath her.

Their opening piece was an arrangement from *Lucia*, very cleverly selected and not too long. The fine *finale* of the second act, always popular, formed the first movement, and it closed with the touching *finale* of the opera. The little violinist displayed as much feeling as talent, and when she repeated some of the phrases *à mi voix*, the effect was delicious; it had the mysterious silvery sound of the nightingale song, as heard by moonlight in an orange-grove, a sort of *crépuscule vocal*. The piece put the whole audience into a good humor, and the artists were applauded and complimented to their full contentment, and the curtain fell as they retired howing, with lowered eyes. I had observed during the piece a person fluttering uneasily about, crying “*Brava*” and “*Bene*,” officiously; and when the audience testified their approbation, although one of the audience himself, he seemed to take the applause as a personal compliment.

“Who is that man?” I asked of Marie, after the curtain fell and Tante Octavie left me go to the rest of her guests.

“Who?”

“That fussy person talking now to Octavie, evidently boring him to death. What a shrill voice he has!”

“That! Oh, he is our village Thalberg, Tante Octavie's *professeur de musique*, Mr. Wolfmaister.”

“A German?”

“Yes; that is, of a German family from Berne, and educated by good masters; he was a pupil for two years of Chopin.”

I looked at the man with more respect. “He is a clever musician, then?” I inquired.

“*Passablement*. But how pert and presumptuous I am! Yes, he is indeed a very fine executant and well skilled in the theory of music; he can explain to you in the most profound and difficult style all about the Septime Chord and the Diminished Septime Chord, and every tried to be mentioned, Diminished, Dominant, Major, and Minor Triads. He has been the only master I have ever had, and I ought to speak more respectfully of him; but, to tell the truth, we are beginning to disagree in music; he does not like my ‘sprouting wings,’ as he calls my independent opinions as to expression, etc.”

“What, the color or the shape?” I asked laughingly.

“Indeed, I fancy he does not like me to have wings at all,” she said, shrugging her shoulders; “he treats me and all my musical fancies pretty much as Tienet did poor Joret's performance on the cornemuse in *Maitres Sonneurs*.”

“Ah, you have read that far, have you?”

Just then Octavie approached and presented Wolfmaister, more from the desire to rid himself of a bore than to give pleasure to any one of us. Wolfmaister was a tall, slender man, with small, sharp gray eyes, and straight, dark hair, which he wore *à la Liszt*; he had a shrill high voice, and a manner of expressing himself that denoted settled opinions and a great desire to be considered perfectly rational and free from nonsense. We talked of the interesting young artists we had just heard; they were friends of his. The father was preparing them both for public exhibition.

“The eldest looks already as if she suffered from too close application,” I said.

“Yes,” he replied, “her father spoke of it to me to-night: he intends resting her as much as possible, which she can scarcely spare the time to do, as she is not half so quick as her sister, although very clever.”

“Pity her father should make a violoncellist of her. Does she like her profession?”

“Not very much; but you see it looks better; it will produce a finer effect, the two sisters playing together.”

“Poor child! has she a mother?”

“No, their mother died many years ago.”

The curtain just then rose, and the little violinist played for a solo a passage from Euryanthe, and made her violin sound like a woman's voice, full of deep feeling, at once passionate and chaste.

Her management of the harmonies gave a delicious sound, crystalline and fairy-like, carrying my imagination off into that supernatural world of which Weber is the high-priest and ruler. The elder one sat near the piano, a little in the background, and while her sister drew out her beautiful music, she sat listening with a sad, wearied, hopeless look. How my heart yearned toward her, and I longed to take the poor child in my arms and be a mother to her!—she needed tender nursing and loving care.

Some four or five years after I heard this same young violinist, Michela Casini, at the San Carlo, in Naples. The whole musical world were in ecstasies with her great genius and her fine execution on this instrument, so rarely seen in the hands of a woman. I looked in vain for the poor suffering sister; a celebrated violoncellist supplied her place, and was proud to accompany Michela. I met her afterwards at a soirée at Mercadante's, and made her acquaintance. After I was sufficiently intimate I inquired about the elder sister, and heard that she had died about two years after I had first listened to them at Institution Eperveil; the disease of the spine just showing itself then had increased, and God had mercifully relieved her of her painful life-burden. Michela Casini has led a spotless life in her dangerous position of successful and flattered woman-artist. I often think, fancifully perhaps, that her sister's spirit has been allowed to float round and protect her from the temptations surrounding her; for the memory of this sister is a treasured thought to her, and her calm resigned sorrow for her death gives depth and feeling to her music.

MARIE AT THE PIANO.

Wolfmaister shrugged his shoulders and walked off, while Marie gave me an approving nod. Soon after he ascended the platform, and played a solo on the piano in the place of the *Trio manqué*. It was a sonata of Hummel, as clear and liquid as a mountain spring; but it suggested no thought, no idea for the imagination to dwell on or develop; indeed it was nothing but fine musical versification. After he left the piano and joined us, I complimented him on his touch, rapidity, and clearness of execution.

“Your trill is exquisite, it has all the *battement du gazier* of a bird's warble.”

He looked immensely gratified, and twisted the gummed end of his black mustache with an amusing air of gratified self-conceit as he said,—

“Hummel I place among the first masters of the piano. If I have any merit as an executant, I owe it to my close study of his works. There is a limpidity, a clearness of tone obtained by studying Hummel, which no other master gives.”

Marie yawned impatiently, and looked entreatingly at me to answer him.

“You mean,” I said, “that his works are useful for study of execution, not for any benefit that one can obtain in the way of expressing musical thought, certainly. To be sure, I am not an instrumentalist; the little I do in the way of music is with my voice, and therefore I should not depend on my fancy and liking as correct instrumental taste, yet I must confess Hummel's works do not satisfy me.”

“Oh,” replied Wolfmaister, in that civil overbearing tone so many men use when discussing with a woman, “that is because you are not sufficiently acquainted with his works. His rondo in *La, par exemple*, and indeed the majority of his musical compositions, are of the purest and highest style.”

Wolfmaister looked profound and learned as he enunciated this settled opinion as a fixed fact, and I remained silent, as I always do when put down by a noun of the masculine gender. Had he been an intelligent woman I should have given my reasons for my difference of opinion, certain of being allowed to express myself calmly and clearly without any assumption of superior knowledge on her part to silence me; and even if we continued to differ, we would do so with mutual courtesy and respect for each other's right to have a different opinion. But with very few men can women argue; the man grows imperious, the woman resentful, and the conversation is

*“*Compensation; or, Always a Future*,” by Miss ANNE M. H. BREWSTER, of Philadelphia. (Published by Lippincott & Co.) See notice in our last.

apt to end a little too volcanic in its temperature for peace-loving dispositions.

A little while after Marie came to me and said, "I am going to play."

"What?" I asked.

"I shall not tell you. I shall leave you to be my Brulette."

The permission to read some of Madame Sand's works had been given by her liberal-minded, indulgent father, with the responsibility placed on me of selecting them for her, a responsibility I was quite willing to take; and the first ones I had given her were "Maitres Sonneurs" and "Lettres d'un Voyageur," which two had made a strong impression on her; she was constantly repeating some striking artistic description or some concise artistic definition. From her last words I supposed she was about to play one of her own compositions or arrangements, which she was just in that transition state to throw out freely; she had mastered the difficulties of form, —the mysteries of counterpoint, which are like feet, accent, and grammatical rhythm to the poet,—and her fresh young imagination, thus untrammelled, was eager to use its wings. The characteristics of Marie's compositions at that time were a lively feeling for certain beauties; an accent of grandeur and melancholy ran like a burning lava stream through all her chords and resolutions; there might have been a little too free a use of difficult modulations, strange combinations of distant intervals, which arose from a natural exultation she felt at the power she had obtained by mastering so difficult a study as harmony; but her taste, if it was not always free from the exaggeration of mere technical difficulties, was never common; and in her arrangements of the themes from other authors she displayed a skill which was very clever, of taking to herself the *motifs* that she was developing, marking them with her own personal seal, as it were, giving them an originality and making of them veritable creations.

This etude or sketch which she played was full of grandeur; but the thought was imperfectly developed and the execution inexact. The idea she desired to express was evidently beyond her powers; it was an *ébauche* of some vision of her spirit; as she advanced in it I fancied that it was the memory of some of those dreams we have at certain seasons, when it seems as if the spirit had been emancipated by sleep from its mortal part and able to soar off into a purer element. But in sketching from memory, in endeavoring to give her recollection to mortal ears, it was evident that her own mental and mortal nature had interfered. One felt as if, at the period of composition, her whole being had been influenced by the preoccupation of some sad thought, like a remembrance or anticipation of trouble. The impression it produced on me was *déchirante*, though the whole piece was vague and disjointed; it affected me deeply because I was beginning to understand the girl's character, and learning to love as well as admire her. But the composition naturally fell lifeless on the ears of her audience; with the sensitiveness of a true artist she felt this, and rose from the piano wearied and dispirited, looking as gray as a moth in her ashen paleness.

THALBERG AND LISZT.

I turned the conversation on the different styles of execution of various pianists we had heard in public, and the effect or influence they had produced on us; this led her to say:—

"I heard during two different visits to Vienna those great artists, T. and L. One, you know, is said to be material and calculating, the other just the reverse. Let me tell you the effect produced on me by each. I heard T. first. After hearing him, I returned home cold, dry, and hard, but very industrious. I attacked Bach for the first time effectually. T.'s playing is the perfection of one kind of expression; not of feeling, however. It is, as De Lanz says: 'The playing of a man of the world; it is this which excludes all idea of poesy attaching itself to his music.' I felt that something was wanting; it sounded like ice-rain on a plate of steel. He seemed resolute and business-like in his art, as if he made of it what other men make of their

buying and selling—a trade. He did me this good, however: I studied hard for months; no fire, no poet heat, to be sure, but at the same time no poet languor. My touch grew exact, and my tone clear and crisp, for I was always thinking of that ice-rain. Again I went to Vienna, and heard L. Oh, Fanny, what an awakening to my whole nature did his music cause! it was the ice-rain still, but the steel plate was burning, seething hot. Do not laugh at me when I tell you that every piece was delicious agony. He seemed the poet of the instrument; an inspired rhapsodist; and everything he played appeared as if it sprang from his brain and the instrument, created in its perfect loveliness at one and the same moment. One night he played one of his own Hungarian marches. What fire, what archangel life! And at the close, when the applause was deafening, he returned to the platform and resumed his seat at the piano. The room was silent in an instant; he sat as if unconscious of the presence of the audience, and gazed for a moment or so up, just as he looks in that picture there of the 'Matinée at L.'s,' the same inspired, youthful expression; then there came pouring out that *largo* of Beethoven, in the sonata *Reminor*, Opus, 29. What unearthly strength he displayed! it roared like the dash of the waves of our beautiful lake in a storm, when the waters seem to rush madly up as if to avoid the cold Rhone torrent; the recitative passage made a solemn pause, to tell all its woes; in vain, the stern necessity rolled on and it was like the cold, icy flood, penetrating to the quivering heart-core of the poor lake, while there thundered out the rushing turmoil of nature, the roar of the wind, the tossing of the forest tree-tops, the muffled tramp of a distant avalanche hurrying down a ravine, all sweeping on in the renewed combination of chords! I leaned my head on my hands and wept. That night I could not sleep; I tossed to and fro in troubled inexplicable pain. I returned home a few days after. No Bach, no study for me after that revelation; or, at least, not what Wolfmaister would call study. I just rambled over the keys of the piano in a reverie, sometimes exquisite, sometimes painful. About that time Chopin's music first fell into my hands, and it was like a new world to me—a world lighted with rays more brilliant and more divine than any earthly light. I lived and breathed only in his compositions, and for the first time I felt born within me the desire to be a poet. For, O, Fanny Fauvette, it is said to be only the artist-executant, not the composer, the creator!"

Mozart—Child and Man.

(Continued from page 275.)

No. 53.

L. Mozart to his Wife.

Florence, 5th April, 1770.

We arrived here on the 30th of March, and on the 1st of April we went to the Count of Rosenberg's, who received us immediately, although there were fifty persons in the antechamber, because we had a letter from Count Firmiani, and because he had already heard us spoken of by Count Joseph de Kaunitz, who had dined with us at Count Pallavicini's. Rosenberg immediately sent us to court, to the Duke of Salviati's, begging him to present us to the Grand Duke. The Grand Duke was extremely affable to us, and asked us after Nannerl. He told us the Grand Duchess was very anxious to hear Wolfgang, and talked to us for about a quarter of an hour.

On the 2nd of April they conducted us to the chateau outside the town, and we remained there till after ten o'clock. Everything passed off as usual. And the admiration was so much the greater, because the Marquis de Ligneville, director of the concert, and who is the first contrapuntist in Italy, gave the most difficult themes to Wolfgang, who played and developed them as easily as one eats a piece of bread. Nardini accompanied.

To-day we go to Manzoni's. Nicolini, who was at Vienna with Guadagni*, is also here.

I am very sorry I am obliged to leave on Friday to arrive in time at Rome. I should like you to see Florence, its situation, and all the country; you would say it is here one ought to live and die. I intend to

*Gaetano Guadagni, famous contralto, born at Lodi, 1725. Died, very rich, at Padua, in 1797.

profit by these few last days to see all there is to see.

No. 54.

The Same to the Same.

Rome, 14th April, 1770.

Here we are at Rome, since the 11th. At Viterbo, we saw Saint Rosa; her body is intact, like that of Catherine of Bologna, at Bologna. We brought away relics of both of them, as a souvenir. On the day of our arrival, we went to St. Peter's, in the Sistine Chapel, to hear the *Miserere*. The 12th, we saw the ceremonies. We found ourselves beside the Pope, while he was waiting at the table of the poor. Our fine clothes, the German language, and my usual free manners—which I employed very *à propos* in ordering, in German, my servant to tell the Swiss guards to make us a place—served me wonderfully, and enabled us to put ourselves everywhere in front. They took Wolfgang for a German nobleman; others even took him to be a prince; the servants let them believe this, and I was taken for his chamberlain. It is thus we got to the table of the Cardinals, where Wolfgang contrived to ensconce himself between the arm-chairs of two cardinals, of whom one was, strange to say, the Cardinal Pallavicini. He beckoned to Wolfgang and said, "Will you not tell me, in confidence, who you are?" Wolfgang told him. The cardinal answered him with the greatest astonishment. "What? You are the wonderful child, about whom so much has been written to me!" Upon which, Wolfgang asked him, "Are you not the Cardinal Pallavicini?" "Without doubt.—Why?" Wolfgang told him that we had letters of introduction to him, and that we should do ourselves the honor of presenting ourselves at his Eminence's. The Cardinal expressed great satisfaction, saying also Wolfgang spoke Italian well; and he added, "Ich kan auk wenig deutsch spreken."† At the moment of leaving, Wolfgang kissed the Cardinal's hand, who, taking off his cardinal's hat, made him a very gracious bow.

You know that the *Miserere* of the Sistine Chapel is so highly valued, that it is forbidden to the musicians, under pain of excommunication, to carry away any portion of it out of the chapel, to copy it, or to give it to no matter whom. All which, however, does not hinder our having it already. Wolfgang has written it from memory, and we should have sent it to you to Salzbouurg in this letter, if our presence was not necessary to its execution. The manner of giving it must do more than the composition itself. We will not dispossess ourselves of this secret either,—"*Ut non incurramus, mediate vel immediate, in censuram ecclesiæ.*"* We have already examined the entire church of St. Peter, and certainly it is well worth the trouble. To-morrow, if God permits, we shall see his Holiness officiate. After the ceremonies, on Monday, we shall begin to deliver our twenty letters of introduction.

Often as I congratulate myself on not having brought you on this voyage, almost as often do I regret you cannot see these Italian towns, Rome above all. I advise you to read once more the *Journey of Knyssler*. We are, thanks to the intervention of the Abbé Marcobruni, staying in a private house; but we must take a handsome apartment, so as to be able to receive. Wolfgang is well. He sends you a *contredanse*. He wishes M. Cyrillus Hoffman† to perform the figures, and that when the two violins perform their solo, there may be only two persons dancing, and then, when all the instruments perform, that every one should dance. The best thing would be for the figure to comprise five couples. The first couple to commence the first solo, the second the second, and so on, because there are five couples and five *tutti*s.

We are now entering on the warm season, which disagrees with me. Everyone consoles me in saying that Naples is infinitely more healthy, and has a fresher air than Rome. I shall take every precaution to preserve ourselves, especially against the malaria. Pray for us, that the Lord may preserve us in health. I assure you we think of it on our side, and Wolfgang takes as much care of himself as if he were a much older person.

God preserve you all in health!

P. S.—From Wolfgang.—I am, thank God, very well, and so is my miserable pen. I kiss a thousand and a thousand times my mother and sister. I wish my sister was at Rome; she would be delighted with it; by its regularity. The church of St. Peter is regular, and many other things have a regular form. They are carrying before our windows at this moment the most lovely flowers; at least papa tells me so. I

†I know also how to sneak a little German." The Cardinal makes five faults of pronunciation here.

*Not to incur, directly or indirectly, the censure of the Church.

am a lunatic, that is well known. Oh! I have a great wish. There is only one bed in our lodgings. Mother can easily believe I have very little rest with papa. I am delighted to enter into our new apartment. I have just sketched St. Peter with his keys. St. Paul with his sword. St. Luke, with my sister, etc. I have had the honor of kissing the foot of St. Peter; and because I had the misfortune to be too small they were obliged to lift me up as they did the Ancient.

WOLFGANG MOZART.

No. 55.

Rome, 21st April, 1770.

We have met here Mr. Beckford, whom we knew in London, at Lady Effingham's. We are now living in the house of the papal courier Uslinghi. His wife and daughter would do anything to serve us. The husband is in Portugal, and they consider us quite one of themselves. There are already in the newspapers accounts of our stay in Bologna and Florence. But I will no longer send you all that.

As we penetrate more into the heart of Italy, the more admiration augments. Wolfgang does not remain stationary, his learning increases from day to day, in such a manner that the first masters and great connoisseurs are dumb with amazement. Two days ago we were at the house of a Neapolitan, the Prince of St. Angelo. Yesterday at the Prince de Ghigi's, where we met the so-called *Re d'Inghilterra*, that is to say the Pretender, and the Secretary of State, Cardinal Pallavicini. We shall soon be presented to his Holiness.

I forgot to tell you that we met at Florence a young Englishman, pupil of the celebrated Nardini. This young man, who plays wonderfully, and who is about the height and age of Wolfgang, has come to the house of the celebrated Signora Corilla, where we found ourselves by the introduction of M. Langier. These two young people were very friendly all the evening. The next day this charming little English boy sent his violin and came and played all the afternoon with Wolfgang, who accompanied him. The next day we dined at Mr. Gaillard's, administrator of finances to the Grand Duke, and the two children played all the evening, not like children, but like masters. Poor little Thomas accompanied us home, and cried bitterly, because we were to leave the next day. Having learnt we did not leave till twelve o'clock next day, he arrived at nine in the morning, and presented Wolfgang (embracing him at the same time tenderly) with the following sonnet that the Signora Corilla had composed at his request the evening before, and he accompanied us to the gates of the town. You should have seen this charming scene.

PER LA PARTENZA DEL SIGNOR W. A. MOZART DA FIRENZE.

Da poi che il fate l'ha da me diviso,
Io non po' che seguirlo col pensiero
Ed in pianto cangia la gioia e il riso
Ma io mezzo al pianto rivederti io spero.

Quella dolce armonia di paradiso
Che ha u' estasi d'amor mi aprì il sentiero
Mi risuona nel cuor, e d'improvviso
Mi porta in cielo a contemplare il vero.

O lieto giorno! O fortunate istante!
In cui ti vidi ed attento ascoltai
E della tua virtù divenni amante!
Vogliam gli sei che val tuo cuor giammai
Non mi diparta; lo ti amero costante
Emul' di tua virtù de ognor mi avrai
In segno di sincera stima ed affetto.

TOMMASO LINLEY.

No. 56.

Wolfgang Mozart to his Sister.

Rome, 21 April, 1770.

DEAR SISTER MINE,—Send me, pray, a copy of those arithmetical copy books you corrected, and some sums; I have lost mine, and now know nothing.

Manzuoli sings in my opera, at Milan, according to the agreement. He sang five or six airs at Florence, and some of those I ought to have composed at Milan, to prove to him that I am capable of writing an opera, for no operatic music of mine had been heard in this town. Manzuoli asks a thousand ducats. It is not yet known if Gabrielli will come. Some say it is De Amicis that we shall see at Naples. I wish she and Manzuoli would play together; there would be then two acquaintances, two good friends. Nothing is known yet of the libretto. I have recommended one of Metastasio's to Don Ferdinando and to M. de Troyer. I am at this moment working at the air "Se ardire e speranza."

†Dancing-master at the Court of Salzburg.

†Charles Edward Stuart, born in Rome in 1720, died at Florence in 1788.

†Clement XIV. (Laurent Ganganelli) born in 1705, elected in 1769, died in 1774.

†Thomas Linley, brother-in-law of the celebrated Sheridan, born at Bath in 1756; violinist and composer, died by accident at 22 years of age, in 1778.

†Pietro Nardini, violinist, born at Fabiano, in Tuscany, 1772; pupil of Tartini; died at Florence in 1792.

No. 57.

CARA SORELLA MIA!—Io vi accerto, che io aspetto con una incredibile premura tutte le giornate di posta qualche lettera di Saliburgo. Jeri fummo à St. Lorenzo, e sentimmo il vespero, e oggi mattina la messa cantata, e la sera poi il secondo vespero, perchè era la festa della Madonna del Buon Consiglio. Questi giorni fummo nel campidoglio, e videmmo varie belle cose. Se io volessi scrivere tutto qualche viddi, non basterebbe questo foglietto. In due accademie suonai, e domani suonerò anche in una. Subito dopo pranzo guochiamo a Potsch. Questo è un giuoco e che imparai qui quando vero a casa, ve l'imparerò. Finita questa lettera finirò una sinfonia mia, che cominciai l'aria e finita, una sinfonia è dal copista, il quale e il mia padre perchè noi non la vogliamo dar via per copiarla altrimenti elle sarebbe rubata.

Wolfgang in Germania, Amadeo Mozart in Italia.

Roma Caput Mundi il 25 Aprile, anno 1770, nello anno venturo 1771.

No. 58.

L. Mozart to his Wife.

Rome, 28 April, 1770.

We have been to the Princess de Barbarini's, where we met Prince Xavier of Saxony, and the Pretender. To-day we are going to see the Ambassador of Malta. The Duke of Bracciano has invited us to the concert of the Duke of Hohen-Ems, which is to take place to-morrow. Monday we dine with the Augustins. We wish to leave on the 12th for Naples, where we have already engaged an apartment. The roads are not very safe. I shall not go till I know they are safe, and besides we are in good company with Boccacio, who takes us. Wolfgang, thank God, is well, only he suffers a little, as usual, from toothache.

P. S. de Wolfgang.—I embrace my sister's face. I kiss my mother's hands. I have as yet seen neither scorpion nor spider. One does not hear them spoken of. Mamma will know my writing; make her write soon, or else I will sign my name.

No. 59.

The Same to the Same.

Rome, May 2d, 1770.

You wish to know if Wolfgang sings, and still plays on the violin. He plays, but not in public. He sings, but only when some one gives him a few words. He has grown a little. We have an opportunity of going to Naples with four Augustins. I hope God will preserve you in health, as also dear Nanerl, that he will watch over us to Naples, and bring us back to Salzburg. We shall remain nearly five weeks at Naples. And then we shall go by Loretto to Bologna and Pisa, where we shall pass over the great heat in some cool and healthy locality. To-day Mr. Meissner,* who has just come from Naples, and Wolfgang performed at the German College.

P. S. de Wolfgang.—I am very well, thank God. I kiss the hands of my mother, and the face, nose, mouth, and neck of my sister. My bad pen does the same.

No. 60.

The Same to the Same,

Naples, 19th May, 1770.

We left Rome at the same time as three other carriages, containing two each. We dined at Marino in the convent of the Augustins on the 11th. We found excellent hospitality for the night in the convent of the Augustins, and on the 12th we arrived at Capua, still going to the Augustins. We wished to get to Naples in the evening; but there was to be on the following Sunday, the 13th, the ceremony of a lady in the convent taking the veil, and one of our travelling companions. Father Segarelli had been her confessor. He was going to assist at the ceremony, and begged us to stay. So we remained. After the taking of the veil we dined in the convent of the Augustins, and besides the near relations of the new nun there were no strangers except ourselves.

On the 12th, a chapel-master, followed by two or three carriages containing visitors, arrived to inaugurate the fête by symphonies and a "Salve Regina." All these gentlemen remained in the convent. It is on the 14th we reached here. We have passed two nights in a house which belongs to the convent of the Augustins of S. Giovanni Carbonaso. We are now

*There were two musicians of this name in the eighteenth century. Meissner of Salzburg, singer, who had an extraordinary voice; Meissner de Franconie de Franconia, one of the first founders of the School for the Clarinet in Germany. We do not know of the two which he means.

in a lodging for which we pay four ducats of Salzburg by the month. Yesterday we went uselessly to Portici to pay our respects to the Marquis de Tamucci. In the evening we paid a visit to the English Ambassador, Hamilton, one of our London acquaintances, and whose wife, a very agreeable person, plays the harpsichord in quite a touching manner. She trembled when she was going to play before Wolfgang.

On the 16th we dined with the Baron Tschudy, who embraced us a thousand times, and offered his services.

If the portraits are successful pay for them what you like.

No. 61.

Wolfgang Amad. Mozart to his Sister.

Naples, May 19th, 1770.

CARA SORELLA MIA.—Vi prego di scrivermi presto e tutti i giorni di posta, Io vi ringrazio di avermi mandato questi Arithmetical books, et vi prego, se mai volete avere mal di testa, di mandarmi ancora un poco of these sciences. Perdonale mi che scrivo si malamente, ma la ragione è perchè anche io ebbi un poco mal di testa. The twelfth minnet of Haydn, that you sent me, pleases me very much, and you have added an incomparable bass and without the slightest fault. Pray, often make such trials.

Mamma should not forget to have the two guns cleaned. Write and tell me how our master canary is; does he still sing? and does he yet whistle? Do you know why I think of our canary? Because there is one in our anti-chamber, who does the same things. By the bye, Mr. Jean will doubtless have received the letter of congratulation he meant to have written to him. If he has not received it, I will tell him myself at Salzburg that which it should have contained. Yesterday we put on our new clothes. We were beautiful as angels. My compliments to Nandl; tell her to pray for me. It is on the 30th that the opera Jomelli has composed will be played. We saw the king and queen at mass in the chapel of Portici, and we have also seen Vesuvius. Naples is beautiful, but as populated as Paris or Vienna. I do not know if the people are not more impertinent than in London. Because they have their own chiefs, who receive twenty-five ducats d'argento from the King every month, to keep the lazzaroni in some kind of order.

It is the De Amicis* who sings at the opera. We have been to her house. It is Carasof who composes the second opera; Ciccio de Mafot the third; and the fourth no one yet knows who. Go frequently to Mirabell and hear the litanies, listen to the "Regina Cœli" or the "Salve Regina," sleep well, and do not have bad dreams. Give to M. de Schidenhofen my most abominable compliments, tra-lira, tra-lira. And tell him to learn the minuet upon the harpsichord, that he may not forget it; let him do it soon, so that he may do me the pleasure of letting me do the accompaniment for him. Give my compliments to all our friends, keep yourself in health, so as not to die before you have written me one letter more, which I will endeavor to answer, so that we may always continue to do the same, which I will always endeavor on my part to do, until there is nothing more here below to do. Till then I will do all in my power to remain

Your W. M.

(To be Continued.)

†Prime Minister to Don Carlos (later Charles III. King of Spain), and of Ferdinand IV. his son, born in 1698, died in 1783.

‡Diminutive of Anne.

*Anne de Amicis, born at Naples in 1740, married in 1771 a secretary of the King of Naples, and left the theatre.

†Composer, born in 1708, at Naples, distinguished by the purity of his style, died at Naples in 1787.

‡One of the most illustrious composers of the Neapolitan school, born at Naples in 1745, died in 1774 at 29 years of age.

(From the Cambridge Chronicle.)

The Cambridge Chime.

The Trustees for this chime respectfully report to the citizens of Cambridge and its vicinity, that seven bells (four of which were very correct, without tuning) have been successfully cast by the contractors, Henry N. Hooper & Co. The tower of the Episcopal Church has been made stronger, and is now ready to receive the bells, without any possibility of a doubt as to its sufficiency to sustain them and bear the "round ringing" of the bells. Only the largest eight of the bells will be so hung, at the outset, but the thirteen will be fitted for chiming tunes. Twelve hundred dollars more than has been collected will be needed before we can hear their music.

Each bell is to have a Latin inscription, in old English letters, from the *Gloria in Excelsis* (the Angels' Christmas Hymn), and the largest bells have other inscriptions, as given below. The sentences from the *Gloria in Excelsis* are taken in regular order, and

cover the whole of it as it stands in the Latin Liturgy of the Church of England.

Bell No. 1—Note D. 3100 lbs. Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax, bona voluntas hominibus.

Bell No. 2—Note E. 2100 lbs. Te laudamus Tibi benedicimus, Te adoramus, Te glorificamus, Tibi gratias agimus propter summam gloriam Tuam.

Bell No. 3—Note F sharp. 1500 lbs. Domine Deus, Rex cœli, Deus Pater omnipotens.

Bell No. 4—Note G. 1350 lbs. Domine Fili unigenite Jesu Christe.

Bell No. 5—Note A. 850 lbs. Domine Deus, Agnus Dei, Filius Patris.

Bell No. 6—Note B. 725 lbs. Qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nostri.

Bell No. 7—Note C. 625 lbs. Qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nostri.

Bell No. 8—Note C sharp. 500 lbs. Qui tollis peccata mundi, suscipe orationem nostram.

Bell No. 9—Note D. 450 lbs. Qui sedes ad dextram Dei Patris, miserere nostri.

Bell No. 10—Note E. 400 lbs. Quoniam Tu solus Sanctus, Tu solus Dominus.

Bell No. 11—Note F sharp. 250 lbs. Tu solus, O Christe, cum Spiritu Sancto.

Bell No. 12—Note G. 200 lbs. Altissimus in gloria Dei Patris.

Bell No. 13—Note A. 175 lbs. Amen! Amen!

Mr. Thomas Dowse's executors having contributed in June, 1858, \$500 towards the Chime Fund, the largest bell commemorates him in a further inscription, as follows:—

Let the name of Mr. Thomas Dowse, of Cambridge, be remembered. The liberal man deviseth liberal things.

The second bell bears a second Latin inscription, in Roman characters, to commemorate the English "Society for the propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts;" under the auspices of which Society the Episcopal Church was established in Cambridge, A. D. 1760:—

In memoriam benefactorum illustrissimæ Societatis Anglicanæ, de promovendo Evangelio, in partibus trans-marinis, institutæ.

The third bell is, in part, cast from the old bell given to the Parish, in 1760, by Mr. Cahill, of London, and reproduces the old inscription upon it, with the dates of its former and present re-casting, as follows:—

Ecclesie primæ episcopali
Cantabrigiæ in Nov. Angliæ,
Me libere donavit
Edvardus Cahill,
Londiniensis,
A. D., MDCC. LX.

[Re-cast, A. D., 1831. Re-cast in the chime, A. D., 1859.]

The fourth bell is the gift of Messrs. H. N. Hooper & Co., and should, in justice, bear an inscription to that effect. The founders, however, have modestly refused to emblazon their own liberality, and have suppressed the inscription prepared for this purpose.

H. M. P.

The Opera.

(From the Courier of Monday.)

We have had a week of it at the Boston Theatre. Let us look at the record. The *Sicilian Vespers*, an inferior work, has been sung twice, to houses worthy of it—that is, nearly empty. *Lucia* has been twice performed, to audiences comparatively large and absolutely enthusiastic. *Ernani* has been once sung in superb style to the poorest house of the week. The feelings of the parties principally interested would find clear expression in a printed dialogue like the following:

The Management: Public, this won't pay.

The Public: Make it pay.

The remark of the Management needs no comment; it is direct and axiomatic. The response of the Public is slightly oracular, seemingly impertinent, but yet its roughness encases a nut from which much oil may be extracted—oil for light and lubrication. Therefore to the Management from The Public, through its interpreter, come These Presents, Greeting: You, the aforesaid Management, are here in Boston with a superior operatic company. You have a prima donna who possesses the present charm and all the beautiful promise of a rosebud. You have a prima donna now rich in the fullness of her power. You have at least two others in reserve, well known, always appreciated, ever fascinating. You have two tenors, each great in his own way; two of the baritone persuasion, the one excelling in the graces of his person, the other conquering by his voice—when his voice is in order; two bassi, also either of whom can well sustain an operatic pyramid. You have conscientious and painstaking second artists who are content to take their salaries without the sauce of applause, which they never get; because we never give loud praise to life's real workers.

You have a chorus capable of doing great things if properly drilled; an orchestra equal to the perfect performance of any score in your repertoire. Nevertheless, your operatic season is not successful. Why? Well, in the first place, we have been imposed on by certain parties who have conducted musical enterprises in past years. The age of "Cards from the Management" commenced with the coming of Thalberg; it has continued nearly down to the present date, though of late there has been a falling off in the issue. It may not be considered too bold a statement to say, that we are not quite bankrupt in intelligence. We may be pleased with splendor, but we shall not often be imposed upon with tinsel. When a musical undertaker [entrepreneur] endeavors to conciliate by fulsome adulation, trowel-applied, and when he attempts to succeed with his undertakings by addressing himself to the very small audience who believe that aristocracy consists in not knowing "those people," he finds himself mistaken, and may incorporate on his coat-of-arms an empty purse on a blue field. This has been heretofore attempted by certain parties connected with the Management.

We have been assured that we are noted through the world for musical appreciation and for liberal patronage of the arts and for cultivation, great refinement, and many other things. We have also been informed that it was the intention of the Management to make our audiences extremely select; great care was to be taken that no unpleasant vicinage should affront the blue blood of our ancient families; and this care was once pushed so far that a card from the Management informed us that each purchaser of a ticket to certain entertainments was to be subjected to close scrutiny, as to his trade, profession, or calling, his gloves, his boots, his general standing in Society. In this there was humbug enough; but humbug consists not so much in announcements prefatory, as in the relations of promise and fulfilment. We have long since found that in proportion to the splendid flunkeyism of the puff preliminary was the feebleness of the entertainment, and the disappointment resulting therefrom. The concerts and the opera thus heralded have invariably fallen below the standard we quietly set up. As a general rule, the artists have been competent; even more, some of them have been great. But, in brief, the music has been hackneyed, or, being new, has been worthless, and a carelessness has been manifest in every department of the stage. There have been marked exceptions, but they were spasmodic. Turn your eye towards a disagreeable experience—that of the past week. Stupid as the *Sicilian Vespers* is, it could have been made tolerably attractive by a generous attention to the stage effect.

With deliberation we say, there has rarely been put forth so ragged and incomplete and halting a dramatic work. There is material enough in the opera, there are abundant resources in the theatre; no excuse can be received for throwing so rough a piece of work upon the stage. A good illustration of the way in which you have done your work in other operas is afforded by this: In *Lucia* the curtain rises on the second act, and discloses a room whose furniture is a table and two chairs; on the table a cheap cloth hangs awry. The scene changes to a stately hall; the table, with its attendant chairs and its cloth awry, remains and constitutes the furniture of the second apartment; only a tawdry candelabra is carelessly set upon the table, representing luxury. Again, in the first act, second scene, on Saturday afternoon Edgardo entered, and close upon his heels came two supernumeraries bearing—a green bank!—which was dumped upon the stage, and upon which Brignoli carefully laid his hat. When this thing is done again let the men at least bring it in on a wheelbarrow, that some appearance of natural truth be kept up. It is no unusual thing to see a forest "wing" thrusting its branches into a parlor, or a street "flat" suggesting an inverted reading of *rus in urbe*. Gaps appear where no gaps should be, doors marked "practicable" on the prompt book, obstinately refuse to crook their pregnant hinges; armies wander about in utter imbecility, and conspirators only succeed in murdering the dramatic effect. Small things, certainly, but most effectual in giving a second hand appearance of shabbiness to the whole exhibition. Carelessness, negligence, roughness, have too much marred our latter day operatic performances, and gross injustice has thus been done to us, to the excellent artists you have introduced, to your own treasury. There is no need of this, and the evil is not past remedy. Let the arrangements of the stage be as cunningly devised, as perfectly executed, as they were while the drama held possession of the Boston Theatre. Let us have new operas, if it is possible to give us good ones; but do not leave fresh fields for sandy pastures, even if they be new. We do not quarrel entirely with hackneyed operas, provided they be not given with a carelessness which says—any-

thing is good enough for these works and for the people who are to hear them. A performance like that of *Ernani* the other night is worthy, so far as the principals are concerned, of any audience. It was your own fault that so few were there to hear it; you had led us to hope for nothing, and we do not choose to pay for that commodity. The market is overstocked already. You are proposing to give us *Saffo*, *The Magic Flute*, *Der Freischütz*. See to it that they be really done well. You have the resources, and you will find it for your interest to display them.

This is what The Public say to the Management.

The Public itself needs a bit of admonition which it shall receive in due time. Our notice of the performance on Saturday afternoon must be very briefly made. The house was nearly full; the family circle entirely full. That zone is much more productive of coin than the temperate dress circle has been, and it is clear that fifty cents will be a golden mean to any manager who is wise. Miss Patti won great and sincere admiration. She sang better, with more ease, than on the evening of her debut, and her action was much freer; as an actress she now excels in the expression of delicate shades of feeling through the movements of the countenance, the changing eye, the mobile lip; consequently those who see her should observe her closely. But of the fresh and beautiful voice too much could not easily be said, had we space for extended praise. It gives a new sensation, and its vibration pleasantly haunts the memory for hours. Unfortunately we never heard Jenny Lind in opera, and thus the favorable comparison of Patti with her, made by the New York critics, cannot be verified. But it is certain that since the departure of the lamented Bosio, we have had no soprano equal to this fair young girl. Like Jenny Lind, she sings because she cannot help singing, and her tones have the purity given only by Nature.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, JAN. 9.—Since the departure of the opera company, there has been but little stirring in the musical world here. The Philharmonic Concert on Saturday was a brilliant success, and the house was well filled, though the night was exceedingly stormy.

ARTHUR NAPOLEON, the young pianist, gave a farewell concert at Palace Garden Music Hall, a few nights ago, but with only indifferent pecuniary success. He sails on the 12th for Cuba, where he will probably do better than here.

MR. C. JEROME HOPKINS, a native pianist and composer of ability, announces a couple of concerts with the aid of Dr. GUILMETTE, Miss ANDEN and Mr. MOLLENHAUER. Mr. Hopkins is one of the best fugue players in the city.

Talking of Mr. Hopkins reminds me of an item of musical interest in the late arrival here of a letter from the illustrious Liszt, addressed to Mr. Hopkins as the projector of the American Music Association, (whose three years existence was so untimely cut off by the commercial panic of '57.) Herr Liszt it seems had gotten wind of the enterprise, and his letter to Mr. Hopkins is a complimentary and artistic souvenir, in the possession of which the last-named individual is indeed envied by many. TROVATOR.

NEW YORK, Jan. 10.—I resume my abstract of Mr. SCHLOTTER's interesting course of lectures on the History of Music. The next harmonist and composer of distinction, was Johannes Ockenheim, who was superior in harmony to De Foye—and lived between 1300 and 1400, and, with his predecessor, laid the basis of the Netherlands school, which for the next two centuries took the lead in music. The organ first became of importance about this time, though it was still a most clumsy instrument, the keys being half a foot broad and two or three inches apart, and having to be played with elbows and fists. The pedal was attached to it by Bernard, surnamed the German, who lived about 1417. Music was now constantly rising in importance; monarchs encouraged it particularly, and universities of music were established at Milan and Naples in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Ottavio Petruccio, in the begin-

ning of the sixteenth, invented the printing of music. The chief instruments in use were the cymbals, trumpet and flute; the violin and lute were considered inferior, and used merely for dance music, and by wandering minstrels.

A galaxy of eminent names succeed each other at this period, the chief of whom are Josquin de Pres, who died in 1515, and Orlando Lassus, or di Lasso, who lived during the sixteenth century. This latter received many honors, and was called the prince of music. In 1557, he received a call from the Duke of Bavaria, and spent the rest of his life in Munich. He died in 1594, the last of the Netherland school, leaving two hundred and thirty-four compositions to perpetuate his name. One of his hymns was played by M. Schlotter. With him ended the Netherland school, which, in two years, had produced three hundred composers. In other countries, meanwhile, the Art was rising with different degrees of rapidity. In Venice, the foundation for a new school was laid by Adrian Willaert, who, though of Flemish origin, went to Italy in the time of Leo X., and ended his days there.

The lead in musical development was taken by Italy, Germany and France, though England, Spain, etc., took also an active part. Church music, however, began to deteriorate through the influence of Claudius Goudimel, born 1550, and sank so low, that Pope Pius IV., in 1562, called a convention to elect a reformer. The choice fell upon Palestrina, of whose precious life the lecturer gave a short sketch, adding also, how later, by various reverses, he had been reduced to the most narrow circumstances, and forced to lead for many years an exceedingly humble and retired life, during which however he composed some of his grandest works, among others the *Impropria*. At last, however, he was reinstated in all honors, named composer of the Pope, and Conductor of St. Peter's Chapel, which office he held till his death, 1594. His contemporaries, but little inferior to himself, were Nanini, who was made Director of the Musical Academy in Rome, and Allegri, the composer of the famous *Miserere*. This brought the lecturer to the end of the sixteenth century, and he closed with a few remarks on the improvement in melody, and the development of secular music in Naples, under the various forms of *Canzoni*, *Madrigals*, etc., which were cultivated by the higher classes.

(To be Continued.)

NEW YORK, JAN. 10.—I send you the programme of our second Philharmonic Concert, which took place last Saturday, and was well attended, in spite of the most execrable weather.

Larghetto and Finale, from the Symphony, Op. 86, in F, "Die Weihe der Töne" (The Dedication of Sounds), as a tribute of respect for the late composer, L. Spohr. Scene and Aria, for Soprano, "Infelice," Op. 94 (1st time), Mendelssohn.

Madame Anna Bishop.

Symphony, No. 1, in B flat, op. 38. R. Schumann.
1. Andante Maestoso ed Allegro Vivace.

2. Larghetto.

3. Scherzo Molto Vivace.

4. Allegro Animato e Grazioso.

Overture Characteristique, "Faust," R. Wagner.
Concerto, No. 5, for the Piano, in E flat, op. 73 (2d time), (2d and 3d movement.) Adagio un poco Moto and Rondo Allegro. Beethoven.

Gustav Satter.

Song, "Ave Maria" F. Schubert.
Madame Anna Bishop.

Festival Polonaise, in F sharp, Major, Satter.
Gustav Satter.

Overtures to "Oberon," in D. Weber.

You will see that a rich treat was offered us; it was in fact, one of the best concerts as a whole, that we have ever had. It must be acknowledged however, that the fragment from Spohr's symphony, though it did include the "*Begrabnis-Musik*" and "*Trost in Thränen*," was hardly an adequate tribute to the memory of one occupying so high a rank in the musi-

cal world. Schumann's symphony is very beautiful, though not as attractive to me as the one in D minor, played last year. It was played extremely well, though, like all the orchestral pieces. Madame BISHOP is certainly a *lusus naturee*; her voice is marvellously preserved, and so is her exterior, and it is hard to believe that she has been before the public as long as she has. Long enough, surely, to know better than to insert trills and graces in Schubert's *Ave Maria*. The lion of the evening was Mr. SATTER, whose only fault was, (or was it that of the director?) that he did not give us the whole of Beethoven's concerto. What he did play was exquisitely rendered—the heavenly adagio, particularly, was interpreted with a tenderness and depth which cannot easily be surpassed. The Polonaise was highly original, and abounding in difficulties, and brought out entirely different powers from the concerto. Most charming was the little Minuet from Mozart's E flat symphony, which Mr. Satter gave in answer to the first encore. To the second he responded with an apparently original *morceau* on the Barcarole from *Oberon*; a fit introduction to the last overture.

—t—

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 14, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. Continuation of W. STERNDALÉ BENNETT's Cantata: "The May Queen."

Boston Academy of Music.

FOURTH NIGHT. Friday, Jan. 6. Verdi's "Sicilian Vespers" was repeated, to a thin house, and cold as before. We regret our inability to be present, for we would fain have tried to like this opera better. Naturally, so far as we have gathered from reports, some things in it were better liked, because heard more understandingly; but the unsatisfactory impression of the first performance was not on the whole removed. The Verdi music had not by this token won new love among us.

FIRST MATINEE. On Saturday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, a large crowd were assembled to hear and see a repetition of the young ADELINA PATTI's *Lucia*. The first impression was more than confirmed. The delicacy and freshness of her voice seemed even more exquisite, and she showed more freedom of action. Everybody was delighted. — The third act of *Ernani* (with the *Carlo Magno* chorus) followed.

SUNDAY EVENING: First "SACRED CONCERT." When an Italian Opera troupe announce a "sacred" concert, you may be sure they always mean Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. This deals, at any rate, with sacred subjects. We might fare worse, as regards musical edification; but if the Opera is really going into the Sacred Concert business, would it not be well to get and learn a change of pieces that deserve the name.

The *Stabat* formed the second part. For a first part were performed such "sacred" pieces as the Overture to *Oberon*; *Ah mon fils*, sung out of tune by Mme. STRAKOSCH; Schubert's *Ave Maria*, coldly and hardly — quite unlike herself — by Mme. COLSON; two of his own sentimental German songs: "The Tear," and "Brightest Eyes," by STIGELLI; Sarastro's air, with chorus, from the *Zauberflöte*, with dignity, but coldly, drily, by Sig. JUNCA; and the Prayer from "Moses." Stigelli — why not write it *Sti-*

ghelli, so as to preserve the hard *g* of the original German, *Stigel*? — was evidently the hero of the evening. Whoever else was not, he *was* in earnest. As a song composer he seems one to be classed with Kücken, Abt, and others, whom we sometimes call *Italian* Germans. He sang finely, but with a slight excess of pathos, as it seemed to us, bordering on the sentimental.

The audience was immense; not a seat, apparently, from floor to ceiling, was unoccupied. The fifty-cent price, the new chandelier, and the safe cover of the indulgence afforded by the change of name from Theatre to "Academy," doubtless had their part in this. It was pleasant to see our old friend BERGMANN on the conductor's stand. The orchestra is excellent.

FIFTH NIGHT. *La Sonnambula*, and much the largest house, so far, of any evening. These fresh, real melodies of Bellini wear well, compared with any of the Italian operas since Rossini; and never were they, never could they be, wedded to a fresher, purer voice, in the person of a more fitting, and more charming interpreter than "little PATTI." We have more and more faith in her talent, in her artistic instinct, in the clear mind, the native good sense, the sincere love of her art, apparently without any affectation, which bid fair to save her from false influences and keep her in a good direction. Of the beauty and availability of her rare voice, of her good vocal schooling, and her singularly perfect execution, there can be no question. But the best thing about it is, that good sense, the instinct of propriety, pervades her whole performance. There is "no nonsense" about it; not one bad trick in singing or in acting; no overdoing; and no under-doing, when you consider that she is a child, and that the rose-bud should not be a full-blown rose. Too much intensity we should be sorry to see; some timidity, some maidenly reserve, is all-essential to the charm. All we can ask is, that it be a *live* performance, not a forced, mechanical attempt to fill a part one does not feel. And that it was; not only thoroughly alive, but graceful. In the first scenes, perhaps, the voice was a little harder and less free than in *Lucia*; but this soon wore off; and her rendering of *Ah non credea*, and of *Ah non giunge*, with the difficult variations, and the bright high *staccato* passages, was worthy of any prima donna in her prime. The voice seems singularly in harmony with her whole person, the pure expression of her nature. Where she exerts it least, where its tones fall on the air unconsciously in concluding phrases, there is a sort of dewy fragrance about them, of a quite delicate and soul-haunting quality. Greater body and volume of tone will of course come with time, if the fine organ is not overworked, if the fresh buds are not forced forward in some Verdi hot-house.

Sig. BRIGNOLI always sings well in the *Sonnambula*; never better than this time. He evidently likes the music. But as to action, he had scarce enough to give encouragement to any demonstrations on the part of poor Amina. AMODIO gave the part of Count Rodolfo with a great deal of vivacity, and of course plenty of rich voice; he is not apt to slight his business, and thereby wins respect.

The commonly omitted tenor air, *Son geloso del zefiro amante*, was a new feature of interest this time. Brignoli sang it finely.

SIXTH NIGHT. Last Tuesday evening a revival of Pacini's "Sappho," an opera which brought with it pleasant memories of Tedesco and the first Havana troupe, who sang it at the Howard Athenæum twelve or thirteen years ago. At that time we enjoyed it; and we were glad after so long an interval, to have an opportunity of finding it as good now as it seemed then. "Sappho" has the advantage, among Italian operas, of an uncommonly good libretto. The subject is an admirable one for lyric treatment, and the plot, though simple, is well woven.

The music has a certain fresh and natural charm. It is always agreeable, although sometimes tame. Some of the melodies have great delicacy and beauty, with a certain flavor that is quite their own; they are not hacknied commonplaces; if they take after any one more than another, it is Rossini; and what comes near to that, if it be heartily and honestly, can scarcely fail to please. The instrumentation, though not very learned or complex, is frequently delicious, adding the right glow and color to the text and situation. There are some highly effective concerted and ensemble pieces; especially the finale to the second act, where Sappho overthrows the altar at the marriage ceremony; in it one fancies he detects the germ of Verdi's first finale in *Ernani*, and indeed of the Verdi ensemble pieces generally. There are also a few of those quick rattling unison choruses of meo, unpleasantly suggestive of Verdi. But as a whole, this opera has none of that desperate straining for effect which marks the production of the last Italian favorite; it is not infected by this fever age; it has something of the repose of a true work of Art; and yet it stirs our feelings more than any work of Verdi; it is alive, it moves, and "grows to a conclusion" with a force which will not let the hearer sit indifferently.

It was in the main well sung, well acted, and well put upon the stage. The tasteful Grecian costume was becoming to the actors singly and collectively, and there was some classical unity of impression in the whole.

Mme. GAZZANIGA's impersonation was a signal triumph. We have had no lyric acting so great since that of Grisi, and we doubt if Grisi ever put more classic dignity, more inspiration and poetic beauty into any of her characters. The only fault with Gazzaniga is that she cannot walk,—a very common failing with Italian prima donnas. Her head and bust are classical, and her face lights up with fine intelligence; and when she stood there in the last scene, before the fatal leap, with the laurel round her brow, and the lyre in her hands, improvising the promised nuptial hymn for her faithless lover and her rival, it was as satisfactory a suggestion of the classic muse as one may see upon the stage. Her voice, too, which has been found so unequal, lent itself most eloquently and touchingly to all the emotions of her part; if not so finished and so great a vocalist as some, yet under the inspiration of emotion she sang sometimes "better than she knew." It was indeed a rare, an intellectual pleasure. Gazzaniga's Sappho will stand henceforth among the most memorable of our opera experiences. There were many moist eyes in the audience, and many loud bursts of enthusiasm, and recalls.

Mme. STRAKOSCH made an interesting Climene. She looked charmingly in her Grecian dress, and sang with warmth and good expression in the fine air: *Ah! con lui mi fu rapito*, and the tender duet with Sappho in the beginning of the second act. It is a pleasant female chorus, too, which opens that scene.

BRIGNOLI has rarely appeared to so good advantage as in the part of Phaon. There was more of noble and manly pathos, more of honest chest tone, in his air in the last act, after he learns how he has wronged Sappho, than we remember in any of his efforts; and the air itself deserves to be better known.

Sig. FERRI bore himself well, and sang well, in the character of the high priest Alcandro. If his indignant declamation protracted itself to tediousness in the first scene, where he comes in driven from the circus, we may set it down to the account of the composer; it is one of the weak and barren places in the opera. Our two German friends, MUELLER as Lysimacho, and QUINTO as Hippias, deserve renewed credit for their always conscientious treatment of their parts.

On the whole "Saffo" made a decided success; it is one of the best of the Italian operas, and will certainly command large audiences henceforth, whenever it shall be announced with Gazzaniga. The management plainly owe it to themselves, to the opera, the artists and the public, that "Saffo" be repeated.

SEVENTH NIGHT. We have only time now to record the unexpected, the decided success of Mozart's "Magic Flute," performed in Boston for the first time on Wednesday. The audience was the largest of the season, and the opera (pronounced dull, *rococo*, old-fogeyish, &c., in New York and Philadelphia), was received throughout with every sign of enthusiasm. (We did overhear one young lady express her disappointment that "there were no *airs* in it"! There are always persons who cannot see the woods because there are so many trees.)

Yes; in spite of woful cuttings, of choruses shockingly out of tune, of lack of voices for not a few important parts, imperfect scenery, and many other imperfections, "absurd plot" and all, the *Zauberflöte* made a most agreeable impression. What would have been said, had it been given whole and well! Much of it was done well. GAZZANIGA as Pamina, and STIGELLI as Tamino, were excellent. FERRI made a capital Papageno, and Mme. STRAKOSCH was Papagena to a t. AMODIO was irresistibly comical as Monostatos, the negro. Sig. JUNCA made a most stately looking high priest Sarastro, but he lacked the voice for the deep passages so characteristic in that music, and sang them nearly all in octave higher. The Queen of the Night, with its trying figures in *alt*, was a cruel part for Mme. COLSON, yet she won much just applause in it.

We reserve more particular notice of the "Magic Flute" till next week. This and "Sappho" are the operas which ought, above all, to be repeated. It is simply absurd to give such an opera, while new to us, but once.

Concerts.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB had a better audience, Tuesday evening of last week, and performed the following pieces:

1. Eighth Quartet, in D minor, op. 38. Onslow. Moderato—Scherzo—Tema con variazioni—Finale, Vivace.
2. Piano Quartet, in E flat, op. 47. R. Schumann. Sostenuto and Allegro—Scherzo—Andante Cantabile—Finale, Vivace.

Messrs. Parker, Schultze, Krebs and Fries.

3. Reminiscences of Mozart, (Solo for Violoncello,). Ländler. Wulf Fries.
4. Quartet in D, op. 18, No. 3, (first time.) Beethoven. Allegro—Adagio—Minuetto—Finale, Allegro vivace.

The Quartet by Schumann is an extremely interesting composition, and was very finely played. Mr. PARKER seemed fully master of his task; he has gained greatly in his playing.

AFTERNOON CONCERTS.—The tenth was given Wednesday before last at the Tremont Temple, with the following programme:

1. Symphony, No. 1. Beethoven.
2. Waltz. Aurora Künstler. Lanner.
3. Overture. Jessonda. Spohr.
4. Trisch Tratsch Polka. Strauss.
5. Aria. From the Opera L'Eclair. For Flute and Corno Inglese. Halevy. Messrs. Ribas and Zoehler.
6. Terzetto. Lucretia Borgia. Donizetti.
7. Dresden March. Kuuge.

The programme of the eleventh concert was as follows:

1. Overture. Fellsenhöhle. Reissiger.
2. Waltz. Libellcu. Strauss.

3. Grand Duetto. Wm. Tell. Clarinet and Fagott Obligato. Rossini. Messrs. Schulz and Honstock.

4. La Favorita Polka. (By request.) Strauss.
5. New Quadrilles. The Sicilian Vespers. (First time.) Published by Oliver Ditson & Co. Carl Zerrahn.
6. Haydn's Abschied, or Farewell Symphony.
7. Corsicana Galop. Lumbye.

Rather a large allowance of dance music, and much to wade through before reaching the symphony, which was the main point of interest, explained upon the bills as follows:

This Symphony, ABSCHIEDS, or Farewell Symphony, was composed by Haydn, in the year 1764, when he was Conductor of the private Orchestra of Prince Esterhazy.

The Prince had resolved to keep only a Quartet, and discharged the others. For the last evening that they were to play together, Haydn wrote this Symphony, to be for them all a token of remembrance when they should be dispersed.

Haydn had instructed the musicians that each should snuff out his candle on his stand, and quietly leave the Orchestra as soon as his part was done.

This being observed at the performance of the Symphony, the Prince took it as a hint and a practical joke; but as well as he pleased, that next day the discharges were recalled, to the great joy of all add to the particular gratification of the Maestro, who had now an Orchestra, with which he could perform those grand Symphonies of which he has written so many.

The humor of the thing must have been considerable on the original occasion; for a concert now, it is well enough for once. The symphony has a good, impassioned sort of first movement; a slow movement in Haydn's deeper vein, with dark and mournful modulations, but tediously long; an indifferent Minuet; and the finale only interesting from the dull dropping off one by one of the musicians. The "Tell" duet is a capital concert piece, and was well played.

Musical Chit-Chat.

Need we remind any one of Mr. ZERRAHN'S Second Philharmonic Concert, at the Music Hall, to-night? The programme is rich and full of novelty. Spohr's greatest Symphony: *The Earthly and the Heavenly in Human Life*, which is a Double Symphony, and in the performance of which a portion of the Italian Opera Orchestra will assist, will lead off, as a tribute to the lamented composer. Liszt's symphonic poem: *Les Préludes*, will be repeated, as it deserves to be. Beethoven's grandest Overture, *Leonore*, No. 3, and Wagner's first introduction to *Lohengrin* (first time) are the other orchestral pieces. Mr. SCHULTZE has a violin solo; and the "Orpheus" Club will sing "The Chapel" and Mendelssohn's "Turkish Drinking Song." Who will resist all that? The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB have done wisely, while we are having a new opera every night, to postpone their next concert for a fortnight. . . . The Glee Club of Harvard College, with the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, gave an interesting Concert at Jamaica Plain last week. . . . The Opera for last night was *Don Giovanni* (are we not Mozartists here in Boston?); this afternoon, at 2, *Sonnambula* again, with "little PATTI"; next week the *Huguenots*, *Martha*, *Rigoletto*, and *Il Barbiere*, with Patti for the first time as Rosina! To-morrow (Sunday) evening, another "Sacred Concert," with Donizetti's "Martyrs" treated as an Oratorio.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 5.—Mr. BONEWITZ'S CONCERT, last evening, was damaged by the snow storm, and the audience was small. He had a fine orchestra, which played one of Beethoven's *Leonora* overtures superbly, besides assisting in Hummel's concerto in A minor, in which Mr. Bonewitz's piano playing was much admired. For an encore he played a good arrangement of Mendelssohn's Wedding March. Miss Anna Wisler sang the cavatina from Rossini's *Siege of Corinth* with great brilliancy, receiving a hearty encore. She also sang Meyerbeer's pretty song, "The Fisher Maiden." Moscheles' *Homage to Handel*, for two pianos, was finely played by Mr. Bonewitz and Mme. Volkmann. The lady is a debutante, and was manifestly nervous. But she played with great elegance, expression and correctness, and the piece was warmly applauded. The latter part of the concert consisted of a new symphony, "The Last Day," by Mr. Bonewitz. As a young composer's effort, it is creditable; but symphony writing is always work above the capacity of young composers, and there was nothing in last night's symphony to indicate that Mr. Bonewitz is an exception to the general rule.

THE HARMONIA SACRED MUSIC SOCIETY announce that they will produce Haydn's beautiful oratorio of "The Seasons," at the Musical Fund Hall, on Friday evening, January 13th. The Society have spared no labor or expense in its preparation. The orchestra will be the best that can be mustered, and will be led by Dr. Meignen.—*Bulletin*.

Jan. 6.—If the Philadelphia public could have been persuaded of the surprising talent of the young pianist, Arthur Napoleon, the Musical Fund Hall would scarcely have held the crowds that would have hurried to hear him. But they are growing more and more sceptical, and consequently the young artist made his debut last evening before a mere handful of people. He is a boy in appearance, but with brain and hands unusually developed. He first played Thalberg's *Sonambula* with a power, brilliancy and fire that Thalberg himself could not equal; falling short of that great master, however, in grace and delicacy. For an encore he played Thalberg's *Home, Sweet Home*. In his own arrangement of airs from *The Huguenots*, Mr. Napoleon's vigor, rapidity and enthusiasm were alike shown, as they were in a similar arrangement from *The Bohemian Girl*. But he is too young to be a great composer; he may afford to be content for a while with being a great performer. Pauer's *Cascade* was exquisitely played, and showed that he is not incapable of the proper interpretation of the more graceful and sentimental styles of music. In the grotesque *Carnival of Berlin*, he returned once more to the music of force, rapidity and fire. But it was when, on the encore, he played Liszt's immensely difficult *Galop Chromatique*, that Mr. Napoleon proved most forcibly his extraordinary talent. Mr. W. H. Cook sang several songs in beautiful style. A Mrs. Thomas also essayed several airs; but she labors under the disadvantage of having neither voice, ear nor style.

The public will be glad to hear that Mr. Harry Drayton and his talented wife, whose musical entertainments have been delighting the New Yorkers for some months, will soon visit Philadelphia, Concert Hall having been engaged by them for the beginning of February. Mr. Drayton is a native of Philadelphia, whose fine bass voice and talent for music have had the best culture that Europe could give. His "parlor operas" are described as charming entertainments.

The Germania Orchestra will give their regular public rehearsal to-morrow afternoon, with the following programme:

Overture—Night in Granada.....	Kreutzer.
Song—Erkling.....	Schubert.
Waltz—Alpine Ruses.....	Lanner.
Adagio from 4th Symphony.....	Beethoven.
Overture—Leonora No. 3.....	Beethoven.
Polka—New Year.....	Strauss.
Duetto—Rigoletto.....	Verdi.
Galop.....	Lumbye.

Ibid.

PITTSFIELD, MASS.—A writer in the *Sun* newspaper gives a glowing description of the Christmas festivities at Maplewood Institute, in which the pupils and music teachers took part. We have room only for a brief extract:

The entertainment was announced as the "*Cantata of the Culprit Fay*," being an extract from J. R. Drake's poem, dramatized for the present occasion, with music expressly composed for the same by Mr. ENSIGN, and with scenic decorations by Messrs. KNEINGER and THEMEN, whilst the recitation and action comprising the terpsichorean evolutions were superintended by Mr. FEDER. The innumerable and all-important *et ceteras*, not comprised under the above heads, were entrusted to the care and taste of Miss L. CLARK.

Both music and exercises reflect much credit on Messrs. Ensign and Feder, not only for their merits as compositions, but also on account of the superb manner in which they were executed by the young ladies under their direction.

WORCESTER, MASS. (From the *Palladium*, Jan. 11.)—A very successful concert was given by the Mozart Society, on Friday evening, at Mechanics Hall. Choruses from Handel, Rossini, Romberg and Biery, with orchestral accompaniments, were given by the society, numbering one hundred and fifty voices, in a manner highly creditable to their leader, Wm. Summer, Esq. The grand chorus of Rossini's "*Let every heart and voice*," was sung with fine effect, and received an *encore*. The programme was one of variety, comprising quartets, trios, duets, and solos, sung by various members of the society. Miss Nellie Fisk delighted her many admirers by a cavatina from Donizetti, "*La morale in tutto questo*," and the pathetic song, "*The Old Arm Chair*," both sung in a manner which told of careful study. She also sang from a trio in "*Don Giovanni*," and a popular duet. Her fine execution is admired by all. Bishop's "*Echo Song*," with flute obligato, was finely sung by Mrs. Doane; we never heard her sing better. Messrs. Burt and Leland charmed all present by their artistic rendering of two beautiful duets for violin and flute; one of which was the exquisite "*Sounds from Home*." Musicians who can discourse

such delicious harmony, should give the public more frequent opportunities of hearing it. Various solos were sung by other members of the society, in an acceptable manner. The orchestra is a decided acquisition to the society, and it is the hearty wish of all, that it may become a permanent one. Our talented musician, Mr. B. D. Allen, presided at the piano-forte on this, as on former occasions. It is understood that the society will give a second concert on Fast Night, when will be presented an entire oratorio.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

As there is very little in the shape of novelty going on in the lyrical world this week, I must act the part of prologue, and give you a short summary of what "is to be." We are soon to have the *Stradella* of Flotow given us at the Grand-Opéra; the libretto has been translated into French by MM. Oppelt and Royer, and very well translated, too. *Stradella* is one of Flotow's most charming works; without ever attaining or trying to attain the sublime, it unites in a very complete manner beautiful music with dramatic interest, nor will scenery either be wanting to render the opera successful. Any one disgusted with the winter out of doors will soon have only to enshrine himself in a box at the Grand-Opéra, and the curtain drawing up he will be suddenly transplanted to Venice the beautiful, with her marble palaces, and her gondolas, her loves and her sorrows, that are breathed in the very air, and follow once more the fortunes of *Stradella*. Mark how he wooed and won the fair ward of a proud Venetian (himself her lover) by giving her lessons of love and of music at the same time—how they were married and lived happily in Rome, to which city Delfino, the Venetian, sends bravos to assassinate *Stradella*. They intend doing so while he is attending in the church of St. John the performance of an oratorio of his own. But Delfino forgot that "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," most clearly proved in this case, for the assassins, delighted like true Italians by the beautiful melody, became *Stradella*'s most enthusiastic admirers, and thus the lovers are saved. Flotow wisely makes his opera end happily: the true version ends tragically at Genoa. The overture is very pretty, and the piece opens with a graceful chorus, "*Vogue gondole légère*," which is interrupted by *Stradella*, who sings a song full of melody, followed by a charming serenade, "*Vicini, O ma tette*." The opera abounds in effective choruses, of which one of the most striking is "*L'Orgue resonne*." But there is so much to remark and admire in this opera, that I must defer a longer detail until it has been brought out, for even with a score one cannot feel what the effect will be. It has just been performed at Brussels with the most complete success. It is in three acts.

Meanwhile, however, the revival of *Herculeum*, by Félicien David, draws good houses. Madame Vestvali has succeeded Madame Borghi-Mamo in the part of Olympia, and Gueymard, Roger in that of Helios. No one expected to find in Madame Vestvali the same qualities as in her predecessor—or Gueymard to equal Roger, however well they may play. Madame Gueymard, however, surpassed herself, and the whole thing went off well. The emperor and empress were at the performance on Wednesday. Madame Vestvali is now studying the part of Fides in the *Prophète*. At the Opéra-Comique they have been less fortunate, for Faure is still unable (from indisposition) to sing in the *Pardon de Ploërmel*.

Your great favorite, Giuglini, is engaged at the Italiens here, in a series of performances. He came out yesterday in the *Trocatore*, and created an immense sensation.

At the Lyrique, the success of *Orphée* gains ground every day. Prince Jerome, who was at the sixth representation, sent Madame Viardot a magnificent bracelet of antique form, ornamented with two cameos.

The Wednesday concerts, given at the Salle Beethoven, are very much alike—not as to the programmes—but in the excellent performance of MM. Sivori and Ritter, besides that of the various artists who are grouped around them in the persons of MM. C. Ney, Rignault and Accursi. Last time Jules Lefort sang the "*Plaisir d'Amour*" of Martini, and the "*Paradis perdu*" of Ritter very well. Sivori played superbly, though he has sometimes the inequalities of those artists who make too sure of their talents, and trust over-confidently to inspirations. Amongst other things, he played a *romance*, by Hector Berlioz, to perfection.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

You'll not leave your Kathleen behind.

C. W. Glover. 25

A pleasing and simple song for a low voice.

The maiden's dream. Ballad. S. Glover. 25

I love my little native isle. Song. Frank Mori. 25

I'm waiting for to-morrow. Ballad. Alice Foster. 25

The trees are in blossom. G. Linley. 25

Pretty songs for young *dilettanti*, from the pens of distinguished English composers. They are superior to the great mass of ballads, which are written and sung on English soil, and will no doubt find quite a favorable reception on this side of the Atlantic.

Sunny memories. Song. G. W. Stratton. 25

Bright and cheerful. Moderately difficult.

The world is full of beauty. F. Petersilea

This is a charming song, simple, short, yet full of soul and meaning, like those much admired national lays of Germany.

Over the river they beckon to me. Spaulding. 25

A new musical version of that exquisite poem which a short while ago was so extensively circulated by the press. It is written in a chanting style, which agrees well with it and makes it a very impressive song.

With Guitar Accompaniment.

Power of Love. Song from "*Satanella*."

Mad. Pratten. 35

Meet me by moonlight. Duet. Wieland. 25

Murmuring sea. Duet by Glover. " 25

These new and excellent arrangements of popular duets, which hitherto could only be obtained with piano accompaniment, will be welcomed by many.

Instrumental Music.

Chant du poëte. Nocturne. A. Croissey. 35

A song without words, tender and delicate. Of a great number of works which this prolific composer has furnished to the fashionable world, this is the prettiest since that charming caprice, "*The prisoner and the swallow*."

Two Nocturnes. E. Perabo. 25

These Nocturnes have a striking resemblance to Reissiger's Nocturnes, widely known under the name of "*Flowers of Spring Waltzes*," and are almost as pretty.

St. Patrick's Day. Transer. by Brinley Richards. 35

Oft in the stilly night. " " 36

The British Grenadier's march. " " 35

Familiar melodies, arranged in their author's own charming style. The name of Brinley Richards must ere long become a household word in the circles of amateur pianists.

The Sicilian Vespers. Quadrille. Carl Zerrahn. 35

Performed for the first time at the Afternoon Concert this week, and received with all the applause which works of this class are able to call forth. It embraces all the salient points of the opera, including a great portion of the ballet-music, not performed here.

Books.

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY EASY VOLUNTARIES AND INTERLUDES. For the Organ, Melodeon, Seraphine, &c. By John Zundel. 1,50

This volume contains twelve opening voluntaries, and two hundred and thirty-nine interludes. It is superior as a collection of good organ music, and furnishes, at a very low price, a great variety from which the beginner can select, and old players, even, find exceedingly useful.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 407. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1860. VOL. XVI. No. 17.

Musical Extracts from a New Novel.*

DE LANZ AND CHOPIN.

The spring fever for work had shown itself in Marie, by the commencement of a very close study of Mozart's and Beethoven's sonatas, arranged for four hands, which she played with Wolfmaister. On the evenings of their practicing together, I always took my embroidery, and went to the chateau to listen to them. One evening, when I arrived, I found her in high argument about our musical high-priest Chopin, with Wolfmaister. The master was striding up and down the salon, with his long elf locks tossed wildly off of his forehead.

"Mon Dieu!" he cried, in his shrill, high-pitched voice; "I should know something about the matter surely, Marie. I knew Chopin personally. I was his pupil for six months. This very waltz I studied with him, when it was composed; and I pride myself upon playing it 'close to the letter of the tradition,' as you would say."

"I cannot help it if you did," answered Marie. "All I can say is, if you willfully misunderstood your great advantages, it is not my fault. You certainly did, or you would not insist so obstinately upon a faulty expression and accent, which is so widely different in effect from the very evident meaning,—the poetical thought contained in the composition."

I was appealed to, and found that the cause of dispute was that exquisite waltz of Chopin, in *Re bémol*, major. Wolfmaister played it, to prove to me his idea of the style in which it should be executed; but, by his regular beat and measured accentuation, the waltz did, indeed, lose one half of its beauty. Then Marie played it, and the difference was marvelously striking. Under Wolfmaister's fingers it had sounded like a piece of crotchets and quavers, beats and measures. Marie made of it a poem. There was an irresistible hurrying up of the time during the first eight measures, with a run up to *Si bémol*, ending with a click on this note, as keen as a heart-clutch, at the first moment of the certainty of mortal sorrow; then a slight relapsing, with rainbow lights and transparent shadows, for four measures; the *motif* then commenced restlessly again, bringing back the old torture,—the old wound, ever aching." On it rushed recklessly, with mad swiftness, sprinkling the way with tears precious as pearls, faster and faster, until it reached a resolution that seemed like some desperate resolve, at which hope appeared to beam out; a gleam of peace shone over the heart; the lovely, rocking *rubato* melody, consoling it with sweet promises and gentle sobs of relieved anguish, fell from the broken measures. But suddenly, dissonances were heard; the tocsin of Fate struck out in the preparatory trill, as if to remind one of the stern dictum of destiny,—that the heart cannot have rest; the melody, as a type of human feeling, relapsed again into sorrow, and then came the finale,—the whirlpool of passion, which seemed to engulf all human hope.

"Can this be played slowly?" cried the enthusiastic girl. "Can one bind one's self, in such an inspiration as this, to cold rules of time? You might as well ask the wind to blow to the measured beat of the metronome, as attempt to curb this desperate measure."

Wolfmaister was touched with the earnestness of Marie. With any other pupil he would have been irritable and dictatorial, as he was very often with her; but at times her genius overpowered him, and although he could not understand her, nor hear in music all that she heard,—and even

sometimes presumed to doubt the truth of this tone-tongue,—there were moments when her strong faith impressed him, and this was one of those moments. He shrugged his shoulders, with the true Parisian impertinent shrug, which says so much more than any saucy Anglo-Saxon word can express, saying: it was preposterous ever to reason with a woman, as she invariably made it a matter of feeling; then, all argument was at an end, and in this way men were always terribly imposed upon, as they had to give up, even unconvinced. He said all this with such a droll air of injured innocence, that we could not help laughing.

We then talked of Chopin, and his six months' knowledge of him; and he told us many charming stories. Among them was one De Lanz also tells.

"De Lanz and I were pupils of Chopin about the same time," he said. "Meyerbeer, who was then working at his 'Prophet,' interrupted De Lanz one day, while taking his lesson. At Paris, the persons one wishes most to see are met with the least, therefore Chopin was delighted with the visit of the celebrated maestro. 'Since I find you there,' said Meyerbeer, pointing to the piano, 'remain there for love of me.' Chopin did so, and played some mazurkas. The one in *Ut*, Opus 33, No. 2, gave rise to some lively discussions between the two artists; Meyerbeer pretending that it was in 2-4 time, instead of 3. Chopin did all that he could to combat this opinion, for Moscheles had already told him that Meyerbeer had said this. He played and replayed the mazurka: it was the only time I ever saw his pale face kindle; a hectic flush lighted up his cheeks and eyes. Meyerbeer persisted. 'Give me your mazurka,' he said at last; 'I will make a ballet of it, and put it in my opera; you will then see that it is in 2-4 time.' And, added Wolfmaister, pedantically, *adhuc sub judice lis est*."

I made Wolfmaister tell me all he could remember of his intercourse with this poet-artist, "who consecrated his great talents to the glorification of noble sentiments in works of art."

"After our lessons," said Wolfmaister, "Chopin always played for us whatever music we had brought with us, or the great masters. I remember one day, De Lanz had with him Beethoven's sonata, in *Ut dieze mineur*, the one generally called 'The Moonlight Sonata.' The allegretto of this sonata Liszt had been playing for De Lanz, and he asked Chopin to play it, in order to see the difference between the two. There is a suite of chords in it which Liszt bound together by his own peculiar style of fingering; when Chopin played it, he produced this tying together by the shades and softness of his own peculiar touch. De Lanz played it over after him, using Liszt's fingering. 'This fingering is not yours?' asked Chopin, in his little, agreeable voice. 'No, it is Liszt's,' answered De Lanz. 'Ah!' cried Chopin; '*vous voyez*. Liszt has ideas no one else would ever think of; and he sat down to the piano, trying over the fingering, saying again and again, with the generous frankness of a true genius, 'This fingering of Liszt is perfect; I shall make use of it.'"

"Tell Fanny about little Filtch," said Marie. I had heard of him before, and read of him in De Lanz; but I was very well pleased to hear Wolfmaister's reminiscences, so I said nothing, but listened with interest.

"Little Filtch was a young Hungarian," said Wolfmaister, "who had the most marvelous musical talent one can imagine. When he was ten years of age, he was sent to Paris by some rich patrons, to have his musical studies directed by Liszt and Chopin. They both grew very fond of

him, and he made such rapid progress, as to excite the attention of the circle surrounding him. De Lanz and I were sometimes allowed to be present during the lessons he gave to young Filtch. One day we were there, when the child, accompanied by Chopin on a second piano, played his concerto, in *Mi mineur*. Chopin's eyes glittered with actual tears. The day was a glorious one for little Filtch. After he finished the concerto, Madame Sand caught him up in her arms, and embraced him with rapture. Chopin, you know, spoke very little; words seemed too heavy and inexpressive for his use, I suppose you æsthetical ladies would say; nor was he sociable, or apt to give invitations of this sort—therefore this one was quite an event. They all accompanied him mechanically, not knowing what to understand by it. Few words were exchanged, during the way up to the Rue Richelieu. When they reached Schlesinger's, Chopin asked for the *partition* of Fidelio, for the piano, and putting it into the hands of little Filtch, said, with his sweet-toned voice, 'Take this, my child, as a souvenir of me; thou hast well merited it to-day.' The boy, who had not expected anything, and who had modestly thought himself already forgotten, was so surprised and pleased that he burst into tears."

"Poor child!" I said. "How soon after that did he die, Mr. Wolfmaister?"

"Net long, he was about fourteen when he died, poor little fellow! If he had lived, he would have been a most marvelous artist. Even Liszt said of him, one evening while listening to him, at a soirée of the Comtesse d'Agout,—as he played the 'Moreau of the 'Lucia,'—'When that child travels, I shall shut up shop.' Chopin also interested himself particularly in him, and entertained the most sanguine hopes of his future."

"But Chopin interested himself in each one of his pupils, said Marie. "Just think, Fanny, what an invaluable master he must have been; he concerned himself as much about the pursuits, occupations, and mental habits of a favorite élève, as about his music."

"Oh, yes," interrupted Wolfmaister, "he constantly bored me about my reading, which annoyed me excessively, for I never cared much for books. Then he would get very much irritated at me, because I did nothing but practice, and say, in his little, broken voice, 'It is quite useless, *mon ami*, to cultivate the fingers, when the mind lies barren.'"

Marie and Wolfmaister then recommenced their practicing. They played Mozart's sonata in *Ut*; and, after that, a romance of this composer, in *Mi bémol*, to which Marie directed my attention, as being the one De Lanz called "the ancestress of all the 'songs without words'" of the present day, "the grandmother of all possible and impossible nocturnes." Then they played the *Symphonie Heroïque*, of Beethoven. After the last solemn chords of the "*Marche Funèbre*" died out, Marie said,—

"I do not like the story some writers tell of this symphony. They say that the '*Marche Funèbre*' was added to it by Beethoven, resentfully, after he heard that Napoleon had made himself Emperor of the French; that he regarded his republican hero as having gone down to the tomb, and therefore sang his requiem instead of his hymn of glory. I know Schindler says that the *Symphonie* was commenced in 1802, and not completed until 1804; but he also says it was finished and ready, even with the dedication, to be sent to Paris, when Beethoven heard the news; so, according to that, the *Marche* was already in it. Two years ago, when I was at Vienna,—where, you know, Henzler's orchestra

* "Compensation; or, Always a Future;" by Miss ANNE M. H. BREWSTER, of Philadelphia. (Published by Lippincott & Co.) See notice in our last.

plays these symphonies superbly,—I heard this *Symphonie Heroïque*, with all the grand orchestral effect, several times; and every time I listened, my own musical reason rebelled against such an erroneous idea. Both Schindler and De Lanz argue rightly. The *Marche Funèbre* is an integral part of the whole symphony, necessary to make it complete; indeed, intended from the beginning; for a composition like this must be one great thought, not a piece of inlaid work, or mosaic. See, how grand and calm is the first movement! the thought of death showed itself even there; and the great tone-poet has given this poetical shadow to the entire composition; the knowledge of the inevitable law of humanity possesses it. There is in it the solemn mournfulness of tragic beauty, which is the loftiest point of art: the consciousness of the *fatum* of all human grandeur breathes through the whole symphony; and when we arrive at the *Marche Funèbre*, it is not a '*chant de deuil*,' but a grand martial hymn, bearing the hero, with pomp, to his mausoleum. The *Symphonie Heroïque*, without the *Marche Funèbre*, would, to my fancy, be imperfect—it would lose its high poetical merit."

I loved to listen to Marie, when she was in a *raptus*, like the present; but Wolfmaister sneered and found technical faults, such as men are apt to find with a woman when she talks enthusiastically, and said she was rhapsodizing.

"Yes," I cried out, laughing, "now Mr. Wolfmaister, you are like Madame Eperveil. I overheard her say, the other day, that 'Maria Merle rhapsodizes, and Mademoiselle Fauvette is her audience; and a pretty couple of fools they are, with their divine philosophy. It's all music and high art with them; just as if music and high art ever built a house, or kept it after it was built.'"

Wolfmaister and Marie joined in my laugh, and asked me if I had not been tempted to go into the salon, and give the old lady an æsthetical lecture.

"I had not the courage," I answered; "she puts me down effectually, with her cold, material words. I sat silent, and listened patiently to her attacks on us and our pursuits, feeling very sure she could not have done the same thing. She would have bounced in on any one, in a fury, had she overheard herself thus judged unjustly; so I comforted myself with talking at her, and said to my invisible opponent, Newman Noggs fashion, 'Yes, Tante Octavie, "music and high art" as you contemptuously say, not only beautify existence, but purify the disciple; the soul draws nourishment from them, and the intelligence develops.' Poor Tante Octavie! she fancies herself far beyond us, and yet she does not know the first word of real life philosophy."

"I must confess," said Wolfmaister, who felt this attack not a little;—for he often united with Madame Eperveil in ridiculing us, "I must confess, however, ladies,—much as I have studied music, and love it,—your æsthetical flights go quite beyond my comprehension; and many compositions that you elaborate over with your fine talking, seem very confused and muddled to me."

I felt tempted to frighten the saucy master out of his assumed courage, and pluck out Tante Octavie's feathers of sarcasm, which he was wearing so pertly, pretending to be angry; but I was prevented by Marie saying,—

"Yes, there is a divine language in some musical passages entirely untranslatable; it is the spirit, not the word, that speaks to the imagination. Directly one attempts to analyze these feelings, the words sound exaggerated to the uninitiated, and inefficient to the one who comprehends all that is conveyed by the sounds of this marvelous tone-language. *Par exemple*, there are many passages in Hoffman, De Lanz, Berlioz, and many other writers on musical criticism,—even Beethoven's own conversation,—that sound what you would call incomprehensible. How often has Tante Octavie, and you also, Mr. Wolfmaister, exclaimed, 'What stuff!' over a passage in which the author, in the most conscientious and serious manner imaginable, was kindly endeavoring to convey to the mind of the

reader, and the ear of the listener, an idea of the musical composition; and I could not attempt to defend the composition. Indeed, it seems there is no way of avoiding hyperbole, when one attempts to translate emotions some expressions of music, into words."

I felt disposed to punish Wolfmaister, and determined he should hear what I had to say also, so I continued: "Words are powerless in such explanations; and this shows that music is the only true language fit to express some emotions of the soul. Such is the inferiority of our mortal nature, that our words never express to others, nor to ourselves, that which we are feeling deeply. Let the warm tide of some noble feeling, some generous appreciation, some tender sympathy well up in our hearts, and we are speechless; or, if we attempt to speak, we utter only the same words and expressions we should use hourly, in the most insignificant conversations; the hot tears rush to our eyes, our pulses throb, our whole being palpitates; but we rest dumb. We can produce the physical cries of the animal, but we cannot—when experiencing some keen emotion of grief, or joy, or admiration of beauty, as seen in works of nature or art—attain, by words, the delicate, poetical feeling we wish to express. We cannot give the cry of the soul. A grand, generous emotion does not ask to be materially represented by words; these are too realistic, and give either an insignificant or false impression of that which is stirring within us. Only in music do we find the expression interpreted intelligibly."

Wolfmaister pursed up his lips, and elevated his eyebrows. Marie noticed it; and turning full on him, with mock solemnity, shook her pretty little forefinger playfully in his face, and said,—

"Renegade student of the great high-priest Chopin, remember the words of one of the worthy disciples of your great master: 'One arrives at art only by roads barred to the vulgar: by the road of prayer, of purity of heart; by confidence in the wisdom of the Eternal, and even in that which is incomprehensible.'"

Wolfmaister drew a long breath. "Phew!" he half whistled, in a low tone. "Incomprehensible!" and, turning to the piano, he played one of De Meyer's compositions, with admirable crispness and delicacy of touch; such scales, such *floriture*! so clear, that the sunlight danced brightly through every part, saying, as he played: "Now, this is what I call music; there is no need here of any of your æsthetical, incomprehensible words, to explain it, 'making confusion worse confounded.'"

"Yes," said Marie to me, in a low voice, "that is simple enough, Heaven knows; that music can be put down in plain nouns and verbs, moods and tenses; that is all grammar rule, *horlogerie*; no need of any exercise of faith there."

"That's right, ladies," said Wolfmaister, good naturedly, while he modulated into an exquisitely graceful waltz, of his own composition; delicious to listen to, but giving no subject for thought; suggesting not one poetical idea, or spiritual experience. "Keep all your high flights to yourselves; for I assure you, just as soon as you get up into that fine æsthetical talking, it is incomprehensible to me—and I am glad it is. I think, with Madame Eperveil, that music and high art never built a house; and such music as you admire never makes the money to buy one. I am very glad I never was afflicted with such reveries; if I had been, I should have turned out another old Wehrstaedt. I should never have built my pretty little cottage, or had Clarens lots to sell to rich Russians and English, out of my music lessons at four Swiss francs an hour."

The man was right, so far as he was concerned; his reasoning was good, for him and his like; and we wasted no more of what he called our "æsthetics" on him.

THE GHOST TRIO.

I began to fear that I should not hear my favorite trio of Beethoven, in *Re major*, Opus 70, called the Ghost Trio; but after a little delay, the simple, single theme of the opening of this

beautiful trio commenced. Hoffman's admirable analysis of it seemed more true and just than ever I had thought it before.

"In this artistic construction," he says, "the most wonderful pictures vie and mix with one another, and in them are portrayed gladness, grief, and gentle happiness. Strange forms begin a merry dance, and then vanish in a point of light—then return, and, gleaming and flashing, dart to and fro; and for an instant the enchanted soul seems to be in a spirit-kingdom, where she hears and understands the unknown tongue, and comprehends all secret warnings and thoughts."

The largo of this trio is very peculiar, as De Lanz remarks. The violin and violoncello perform the principal theme, and Marie's fine piano and excellent execution produced an effect that even made Wolfmaister, so chary in his praises, cry "*Brava*" and "*Bene*." She put both pedals down, then poured off, as it were, the glittering, liquid stream of accompaniment lightly, almost murmuringly, producing an effect like a soft atmosphere thrown over a delicious picture; or an opaline haze, such as one sees bathing the landscapes on the Mediterranean shores; or, still more like the rich autumnal golden, purple mists, hanging at sunset over our beautiful Swiss mountains. The violin and violoncello talk together, as the human being might question its spirit, at a moment when all human counsel is helpless; the guardian demon remonstrates and reasons with its mortal charge; and after the dialogue, the flood-like, descending scale of the piano, throws a brilliant flash of light over the solemn converse of the two—mortal and spirit. The trio then mounts up grandly; it is as if the ghostly counselor had left the mortal, filled with glorious and beautiful presentiments, high and holy hopes, which make it glad and joyful; it turns away freely from this shrunken world, in which, only a little while before, all its hopes and wishes had been centered, and looks hopefully and yearningly toward an unknown land—the warm, delicious life-breath of which seems already stealing over it, while the pure instrumentation of the close gives the grandest expression to this poetical thought.

(From the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

The Proscenium Papers.

No. III.

MUSICAL INSENSIBILITY.

Very sure I am that Mr. Owlet Blink, whom I propose to introduce to the indulgent reader in this chapter, would have passed the Sirens of ancient mythology without any of the precautionary artifices which Ulysses deemed so essential to his salvation; nor do I believe, for an instant, that any later day Lore-lei could ever have witched him to destruction with her magical singing. See an example of his total musical insensibility!

On off nights from the opera, we usually play whist at the lordly mansion of the Blinks, in the *Rue Chataigne*—solemn rubbers, indeed, detested, but endured, by Mrs. B., Calliope and myself;—patiently suffered, in order to pamper to the *penchant* of the pompous *pater familias*, who continues bland, nay even jovial, so long as we indulge him. But, when the partner of all his joys and afflictions finally throws up her hand, and ends the stupid game by requesting me to perform some selections from my own unpublished opera, *Il Paddyphacko in Irelando*, or, perchance, some more easily appreciated *moreau* from the works of Thalberg, Chopin, Liszt, or Mendelssohn, Mr. Blink arises from the card-table with a moody mien, and either stows himself away in a corner of the elegant drawing-room, where he suffers the infliction in solemn silence, or retires to the fourth story, whither the din of the "accursed piano" may not penetrate.

One evening, just as I had concluded Prudent's famous *Lucia* fantasia, Mr. Owlet Blink emerged from his accustomed corner-place of refuge, and taking from his vest pocket a half dollar, threw the same upon the Egyptian-marble top of the centre-table, demanding to know what note I called its clear, silvery ring.

"C sharp," I suggested, at random.

"You should see sharply after that style of note," fairly hissed the callous old wretch, "instead of wasting your time with these Italian fandangoes. It was the music of dollars and cents, sir, that raised me

from an errand boy to the presidency of the Flambeau Insurance Company, and to the directorship of one bank, and a half-dozen railway corporations!"

The man puffed away, as though the musical inflections of a life-time had culminated in the sally just described, and I finally left the apartment. I feel perfectly free and safe to tell the reader all about Mr. Blink's musical insensibility; for he is the only citizen within a square of twenty blocks, who does not subscribe to the *Bulletin*, which paper is entirely too elevated in its tone for a man who has neglected mental refinement in a life-long worship of Mammon. The great Blink delights to pore over "constant reader," "faithful subscriber," and "civis" communications on matters touching the price of pork, the removal of the market sheds, the best preventives for railway accidents, the depravity of the firemen, or kindred themes. All the world knows this externally awful personage by repute and by sight; yet how few they who really recognize the consummate booby under his bald pate.

Under these circumstances, my amazement scarce knew bounds, when, one evening, during the brilliant Academy season, I found Mr. Owlet Blink's aldermanic proportions encased in an elegant new suit of glossy black, surmounted by an immaculate white choker, so closely buttoned around his neck as fairly to thicken his utterance, and to intensify his natural rubicundity into an apoplectic purple;—in point of fact, fully dressed for the opera. Six donkeys in an operatic sextet, a brace of omnibus horses waltzing, four elephants in a quadrille, a policeman on his beat—none of these could possibly have surprised me a whit more than to perceive Mr. Owlet Blink, who prefers Mammon to the Muses, in progress for the opera; and I nudged Calliope, who stood shivering in the front doorway, enveloped in a huge blanket shawl, like a fluttering butterfly in its chrysalis, for an elucidation. "All ma's doings," tittered the joy of the Blinks; "she has aroused his curiosity by her eloquent descriptions of the gorgeous scenery in the Sicilian Vespers."

During the progress of the opera, I vainly scrutinized the lurid physiognomy of the great financier for some symptoms of musical sensibility. His bald cranium glistened in the mellow effulgence of the chandelier; but the features remained stolid, unimpressible, and unexcited, even under the influence of the most fascinating melodic strains. Only when the gorgeous barcarole scene, with its transcendently beauteous stage effects, passed before his vision, was I able to trace the faintest semblance of inward enthusiasm; immediately thereafter, he relapsed into a stupid listlessness which plainly evinced how keenly the inner man was being bored. Happily, at the close of the second act, a congenial friend sat down beside him—Crusty Growler, Esq., late Consul to the Isle of Dogs, a man patronizing the opera less from a love for the "art-divine" than from the mandates of an imperious spouse; and the two worthies soon poured the balm of mutual relief into each other's bosoms, by the discussion of various topics irrelevant to the entertainment of the hour.

"I am certain," quoth Miss Calliope at this juncture, while her mother sat calculating the probable cost of a diamond necklace, whose rays had flashed upon her optics from the direction of one of the proscenium boxes, "I am sure that Ma will never wheedle Pa into this place again." "Will you pardon me, Miss," I rejoined, somewhat cautiously, "when I assure you that, with fewer Owlet Blinks in the community, the refined amusement, yclept opera, might hold a fair chance of taking permanent root in American soil. Such men as your respected sire may be likened to the chilling frosts which nip the exotic in the bud, or retard its development. Lost in the dizzy whirl of commercial and mechanical enterprises, they pass over, as unworthy their attention, those pleasurable, recreative, and refining art-pursuits which ennoble and generalize the human mind, when it becomes blunted, common-place and sordid, in the ceaseless strivings of an utilitarian age. An all-wise Providence has vouchsafed the practical material for the maintenance of its creatures, and the ideal beautiful for the recreation and enjoyment of energies, relaxed in the constant handling of the former. The same Power, moreover, has implanted the germ of appreciation in every one, to be developed or crushed out at will. Thus, when a man surrenders all his waking hours to business pursuits, to the amassing of wealth, or to hard manual labor, 'twere folly to suppose him susceptible to the influences of music, of painting, or even of the every day beauties of nature around him. On the other hand, he who divides his time so as to accord due attention to the exigencies of daily life, and yet to cast aside the cares of these in hours consecrated to leisure, by reason and conventionality alike, fosters the germ of appreciation for the beautiful, becomes a happier man, and sheds a

halo of superior intelligence, and beneficial influence upon those around him.

"See now, Miss, how the great cities teem with men of wealth, who might further the cause of music infinitely, by example as well as by material aid, did not the absorbing conceptions of business, and too often the predominant greed for gold, sink them into the most desperate state of musical insensibility;—persons, these, who squander small fortunes annually upon rarities for their gormandizing appetites, such as tend to impair the health and to render their better natures gross, and often beastly. I could signalize three score such in our own circle, Miss, who swear they won't put up with what it pleases them to term the extortions of foreign *impressarii* and artists, yet, who allow the florists, *restaurateurs*, and mantua-makers to mulct them into a cool thousand for a single winter party. It is this musical insensibility which throws the onus of each recurring season upon a few habités, who really merit canonization for their efforts, and retards permanent success of the opera.

"Nor am I arguing now, Miss Calliope, that a man should continually pamper to his taste for music to the prejudice of those daily duties which each individual, not born with a silver spoon, finds essential to his own maintenance and that of his dependents. Such an enthusiast finds his way into shabby equipments and to the mercy of free lunches in the restaurants, at an early date. That for which I contend is a due cultivation of art in leisure moments, so that the general taste of the community may be bettered. Let any individual essay this; and however insensible to the charms of music his previous life may have been, a change must forthwith develop itself within him. The germ of appreciation, which causes even the savage Indian to halt at the gushing lays of a forest songster, is within him also; and grow it must and will, with even the slightest fostering.

"I ween, Miss Calliope, that I was not very far from truth, when, at the outset, I remarked that, with fewer Owlet Blinks in the community, the opera must eventually become a fixed institution."

"Not far, I really believe," was the gentle rejoinder; and when I glanced around toward the great financier, his face seemed perfectly radiant with the prospects of a new joint stock coal mining company, which he was in the act of unfolding to his friend Crusty Growler, Esq.

B NATURAL.

Hints to Opera-Goers.

(From the Courier.)

A hint was given some days ago, that the Public needed gentle admonition. This hint was called forth by the numerous notes which are received from individuals of that exacting body, complaining of various sins of commission done by popular audiences. Instead of printing this voluminous correspondence, its substance shall be given in a few words. One young lady complains because the men are in the habit of indulging freely in tobacco in the form of smoke, shortly before they enter the theatre, and she says, with much underscoring, that she cannot bear it, and she knows a great many other ladies have been visited with dreadful headaches on this account. She ventures on a pleasing jest, saying that though the offenders may be men of sense yet their sense of smell must be strangely defective, or they couldn't live as they do. Several people write, generally in an irritated strain, concerning the absurd habit practiced by so many persons, otherwise civilized, of pounding with their feet on the floor when the cadence of some sprightly air tickles their ear. One of these correspondents is clearly a Frenchman, and he says: "I recently spend one evening entire at the opera, and I have heard not one air. Why this? Because that, so soon as the orchestra commence, I hear around me, everywhere, one foot, two foots, two foots and one stick, thump, thump, thump, on the plancher. I detect one Stupid beating thus; I look at him as if the annihilation would follow itself from my glance. But there is no effect. Then I speak; I cry to him, 'Is it that you have cold in your foot?' He look to me with strange surpise, and the others they laugh; and the thump continued itself. Then I go to another part in the theatre; but there a man thump not only as ever, but he wag his head additional." It appears that the libretto business annoys many. There are some opera goers who take the trouble to inform themselves before evening touching the plot of the piece they are to hear, and then at night they can give themselves up to what enjoyment the performance affords. But great numbers procure the libretto only when they pass through the lobby, or else encourage those dreadful boys who howl up and down at intervals through the house; they open their rattling book when the overture begins, and then wander in a tangled maze till the curtain falls on the last act; for it is well known to all

but the hopelessly simple that the prompter pays as little attention to the "only authentic edition" as to the Koran. Consequently there is discussion in the auditorium, anxious search for the prima donna, turning back to catch the tenor, a whole posse comitatus driving after the baritone. Some charming daughter, being quicker than the rest of the family, first discovers the place, points it out to paterfamilias, who settles his spectacles and prepares to read; but before he has taken the thumb off the first word the entire corps operatic has leaped several pages, and the mental gas is turned off again. Another source of trouble to many is the habit a few people have of coming into the theatre late, especially at the matinee—so called because it occurs after dinner. It appears, judging from the statements of several correspondents, that it nearly always happens that these laggards have seats near the middle of a very long row; in this case it requires no powerful pen to portray the ensuing confusion. While at this point it is well to mention the complaint of a young man, so modest that he uses a small *i* whenever he speaks of himself, who narrates how he found himself the other night in a seat from which he could only emerge by passing four ladies. He was obliged to tear himself from the performance at the end of the first act, and with much trepidation he arose. Eight eyes looked discouragingly upon him; eight shoulders gave a despairing shrug; eight lips silently expressed vexation. He finally extricated himself; he says he trod on at least two feet, but adds, in a most improper spirit, that he really believes their owners tried to trip him up. No man can withstand the frowns of woman, and this youth retired, crushed, to pour forth his morification in an appeal to the gentle sex not to be so severe with the next unfortunate who is forced to disconcert their sitting. The noisy promoters who haunt the space made at the back of the parquette circle, some of whom are called *stavers*, receive attention from various correspondents; also the encore swindle and the bouquet business; but these two last named topics must be put by for another occasion. It will be well to print the following note from some young lady to a friend in the country, which was evidently put into the wrong envelope and sent to this office instead of another intended for us. It runs thus:

DEAR SUSAN: I really wish you were here to go to the opera with me. Not that I really go to the opera, because you know Pa has an objection to that. But last Sunday night I went to a "Sacred Concert" at the Boston Theatre. Funny, wasn't it? They played the Overture to Oberon, and Stigelli sang the sweetest German song. I declare it made me feel really religious. Then they played a march from The Prophet; the name, you know, made it sacred, but it didn't seem very devotional. Pa was away then, but yesterday I asked him if I might go again next Sunday, when they are going to sing an oratorio. They call it so; but on week days it is an opera, with another name. Pa said he was afraid it wasn't just the thing; but I showed him the programme, and when he saw "3, Prayer, Sig. Brignoli," he said he was glad Mr. Brignoli was a good man, and he didn't see any objection to my going. Isn't it nice? I have just had the sweetest bonnet made, &c. &c.

Yours, dearly, Lucy.

Popular Music of the Olden Time.

Popular Music of the Olden Time is, as every one at all interested in the history of the "divine art" must be aware, the title of Mr. William Chappell's able and comprehensive work on the earlier melodies of England—that is, of England proper, without reference to Ireland, Wales, or Scotland. Perhaps no fellow of the Society of Antiquaries has rendered a more important service to the cause on behalf of which that body was instituted than Mr. Chappell. But exclusively of archaeological considerations, all lovers of our national music, all who believe with Mr. Chappell that England has a musical future just as surely as she can boast a musical past, are indebted to the elaborate research and indefatigable zeal which have helped this worthy and industrious explorer in the successful accomplishment of his self imposed labor. He has shown that we possess as rich a mine of national tune as any of our neighbors, and therefore the germ of a national school of art; while in the course of his inquiry he has sifted to the bottom and decided in our favor not a few moot questions which prove our inheritance to be even larger than the warmest advocates of the musical claims of England had previously imagined. Many exquisite melodies, for a long time attributed to the mediæval invention of other countries, are now admitted on unobjectionable grounds to be of English origin; and if occasionally enthusiasm for his task has led Mr. Chappell to be somewhat over partial to his especial hobby, and especially a little more than necessarily censorious with regard to previous writers, his predecessors (and more particularly the by no means inestimable Dr. Burney) he has, on the other hand, displayed an amount of critical intelligence, observation, and historical acumen which,

coupled with honest national pride and an earnest desire to get at the truth, in every doubtful point, entitles him to unanimous sympathy, and must win for his really useful book the unreserved confidence of posterity.

One of the first results of Mr. Chappell's researches has been the repopularization of a vast quantity of melodies which, however genuine and beautiful, had in the majority of instances passed into oblivion. The chief arena for these revivals was naturally the concert-room, and so great has been the favor elicited, almost without exception, that a new impetus may be said to have been given to the expression of public feeling. The airs are, not inaptly, divided by Mr. Chappell into four categories—the pastoral, or sentimental, generally addressed to the fair sex, and about which poets have raved; the patriotic, bacchanalian, &c., which, pitched in a more vigorous tone, bear no reference to lovers' sighs or the incomparable perfections of their tormentors; the historical, traditional, and legendary, many of which have descended to us from the wandering minstrels themselves, and as an example of which may be cited the interminable ballad of "Chevy Chase;" and, lastly, the dance melodies—hornpipes, minuets, jigs, roundelays, and musettes, or bagpipe tunes, in which England is probably wealthier than any other nation. In preparing the anecdotal and vocal entertainment which has attracted—under the name of *Popular Music of the Olden Time*—such general attention at the Royal Gallery of Illustration, recourse was only had to the first three of these—the last, although words have been fitted to many of the tunes, being for the most part ostensibly dedicated to other than lyric purposes. But a more succinct idea of what the entertainers are charged to submit to their patrons could hardly be presented than in the spirited prologue written for the occasion by Mr. Mark Lemon, and delivered with infinite point by Miss Poole.*

Miss Poole, by universal consent, has been pronounced one of the most thoroughly accomplished ballad singers since the days of Mrs. Bland and Miss Stephens. Her mellow voice, her unaffected sentiment, her remarkably pure style, and as remarkably distinct enunciation, eminently fit her for this apparently simple but by no means the least difficult branch of executive musical art. That it is only given to a very small minority of aspirants to sing a ballad expressively and well is as notorious as that to play one of the slow movements of Mozart requires powers, of another order probably, but of an order at least as rare and elevated as to play an *allegro* of Beethoven or a *prestissimo* of Mendelssohn. No happier chance could have been afforded Miss Poole for exhibiting the qualities of style, sentiment, and delivery with which she has been accredited, than the specimens of old English minstrelsy selected for her in the entertainment at the Gallery of Illustration. The entire satisfaction with which her reading (both poetical and musical) of these genial inspirations has been hailed by crowded audiences is nothing more than an acknowledgment of talent as complete as it is unassuming. The true feeling with which she renders the beautiful melody (nearly three centuries old), of "Oh, the Old Oak and the Ash,"—which in *Queen Elizabeth's Virginal* is called "The Quodling's Delight;" the variety of accentuation, always happy, that accompanies her recitation of the ballad (perhaps still older), "Near Woodstock Town in Oxfordshire;" her half quaintness, half gaiety in the delicious Maypole song ("To the Maypole haste

away") introduced so effectively by Mr. Macfarren in the last chorus of his *May Day*; the well studied simplicity of manner and expression infused into "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington," one of the most rare and touching specimens contained in the well-known "Relics" of Perry (sung to the traditional tune); and last, not least, the dramatic spirit and archness with which she recites the complaint of the jilted troubadour in the serenade, "Oh, list to me, my only Love" (another very felicitous example of England's melodic vein some 300 years ago), are one and all, enthusiastically appreciated. In short, Miss Poole, who has more than once raised the fortunes of a weak opera by her faultless execution of a ballad in the third act, has here nothing but choice materials to deal with, and her triumph is consequently unchequed by the smallest interval of dullness. The encores to which, by reason of their heartiness, she is compelled to submit, considerably enhance the laborious nature of her task; but, fresh and unfatigued throughout, she sustains the interest until the very last, when—with a still sprightlier if not quite so characteristic and individual a Maypole song as that to which allusion has been made ("Come lasses and lads"—from a collection of popular songs issued in the time of Charles II. under the name of *Merry Drollery Complete*)—she dismisses her audience as cheerful and unjaded as herself, not merely pleased with what they have heard, but willing to quaff still further draughts at the fountain of our ancient melody. With Miss Poole has been associated Mr. Rameden, a young baritone singer, with a fine voice and means already well developed. Upon this gentleman has devolved the triple duty of reading the historical and anecdotal context, accompanying the songs at the piano and singing the ballads, &c., allotted to a man's voice. All this he performs with unquestionable ability, and by his very efficient rendering of the songs that fall to his share (of which, to judge by the encores, the chief favorites are "The Vicar of Bray," "Sally in our Alley," and "Hearts of Oak") shows himself fully entitled to the marks of approval with which his efforts are received. Altogether, *Popular Music of the Olden Time* promises and merits to become a standard entertainment both in London and the provinces, which it is the more agreeable to state, as it combines amusement and instruction without the interference of a single deteriorating characteristic. In conclusion, it should be mentioned that the melodies are sung to the admirable accompaniments written by Mr. Macfarren expressly for Mr. Chappell's work, and that where the texts of the old ballads have not necessarily been abbreviated by Mr. Oxenford, they are supplied with entirely new words from the same facile and accomplished pen.—*London Musical World*, Dec. 17.

PICCOLONINI A PATRIOT.—The *London Post* says: We violate a private letter from Florence for the sake of the tribute, contained in the following extract, to Mlle. Piccolomini:

In each town throughout the country subscriptions are being opened for Garibaldi, to supply him with funds to recommence, if necessary, the war in the spring. These are most successful; for the people answer the call on them with the most eager alacrity. National concerts are given everywhere. The one we had last evening was the most magnificent and stirring sight I ever beheld. Imagine a theatre almost as large as St. George's Hall, Liverpool, crammed—crammed to an extent that almost created a fear for the solidity of the building.

The singers were of the first order, and entered into the spirit of the scene, of course giving their services gratis. The enthusiasm of the public passed all bounds; all were applauded *a outrance*; and, as for myself, I thought they would have devoured me. Their shouts, cries and recalls were enough to bewilder me. But the great feature of the evening was little Piccolomini, who, with her usual tact, well knowing an Italian audience, refused to sing any thing but the national hymn, written for the occasion, securing applause through the sentiments it excited. But one must do her justice; she sang with her little voice in a way that made one's blood run cold and thrill with emotion; and, whether she really felt it or not, she seemed inspired with the noble feelings that prevail at present. Instead of merely singing at a concert, with the music in her hand, she made a scene of it, regularly acting it, and had the stage arranged, with the chorus at the back, and two men in the centre, each holding the flag of independence; she walked about, she seized the flag, she tossed her little head and arms about with an energy, and sang with a fire and soul that produced an electric effect. The enthusiasm of the public was raised to a frantic pitch; cries of "Vive Garibaldi," "Vive Emmanuel," resounded through the house; ladies, even, were sobbing with emotion. Had the Grand Duke been in

Florence, his life would have been in peril, for at the words "And from our land the stranger shall fly," so great was the effect that a poignard seemed to glimmer in each eye. I was myself so moved, and so enchanted with Piccolomini, that I could not resist giving her a kiss when she came off, to which she submitted most gracefully, for she is even more charming off the stage than on it.

VERDI, THE COMPOSER.—In announcing that Signor Verdi has been elected a corresponding member of the Institute of France, a Paris paper gives the following sketch of his career. He was the son of an inn-keeper, of the village of Roncoli, in the duchy of Parma, where he was born in 1814. He received his first lessons in music from an obscure organist, who was, however, an enthusiast for his art. Thanks to the patronage of Antonio Barezzi, he was able to go to Milan, where he studied from 1833 to 1836, under the direction of Lavigna, who was then at the head of the theatre of La Scala. At last, in 1839, he brought out his first opera, *Oberto di San Bonifazio*. Encouraged by its success, he brought out soon afterwards, a comic opera, *Un Giorno di Regno*, which was a complete failure. From 1843 to 1847, he wrote and had performed the following operas: *Nabucco*, *I Lombardi*, *Ernani*, *I Due Foscari*, *Giovanni d'Arco*, *Alzira*, *Attila*, *Macbeth*, and *I Masnadieri*. From 1848 to 1853 he wrote the *Corso*, *La Battaglia di Legnano*, *Luigia Muller*, *Stifelio*, *Rigoletto*, *Il Trovatore*, and *La Traviata*. In June, 1855, he gave to the world the Grand Opera *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*, a work written especially for the principal French stage. Signor Verdi, in seventeen years, has written not less than twenty operas, without counting *Aroldo*, *Simone Bocanegra*, *Una Vendetta in Domino*, and *King Lear*, which he has just finished.

A MUSICAL SPEC.—A ship which arrived the other day from Havre had a goodly number of steerage passengers, mostly from the Rhine; and among them, as part of their effects, was a goodly number of hand-organs. The voyage was of nearly two months' duration, and was chequered of course by storms, gales, and fair winds. Whenever the weather and the sea admitted of it, the steerage passengers flocked on deck, and, true to their German instincts, got up waltzes, polkas, and mazurkas, the music being furnished by the various organs in turn.

One day, when the ship was near the mouth of the Mississippi, the solitary cabin passenger on board became struck by the large number of hand-organs; it seemed strange that so many instruments of the kind should have accidentally got together on one vessel.

On inquiry, it was ascertained that some wag of an American, last summer, passing through various villages in Alsace and other French localities near the Rhine, had informed some of the good people, who, he found, were intending to emigrate to America in the fall, that in the highest social circles, in the city and country, in the Northern, Southern, and Western States, the favorite musical instrument was the hand organ.

Doubtless the traveller had suffered tortures at some epoch of his life, from some broken down, harsh, dissonant organ, and he thus sought to revenge himself. His trick resulted in the simple Alsations going into a hand-organ speculation. We sympathize with the speculators; we admire the traveller's boldness and humor; we wonder what will become of those organs.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Music Abroad.

Germany.

BERLIN.—A letter in the *Independent*, dated Nov. 24, 1859, thus describes a visit to Liebig's Concerts:

It is a Thursday or Friday afternoon, the hour four o'clock. With as much company as we can muster, we go down one or two streets to the Great Frederick Street, the largest in Berlin. Not far from the place where we enter the street we notice on the other side, over the door of a building not to be distinguished from any other in size or architectural appearance, the words Ton Halle. There is our destination. We turn in from the street, pass through the arched portecocher to a small court in the rear, or rather quadrangle, in no way to be distinguished from common buildings. This, by the way, is a common and curious feature of Berlin architecture and of German architecture in general. If you are looking up some establishment known all over the world, and approach it with the expectation which is so much fostered in America, of finding architectural display commensur-

* "I'm here to speak a prologue, and to ask
A kindly welcome for our coming task.
Why should we doubt it! I having had, by turns,
Old Cambrian seals and Caledonian Burns,
Sweet Irish bards of most melodious tones,
And Nigger minstrels with their tuneful bones.
Why fear that tunes our grand forefathers sung,
To earnest rhymes writ in our English tongue,
Will fail to find an English welcome here?
'Time has not staled them,' and we will not fear!
'But stay,' says Doubter, in a sneering tone,
'Have we an English music quite our own?
'We've always been a dull hee-eating race,
I fancy you'll be posed to prove your case.'
Wherever man is brave and woman fair,
Both fame and love will have an utterance there.
Where beauty decks each meadow, hill, and dell,
Rejoicing man his thankfulness will tell;
Where every leafy wood has minstrel birds,
Endowed with songs more eloquent than words,
Think'st thou their singing could be heard in vain,
And voices sweet as birds not mock the strain?
All those incentives to our land belong
And having them, can we have wanted Song?
No! Here the proofs, (placing hand on book), and if he who
essay
To sing to-night some long forgotten lay,
Should fail its olden magic to impart—
Blame not the minstrel's, but the singer's art;
Yet gently censure, since the partial friend,
Remembering songs you heard but to commend,
Bade me be bold, and show our English muse,
In coif and bodice—how could I refuse?
Recalling every kindness you have shown,
'Till all these friends before me seem my own."

ate with the reputation of the establishment, you would be signally disappointed. The book-publishing house of Tauchnitz, in Leipzig, is, to use moderate language, as well known as any in the world. And yet I once spent no inconsiderable time in finding it in that city, and then it was so retired and unobtrusive that one might pass it fifty times, and not suspect what work is going quietly on behind these modest walls. Just so is it with this Ton Halle and a hundred other great resorts here in Berlin. All is so quiet and common in the exterior, that standing in the retired quadrangle of which I spoke, you wonder whether after all you are in the right spot, and inquire anxiously which door leads to the Ton Halle. The little boy whom we ask directs us, showing no little surprise that we do not know; we pass in, buy our tickets at seven cents and a half of American money, receive a programme, and ascend the stairs, wondering how good music we are going to hear for seven cents and a half. Still we are encouraged to think that it will be good, for have we not noticed on the scores of posters at the corners of the streets, that there are all over the city, and every evening, scores of concerts where the admission fee is six cents, and five cents, and three cents and a half, and so down to the modest announcement on some, "Entrance for whatever it pleases you to give?" So we expect to hear good music for seven cents and a half.

Well now, before getting into the Halle, my conscience pricks me a grain, gentle reader, who art only in imagination with me in the walk, for fear that I entice you a little by what I have written into a false idea of some things. Let me say, then, that to go to the opera here in Berlin costs me as much as it would in America, and to attend the oratorios given by the Sing-Akademie costs as much, nay more, than to hear the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston give the same music. And then again, a good many of these two and a half-cent concerts are not reputable places to go to, mere beer-swilling resorts, where neither you nor I, respectable reader, would care to be seen, or enjoy ourselves much when there. Thus much by way of caveat.

And now let us return to the Ton Halle again. We are in a real German institution of a high order, and shall hear high German music, performed by one of the best bands in Berlin. We open the door, and there appears a large hall, a hundred feet long, seventy wide, and fifty high, with two galleries encircling three sides of it, with an elevated platform at the farther end of it, on which sit some forty musicians, under the direction of a noble yet most agreeable-looking man, whom every Berliner of taste would recognize anywhere as C. Liebig, conductor of the Alexander Regiment's band. The main instrument is the violin, but the trumpet, hautboy, flute, drum, and triangle are there too, as well as the loud crashing viol. The floor of the room is not covered with settees, but, to our surprise, is dotted over in a picturesque manner with plain square tables, each surrounded with chairs and having as its only ornament an ashes catcher, which not obscurely hints of smoking to come. Some of the tables have four chairs around them, some are larger and accommodate a greater number. The room is rapidly filling, the clock face indicates a minute or two of four, the orchestra is busily engaged in getting the instruments in tune, and the air is filled with the twang of fiddle strings, and the preliminary notes of French horn and trumpet. Meantime busy waiters, dressed in black, and so well dressed that only the white napkin under the left arm proclaims their menial service, pass rapidly to and fro, and take orders for coffee and chocolate and cake and beer. Soon the tables bear each its own load, and gay gentlemen and lively ladies sip coffee or beer, and nibble at sweet cake. And it is coffee, strange to say, which is chiefly drunk there, even with so formidable a rival as the delicate white beer of Berlin. The gay men who sit together and are generally soldiers, drink the black, bitter beer, and it takes a good deal of training to get an unsophisticated foreigner or even a delicate German lady to love black beer. But the white beer of Berlin is quite another article. I do not know of but one city in the world where it can be had; and that city is Berlin. It is so delicate and pleasant that one takes to it as kindly as to lemonade. It is impossible to find any drink analogous to it in our American potations; and I cannot give you an adequate idea of its excellence, but it has only to be known to be appreciated. It is, like some characters, exceedingly given to frothing; and so it is brought to you in a great funnel-shaped glass at least a foot high, and looking as a glass hat would look, had it no crown, and were a foot instead of nine inches high. I assure you one feels ridiculously to be drinking out of such an immense decanter, but it is a thing of necessity, and were you to pour some into a common goblet, you would soon have to cry "hold, enough," as I once learned by real experiment.

Well, all have fallen to eating and drinking in true German fashion. Liebig stands up, taps with his baton, and the orchestra leads off with an overture by Cherubini. Then follow symphonies by Mendelssohn and Mozart, overtures by Gluck and Beethoven, and variations by Haydn, all rendered in the best manner. When the music of each piece begins, the room becomes as still as though four persons, and not four hundred, were there. If any adventurous fellow ventures to whisper above his breath while the music is going on, a sharp and stinging "pts" is heard all around, and he is quickly brought to silence. When the piece ends all is liveliness and laughter again, but when the music begins, all softens down to silence, and he is a luckless wight who dares break it. Meantime the fumes of at least two hundred cigars are fast tinting the walls of the room; the occupants of the upper gallery begin to softly fade away as in vapor, and within another hour the room is filled with a dense gray cloud. The music goes on, now tender and ravishing, now loud and kindling, and every tea-spoon is carefully handled, and not a glass beer-pot clinks; the music ceases for a little, and laughter and clinking and orders to waiters fill the air, but above all rise the smoke-clouds, and when we get up to go it is like leaving the battlefield over which hang still the sulphurous fumes, massive, dense, and gray.

VIENNA.—The city has just discharged an old debt of honor, in adorning with a monument, by the sculptor Hans Gasser, the neglected tomb of the immortal Mozart in St. Mary's Cemetery. The great artist's portrait in relief graces a pedestal, on which the Genius of Music is represented, weeping over his grave. The head of the Muse is sorrowfully inclined, the lyre slipping from her arm, while she holds in hand the "Requiem," the last great work of the Composer.

Paris.

At the Opéra-Comique, Faure, who has quite recovered from his illness, has been singing in the *Pardon de Ploërmel* again. This opera has nearly attained its fifty-sixth performance.

The new work of Ambroise Thomas is in rehearsal, and will be given in January; the principal parts will be filled by M. Montaubry and Mlle. Monrose. I must give you, next week, an account of *Don Gregorio*.

At the Théâtre-Lyrique, I believe they intend shortly to give Beethoven's *Fidelio*. The *Armida* of the same master, and the *Macbeth* of Verdi, in which Madame Viardot and the barytone Varesi, would play, are also spoken of. Meanwhile *Philemon and Baucis*, a comic opera in three acts, by M. Charles Gounod, is in rehearsal. Madame Miolan-Carvalho will sing the part of Baucis.

A little drawing-room *opérette* has just been given with great success, in the salons of Mesdames Orfila and Moseneron de Saint Preux. The tale turns on the fortunes, or rather the misfortunes, of a rich retired grocer, who, dreaming of nought but pigs and chickens and the blisses of a rural life, ensconces himself snugly in the country, a hundred leagues from Paris. But his servant, Jeannette, acts the part of serpent in this little paradise, and makes him pay some two hundred *écus* for a kiss, which sum she intends to be her wedding dowry. Finally, by accumulating all the worries she can upon him, sends him back again, I suppose, to Paris. The name of this *opérette* is *Loin du bruit*.

The concerts of MM. Sivori and Ritter continue to be as brilliant as ever, and they are most ably seconded.—*London Music World*, Dec. 24.

Notwithstanding the bad weather, and the gaieties of the season now commencing, two things unpropitious to managers, the theatres continue to fill well, although there is nothing either novel or brilliant going on. One of the novelties is the opera of M. Leconte de Gabrielli, brought out at the Opéra-Comique. It is in three acts; the libretto is by MM. de Leuven and Sauvage. M. de Gabrielli has obtained a certain kind of success in Italy in dance music; and the Académie Impériale is indebted to him for the ballet called *Les Elfes*, the success of which naturally inspired him with the ambition of attaining a higher tide. The plot is taken from the *Precepteur dans l'Embarras*, a piece which has already been adapted several times from an Italian comedy. Donizetti wrote a little opera buffa on the same subject, *L'Ajo nel Imbarazzo*, but it has never been performed in France. The music of *Don Gregorio* is sparkling, but not original. M. de Gabrielli composes with facility, and some of his melodies are pretty; three acts of this kind of music is a great deal, and one looks for something more than pretty tunes. The overture is pleasing. In the first act, an air sung by Wardt, and the quintet of "La Clé," are pleasing. In the second, the stanzas "L'Entorse," sung by

Mlle. Lemerrier, and the duet "Il était tout petit," which was encored, are well written. And in the third act, Mlle. Penetrat sang a brilliant bolero with success, and Crosi a grand aria, which was the same as most grand arias in the third acts are. Condere, who has had rather too arduous a part given him, works hard and does his best till the fall of the curtain. However, the success of the opera was not disputed either by France or Italy, equally represented in the house. The critics were, as they usually are, very good-natured and the public indulgent.

At the Grand-Opéra we are to have the first performance of *Pierre de Medicis* about the 15th of February. The libretto is by MM. de St. George and E. Parini, the music by the Prince Poniatowski. The ballet by Mlle. Taglioni, set to music by Offenbach, is also in rehearsal. This chorographic work has a very poetical legend for its basis; it is the history of a young girl whom a jealous fairy has changed into a butterfly. You see it has some analogy with *La Sylphide*. The scenery is being splendidly got up, and the music is charming; hunting airs, choruses of peasants, fairy melodies, &c. The parts will be danced by Mlle. Emma Givry, Marquet, and by Merante and Berthier.—*Ibid.* Dec. 31.

London.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—Two admirable performances have taken place since we last alluded to these concerts. The programme, on the evening of the 12th inst., was instrumentally, a Mendelssohn programme, as the following will show:

PART I.

Quartet in E flat, Op. 12.....Mendelssohn
Song, "Rose softly blooming".....Spohr
Lieder ohne Worte (piano-forte).....Mendelssohn

PART II.

Tema con Variazioni (piano and violoncello).....Mendelssohn
Song, "Thine is my heart".....Schubert
Song, "Know'st thou the land?".....Beethoven
Duet, "Two merry Gipsies are we".....Macfarren
Quartet in F minor, No. 2. Op. 3 (piano, violin,
viola, and violoncello).....Mendelssohn

Herr Becker again led the quartet, his associates being Herr Ries, Mr. Doyle, and M. Paque.

At the sixth concert (the last before Christmas), on Monday last, the programme was as follows:

PART I.

Prelude and Fugue, in G major (organ).....Bach
Song, "Salley in our alley".....Bach
Suite de Pièces, in E major (piano-forte).....Bach
Song, "The oak and the ash".....Bach
Prelude, Sarabande, and Gavotte (violin).....Bach
Song, "Hearts of oak".....Bach
Chaconne (violin).....Bach

PART II.

Organ concerto, in G major, No. 9.....Handel
Song, "Near Woodstock town".....Handel
Suite de Pièces, in E major (piano-forte).....Handel
Song, "The Vicar of Bray".....Handel
Serenade, "O, list to me, my only love".....Handel
Trio for two violins and violoncello.....Handel
Music World, Dec. 24.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, JAN. 16. — There are rumors about the next opera season here, to commence next month, and *La Juive*, *Aroldo* and *Le Pardon de Ploërmel* are among the operas mentioned as likely to be produced. From Havana we hear of Maretzek's success with a new tenor, Musiani, who will appear here, they say, before Max goes off to Mexico.

The Brooklyn Philharmonic Society gave the third concert of the series last Saturday, offering an unusually attractive programme. ALBERTINI and BEAUCARDE were the solo singers, and gave great satisfaction.

The absolute dearth of musical news obliges me to send a letter scarce an inch long, and to prematurely sign myself

TROVATOR.

OSWEGO, ILL., JAN. 10. — The Kendall Co. Musical Union held their fourth convention of the season here, Jan. 4th, 5th, and 6th, closing with a concert on Thursday eve. The concert was a success. The programme consisted of a third of Root's Cantata "Daniel," glees and choruses from the New York Glee and Chorus Book, and songs and choruses from the "Messiah"; — a programme sufficiently various for any appetite, I should think. This society is doing a fine work in music here. They practiced the choruses; "O thou that tellest," "Behold the

Lamb of God," "Lift up your heads," "Hallelujah," "Their sound is gone out," "And the Glory of the Lord," and "Worthy is the Lamb," from the "Messiah"; the *Kyrie* and *Gloria* from Mozart's 12th Mass; Operatic choruses from Mercadante, Rossini, Auber, and Flotow; the choruses "The God of Israel," Rossini, and "Hallelujah to the Father," from Beethoven; besides quite a number of small glee and part-songs. Practice and drilling on such music cannot fail to improve the taste of all concerned. I may mention that the convention found the *Kyrie* from Mozart the most beautiful composition they ever sung.

In the person of the President of this society the Union possess an officer who is invaluable. He is an Englishman, who has been familiar with everything of Handel's Oratorios for over forty years, having forty years since belonged to a chorus in England.

The conductor has met our wants so well as to be retained unanimously at every meeting, which is strange in this land of changes. The chorus numbers about seventy and is very effective. This society meet at Plane, Ill., Feb. 7, conductor Mr. W. S. B. Mathews, of Aurora. S.

AURORA, ILL., JAN. 7.—Dear Dwight; Tell your printer to put on his "specs" when he next reads proof for "Der Freyschütz." Choirs \$100 each per annum, (one not seven.) Did the man think we were made of money out west? Nothing stirring here except a glee club of seven mixed voices, and Philharmonic of fifteen do.; and some of the voices are decidedly mixed, the Lord knows. Tell the "Diarrist" to send me five cents for some new vest buttons or else not to write as "funny as he can" next time. Happy New Year to all.

DER FREYSCHUTZ.

TRAPPE, PA., JAN. 5.—On Christmas Eve the Phi Kappa Tau Society, of Washington Hall, performed the "Messiah" to a full house. Among the singers are some who are worthy of high consideration. A. RAMBO sang *Comfort ye my people and Every valley*, with evident effect. C. D. HARTRANFT was altogether successful in *Thus saith the Lord; But who may abide, and Why do the nations*. Mr. H. is full of energy and animation.

Miss LILLIE GROSS succeeded admirably in pleasing the audience in *I know that my Redeemer liveth*. Miss EMMA RAMBO sang, with much feeling and pathos, *He was despised*. The choruses were well balanced and properly managed.

CHARLES JARVIS, of Philadelphia, who, by the way, is one of the very best accompanists, presided at the piano. Several other instruments accompanied. The whole was under the direction of A. RAMBO. It would be unjust not to mention that there were other solo singers who managed their parts well. Perfect quiet and strict attention, throughout, on the part of the audience, we take as sure evidence that the performance was satisfactory. P.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 21, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. Continuation of W. STERNDALE BENNETT's Cantata: "The May Queen."

Second Philharmonic Concert.

Mr. ZERRAHN gave us a somewhat novel and peculiar programme on Saturday evening, putting forward as the chief attraction a Symphony by Spohr, in the hearing of which of course the audience were supposed to unite in honor rendered to the memory of the recently deceased master. There were some twelve hundred people present, scarcely half filling the Music Hall; any one of

the grand old Beethoven Symphonies would surely have drawn more, since the real lovers of orchestral music prefer a certain edification to any interest of mere curiosity about a new experiment. As it was, there was much interest awakened by the concert as a whole, and the programme was an uncommonly instructive one if rightly taken. One already well initiated, oriented in the older music, and familiar by fond, frequent upward gaze, with the grand, enduring constellations of the tone-heavens, and thus having some fixed points of comparison, could listen with inquiring interest, and actually learn something of the tendencies of music in our day. The *Altmeister* Spohr, a very model among classicists, was put in immediate contrast with the Liszts and Wagners of "the Future." The result, could we but gather it from the genuine impressions of the most part of the audience, who know Mozart and Beethoven, will, we apprehend, be found quite strange. But before describing it, let us thank Mr. Zerrahn for giving us this opportunity of extending the boundaries of our musical acquaintance, although we own that we should have had more soul's satisfaction in one Symphony of Beethoven than in the whole of it, or than in a whole series of such programmes.

The programme was as follows:

PART FIRST.

1. The Earthly and the Heavenly in Human Life: Grand Double Symphony for Two Orchestras. L. Spohr. (First time in Boston.)

I.—THE WORLD OF CHILDHOOD.

The child in innocence dreams on, nor feels
How near him still Temptation steals;
Unconscious yielding to the sweet control,
Yet all undimmed the mirror of his soul.

II.—THE AGE OF PASSION.

But in the heart's most holy springs of feeling
Soon all the passions mingle their wild strife;
Then swerves the man from his high goal and, reeling,
Pursues the world,—forgets the "Eternal Life."

III.—FINAL TRIUMPH OF THE HEAVENLY.

But will this slavery of earth forever
Hold the free spirit in ignoble chains?
O no! his genius watches—warns—and will deliver:
He wins! and heavenly rest rewards his pains!

2. Das Kirchlein, (The Chapel). Becker.
Sung by the Orpheus Glee Club.
3. First Introduction to the Opera, *Lohegrün*. R. Wagner.
(First time in Boston.)
4. Les Preludes: A Symphonic Poem. F. Liszt.
5. Turkish Drinking Song. Mendelssohn.
Sung by the Orpheus Glee Club.
6. Introduction and Variations for the Violin, on themes from "Lucretia." Sainton.
Mr. W. Schultze.
7. Grand Overture: "*Leonore*," (No. 3). Beethoven.

Moderate as our faith is either in the principles or the creative genius of the "musicians of the future," we must own that we found both Liszt and Wagner far more interesting that night than Spohr. Spohr is a strange compound of the classical and the romantic. But his classicism is narrow, blind to all beyond certain high models, and even carried to a pitch of pedantry; while his romantic vein is weakly, sentimental and monotonous. So we have always felt it in his music, and in this pretentious "double" symphony more so than ever. Verily we have had nothing in the shape of symphony more tedious for many years. It has all his peculiarities, his mannerisms, without the freshness which they have in *Jessonda* and in the *Weihe der Töne*. Those peculiar sweetish modulations, with which he surfeits you, are habits, and not inspirations. The instrumental combinations are dull and cloying,

and frequently not even well sounding—a something positively unpleasant is there in those unions of high violin with reed and brass tones. His orchestra, as a whole, is heavy, dull, unelastic, uninspiring; the tone-mass lacks vitality and lightness; dull fumes seemed to hover and settle over it; it made us feel as if we were eating bad bread, heavy, clammy, not quite sweet. And then as to quantity and volume of sound, how weak it seemed compared with that *Leonore* overture of Beethoven for a single orchestra! Spohr's "double" orchestra, in fact, is only a *sol* and a *tutti* orchestra separated and set against each other as *obligato* and accompaniment.

Poverty of ideas, with unhappy straining for descriptive effects, mark the three movements; especially the second, in which "the passions" seem to storm in a manner much more wilful than euphonious or poetic. The first movement could be identified with its poetic theme, of childhood's playful innocency; but was excessively monotonous. The third seemed to us to have more in it; yet it has failed to haunt us afterwards, as Beethoven is always sure to do.

We fancy there will be few calls for a repetition of Spohr's symphony. To the "Preludes" of Liszt, on the other hand, although not edifying music, not a work of creative genius, we could lend an eager ear a second time. It contains such novel felicities of instrumentation, and so much of a certain sort of poetic connectedness from first to last,—at all events so much of beautiful and grand sonority, as to pique one's curiosity to fully know it and appreciate it. It was very effectively rendered by the orchestra.

In Wagner's *Lohegrün* Introduction, too, we were enough interested to wish to hear it again. It opens with a mysterious mingling and streaming forth of clear, crystal, sky-ey harmonies, reversing the trick of modern organists, and making the orchestra to sound like some wonderful church organ. A kind of fairy element; and the harmonies grow and swell, as by the inward force of the meaning which inspires them, to stately and triumphal proportions, employing the whole orchestra as grandly as the conclusion of the *Tannhäuser* overture. We take it to be dramatic spectacle music, preparing and accompanying the arrival of high and supernatural personages upon the scene. Robert Franz, (whose affinities are far more with old Bach, than with the so-called "Future"), once wrote of it, and of the *Lohegrün* opera in general:

Only a few essential motives mark the musical connection; these are held fast from one end of the opera to the other, and we always see them emerge and turn up again, just when a chaos threatens and when all seems going wilfully to pieces. What is offered you besides these fundamental bodies, seems, taken by itself alone, a disconnected mass, whose centre of gravity resides not in the vocal, but the instrumental music. But do not for the world suppose that these are regular instrumental movements, after the patterns that have become fixed since Beethoven. With Wagner they rest upon pure sonority; upon the reflex movements of tone. Herein he is great, here the most assiduous studies evidently have borne marvellous fruit. It is a true fable-world, a true rainbow of tones. Unheard of combinations of sound, but throughout of a beauty incomparable. The entire introduction to *Lohegrün* is a fairy element, and one can hardly, even with the critical spectacles on nose, avoid a state of ecstasy and transport. The nerves vibrate, but how?

Now upon these tone-combinations, for which I purposely avoid using the fixed idea of "chords," the vocal melody is set. It is kept in peculiar, I might say, in strange intervals, and is almost exclusively in Recitative.

The *Leonore* overture was worth the whole

After Spohr it sounded like another orchestra; not because it was played better, but because it is better written. Finely played it surely was, and "grew to a conclusion" in the real grand Beethoven way, as by an inward logical necessity of growth; to just such a conclusion as a great feast of instrumental music ought to have. For, as we have often said, it is well to go home under the spell of genius, and not after it has been dissipated by some trivial and artificial thing.

The German "Orpheus" sang their part-songs finely; with more of light and shade, and more purity of ensemble than scarcely ever before. What a wierd, wild tone there is about the opening and conclusion of that "Turkish Drinking Song"! It seems as if the lights burned blue about that table. Herr Kreismann sang the tenor solo, in the episodic cantabile, but was not in his best voice. The Club gave us two extra pieces in answer to recalls. Mr. SCHULTZE never played so well; it was as true, as smooth and exquisite violin playing as one could wish to hear; we could only have wished a selection of a higher order.

Boston Academy of Music.

EIGHTH NIGHT.—The crowded and delighted house which greeted the "Magic Flute," on Wednesday, was followed up on Friday by another crowd drawn by the never failing charm of *Don Giovanni*. Verily Mozart is in the ascendancy, and these be good times!

The performance was, as usual, good in some parts, poor in others, but on the whole distinguished by a certain average excellence. Sig. FERRI made a gentlemanly and agreeable Don, singing his music fairly, and more than fairly in the more tender strains, such as *La ci darem*, where he had nothing of that coarse and sensual manner which has offended in so many representatives of the part. Sig. SUSINI sang Leporello very well indeed, with a rich, telling bass voice. His acting too was marked by attentiveness and judgment, but was without comic naction. Herr MUELLER made a very good Commendatore; and our fat friend AMODIO, always in good humor and disposed to do his best, making a virtue of necessity, made Masetto's part as broad as possible. Poor little Zerlina! it was a queer task for her; but little PATTI made a fascinating Zerlina, acting it very prettily and naturally, just like a young girl, and singing the melodies with a delicious delicacy and purity of voice, and with a style of rare expressiveness and finish. The quality of her voice in recitative, or quick *parlando*, is most charming. She is a rare child; already worth a hundred Piccolominis. Indeed, since Bosio, she is the pleasantest Zerlina we shall have to think about for some time.

Mme. GAZZANIGA has good dramatic qualities for Donna Anna, always allowing for her clumsy gait. The wonderfully expressive recitative of the first scene, which is so often feebly rendered, and the dramatic narrative of the outrage to her lover afterwards, were given with unusual effectiveness; but to the impassioned aria, which follows that last, she was hardly equal. She was remarkably well seconded in the first scene by STIGELLI, who made on the whole, the best Ottavio we have had since Mario. All those little recitative phrases, which most tenors slight, became distinct and positive in his rendering, and Don Ottavio was no more a walking nobody. His singing of *Il mio tesoro* was admirable, and met with very warm appreciation. Mme. STRAKOSCH looked and acted the part of Donna Elvira well, and in portions of it gave the musical effect without blemish. With such singers, the exquisite concerted pieces, the Trio of maskers especially, the Quartet, and the Sestet, met with uncommonly good treatment.

Certain chronic defects in the representation are repeated with no symptom of change for the better. The ball-room scene is still without dancing, the stage being merely flooded by an irruption of a hundred or two masked and cloaked supernumeraries, who only shout the *Viva l'liberta!* and wander about in awkward want of occupation. And the scenic arrangement of the Sextet is, as usual, the reverse of that intended in the play, so that Leporello, instead of groping about to find his way out from a *solo e bujo loco* (a dark and solitary place), is in the street trying to enter various houses. The scene should be a retired court or enclosure, opening upon a cemetery, through a window or through the columns of which the moonlight might reveal the white equestrian statue in the distance. To this spot Leporello (disguised as his master) has led off Elvira; and here we may easily suppose that Donna Anna, with her lover, has come for meditation over the grave of her father (for there is a something spiritual in her music here); and thus, by this sensible suggestion of Oulthicheff, the meeting of these parties would be naturally explained.

CARL BERGMANN conducted the performance; and the orchestra, of course, was treated enough, if one listened with all his ears to that alone.

Passing over a repetition of Adelina Patti's triumph in *La Sonnambula* on Saturday afternoon; and the "Sacred Oratorio" of Donizetti's "Martyrs" on Sunday evening; and the repetition of Mozart's "Magic Flute" on Monday evening, which fell, alas for us! upon the night of an imperative engagement, (and of which magical opera we have yet to speak in full), we come to the

TENTH NIGHT. Tuesday. *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*. It was perhaps the most crowded house of the season, drawn partly by the ever fresh and Spring-like charm of Rossini's freshest and most sparkling melodies, conceived in his happiest moment, when it must have been pure joy to live, and hear the music in the mind, that came without painful seeking, and write it down and clothe it with warm wealth of orchestration,—and partly by desire to hear and see the little PATTI in her first impersonation of Rosina.

Indeed it was a very marked success. She acted the part very prettily and rightly, although of course with some timidity, and sang the flowery music to a charm. To be sure, hers is not exactly the right voice for it; in the lack of very low tones, she reversed or otherwise changed some of the melodic phrases, preserving the essential thought, and sometimes substituted her own ornaments for those of Rossini arbitrarily, which we regretted. But her quality of tone was finely suited to the music, and her delivery as free and facile as a bird's. The most remarkable thing about it, for such a girl, is the good judgment that pervades her rendering of a whole piece; it is always done with an artistic consistency and symmetry, so that there is no possibility of the ear or mind wearying before it is concluded. For the music lesson she sang Sontag's "Echo Song" with sparkling brilliancy and clearness of outline; and the English ballad "Comin' thro' the rye," with such beauty of tone, such fine delicacy, and yet simplicity of feeling and of treatment, as seemed almost perfect. The Waltz, composed for her by Sig. MUZZO (who conducted), and which she sang at the end of the play, was a graceful piece, just suited to her voice, and won spontaneous applause. It was in the loud and stirring ensemble pieces that Patti's voice was ineffective, and her action timid. It was perhaps wise in her, at the outset, not to attempt much there, but save her strength for the great tasks of solo-singing.

Sig. BRIGNOLI was too prone to alter the Rossini melody, introducing turns and cadenzas which were anything but Rossini-ish, but more after the Donizetti or Verdi pattern, so that the Rossini style was lost:—verily an unpardonable offence. Nor has he

all that flexibility and fluency of voice which Almaguerra's luscious melody demands, and in which Mario alone has satisfied us. Yet portions were done finely, with a quality of voice not unlike Mario's; and in one scene, that where he feigns the drunken soldier, he really acted with a degree of animation that surprised all.

FERRI made quite a respectable Figaro, but dry, not in the sense of humorous. SUSINI's Dr. Bartolo was very good, and AMODIO's make-up and action were very droll in the part of Don Basilio; but it was broad fun, and not character, such as we had in Formes. He sang the famous *La Calomnia* air very effectively.

There were various omissions in the performance, making the plot by no means clear. And always, it is in the first act that the chief interest of this wonderful work resides. It seems to crumble away strangely in the latter part, and with the exception of the Zitti, Zitti trio, to contain but little, save the acting.

ELEVENTH NIGHT.—On Wednesday, "The Huguenots," with a thin house. A sense of fatigue associates itself with Meyerbeer's music; and after Mozart or Rossini the anticipation of his splendid and elaborate effects is not exhilarating. We had a repetition of our uniform experience with him that evening. The "Huguenots" was heavy; the audience were dull. Such music must be rendered with perfection, and put upon the stage with a Parisian Grand Opera completeness, to render it effective; and then, we doubt, it will be simply effective and astounding, but not edifying. Meyerbeer puts thought and calculation enough into his work; but he lacks the spontaneous element, lacks inspirations, thinks, elaborates with wilful concentration, but is not visited with thoughts, immortal creatures of the imagination. When we come to anything of Mozart after a work of Meyerbeer, or of Verdi who is a smaller Meyerbeer, we feel that we enter a certain divine element of harmony; the spell of the Infinite is over us; it is a divine sea of music in which the composer and his works float and are buoyed up, and which remains though there were taken away all that he by his direct volition has made. The actual thing before you seems the least part of it, merely the notes which catch the heavenly light and show it. But with these newer men you do not feel this; it is their own manufactured product, the actual thing before you and no more; and the result is effect, not inspiration.

What saved the opera on Wednesday was the splendid acting of GAZZANIGA as Valentine, and the splendid singing and acting of STIGELLI as Raoul, in the last part of the third act. We have had no such exhibition of manly, sustained power in any tenor voice. His movements are awkward, his look not agreeable, but he enters into it with great dramatic intensity, and renders the trying and impassioned music with thrilling pathos and intensity.

Sig. JUNCA looked the old Huguenot soldier well enough, but the ponderous low tones were wholly wanting, so that the psalm and the *piff-paff* were a failure. The important part of Saint Bris was entrusted to M. DUNREUIL and reduced to a nullity. AMODIO sang well as the Duke de Nevers. Mme. COLSON's voice was somewhat hard; but she rendered the florid and difficult music of the Queen with spirit and artistic finish, and looked charmingly. Mme. STRAKOSCH has rarely appeared to so good advantage as in the part of Urbain the page. The famous concerted and ensemble pieces, the mingled choruses in the market place, the duel septet, and the blessing of the poniards, seemed to us hardly as effective as last year. The orchestra rewarded attention in many parts, not always.

Last evening a repetition of the "Barber"; this afternoon, at 2½, a "Don Giovanni" matinee, which doubtless will be crowded. To-morrow night a miscellaneous "Sacred Concert." Monday night, *Martha*, with the droll novelty of AMODIO as Plunkett; Tuesday night, BRIGNOLI's benefit in *La Favorita*; and Wednesday night, the first, and only performance of the much desired *Der Freyschütz*.

"Old Folks' Concerts" have dropped down the Mississippi and reached New Orleans, where Mr. Jarret's troupe were to make their debut Christmas evening. How does our old Boston Oratorio Society like the imputation of paternity contained in the following from the *Picayune*:

The members of this company, we learn, have been selected from the Boston Handel and Haydn Society, and other musical associations of repute, and are led by Prof. Hall, of Hall's Brass Band. They appear in the costumes of a century ago, and the great feature of their programmes is their performance of the old fashioned psalmody of the Billings school, such as old "Majesty," "Ode to Science," &c. But besides this, they give excerpts from popular operas, instrumental solos and concertos, and, in fact, all sorts of music. They have as their prima donna, Miss Jenny Twichell, who has a high reputation as a vocalist.

The London *Court Circular* states that JENNY LIND has determined to appropriate no small portion of her fortune to the endowment and erection of an asylum for decayed singers! A Philadelphia paper calls it an "Undesirable Residence," and says: "Probably tenors will be received in all stages of decomposition, as will also soprani, while the bassos, and even the baritones, will have to apply for admission at the earliest symptom of mortification. It is a noble charity, although moist and unpleasant as a subject of reflection."

Musical Intelligence.

PHILADELPHIA.—From the *Evening Bulletin* we call the following items:

Jan. 13.—Messrs. Wolfsohn and Hohnstock have cause for congratulation in the success of their soirée last evening. The beautiful Foyer of the Academy of Music was crowded by an audience in which were most of the best musical people, professional and amateurs. The performance excited great enthusiasm, and was excellent throughout. The quartet by Beethoven, a grand composition, was finely rendered. Mr. Hohnstock's violin solo ("Souvenir de Haydn," by Léonard) received vehement applause, which it merited by depth of feeling and its artistic expression. The Septuor by Hummel was superbly done, and the several movements elicited emphatic expressions of delight. Mr. Wolfsohn's duties were the most exacting, but he fulfilled them with accustomed spirit, and won new tokens of the high esteem in which he is held by especially brilliant execution.

The Germania Orchestra will give their usual rehearsal, to-morrow afternoon, in the Musical Fund Hall. The programme is as follows:

1. Overture to Euryanthe. Weber.
2. Chorus from Lohengrin. Wagner.
3. Waltz. (Kroll's ball dances). Lumbye.
4. Andante, from Symphony, No. 8. Beethoven.
5. Overture, Midsummer Night's Dream. . . Mendelssohn.
6. Finale, from Symphony, No. 3. Haydn.
7. Quartet and Chorus, from Don Sebastian. . . Donizetti.

Jan. 14.—The Harmonia Society had a good attendance at their first Concert of the season, given last evening in the Musical Fund Hall. A miscellaneous selection of songs made the first part of the programme, in which Mrs. Reed, Miss Bolster, Mr. Taylor, Mr. Frazer and Mr. Bishop acquitted themselves well. The last named gentleman was especially admired for his beautiful singing of a couple of English ballads. The first and second parts (Spring and Summer) of Haydn's oratorio of "The Seasons" were then performed by the Society, the solo singers being those named above, with the exception of Mr. Bishop. There were imperfections, of course, in the execution of this beautiful work, but many parts were well done, several of the choruses were admirable, and the performers afforded much pleasure to the admirers of oratorio music. The orchestra, led by Dr. Meignen, did the share of the work generally satisfactorily. The Society have reason to congratulate themselves on their success in reviving "The Seasons." The remaining two parts will be given at their next Concert.

NEW ORLEANS.—Superbly indeed was the *chef d'œuvre* of Donizetti, the "Favorita," given last evening, Dec. 30, at the new Opera House.

Mlle Guesmar sang and acted the rôle of *Leonore* "la maîtresse du roi," in that conscientious and artistic style which so eminently characterizes everything she does. Complete absorption in the character she is musically and dramatically portraying is the regnant charm of the artiste's every performance.

Guesmar gave the grand cavatina, "Oh mon Ferdinand," in the most charming manner, and in the

great finales of the third and fourth acts, bore her part superbly; especially in the latter, the fine duet with *Fernand*, which was so magnificently rendered by her and Ecarlat as to call for an almost universal shout of "bis!" from all parts of the house.

Ecarlat sang the rôle of *Fernand* very finely, giving especially their full effect to the "Ange si pur," and to his part in the great closing duo with Guesmar, "Vas dans une autre patrie." His acting and singing in the great scene, in the third act, where he denounces the King for the insult put upon him by marrying him to his mistress, were truly great. Melchisedec was "every inch a king," and the King, too, of the opera. Nothing could be more accurate, expressive and effective than his singing of the beautiful aria, "Pour tant amour," and in the trying quintet which closes the act, he certainly surpasses all the predecessors on our stage. He does not exhibit the King as towering with rage, upon hearing the indignant outburst of indignation from the insulted Castilian, but shows him as struck with compunction and regret; and it is not until the man he has injured throws down the order in which he has been decked by the King, and breaks his sword, throwing the fragments at his insulter's feet, that the latter displays anything like anger. This discrimination was new to us, but it is evidently a correct one, and is certainly very effective and telling.

Of course, Genibrel sang the fine music of the rôle he sustained, that of the monk *Balthazar*, as it should be sung, throughout.—*Picayune*.

BALTIMORE.—ART AND MUSIC.—The last number of the *Crayon* has a letter from "G. B. C.," describing a Soirée of the *Allston Association*, from which we take the following:

The number of friends with their lady guests amounted to about two hundred. The parlors and hall were hung with the choicest exhibition of paintings probably ever collected in this city, numbering about 125 originals, including exquisite specimens of the following artists: *French*—Frère (Edw.), Chavet, Chaplin, Couturier, Duverger, L'Enfant de Metz. *English*—The Herrings, Meadows, Creswick, Jutsum, and others. *Dutch and German*—Ostade, Ommegeanck, Wanderer, Meyer of Bremen, Koster, and others. New York was represented by Cropsey, Church, Durand, Kensett, the Harts, Tait, Hays, Sonntag, Gray, Mignot, E. Johnson, Colman, Staigg, Rossiter, Lang, Suydam, Ames, Oertel, Darley, Carmiencke; and Philadelphia, by Weber, Richards, and Moran. Of our own artists, Miller, Mayer, Newell, Weidenbach, M'Dowell, Tiffany, Bowers, Thompson, and Volkman, jr., were contributors. The pictures were hung with excellent taste and judgment, and it was a rare and agreeable feature that all were upon the line. The vestibule was hung with crayon drawings, including a fine pastoral by Darley, and "The Prophets," by Oertel. The reading-room and smoking-room exhibited a collection of valuable and choice engravings, including works of Rembrandt, Morghen, Louis, Schaffer, of Frankfurt, Mandel, Lewis, and Landseer.

In the course of the evening a choice entertainment of classical music was given, comprising a trio, by Fesca, for piano, violin, and violoncello; the piano part performed by Professor Courlaender, a member of the Association, the violin and violoncello by Messrs. Mahr and Ahrend, who are probably unsurpassed in the performance of music of this character. Besides the trio, a concerto for violin and piano, a violoncello solo and piano solos were performed. A supper at eleven o'clock closed the first general re-union of the Association, with which all appeared abundantly satisfied.

"So much for the Soirée. A few words as to what the Association is doing and desires to do, may be interesting. We number altogether nearly 200 members—united primarily by a love of the arts and a desire to increase our enjoyment, taste, and knowledge of them. We are contributing to the support of a Life School, which assembles twice a week, a class of steadfast and laborious students, amateur and professional. Saturday evening at "The Allston" is always enlivened by a more general assemblage of members, and the production of portfolios of drawings, engravings, or original sketches, and by entertaining talk; and the "Sketch Book," on the reading-room table, receives constantly facious contributions from the members. We have evenings of classical music every fortnight, and are forming a small library of the best music, which includes already the complete piano sonatas of Beethoven and Mozart, many of the operas of the latter arranged for the piano, symphonies of these two great masters, and overtures of Mendelssohn and Spohr, arranged for four hands; and is to comprise generally such music as is not often to be found in private collections."

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 408.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1860.

VOL. XVI. No. 18.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Music and Politics.

There is a striking resemblance, not only in some of the technical terms, but in many of the essential characteristics of musical and political science, which goes deeper and prevails more extensively and exactly than is commonly supposed by persons who have attended to the one only as an art by which a living or a reputation can be gained, and to the other as an occasional amusement and relaxation from the real business of life. It is a subject for devout thankfulness that there exists such a relaxation as music, not from toil only, but from passion, and the power of temptation in some of its worst forms; and if we can draw a political lesson from the inviolable laws of the most exquisite of arts, the instruction should not be the less valuable to us because associated with the pleasantest recollections.

1. The leading, creating minds in the one science are as few and far between as those in the other. The great lawgivers in either are not numerous, while in each case the benefits derived from their labors are as extensive as the race of cultivated men. If we have had a Solon, an Alfred, a Henry 4th, and a Washington scattered slowly and thinly down the ages, so we have scarcely a half dozen names of renown in the realm of sound, since the revival of art has permitted us to know what has been done; and the names of Palestrina, Bach, Handel, Mozart, and Beethoven indicate the periods and the modes of progress which have marked the advance of music, and extended its kingdom of peace. And it is to be observed that these great minds, whether in the one department or the other, were not despots, governing by arbitrary laws invented by themselves; but they benefitted their race by developing the institutions best adapted to their time, not limiting their successors to follow precisely in their steps, but leaving the whole realm of futurity freely open to further conquests, to be obtained by extensions and new adaptations of principles in themselves as old as the creation, and as enduring as time.

2. But though it requires great minds to produce the combinations necessary to success, it is in the power of more common capacities to exemplify and practice what may be taught by genius. There is one pre-requisite for the attainment of the great object whether of music or of political arrangement, and that is a free, cheerful combination of efforts to accomplish the result. If a great effect is to be produced, every man must be willing to take the place for which nature has fitted him, and for which others, rather than he himself, think him qualified. There are apt to be hallucinations in men's minds, and they think themselves fit to be at the head, when it is quite as much as they can do to follow intelligently the guidance of others. As in a chorus all cannot lead, and in order to produce the proper effect, all must unite, and submit to the laws of art, so in the combinations of politics, not so much leaders are wanted, as men who are con-

tent to combine their efforts to produce the effect which all desire, and which can be brought out by nothing short of the union of all.

In this combination it is obvious that intelligence, and cultivation for the precise object in view, are indispensable. It would be difficult to decide, if it could be determined, which is most necessary. Set a score of music before a man who has no acquaintance with the art, and however intelligent he may be, he can make nothing of the unknown tongue in which the language is written; and however highly, on the other hand, a man's musical knowledge and capacity may be developed, intelligence alone can guide his selection of the good from the bad, the true and correct from the false and erring. Is not the same thing true in politics? Must not a man be able to read understandingly the plans which are set before him for his choice, as he should the musical score which he is to practise? Before a man can be said to be proficient in music he must be able to read a score, and understand what its effect would be; and before a man can claim to be a politician, he must be able to comprehend a plan of political action, and to judge whether its effects would be good or bad. And before a man can be useful in politics, he must be willing to combine with others, and take the place for which nature and nature's God has fitted him. If he is foolish enough to aspire to one for which he is not qualified, he will only mar the enjoyment of others, without securing it to himself.

3. Not only must a man be willing to take his appropriate place in politics as well as in music, but he must not allow his personal ambition, a love of distinction, to seduce him from the exact performance of the part assigned to him. He has a part to perform, and it must not be neglected. He should know also that he is qualified to perform this or that part, and not another. Music is the only art which, requiring the concerted action of numbers, in different spheres, can exemplify and enforce that principle of order and subordination of one thing to another, and of one man to another, without which harmony, whether in music or politics, cannot exist. It is a lesson not unimportant, surely, to young America to learn, that there are rules which must be obeyed, if we wish to succeed; and not only so, but that there are individuals who must be obeyed if we wish to produce given results. If a chorus is to produce any effect, each man must sing his part, and do nothing else; he must begin when the conductor bids, and he must sing just what the composer prescribes, and nothing else, unless he is willing to bear the reproach and the consciousness of spoiling the effect, so far as he can. So in politics he must contribute, according to his place and ability, to the success of the government under which he lives; he must be aware that his share in the whole is but a small one, but he is bound to contribute that little to the benefit of the whole, and he must neither shirk his part and so be useless, nor disturb his fellows by acting discordantly.

4. Notwithstanding this necessary subordination of all parts to produce the proper combined effect, there is an equality of power and importance inherent in the several voices of a chorus, as in the more numerous classes which constitute a political organization. No one can say to another "I have no need of thee;" but as the Bass without the Tenor would be harsh and stiff, so the Tenor would be ineffective without the Bass; and while there would be neither brilliancy nor grace without the Soprano, all three would lack richness and completeness without the Alto. So in social and political life, the foundation must be laid in a numerous and well trained class of those whose simpler characters and abilities must sustain all the rest, while the ornament of life must be provided by the lighter, yet equally indispensable, efforts of those who fill the higher parts of the harmony; and the grace and beauty, the tenderness and passion indispensable to human nature, are exhibited by corresponding classes of the other sex. And let it not be imagined that woman has no influence, or ought to have none, on political questions, or political excitements. Wherever freedom is known, woman exerts an influence second only to that of leaders of the ranks of men; and wherever despotism is the acknowledged rule, it is sufficiently understood that woman is to have at least her share. It is for her to learn and fill her appropriate part in life as well as in song, and exert her peculiar influence in harmony with others, and in submission to the immutable laws prescribed by Omniscience. As in music the parts may be doubled, or tripled, in the score, and increased in weight by additional voices *ad libitum*, so in political arrangements there may be, and in our fortunate country, there must be organizations for smaller or greater numbers, according to the needs of different places and occasions. The district, the village, the town, the city, the county, the state, have each and all their peculiar needs, and individuals adapted to them; and the same care is necessary in selecting the man suited to each place, as in fitting each performer in a band or a chorus to his proper station. If it would be absurd to set a tenor or an alto voice to sing bass, it would be no less so to make a school-master of a poet, or a governor of an engineer. If there is a place for every man, there is also a man particularly qualified for every place; and it is the business of those who want this work well done, to find out the especial adaptations of men to the work. In this country it seems to be thought that talent is a general power, applicable to any pursuit, and adapted to make a man eminent in any path of life whatsoever, that he may, for any reason, see fit to follow. Few ideas have less truth in them than this. Most men have a natural inclination for one employment rather than another; and they should consider this as an indication by nature of the pursuit which they should make the business of their lives. It should be regarded as a distinct direction to the path of life to be pursued; as much so as the quality of

the voice should be the guide to the part a man should take in a chorus. Even if one have a capacity for more than one part,—if he can sing bass and tenor equally well, he will find it for his advantage to make choice of one or the other, and pursue it habitually; and the fate of him who neglects the part and the place in life for which he is fitted, for one to which he is not adapted, is failure complete and irreparable. Politics should be considered a distinct pursuit, for which particular qualifications are requisite, and not a thing in which every man may excel, if he only have impudence enough. It is one of the parts of the score in the grand chorus of life, and nature must be the guide to the places we will respectively assume.

5. As in music there must be not only choruses and combinations of greater or smaller numbers of performers for the infinite varieties of composition, but solo singers and performers on instruments, who have distinguished themselves either by peculiar, natural powers, or by rare attainments of skill, so in politics there must be leaders who not only aspire, but who are competent, to guide others through the mazes of opinion, theory, and difficulties both of nature and art. Here, again, there must be, whether we choose it or not, submission to a higher power than ourselves, in the part we shall take, and the place we shall fill in the programme of life. A little self-knowledge, combined with acquaintance with others, is of inestimable value, and will enable us to achieve renown by filling important places, and acting important parts, or will save us from the ignominy of failing in attempts beyond our powers. Few men are so utterly wanting in knowledge of their musical powers as to attempt publicly what they cannot accomplish with respectable success; but unfortunately it is often otherwise in politics; and the most ridiculous blunders are committed by men who thrust themselves into conspicuous situations they are not competent to fill, and attempt to perform parts for which their powers are not adapted by nature. Nobody is ashamed of not being able to sing like Mario, or would set himself up as a rival to that artist without powers and attainments somewhat approaching at least, to his; but nobody hesitates to thrust himself into political life, without any, the least, consideration of his particular adaptation, or qualifications, and does not blush to think himself as competent as Daniel Webster to deal with a constitutional question, or as Morris or Hamilton to grapple with a financial difficulty.

Notwithstanding the many points of resemblance we have pointed out, of circumstances attendant upon musical and political performances, there is one point of difference which should be noted in passing, and that is, in the effect of error or failure in the two departments. In the one case the consequences, renown or disgrace, success or the reverse, are felt by the ambitious individual only who aspires to fame, while in the other, consequences are entailed upon whole communities and generations of men,—consequences of so much magnitude as to affect the condition of nations, and families of nations. More than this, the consequences of the most fatal errors in politics, unlike errors in musical performance, may be disastrous to communities, yet full of glory to those responsible for them. Errors in politics are not always, like those in music, immediately discovered, but may go on, multiplying and increas-

ing for long and disastrous years, and at last nothing but the miserable consequences discover to us the source of calamity. If there were a sense to warn us of a dangerous error in statesmanship, as quickly and as decisively as the sense of hearing warns us of a discord in orchestra or voices, we should be comparatively safe: but while men may undermine our security and happiness by flattering our prejudices, and lead us to political discord before we know it, and to political heresies of the most dangerous character, while we are thinking them axioms and first principles, we can trust to nothing but our own vigilance, and perpetually renewed acquaintance with the sound minds and hearts of our predecessors.

6. Imagine a grand musical composition embracing choruses, solos, and every different employment of voices possible, combined with the varying and multiplied effects of instruments in a full and complete orchestra, the whole composed by genius, and performed by combined skill, intelligence, and love of art, and you have a beautiful and complete exemplification of the best organization of society under the government of law, exemplified by the composer in his magnificent combinations, carried out by individuals and masses of individuals each fitting his appropriate place, and all combining for the greatest and mutually delightful effect. In politics the plan is developed upon the largest scale. A nation is the band, the world is the audience. And there is this advantage in the political arrangement, that whereas the opera or oratorio is given for the pleasure of spectators, while performers, whether of solos or choruses, can have only a comparatively feeble enjoyment of the composition, it is just the reverse in the practical development of political science. The performers obtain the beneficial result of their own efforts, and the applause or disapprobation of an independent audience is of the slightest possible consideration. Slight as it is, however, it is not to be neglected or despised. The respect of mankind adds value to the blessing of well ordered society, and the contempt incurred by failure must give poignancy to the loss of inappreciable blessings.

If by such views, the estimation and the love of order and discipline can be heightened and increased, if the power of the principle of obedience can be augmented, and its beauty exemplified, let them be extended till each shall be content to fill his appropriate place, and occupy his post of duty, without repining that he cannot fill another, or perform a more brilliant part in the grand chorus of life. E.

The Moonlight Sonata.

(From "Compensation," or "Always a Future," by Miss ANNE M. H. BREWSTER.

I amused myself by listening to Marie, and turning over the music and the books of Henzler's fine musical and critical library, admiring the arrangement of them; each great composer being arranged according to date, and every critical work or romance on his works, or suggested by his life, being placed in the same case with his music. These cases were beautifully designed, in black walnut; bearing artistic and appropriate carvings, with the bust of each composer surmounting each case. These cases were placed on each side of the hall, running from the amphitheatrically-arranged orchestra, which occupied the east end of the room. The Beethoven case was on a line with the piano, and I stood turning

over the book of sonates, hunting for the one in *Ut dièze mineur, Sonate quasi Fantasia*, Opus 27, dedicated to *Mademoiselle La Comtesse Giulietta di Guicciardi*. I had just that moment been reading Beethoven's love letters—if the three fragments of burning, broken sentences can be called letters—written to this lady, and I wanted to look again at the musical rendering of this love tragedy. These passages in the letters were in my memory, as my eyes ran over the notes of the sonate.

"My angel, my all, *myself*! If our hearts were still near together, that would be indeed my life. Great as is thy love for me, mine for thee is still greater. I can only live entirely with thee, or not at all. How I long for thee, with tears, my life!"

So wrote the great, solitary Beethoven, when completely over the threshold of young manhood, to the only woman he ever loved passionately. Then, after these love letters—which had burst from him like broken sobs of a feeling too deep for word-utterance—he celebrated his farewell to that love, in this great sonate; for the Comtesse Giulietta Guicciardi never became his wife: she married a Comte Galenberg. In 1828, seventeen years after this love dream had passed away, Beethoven—then fifty years of age, and very, very deaf and poor—sent a pupil of his to ask permission of the nobleman who was the director of the Théâtre Impériale, at Vienna, to have his *Fidelio* performed. This nobleman was Comte Galenberg. The messenger returned; and after giving a report of this errand—which was a useless one, as the permission was refused—Beethoven asked him, in writing, if he had seen the comtesse during the visit, and added, "She loved me once, more than ever she loved her husband. She married the comte, then sought me, weeping; but I repulsed her, for I despised her."

Poor Giulietta Guicciardi! This aristocratic girl, brought up in an artificial atmosphere which caused her to have numberless imaginary wants, and which surrounded and bound her by chains of social custom and prejudice stronger than fairy adamant—which is always the strongest thing, known or unknown—met Beethoven, when he was about thirty and she eighteen, and loved him. Silly child! what had she to do with love, or with a poor plebeian artist? But she dreamed her delicious love dream, and no one knows what she may have suffered when she wedded a Comte Galenberg; nor what agony she must have felt when she sought her artist lover, to explain her painful position to him, and received from him a repulse that showed his bitter contempt. Nothing is known of her future; whether the love of her youth kept her pure in her court-life; whether the memory of that cruel contempt scared and withered up all yearnings for love and tenderness in her poor, sorrowing heart. We may all hope so, at least, for the honor of womanhood.

But all the world knows the future of the obscure lover. He remained poor; he grew deaf; he led a gloomy, solitary life; and died a lonely, old man; but acknowledged, by all Europe, as the greatest instrumental composer the world has ever known; and commemorative of this heart episode in his life, are left three passionate love letters, and this sonate, called the Moonlight Sonata, because Rellstab compared it to a bark visiting the savage sites of the lake of the Four Cantons in Suisse, by moonlight.

Berlioz, in his *Voyage Musicale*, p. 362, gives a fine description of this sonate, and of Liszt's manner of playing it. In the opening passage of this description, he says: "There is a work of Beethoven, known by the name of the 'Sonate in *Ut dièze mineur*,' the adagio of which is one of those poetical conceptions that human language does not know how to express. The means of action are very simple: the left hand stretches out full chords, of a character solemnly sad, and the duration of which permits the vibrations of the piano to extend themselves gradually over each one of them. Above, the inferior fingers of the right hand play, in arpeggio, a design of obstinate harmony, the form of which scarcely varies, from the first measure to the last; while from the other fingers is heard a sort of lamentation,

the *efflorescence melodique*,—the melodic blossoming of this sombre harmony."

No one living can play this sonate equal to Liszt. "Liszt," says Berlioz, "hurries and slackens the measure, troubling thus, by passionate accents, the calm of this sadness, making the thunder rumble in this cloudless heaven, darkened only by the departure of the sun."

De Lanz, in his admirable analysis of this sonate, says of this passage: "The melodic design of the adagio is confided to the Sol dièse,—the octave of the Sol dièse of the harmony; a group of a dotted crotchet, (Sol dièse,) followed by a double crotchet, leads to what Berlioz so fitly calls the '*efflorescence melodique*;' a song, penetrating as a perfume proceeding by minims,—large notes, whose heads hang like flower chalices, heavy with the pure fresh dew poured into them by the dreamy gray vested hours of a balmy quiet night. One feels that this ineffable opening ought to be independent of *arpeggios*, that it ought to float freely over the whole as a horn soars over a subdued, discreet accompaniment. Now, there is only the little finger of the right hand to articulate this plaint, and this poor finger is sorry enough to carry the burden, which is the more difficult, because the other fingers of the hand are bent over the *arpeggios*—a circumstance which takes away from the little finger much of the independence it ought to possess. It happens then, at the moment when the dotted note should vibrate, as it ought, to phrase the melody, the thumb points from its side, as if by pure fraternal love for the little finger, to the Sol of the *arpeggio* and doubles in the *medium* the entrance of this principal idea, thus, as you may well believe, injuring the effect of the song."

"A means of escaping this difficulty would be to divide the three Sols dièse, and the *entrées* of the same nature, between the third and little fingers, as often as possible; but this cannot always be done; and, moreover, this means presents the danger of spreading discord in this household of Sols. Stop raising the hand, spread it out like a fan on the key-board of the piano, and let the little finger fall as high as it can. Liszt made me observe this difficulty, in 1828. Youth is always right, so, of course, I objected to his suggestion, not being able to believe that the *soi-disant* excellent masters of the piano would allow me to do what took, in my eyes, the proportions of a gross musical sin. I thought I could cheat him by neglecting, apparently, to adopt it. Liszt said nothing; but at the approaching commencement of the phrase where the octave of the accompaniment sounded, he seized my thumb as one would the foot of a May-bug, and grasping it as in a vice, the Sol dièse sounded out free and clear on his 'Erard,' like the silvery-veiled, sad note of a horn. 'There,' said Liszt, quietly and resolutely, 'that is the way you ought to hold your thumb.'"

While I was reading over this sonate, and also Berlioz and De Lanz's descriptions and analyses of the various passages, Henzler came up to me. "B. is here," he said, "and also quite a little knot of critics. One by one they have heard Marie, without her knowing it, and by their praises of her peculiar poetical expression, have roused B.'s curiosity; so he has come this morning to judge for himself. Make her play a solo, as if for you alone. She is unconscious of her audience. I told her just now, when I excused myself to her, that they were some persons who had called to see me on business."

I was pleased with Henzler's delicate forethought, for I knew well enough if Marie played with the consciousness of B.'s presence, she would be so nervous she would not do herself justice. This sonate, in Ut dièse mineur, she played remarkably well; she used the Liszt fingering; and her Chopin-like expression, her own poetic conception of the composition, made her execution of this sonate—which Berlioz says he does not believe six living pianists can play properly—almost faultless, to my ears; therefore, I immediately selected this as the solo for her to play before the celebrated critic. I stepped up to the piano, carrying Schindler's Biography, and the volume of sonates in my hands. I made her read

to me from the German, the passages from the love letters I have quoted, commencing with, "Mein Engel, mein alles, mein Leben!" Then we dwelt tenderly on this episode in the life of the Dante-like musician. "Play the sonate for me," I said, placing the music on the stand before her.

Her large brown eyes were already dilating with feeling, showing that the whole stream of her thoughts flowed in the golden channel of poesy, which is requisite for the proper expression of this sonate. She commenced without any hesitation. A curtain of Tyrian dye and golden web seemed to rise, as she opened the adagio, slowly enough to show its brilliant light and solemn hues. Then was seen the tomb of buried hopes, the grave of love; but as the chord of Mi major sounded, one heard the rustling of flowers, and felt the fragrance of their sweet breath. Though bitter tears might be shed over the tomb, though the heart might be almost crushed with the weary weight of a lonely life, the grand solemn chords of the bass spoke of courageous self-reliance, of the strength and fortitude of a truly great heart. The treble told its lamentations in passionate accents; but no human consolation can be accepted, and the deep, slow bass repeats this to the treble; not even human sympathy; the grief must be borne in silence and alone. It is a sadness without limit, without remedy; the abyss of separation can never be bridged,—a raging torrent rolls between. The soul clammers with patient firmness up the painful ascent, without one consoling friend, and seeks the solitude of its sorrow, finding a proud content in its own self-support, its own heroic courage.

Liszt has named the second *morceau* of this sonate "a flower between two abysses." One day De Lanz played this passage before Liszt, in a light manner, as if it was only a small difficulty. "That is easy, is it not?" said Liszt, coolly. De Lanz, with all the courage of eighteen, replied pertly, "Yes." "How!" cried Liszt, "I say no! It is a passage over which an artist can spend his life."

While Marie played it, B. approached the piano, and I felt bewildered as I looked at the great critic; but the expression of his face; the absorbed look; the surprise, lost in gratification, which I read in it, made me so happy that I almost sobbed with pleasure. He leaned softly forward, and watched her closely as she commenced the second part of the trio where she used Liszt's fingering. The march of the bass has to be bound in the manner of two violoncellos. She took, according to Liszt, the first chord, Re natural, La bémol, with the little finger and first of the left hand; the second chord, Re bémol and sol, with the third finger and thumb; the third chord, Ut and Sol bémol, with the little finger and first; the fourth chord, Si natural and Fa, with the third finger and thumb, thus binding exquisitely this collection of chords.

The finale was like the burning waves of lava flowing from Vesuvius; the flames dart up from the summit of this glorious mountain sonate; the thunderous explosion sounds; then there is a halt; and then pours from the volcanic breast of the poet, all the solitary moan over the bitter abstinence draught contained in his dark goblet of life.

After she had finished the last measure of the sonate, her hands rested on the keys of the piano, and she sat in sweet but solemn dreaminess, looking apparently at the music, but, in reality, far off into a vague and misty future, she dreaded to call her own. She was recalled to a consciousness of our presence, by a burst of applause from the crowd of musicians and artists who had assembled behind B. Henzler immediately stepped up and presented B. to her. Her look of surprise, her air of reverence and maiden modesty, was so beautiful that B. was evidently touched with it. The few words of hearty praise he gave her, made Marie almost sob with emotion. She sat down on the chair, trembling from head to foot.

"My dear young friend," said B., taking her little frail hand kindly in both of his, "you are an artist and a poet; you not only execute well,

but you show your poetic, creative powers, in the exquisite expression you give to the music."

This was the commencement of future triumphs; the Swiss pastor's daughter henceforth owned the musical world for her home, and became a compeer of those great women, Wieck and Pleyel, whose fame she had looked out on, as one looks up at a brilliant star, without dreaming of ever possessing such a glory.

And this was Marie's compensation. God had denied her wife and mother duty and love, but he gave her the great world of the Infinite to soar in,—the command of the sublime tone-tongue, and the fame of a true artist-poet.

Operatic "Romeos," Apropos of "Romeo et Juliette."

AT THE ACADEMIE IMPERIALE DE MUSIQUE.

(From the French of HECTOR BERLIOZ.)*

At the present moment there are five operas of the above name, and Shakspeare's immortal drama is supposed to have furnished the subject of them. Nothing, however, so little resembles the masterpiece of the English poet as the *libretti*—mostly deformed and mean, nay, sometimes so stupid as to be imbecile—for which various composers have written music. Yet the authors of all these *libretti* claim to have drawn their inspiration from Shakspeare, and lighted their torches by his sun of love. Theirs are pale torches, however; three of them are scarcely little rose-colored tapers; one alone threw out some little brilliancy from the midst of its smoke, while the others can be compared only to the candle-end carried about by a Parisian rag-picker.

The thing which the hatching authors of the French and the Italian *libretti*, with the exception of M. Romani (who is, I think, the author of the *libretto* used by Bellini), have made of the Shakspearean masterpiece, exceeds anything we can imagine in the way of puerility and absurdity. It is impossible to transform any drama whatever into an opera without modifying changing, and, to a greater or less degree, spoiling it. I am aware of this, but then how many intelligent modes there are of executing the task of profanation imposed on the *libretto* writer by the exigencies of music! For instance, although it may have been impossible to retain all the characters in Shakspeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, how is it that none of the literary arrangers ever had the idea of preserving at least one of those which they have all suppressed? In the two French operas, played in the theatres where comic opera reigned, how was it that nobody ever thought of introducing Mercutio or the Nurse, two personages so different from the principal characters, and who would have afforded the composer an opportunity of varying his score by such pungent contrasts? On the other hand, however, several new characters were introduced into the above two productions, so unequal in merit. We have an Antonio, an Alberti, a Cébas, a Gennaro, an Adriani, a Nisa, a Cécile, etc., but why, and with what object?

In the two French operas, the *dénouement* is a happy one. Mournful endings were then banished from all our lyric theatres, where the sight of death had been prohibited, out of consideration for the extreme sensibility of the public. In the three Italian operas, on the contrary, the final catastrophe is admitted, for, in them, Romeo takes poison; while Juliet gives herself a little stab with a pretty little dagger with a coral handle; seats herself gently on the stage, by the side of Romeo's body, utters a very elegant little "Ah!" which represents her last sigh, and the thing is done.

Of course, neither the French nor the Italians, any more than the English themselves, in their theatres consecrated to the "legitimate drama," have dared to preserve the character of Romeo in its integrity, and allow us even to suspect his first love for Rosaline. For shame! What an idea to suppose that young Montague could ever have loved any one before Capulet's daughter! Such a thing would be unworthy the notion we have formed of this model of lovers, and would completely depose him. The public is exclusively composed of beings with such constant and pure souls.

Yet how profound a lesson is that which the poet intended to give us! How many times do people fancy they love, before knowing what love really is.

* Of the five operas to which I have referred, at the commencement of this article, the *Romeo* of Steibelt, produced, for the first time, at the Théâtre Feydeau, the 10th September, 1793, is immensely superior to the others. It is really a score; it exists; it is

* Translated for the London Musical World.

marked by style, sentiment, invention, and novelties of harmony and instrumentation really very remarkable, and which, at that period, must have appeared absolutely daring. There is an overture very well planned, full of pathetic and energetic traits, skilfully treated, and a very fine air, preceded by fine recitative.

"Du calme de la nuit tout ressent les doux charmes."

The melodic turn of the andante is expressive and noble, and the author had the incredible audacity to end it on the third note of the tone, without repeating the final cadence, like most of his contemporaries.

The subject of this air is the second scene of the third act of Shakspeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, where Juliet, alone in her room, is awaiting Romeo, to whom she has been married that day:—

"Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!
That runaway's eyes may wink; and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalked of, and unseen!—
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night.—Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match."

I must also mention, in Steibelt's work, an air, with chorus, of old Capulet, full of dash and savage character:—

"Oni, la fureur de se venger
Est un premier besoin de l'âme!"

The funeral march:—

"Grâces, vertus, soyez en deuil,"

and the air of Juliet, as she is about to drink the narcotic. This is dramatic, and even very touching, but, gracious Heavens! what a distance there is between this sample of musical inspiration, however well managed the interest may be to the very end, and the prodigious *crescendo* of Shakspeare (who was the real inventor of the *crescendo*) a pendant to which is to be found nowhere but in the fourth scene of the third act of *Hamlet*, commencing with the words:—

"Well, mother, what's the matter?"

What a rising tide of terrors is Juliet's long monologue:—

"What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath ministered to have me dead?" &c. &c.

Music, I am bold enough to believe, can go as far as this, but, where it has done so, I do not know. While witnessing the performance of these two terrible scenes, I always seemed to feel my brain whirling in my head, and my bones cracking in my flesh; I shall never forget the prodigious cry of love and anguish which I once heard:

"Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee!"

And do you suppose, you wretched manufacturers of little operas, that, after being acquainted with such a work, and experiencing such impressions, any one can listen seriously to your lukewarm passion, and your little wax loves, fit only to be kept under a glass case!

The other French score, bearing the title of *Romeo et Juliette*, and nearly quite unknown at the present day, is, unfortunately for our national self-love, by Dalayrac. The author of the abominable libretto was clever enough not to put his name to it. It is miserable, flat, and stupid in every respect. Any one might well imagine this opera was composed by two idiots, unacquainted with passion, sentiment, common sense, French, or music.

In these two operas, the part of Romeo is, at least, written for a man. The three Italian masters, on the contrary, preferred having Juliet's lover represented by a woman. This is a remnant of the old musical morals of the Italian school, and the result of the constant pre-occupation of an infantine sensuality. The Italians liked women to sing the characters of lovers, because, in duets, two female voices produced, more easily than male voices, the series of thirds so dear to Italian ears. In the old operas of this school, we find scarcely any parts for basses. Deep voices were objects of horror to that public of Sybarites, as fond of sonorous sweets as children are of sugar plums.

Zingarelli's opera was in vogue for a tolerably long time, both in France and Italy. The music is quiet and graceful, but we find no more trace of Shakspeare's characters, and no more pretensions to express the passions of the different personages, than if the composer had not understood the language to which he has adapted his melodies. People still cite a celebrated air of Romeo, "Ombra adorata," which was sufficient to attract the public, during a long period, to the Théâtre-Italien, at Paris, and make them forget the cold wearisomeness of all the rest of the work. This air is graceful, elegant, and very well treated as a whole; there are some pretty traits for the flute, which corresponds happily with the fragments of the vocal portion. Everything in this air is almost smiling. In it, Romeo, who is about to die,

express his delight at the idea of soon rejoining his Juliet, and enjoying the pure pleasures of love in the abode of the blest:

"Nel fortunato Eliso
Avrà contenti il cor."

Juliet sings various pieces, containing a mixture of truthful feeling and musical tomfooleries. In one grand air, she exclaims, for instance: "That there is not another soul so crushed by woe as her own."

"Non v'è un alma a questo eccesso
Sventurata al par di mi."

She stops an instant to collect her powers, and then, bursting out *con brio*, indulges, *without words*, in a long series of triplets, of the most joyous character, the *allegria* being augmented by the facetious passages of the violins.

As for the final duet, the terrible scene, where Juliet, after fancying she has been about to obtain the highest pitch of happiness, finds that Romeo is poisoned, and witnesses his death-agony, dying finally upon his body, nothing can be calmer than the anguish, or more charming than the convulsions of the lovers. If ever we might say: "They do but jest, poison in jest," we may do so in the present instance.

Of Vacca's *Romeo*, scarcely anything more than the third act is now performed. This is generally cited as a *morceau* full of passion and fine dramatic coloring. I heard it in London, and, I must say, I could perceive neither coloring nor passion. In this, as well as in Zingarelli's work, the lovers abandon themselves to despair very calmly. "They do but jest, poison in jest." I do not know whether the third act is that which now forms the fourth act of Bellini's opera, lately played at the Académie-Imperiale. All I know is that I did not recognize it. People, so it was said, a short time since, thought Bellini's last act *too weak*. The poison seemed too much "in jest." It must be something prodigious. I heard it, five-and-twenty years ago, at Florence, but I have not the faintest recollection of the *dénoûment*.

This *Romeo*, fifth of the name, although one of the most mediocre of all Bellini's scores, contains some pretty things, and a finale full of dash, in which a beautiful phrase, sung in unison by the two lovers, is worked out. This passage struck me the day I heard it for the first time, at the theatre of the Pergola. It was well rendered in all respects. The two lovers were forcibly separated by their enraged relatives; the Montagues held back Romeo, and the Capulets, Juliet; but, at the repetition of the beautiful phrase—

"Nous nous reverrons au ciel,"

the two lovers, escaping from their persecutors, rushed into each other's arms, and embraced with a warmth quite Shakspearian. At this moment the audience began to believe in their love. At the Opera the singers took care not to indulge in anything so *daring*; in France it is not considered decent for two lovers to embrace, on the stage, with such fervor. It is not becoming. As far as I remember, the gentle Bellini employed only instrumentation of a moderate kind in his *Romeo*. He introduced neither a small drum nor a big one. At the Opera, the orchestra has been provided with both these most necessary auxiliaries. As there are scenes of civil war in the drama, how can the orchestra do without the regulation drum? and then can any one dance or sing, now-a-days, without the big drum? Still, at the moment that Juliet, uttering cries of despair, throws herself at her father's feet, the big drum imperturbably marking the tact with pompous regularity, produces, it must be admitted, an effect irresistibly comic. As the noise of it is heard above everything else, and engrosses all the attention of the audience, the latter think no more of Juliet, but fancy they are listening to a military band, marching at the head of a legion of the National Guard.

The samples of ballet music, interpolated in Bellini's score, are of no very great value; they want charm and spirit. There was one pleasing *andante*, however; it was that having for its theme the air of *La Straniera*.

"Meco tu vieni, ô misera,"

one of Bellini's most touching inspirations. They dance to this. What of that! People dance to anything. Everything is done to everything.

Felix Romani's libretto, the style of which, it is said, is so fine, has been translated by M. Naitter. In some places, the verses correspond badly to the music.

The costumes have nothing very remarkable about them, with the sole exception of Lorenzo's costume, which was especially remarked. It is a houppelande lined with sable. The good Lorenzo is dressed like a Pole. Are we right in supposing that the weather used to be very cold at Padua in those times? Marié, who played this beseeched part, had a cold, and several vocal mishaps. Gueymard is a very energetic Tybalt. Madame Gueymard, sang, with her golden

voice, the part of Juliet, in a dramatic manner. The *débutante*, Madame Vestvali, is a tall, handsome woman, with a contralto voice, of a very extensive range in the lower notes, but without any brilliancy in the middle ones. Her vocalization is not easy, and she is not always in tune, especially in the upper octave. She played Romeo with a great deal of dignity.

The scene of the tomb, as represented by great English actors, will always be the most sublime marvel of dramatic art. At the name of Romeo, feebly exhaled from the lips of Juliet, as she revives, the young Montague, struck with astonishment, stands, for an instant, motionless. A second appeal, more tender than the first, draws his attention to the monument, and a movement of Juliet dissipates his doubt. She lives! He rushes up to the bier, snatches from it the body of his adored, tears off her veil and grave-clothes, and, bringing her down to the front of the stage, holds her in his arms. Juliet languidly casts her dim looks around. Romeo addresses her; presses her to his breast; throws back the hair from off her pale forehead; covers her face with burning kisses, and bursts out into convulsive fits of laughter. In his mad joy, he has forgotten he will soon die. Juliet breathes! Juliet! Juliet! But a powerful pang reminds him of the truth. The poison is at work, and is eating up his entrails. "O potent poison!" Capulet, Capulet, pity! He drags himself along on his knees, fancying, in his delirium, that he sees Juliet's father coming to snatch her from him again.

This scene, in the new opera, is as follows:

Steps are placed on each side of Juliet's tomb, so that she may get down easily and becomingly. This she does, and advances, with measured steps, towards her lover, who is motionless. The two now begin to talk of a few little matters of private business, and mutually explain, very calmly, a whole host of things:

ROMEO.—Que vois-je?
JULIETTE.—Romeo!
ROMEO.—Juliette vivante!
JULIETTE.—D'une morte apparente
Le réveil en ce jour
A ton amour va donc me rendre!
ROMEO.—Dis-tu vrai?
JULIETTE.—Lorenzo n'a-t-il pu te l'apprendre?
ROMEO.—Sans rien savoir, sans rien comprendre,
J'ai cru pour mon malheur te perdre sans retour.
"Are there no stones in heaven?"

No! there are not, and Othello's question is an idle one. No! there is nothing beautiful; there is nothing ugly; there is nothing true, false, sublime, or absurd: everything is the same. The public, that pattern of impassable indifference, knows this very well.

But let us be calm. Looking at the matter in the light of art—(art has nothing to do with it). Looking at the matter with an eye to the pecuniary interests of the Opera, we think that, in engaging Mad. Vestvali, and in producing Bellini's *Romeo*, the manager of this great and beautiful theatre has done a bad stroke of business.

"Let us sleep!
I can no more."

H. BERLIOZ.

Mozart—Child and Man.

(Continued from page 332.)

No. 62.

L. Mozart to his Wife.

Naples, May 22nd, 1770.

Yesterday we were at the Austrian Ambassadress's, the Countess de Kaunitz, born princess d'Oettingen. Yesterday also, the Marchioness Tannecc sent her major-domo to us, telling me he was to be always at our orders, to conduct us everywhere, and to show us all the curiosities of Naples. It is a distinction which has astonished everybody, as this minister is, so to speak, king. The opera buffa is very good. The old Princess Belmonte, who saw us there, saluted us many times, although her box was very far from ours.

No. 63.

The Same to the Same.

Naples, May 26th, 1770.

I shall bring you, I hope, some views of Naples and its curiosities, very well engraved, as I have already those of Rome.

On Monday there will be a concert organized by the Countess de Kaunitz, Lady Hamilton, the Princess Belmonte, the Princess Francavilla, and the Duchess Calabritta, which will probably bring us 150 sequins. But we really are in need of money; for, when we leave, we have a long journey before us, during which we shall receive nothing. And if we remain, we must live during five months. It is true that here we should always be able to cover our expenses.

I have told you nothing in detail of Rome, but I had my motives; I will tell you all personally. Madame Hagenauer says, I hope, from time to time,

a Pater Noster for us. We really are in great want of one, for, to tell the truth, we do not pray too much.

No. 64.

The Same to the Same.

Naples, May 29, 1770.

Our concert yesterday succeeded perfectly. Tomorrow the court returns to town to celebrate the fête of the king, by sights, shows, &c., &c.

If we leave here on the 16th, we shall go to Marino, where we shall stay in a convent of the Angustins; the Prior of the convent has invited us. He wishes to accompany us to Genzano, to show us the miraculous image of Mary of Good Counsel. After that we can stay one week with our friends of Rome, and undertake our journey to Loretto. At Rome I did not have to spend one kreutzer for our lodging or our food. I was quite lord and master in the house; our hostess would not hear of me paying, so I shall be obliged, on our return, to make some pretty present to her daughter.

If we leave, as I have just said, we shall, at the end of our journey, have seen, so to say, all Italy; for from the environs of Loretto, we shall go, as it pleases us, to Bologna, or to Florence, Pisa, Luca, or Leghorn, &c., &c., passing the two months of great heat in the locality which appears the most convenient to us, and coming back probably by Genoa and Milan.

If Wolfgang had not already had his agreement (scrittura) for an opera, at Milan, he would have had it at Bologna, Rome or Naples, for they have offered to him from these three towns. Although the heat is not very great at this time, we shall arrive passably bronzed at Salzburg. The open air alone would suffice. You know Wolfgang always wished to be brown. He always looks out anxiously for the post days, and he begs you to write oftener, at least thrice a week, especially when there is anything of news to tell.

Vesuvius has not yet done me the pleasure of showing itself to me in flames, and spitting fire. We shall get nearer to it soon.

No. 65.

Wolfgang Mozart to his Sister.

Naples, May 29th, 1770.

Cara Sorella mia,—Jerl! altro fummo nella prova dell' opera del Signor Jomelli, la quale è una opera che è ben scritta, e che me piace veramente. Il Signor Jomelli ci ha parlati ed era molto civile. E fummo anche in una chiesa a sentir una musica, la quale fu di Signor Ciccio de Majo, ed era una bellissima musica. Anche lui ci parlò ed era molto compito. La Signora de Amicis canto a meraviglia. Ita Anno Dio Grazia assai bene di salute, particolarmente io, quando viene una lettera di Salisburgo. Vi prego di scrivermi tutti giorni da posta, e se anche non avete niente di scrivermi solamente vorre; averlo per aver qualche lettera tutti giorni da posta. Egli non sarebbe mal fatto, se voi mi scrivete qualche volta una letterina italiana.

No. 66.

Naples, June 5th, 1770.

I cannot as yet tell you anything about the court. The Princess Franca Villa has made us a handsome present, and we have also some little hopes.

You will not be satisfied, by my not giving you a more exact account of our receipts. I do not do it because, at Salzburg, one only sees the receipts, and you do not think of the expenses, and because you do not in general know what it costs to travel. You ought to be contented to know, that, thank God, we want for nothing that is necessary for us to continue our journey with honor. All the carriages here go in the evening to the promenade, surrounded by flambeaux, which makes a sort of illumination. We go there every day in the carriage of one or other of our friends, surrounded consequently by our two flambeaux, carried one, by one of our servants, the other by the servant of the people who lend us their carriage. Her Majesty the Queen always bows most graciously to us at the promenade. At Pentecost we were invited to the great ball given by the French Ambassador on the occasion of the marriage of the Dauphin.*

My project is still to leave for Rome on the 16th with Procaccio, or rather the 20th, if I obtain a certain Sedia, with the Ambassador of the Emperor, Count de Kaunitz, by post.

I am quite astonished that everything is getting dearer at Salzburg. One does not think that if a system changes at one point, one must try to form, on the other side, a system which counterbalances the first, and maintains the whole in an equilibrium.

*With Marie-Aniolnette of Austria.

No. 67.

Wolfgang Mozart to his Sister.

Naples, June 5, 1770.

Cara Sorella mia.—Vesuvius is smoking vigorously to-day. Its thunder does not cease.† To-day we dined with Mr. Doll. He is a German composer, and a very agreeable man. Listen to my mode of living. Alle gior, qualche, volta anche alle diessi mi sveglio, e poi andiamo fuor di casa; e poi pranziamo da un trattore, e dopo pranzo scriviamo, e poi sortiamo, e inchii cerviamo, ma che cosa? Al giorno di grasso, un mezzo pollo ovvero un piccolo boccone d' avrosto; 'al giorno di magro, un piccolo pesce; e di poi anchiamo a dormire. Have you understood? . . . Let us now talk, instead, Salzburgenly. It is wiser. We are well, father and me. I hope you of Salzburg.

are well, you and mamma. Rome and Naples are two nightcaps. Pretty style this, is it not? Write, and do not be so idle? Altrimente avrete qualche bastonate di me. What pleasure. I shall break your heart! I shall be so glad to see the portraits. I want to see if they are like. If I like them I shall have one done of father and me. Tell me, gentle maid, whither have you strayed, under the greenwood tree? He? The opera is by Jomelli. It is fine, but too full of reason, and too Gothic for the theatre. The De Amicis sings admirably, as also S. Aprile, who sang at Milan. The dances are miserably pompous. The theatre is handsome. The king* is badly brought up, à la Napolitaine. He sits at the Opera on a three-legged stool, so as to appear a little taller than the Queen. The Queen is beautiful and amiable, for she has certainly bowed more than six times to me at the Mole (it is a promenade) in the most amiable manner. I kiss my mother's hand.

No. 68.

L. Mozart to his Wife.

Naples, June 9th, 1770.

It is a pity, for some things, that we are not going to stay a little time longer here, for there are all sorts of agreeable things to see during the summer, and there are, from week to week, fruits, flowers, and vegetables, new and varied. And, above all, the beauty of the situation, its fertility, the life one leads here, the sights without number—a thousand beautiful things of every kind—renders departure sad and difficult. And yet one leaves all these good things with more resignation when one thinks of the dirt that reigns everywhere, the multitude of beggars, this abominable people—yes, this impious people, the had education of the children, the incomprehensible dissipation, the extravagant excitement one finds even in the churches. I am bringing you, not only a fine collection of engravings, but also a beautiful collection of the lava of Vesuvius, that Mr. Manricoffo gave me—not that lava which every one can easily get—but choice pieces, with the description of the minerals they contain, and which are rare. You shall see some fine things when we come back. Next week we shall go to see Vesuvius, Pompeii and Herculanium, Caserta—in one word, all the sights of which I already possess the engravings.

No. 69.

Naples, June 16th, 1770.

We cannot go on the 20th. The Count Kaunitz will not be ready by then. The 13th, we went in a carriage to Puzzuolo, and from there, by boat, to Baia, where we saw the Baths of Nero, the Grotto of the Sybil of Cumæ, the lago d'Averno, tempio di Venere, tempio di Diana, sepolchro d'Agrippina, the Elysian fields, the Styx, where, in olden times, was seen the boat of Charon, the Piacini mirabile, the lento camarelle, &c.; in coming back, numerous baths, ancient temples, subterranean chambers, Monte Moro, Monte Gauro, Molo di Puzznoli, Collesco, Solfara, Astroni, Grotti del Cane, Canlago di Agnano, but before all the Grotto of Puzznoli, and the tomb of Virgil. To-day we dined at San Martino, with the Chartreux from where we enjoyed an admirable view. Monday and Tuesday we shall go to Vesuvius, to Pompeii, Herculanium, Caserta, Cape di Monte; all that will cost us I hardly dare say what.

P. S. of Wolfgang. And I also am still alive, happy, and contented as ever. Travelling is my delight. Already I have sailed on the Mediterranean, the having done which, however, does not hinder me from being brother John as in old times.

No. 70.

Rome, June 27th, 1770.

We arrived here yesterday after travelling for twenty-seven hours, and if we had come by Vetturino we should have been five days and a half. Count Kaunitz only arrived to-day. I thought it best for us to go by ourselves, for sometimes there is a scarcity of horses for relays at the post-houses, and I knew that two travellers would require twelve horses on the road. I passed myself off as the majordomo of the Imperial Ambassador, because in all these places the majordomos of these personages are treated with great consideration. Indeed this little manœuvre rendered my journey safe, provided me good horses, ready attendance, and exemption from the Custom House at Rome. They even made me a most profoundly respectful bow at the gates of Rome, begging me to go home as soon as I liked, and well satisfied, I threw them some *paolis*. We had only slept two hours during our twenty-seven hours journey. On our arrival, after having eaten some rice and eggs, I made Wolfgang seat himself in a chair. He began to snore immediately, and slept so profoundly that I completely undressed him and put him to bed without his showing the slightest symptoms of waking. He continued snoring, though I was obliged now and then to raise him up, seat him in his chair, and then drag him back to bed again. When he woke up this morning at nine o'clock, he did not know where he was or how he got into his bed. He had not moved all night. We are going to see, these next few days, the fire-works, high mass, and vespers in St. Peter's. At Naples, the manager, Signo Amadori, after having seen and heard Wolfgang at Jomelli's, proposed to him to write an opera for the Theatre Royal of St. Charles, but we were not able to accept this on account of our business at Milan.

Herr Manricoffo, who has left, showed us the greatest friendship, and procured us 125 ducats, some in roman coin, some in gigliati and sequins, in exchange for our Neapolitan money.

(To be Continued.)

Musical Correspondence.

CHICAGO, ILL., JAN. 20.—A concert of really good music is of so rare occurrence in this matter of fact city of ours, that when one does come off it seems to me the injunction of that *worthy order*, the Sons of Malta, should be heeded, and the event "recorded." And where but in Dwight?

Such a concert we had a few evenings since at the Briggs House. The principal feature was Beethoven's Trio, Opus 97. For fear the patience of the audience would fail (I suppose) it was divided; Allegro and Scherzo in the First part, and the Andante and Allegro in the second; that is, they were so arranged in the programme, but just as they had finished the Andante one of the "Alto" strings broke, and most of the audience, thinking the concert at an end, left; and by the time Melm had replaced the string the hall was nearly empty, so we lost the last movement.

The next piece, in point of interest, was a Scherzo from Brahms's Trio (I do not know what *opus*) which pleased very much.

Mr. DEPASSIO, a most excellent baritone, by the way, sang a Romance from *Pardon de Ploërmel* and with Miss GARTHE a duet from *La Sposa Fidele* (Pacini) and Miss Garthe gave us the "Shadow song" from *Pardon de Ploërmel*.

Mrs. BOSTWICK is giving a series of concerts at the Briggs House, the programme of the first I enclose:

PART I.

1. Cavatina from Linda di Chomounix, "O lucco di quest anima".....Donizetti.
Sung by Mrs. Bostwick.
2. Solo, Piano Forte. { a Polonoise.....Chopin.
{ b Vusupft von Manow } Willmers.
Longings by the seaside }
3. Song. "The star of love".....Wallace.
Mrs. Bostwick.
4. Solo, Violin, Fantaisie Caprice.....Henri Vieuxtemps.
Mr. De Clerque.
5. The Miserere, from "Il Trovatore."
Mrs. Bostwick and amateurs.

PART II.

1. Song from Stabat Mater, "Fae ut Portem"....Rossini.
Sung by Miss Smith.

†This letter, except the Italian words, is written in the *patois* Ferdinand of Bourbon, who lost Naples in 1799 and 1806, took refuge in Sicily, re-ascended the throne in 1815, and died 1825, married the celebrated Marie Caroline, daughter of Francis the First and Maria Theresa, born in 1762, died in Austria in 1815.

2. Solo, Piano Forte, Concert Stuck.....Weber.
Performed by Mrs. Bandt.
3. Duet.....Rossini.
Mrs. Bostwick and Miss Smith.
4. Solo, Violin, Fantaisie de Guillaume Tell
C. DeBeriot and G. A. Osborn.
Mr. DeClarque.
5. "The Dance Song".....Alstrom.
6. Song, The Watchman's cry, "Good Night."
Mrs. Bostwick.

The Musical Union gave Geo. F. Root's "Hay-makers" three times last week under the author's direction, and if common report can be believed, performed very well. H.

ALBANY, JAN. 9.—I have perused with mingled amusement and vexation the communication from this city, contained in your paper of Dec. 31, signed "Handel." On account of the false impressions which the article might create in other cities where your valuable journal circulates, I think it but right to correct some of the blind insinuations against the Association of which "Handel" is *not* a member, and the excessive glorification of the Society of which he *is* a member.

Our critic says: "The choruses were not quite as efficient as we had anticipated." This is rather blind, as we cannot tell how highly elevated his anticipations were, or in what respect they were disappointed. Whether upwards of a hundred voices did not come up to his expectations of the number requisite for a competent chorus, or whether this hundred or over did not render the music in a proper manner, we are left to imagine. But generally and in the kindest spirit possible, he excuses the insufficiency on the score of "the malformation of the room for acoustic purposes." It is a little strange that the choruses of the "Messiah" should have been so extremely efficient, though given in the same hall?

We quote again:—"nor was the time in which they (the choruses) were given, always correct." Rather blind again, but if he means what we suppose, it is a pity that Mendelssohn could not shake off his shroud, and appear once more on earth to change the metronome marks to suit this astute critic who rejoices in the great name of "Handel." But to take his meaning in another sense. Perhaps he thought because the conductor slackened the time at a "ritard" or a "morendo," that the time was incorrect. Sometimes "a little learning is a dangerous thing," particularly musical learning.

Allow us to make another quotation:—"The performance of the orchestral accompaniments will admit of criticism." For heaven's sake, why does he not criticize then? If an orchestra selected from the "Dodsworth Band Association," many of them members of the orchestra of the Academy of Music, is not competent to accompany, then no orchestra in this country is. Surely if they were able to perform the overture to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, in the most exquisite manner, as is admitted by every one, they ought to be able to play any accompaniment. The gentlemen, twenty-two in number, composing the orchestra were all competent soloists. The first violin was Mr. J. P. Cooke, an Englishman, and for many years a leader under Costa.

We have said nothing as to our own impressions in regard to this Concert. We will only repeat here the opinions of the most competent musical critics of our city that the promptness, decision and firmness, together with the light and shade, of the choruses were remarkable.

As "Handel" has seen fit to notice the concert above alluded to in such a *peculiar* manner, let us be indulged in a few remarks concerning the performance of the "Messiah." In the first place the movements of the choruses were invariably taken too slow. Fifty minutes were consumed in reaching the "Pastoral Symphony." The leads were not taken up with promptness and decision, as Handel's choruses of all others should be. This want

of decision, or *shakiness*, was apparent throughout the whole performance. But enough. We have no desire to criticize the concert of the Sacred Musical Society.

The article by "Handel" was evidently prepared with a view to the disparagement of the performance of the Union Musical Association, by a comparison with that of the other Society. We cannot refrain from expressing the opinion that our friend, the critic, made a mistake in signing his article, and that his name, in consideration of the fact that there evidently was a "power behind the throne," should have been

HANDLE.

WORCESTER, MASS., JAN. 25.—We have little musical news to communicate from Worcester this season, concerts being few in number, and so "far between" as to make the occurrence of one almost an event. In this dearth of musical entertainments, we can rest upon this consolation—that if we have no concerts, we have no poor ones. Meanwhile, thanks to the efforts of an instructor of music, a healthy musical sentiment is taking root, which we hope is but waiting for the right opportunity to manifest itself in intelligent recognition of what is good in music, and disapproval of what is worthless, be it ever so popular.

Our "Mozart Society" is rehearsing for its annual concert on Fast evening, with the intention of performing the oratorio of "The Seasons." We hear of much musical activity in some of our neighboring towns, Clinton and Berlin, for instance. The former place has a choral society of a hundred members, prefaced—a good idea! is it not—by a preparatory class who are qualifying themselves for admission to the society. Of these, Mr. STOCKING, of this city, is leader and instructor.

The semi-annual examination of the literary department of the Academy of Fine Arts, in this city, took place on Tuesday, the 24th inst. The classes in English branches, Latin, French, &c., were examined by their instructors and an immense committee *pro tem.*, among whom we noticed the clergymen of nearly all our churches. The examination was remarkably satisfactory in every detail, and visitors seem impressed, particularly, with the thoroughness of instruction which the pupils—of both sexes and all ages, had received. One pleasing feature consisted of the recitations, conversations, &c., of the more advanced of M. De Veneze's classes in French, which were conducted wholly in that language. Among the pupils, very noticeable was the fresh, ruddy face of the little daughter of a celebrated German artist of New York, who speaks with equal fluency, English, German, and Danish, and one may soon add, French. The rhetorical exercises were very creditable to the scholars, and to their teacher of elocution, Mr. Russell; and Mr. Stocking's *baton* brought out much tasteful song and chorus singing from the pupils, whose chanting, by the way, we noticed as being seldom equalled by experienced choirs. Results of working upon the principal of doing everything well, of countenancing no superficiality, were constantly apparent; and we are sure the principals of the institution, Misses RONINSON and GARDNER, have every reason to congratulate themselves upon the success of this department of their excellent Academy of Art and Literature. A pleasant social assembly in the evening agreeably ended the day. The spring term commences, February 8. A.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 28, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. Continuation of W. SPERNDALE BENNETT's Cantata: "The May Queen."

Boston Academy of Music.

TWELFTH NIGHT. On Friday evening, the 20th, the sparkling music of Rossini's "Barber"—or perhaps rather "little PATTI"—drew for

the second time a very large audience. The piece, as a whole, went off with more life than before. Sig. AMODIO, to be sure, seemed indisposed, and omitted the *La Calomnie* air, while his whole treatment of the serio-comic part of Don Basilio was sheer buffoonery. But FERRI, without much native comic humor, entered with more life and freedom into the continuous play of the barber, rendering the capital music thereof, so telling in its every phrase, with point and elegance. Sig. Ferri always seems alive and earnest; there is refinement in his singing and whole bearing. When he sings in half voice, his tones are very musical and agreeable, and modulated with much warmth and delicacy. We do not like so well to hear him over-exert himself in the strong passages of impassioned rôles, where a baritone is expected to bring the house down by pure force of lungs. This artist, too, is much afflicted generally with the *shaking* epidemic. His tones are apt to quiver like reeds shaken by the wind. This trick is very common among singers; is it affection, or is it a physical weakness? Too frequently we fear, the latter, caused originally by the former.

Sig. SUSINI's Don Bartolo is one of the most satisfactory and sensible impersonations of the part that we have ever seen. In him the jealous, amorous old guardian is human, and lacks not somewhat of the gentleman withal. His round and hearty bass and honest singing make us sure of one good part whenever he is on the stage.

The Rosina of Miss ADELINA PATTI calls for no new remark. That she sang the music exquisitely was a matter of course. That hers was a very young Rosina, simple, girlish, pretty, rightly conceived, but timid in the execution, not ripened into all the quick inventive spirit and *espièglerie* of the part, was equally a matter of course. Better so; at her age we prefer the girl to the too accomplished, too impassioned actress. In the ensemble pieces she did, and undertook but little. Well again; the real danger is, lest she go on too fast. That precious organ must not be overtaxed; that heavenly talent must not too soon become a drudge.

We came near forgetting Sig. BRIGNOLI, whose golden tenor glowed with pleasant warmth all through the harmonious web of intertwining melodies. The concerted pieces were for the most part happy in the rendering. If music can be witty, if wit can be beautiful, then is this music of the "Barber of Seville" most beautiful and witty.

THIRD MATINEE. On Saturday afternoon "Don Juan" was repeated, with PATTI's Zerlina as the special bait. Of course a crowd.

THIRD SACRED CONCERT. On Sunday evening the three parts of the programme were all miscellaneous. The most noticeable feature was the *sacred* Overture to the "Merry Wives of Windsor" (!), by Nicolai, — a sparkling, pretty overture in the first half, but running into sheer dance music at the end. The *best* thing was the overture to *Fidelio* (in E); but this, and all the orchestral pieces, however well played, sounded very dead as the orchestra were placed, quite back upon the stage, where envious spaces over-head and on both sides swallowed up their sounds. Herr STIGELLI was again the hero of the evening. He sang two or three of his own pleasing

Lieder and English ballads very beautifully, without that overstraining of the voice which sometimes defeats his artistic purpose. In Schubert's *Trockne Blumen* there were blemishes. Stigelli's tenor has had long and laborious wear; of course it is best now in the high notes. He is an earnest and accomplished artist. — The *Cantique de Noel*, sung by Mme. GAZZANIGA, did not seem particularly suited to her; it had an air of constrained solemnity, and brought in play altogether too much of those loud throaty low tones which sound more exceptional than pleasing in her otherwise richly expressive voice. Mme. COLSON sang Rossini's *Inflammatus*, quite effectively; she too has the infirmity of the *tremolo*. — Sig. JUNCA gave the two airs of Sarastro with his usual dignity.

THIRTEENTH NIGHT. Last Monday Flotow's pretty, but o'er-sweetish, and now hacknied "Martha," with the grotesque cast of Sig. AMODIO in the rôle of farmer Plunkett. BRIGNOLI of course used his advantage in the air "*Map-pari*;" Mme. COLSON was the Martha, and Mme. STRAKOSCH the Nancy. We were not present.

FOURTEENTH NIGHT.—On Tuesday, BRIGNOLI's benefit, *La Favorita*, Donizetti's heaviest opera. The chief points of interest were the *tenore's* singing of *Spirto gentil* and other passages, (and we have rarely heard him in better voice, or so conscientious and so happy in the use of it;) and GAZZANIGA's acting in the part of Leonore, which was very fine in parts, pathetic, thrilling, but not of that equal excellence which she showed in *Sappho*. This lady trusts to the inspirations of feeling; it is in the crises of excitement that she does nobly; at such times she is almost great, and then her voice, not always musically faultless, betrays a fine dramatic quality; instinctively commanding tones of fire and tones of searching tenderness; but spare us the low throaty sounds: they may be liked the choked utterances of passion, but they lie out of the domain of Art. Sig. AMODIO was evidently ill, but gave the part of the King passably.

Sig. MUZZO's "Garibaldi Rataplan," though it seemed nothing new as a composition, was shouted between the acts by all the principals, secondaries, and choruses, with much patriotic vigor, especially by Gazzaniga, and made an inspiring episode.

FIFTEENTH NIGHT. Wednesday, ADELINA PATTI in another new rôle, that of Elvira in *I Puritani*. Who has forgotten that first appearance here in Boston of Grisi and Mario in this very opera? Mario is the first of tenors, and in this pure, heartfelt Bellini melody, from the first notes of the exquisite quartet, *A te o cara*, his voice was a new revelation of beauty. But BRIGNOLI the other night came nearer to him, both in delicious quality of voice, and in delicate artistic use of it, than he or any one has done, within our hearing, since. Throughout he sang it exquisitely. In the final duet with Elvira he drew forth tones of such fineness, purity and sweetness, as one cares not to hear excelled. Really the man is doing his best. Is it the inspiration of little Patti, or have Stigelli's laurels put him upon his mettle? It is well to know what he can do. Brignoli is not Mario; but for Elvira, after that night's experience, we would not exchange the girl Patti for Grisi again—certainly by no means as regards the singing. She looked and moved the fresh, modest, affectionate, artless girl which the music and the character suggest. She acted more and better than we have seen her do before. There was more of positive feeling and pathos in it. The playful joyousness of the scene with the wedding veil was charm-

ing. But best of all, and altogether beautiful and touching, was her crazy scene. The return to her senses and her lover was as natural and sweet a piece of sudden sunshine, as one sees in life, not to speak of the stage.

As for her singing, we remarked more than usual the want of fully developed power in her voice, to cope with orchestra and all in the concerted pieces; also, in the beginning, especially where you first catch the sound of her lovely voice in the prayer behind the scenes, her tones quivered to a degree that betokened weakness or timidity. This wore off as she lost herself gradually in her part. Strength and volume seemed the only want; nothing could be more true, more beautiful, than every note she uttered; and the liquid ease and evenness and finish with which the voice ran through the rapid passages of *Son vergine vezzosa*, *Vien diletto*, &c., was truly wonderful. In the highest passages she threw in those bright points of light (*staccato*), which are a feature of her singing, with tasteful effect. Her plaintive cantabile, too, in *Qui la voce*, and the like, was instinct with tenderness. The long high note with which she enters the quartet, *A te o cara*, held the charmed sense like a magnet; and never did two voices meet and blend more delicately than hers with Brignoli in that last duet.

SUSINI, with the hearty bass tones, and the manly, generous bearing, made an excellent Sig. Giorgio (his old part in the Grisi cast). Sig. FERRI appeared to less advantage than usual in a part demanding so much force as that of Ricardo; the *tremble* of the voice was painfully perceptible; but there was dignity throughout his action, and much fine singing. He is best where the music most connects him with the action, and does not draw him out to the foot lights for a solo effort. And these baritone solos, of the type so common near the beginning of every modern Italian opera, what labored commonplace they are apt to be, with their stereotyped cadenzas cut to order to bring down the house! Your straining stalwart baritone in this sort of solo often reminds us of the male dancer in the ballet, who is literally put to his trumps to find anything interesting to do, and can only make bounds into the air, and whirl his body round, or hit his heels together, as he comes down, by way of cadenza.

The choruses and instrumental parts were uncommonly well rendered; so that on the whole we do not know that we ever enjoyed these melodious heart-gushings of Bellini more.

Afternoon Concerts.

The ORCHESTRAL UNION continue their Wednesday Concerts with success. Last week the principal feature was the repetition of Haydn's "Farewell" Symphony. In looking over our notice of the first performance we find it printed that "the finale was only interesting from the dull dropping off one by one of the musicians." For dull read *droll*.

This week the programme was as follows:

1. Symphony. No. 3.....Mozart
2. Mein Lebewohl an Berlin.....Lumbye
3. Overture. Faust.....Spohr
4. Serenade. (By request.).....Schubert
5. Alexandrian Polka.....Strauss
6. Conjunction and Benediction. From Les Huguenots.....Meyerbeer
7. Amor Galop.....Bache

The Mozart Symphony was the charming one in E flat, with the graceful and popular Minuet and Trio, and seemed to be appreciated. The *Faust* overture interested and impressed us much more than most things by Spohr. It belongs to his fresher period. There is dignity and fullness in the opening and closing parts; and the fugue point, in the middle portion, which enters in the clarinet, and passes to the oboe, the fagotto, the basses, takes you along with quite a winning way. The trumpet call, too, has a startling

grandeur. Without being wholly free from Spohr's cloying chromatics, this overture has more vitality and strength than the "Double-Symphony," at all events.

Musical Chit-Chat.

Opera still reigns, and our MENDELSSOHN QUINETTE CLUN are forced once more to postpone their Concerts. There are hopes that when they resume them, it will be in the fine new hall in the fine new building of the Messrs. Chickering. . . . This afternoon Rosina PATTI sings her *Una voce* and her music lessons in "The Barber," for the third time. Tomorrow night's "Sacred" programme promises much better than before. Little PATTI is to sing, and in pieces worthy of her, viz.: "Hear ye Israel," from *Elijah*, "With Verdure clad," and the duet *Quis est homo*, with her sister. STIGELLI will give two new songs. But best of all, and nearest to the character of sacred, in the emotions it awakens, is the glorious C minor Symphony of Beethoven, for which the orchestra will be strengthened by some of our resident musicians. Why not place the orchestra where they can be heard, in their proper place before the stage? If scenic effect is so desirable, why sacrifice the musical effect to it, when it would be so easy to dress up and range a troop of supernumeraries?

Musical Intelligence.

SOUTH DANVERS, MASS.—The Musical Association in this town, under their new director, Mr. Kreissmann, of Boston, gave a concert Dec. 29th, with the following nice programme:

PART I.

1. Chorus—Awake the Harp, (Creation).....Haydn.
2. Song—Pity, O Saviour.....Stradella.
3. Quartet—Oh, how lovely is Zion.....Kreissmann.
4. Song—Jerusalem. (St. Paul,).....Mendelssohn.
5. Chorus—When round about the starry throne. Handel
6. Song—But the Lord is mindful.....Mendelssohn.
7. Chorus—The heavens are telling, (Creation)....Haydn.

PART II.

1. Part Song—Early Spring.....Mendelssohn.
2. Song—One gentle heart.....Wallace.
3. Duet—The purling brook.....Poswanski.
4. Part Song—The Nightingale.....Mendelssohn.
5. Duet—I would that my love.....Mendelssohn.
6. Song—Parting.....Krebe
7. What mountains, what oceans.....Verdi.
8. Part Song—The Forest Birds.....Mendelssohn.

The history of this Association affords an instance of the quickening and strengthening effect of practising good, solid, classical music, instead of the trivial songs and glees and choruses on which most musical societies in the country spend their time. Formerly the society languished; its rehearsals dragged; it was difficult to get members together. But the taking up of classical works for practice has put a new life into it, and the meetings are attended eagerly and constantly.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—The second of the seventh series of concerts by the American Brass Band, was given last evening in Howard Hall. The hall was well filled, while the music, was excellent. The Band has seldom, perhaps never, played better, and certainly never, in this city, to an audience better qualified to judge of and enjoy its performances. Mrs. Long, who is a favorite with our people, sang four of her prettiest and sweetest ballads,—some of them twice over,—and yet failed to respond to all the importunities of the audience. The clarinet performance of Mr. Heise was highly applauded; and indeed everything was satisfactory, and something over. The next concert is to come off on Tuesday evening next, on which occasion Mrs. Irving Harwood will appear as vocalist.—*Post*, Jan. 18.

PHILADELPHIA.—M. Gaertner's Classical Soiree, last evening, at Chickering's Saloon, was attended by a select and discriminating audience. The beautiful Beethoven quartet (opus 18), and the equally

beautiful sonata for pianos and violin (opus 47), were well performed. Mr. Gaertner's violin solo and Mr. Benkert's piano solo were each masterly. The singing of the Saengerbund was the least successful part of a very interesting musical entertainment. Mr. Gaertner's next concert will take place on Thursday, February 3d.

The Germania Orchestra will give their usual public rehearsal, to-morrow afternoon, with the following well selected programme:

1. Overture to Euryanthe. Weber.
2. Chorus from Lohengrin. Wagner.
3. Waltz. (Kroll's ball dances). Lumbye.
4. Andante, from Symphony, No. 8. Beethoven.
5. Overture, Midsummer Night's Dream. Mendelssohn.
6. Finale, from Symphony, No. 3. Haydn.
7. Quartet and Chorus, from Don Sebastian. Donizetti.

—*Bulletin, Jan. 20.*

NEW ORLEANS.—From the *Picayune*, Jan. 11.—Last evening, at the new Opera House, the "Etoile du Nord" was revived, with Preti again as the heroine. The opera was superbly mounted. * * *

But, though Preti sang the music of her part as well and as effectively as ever before, we are constrained to say it was not the *Catharine* with which she originally gratified us. She almost literally walked, perhaps we might say lounged, through the part, giving it with no grace, vivacity or *esprit* whatever. * * * Mlle Feitlinger doubled the parts of the young peasant bride, and one of the *vivandières* of *Peter's* camp. The first of these has never before been adequately rendered on our lyric stage. Feitlinger made it a decided feature, acting as well as singing it most charmingly. The laughing and crying song, in the first act, her part in the rattle-plans choros, in the second, and in the fight-duet with poor *George*, in the last, when she thinks him in danger of being shot, were done by her with infinite expression and effect; while, in the third, as one of the *vivandières*, she was really bewitching. The merry duet she and her fair camp companion (Mme Richer) sang in the tent of the King, has never before been given with near so much spirit and success, on our stage.

It was delightful once more to see and hear Genibrel in the rôle of *Peter*. We do not see how this part could be better sung and acted than as he does both. The pretty part of *Danilowitz* (Petit), first pastry cook and afterwards minister (the *Menschikoff* of history), was very nicely sustained, but we would have liked more power, more force in its rendering. M. Petit has a sweet voice, but it lacks strength, and comes over that massive orchestra almost like a distant echo. Debrinay was funny enough as *George*, and Vanlair was a very good *Calmue* in one act, and corporal in the others.

The sparkling opera of Auber, the "Crown Diamonds," was given last evening at the Orleans theatre to a good and appreciating house. So we are told by one who was present, and who was ecstatic over Dalmont, as *Catarina*. We can realize that this would be a rôle most perfectly adapted to her style and powers.

Jan. 15.—We have had two notable operatic events in our city during the week past, the performance of "The Daughter of the Regiment" by Mlle Feitlinger, and that of "The Bride of Lammermoor," by Mlle St. Urbain; both at the new Opera House. Besides these, there have been satisfactory performances, both at the new and the old opera houses. To-morrow evening we are to have at the new house the first performance of the "Jewess" of Halévy, with a cast of great strength. The "Martha" of Flotow will be the first novelty of the season and may be expected to be announced within the month. St. Urbain is to be the *Martha*.

We have had a grand concert at the new opera house, given by Mme De Vernay, the violinist, at which she was assisted by several of the artists of Mr. Boudousquie's company, and others. Pecuniarily this concert was a success. Mme De Vernay goes next to Havana, where she will give one or more concerts.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The Philharmonic Society gave their third concert of the season on Saturday evening, Jan. 14, with the following programme:

- Second Symphony, in C (Opus 61 "Oscari"). R. Schumann
- Duet—"Pietosa al Padre," Pirata. Bellini
(With orchestral accompaniment.)
- Madame Albertini and Signor Beaucarde.
- Allegro Concerto—(Pianoforte). C. Mayer
Mr. M. J. Loretz.
- Romanza—"Una Furtiva Isgrima," Elisir d'Amore. Donizetti
Madame Albertini.
- Overture—"Jessonda," L. Spohr
- Aria—"I tuoi Frequenti Palpiti," Niobe. Pacini
Madame Albertini.

Concerto Polka—(Pianoforte). M. J. Loretz
Mr. M. J. Loretz.

Duet—"Mira la blanca luna," Soirees Musicales. Rossini
Madame Albertini and Signor Beaucarde.

Overture—"Robespierre," H. Litolf
The Musical World says:

The room was crowded, and the performance a success. Schumann's Symphony was excellently performed, as was also the overture to "Jessonda," by Louis Spohr. The overture "Robespierre" is a remarkable composition, and does infinite credit to its composer, Henri Litolf, who has in this work aimed to depict impressions and incidents of the early days of the first French Revolution. The vocal music was even better than usual, especially the Romance from "L'Elisir," which was sung charmingly by Mons. Beaucarde. Mr. Loretz is a young and rising performer on the piano forte, and we have to compliment him on his performance; but we would suggest that, however well played, such a trifling *motif* as "Gentle Annie," even used as an encore piece, affords a poor contrast to the other portions of the programme, and is somewhat beneath the dignity of a Philharmonic concert.

BANGOR, ME.—From the *Whig and Courier*, Jan. 19.—The Concert given by the Bangor Band last Tuesday evening, was a delightful one, and the performances were most enthusiastically encored. Miss Anna Hill, of Boston, possesses a voice of remarkable sweetness and purity, and the execution of her parts (*Vedrai Carino*, and *Dove Solo*, by Mozart, and Alary's Polka Song), evinced both talent and culture of no ordinary degree. The songs and performances of our own home talent must have been exceedingly gratifying to our citizens, if they take any pride in their real treasures. The Band played admirably, and with sweet and subdued tones, avoiding that harshness and stunning effect which usually characterizes instrumental concerts. The cornet solo was rendered with skill, and deserved the applause which it called forth. The solo with the violoncello was one of the very best we have ever heard played upon that difficult instrument. The audience was large and composed of the select and the fashion of our good city.

NEW YORK.—The Philharmonic Society continues its efforts, single handed, in the interpretation for us of classical music. For sixteen years, now, it has been our only stay and support, so far as good instrumental music is concerned.

If it seem matter of reproach to us that, in this city of a million hearers, there is but one society that pretends to give us any instrumental music worth listening to, and then only four or five concerts in a year, nevertheless we may profoundly congratulate ourselves on the fact that this Society, whether as regards the excellence of the character of the music that it performs, or the ability of the members to perform that music, is equalled by but few in the world. Paris, London, Berlin, and then New York. [What of Leipzig?—Ed.]

This is doing well enough, and certainly leaves no room for complaint. Jenny Lind was pleased to say that she had rarely heard a finer orchestra, and she probably was candid in saying so. The second concert of the season was given shortly since, at the Academy of Music. The programme was one of the best that we have had for several years.

In grateful and just tribute to the memory of the illustrious Spohr (an honorary member of the Society, and recently deceased), a solemn and stately larghetto from his best work (the Consecration of Tones) opened the concert. To this succeeded a fine Symphony (No. 1) by Robert Schumann, the modern Beethoven, as the Germans style him, full of the fire of that genius that finished its race so sadly and suddenly. Few symphonies that have ever been played in this city have received such spontaneous and hearty recognition as this, and we recommend the study of the piano score to all those interested in classical music.

The programme continued with an overture to Faust, by Richard Wagner—reflecting more clearly than we could have believed possible, the wild yearning after the unattainable, and the fevered and exciting life of Goethe's hero.

A concerto for piano and orchestra—the one in E, by Beethoven—and Von Weber's ever fresh and charming overture to Oberon, completed a list of pieces such as is seldom found on a single programme.

For the next concert the Society announces Mendelssohn's symphony in A, the overture to Manfred, by Robert Schumann, and a festival overture by Lachner. The rehearsals of the Society are held at the Academy, on the afternoons of alternate Wednesdays.—*Century*, Jan. 21.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Vesper chime. Song. Geo. Linley. 25

A peaceful, placid melody, expressive of that feeling of pious devotion which the chiming of the vesper-bell, calling to prayer, awakens in catholic countries. Easy.

The rose and the vow. Ballad. Sam. Lover. 25

Sentimental poetry treating of vows "frailer than the rose," to which a melody is added which would be charming even without the words.

This own dear girl of mine. F. Wallerstein. 25

Very pleasing. This song needs only be known to obtain a wide popularity.

There, delinquent. (Qui furbone.) Duet.

"Der Freyschütz." 40

This is the splendid duet between Agathe and Anetta, in which the elastic vivacity of the latter contrasts with the melancholy mood of the former. The strains of the two voices form a delicious contrast, as pleasing as original. This duet corresponds with the German "Sehlem, halt fest."

Instrumental Music.

Sonata for two performers, op. 37. A. Diabelli. 1,00

Recommended by Julius Knorr and other acknowledged authorities as a work of great intrinsic merit and at the same time very valuable for somewhat advanced pupils.

Scots wha hac. Transcription. Brinley Richards. 35

Elegant and tasteful, like all compositions of the fashionable author.

M'appari tutt' amor. (How so fair.) Rondo.

Henry Schwing. 25

An easy arrangement of the both graceful and pathetic air. Excellent as a lesson-piece.

De Beriot's Sixth air varié. Violin and Piano.

De Beriot. 75

This is perhaps the most favorite one of those sparkling airs by Beriot, which will remain for a long time yet the most effective solo pieces for a mixed audience.

Nobil signor. (Page's air from "Huguenots.")

Flute and Piano. Pratten. 25

No caso equal. (Page's air from "Huguenots.")

Flute and piano. Pratten. 25

Tutto e sprezzo. (Tenor air from "Sicilian Vespers.")

Flute and Piano. Pratten. 25

Easy arrangements, which strictly adhere to the original airs and give them in the most clear and striking form. They are written for the amusement of two amateurs, the one a pianist, the other a flute-player, and consequently are void of difficulties for either instrument.

Books.

CZERNY'S 101 PREPARATORY LESSONS. Of moderate difficulty, expressly composed to facilitate the instruction of Youth on the Pianoforte, to which are added twenty Five-fingered Exercises, and six new studies for the left hand alone. Three parts, each 75 cts. Complete, 2,00

These exercises have stood the test of the most rigid criticism. They combine all that in this species of composition, the most correct judgment and the most classical and pure taste can produce. The recent additions made by the author to this edition alone has ranked it as the standard copy—it having been entirely revised and enlarged with several requisite improvements by him.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 409.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1860.

VOL. XVI. No. 19.

In our Boat.

By MISS MULOCH.

Stars trembling o'er us and sunset before us,
Mountains to shadow and forests asleep;
Down the dim river we float on for ever,
Speak not, ah breathe not, there's peace on the deep.

Come not, pale Sorrow, flee till to-morrow,
Rest softly falling o'er eyelids that weep;
While down the river we float on for ever,
Speak not, ah breathe not, there's peace on the deep.

As the waves cover the depths we glide over,
So let the past to forgetfulness sleep.
While down the river we float on for ever,
Speak not, ah breathe not, there's peace on the deep.

Heaven shine above us, bless all that love us,
All whom we love in thy tenderness keep;
While down the river we float on for ever,
Speak not, ah breathe not, there's peace on the deep.

(Translated for this Journal.)

Mozart's Magic Flute.

BY A. OULIBICHEFF.

Every one has heard of the peculiar relation which existed, as if by a silent understanding, between Mozart and certain of his intimate friends. On the part of the friends, repeated requests for services or money; on Mozart's part, a constant yielding to such requests wherever they were made. The composition of the "Magic Flute" (*Die Zauberflöte*) was a curious illustration of this. SCHIKANEDER (the Vienna manager, then on the verge of ruin, and turning to Mozart as a last hope), had said to him: "Write me for my theatre an opera, entirely in the taste of the present Viennese public; you can also put in what is necessary to the connoisseur and to your own reputation; but take care especially that you provide for *ordinary people of all classes*. I will furnish you the text, will provide decorations &c., everything as people now-a-days desire to have it." "I will undertake it," Mozart had replied. This remarkable conversation will afford us a basis for the examination of the work, to which it gave occasion.

By entering into such a compact, Mozart, as a man of his word, was forced to do that in the interest of Schikaneder, which he always had done only sparingly and most reluctantly when his own interests only were in question. Out of love for the manager, this most aristocratic of composers let himself down to flatter the taste of *ordinary people of all classes*, to "tickle the long ears," in a word to do what he had formerly refused even to his father. Courage, says he to himself, let us submit to the execution with a good grace. And instantly he blows into a wretched flute, to regulate the movements of a half dozen stage supernumeraries, who go upon all fours, a very unnatural gait for a human being, even if he be a supernumerary; he sets a lot of Moors to dancing in spite of themselves to the tones of a chime of bells; he makes a bird-catcher and his wife sing you a great duet upon the syllable *pa, pa, pa, pa*, and always *pa*. But that is nothing. The composer of *Don Giovanni* submits his work to the control, to the additions, to

the veto of Schikaneder; since it was that person's way to garble scores, and patch in pieces of his own invention. Mozart does this, and all Vienna pours to the theatre *en masse*, all Germany cries *bravo*, it rains praises and orders upon the head of the more than obliging musician, and the world admiringly remembers the extraordinary child, whose name it had well nigh forgotten since he had become a far more extraordinary man. For the first time a prodigious popularity invests this famous name. And so it was to his only national and at the same time European triumph, achieved in his dramatic career, that Mozart owed the denial of his principles as an artist, the sacrifice of his strongest aversions in behalf of a wretch, who robbed him of his own share in the profit.

They tell us, Mozart was the first who made merry over the applause with which his opera was for the most part received; among his intimate companions he almost died with laughing. Our present opera-makers, I fancy, laugh easily in their sleeves when they reflect what brings them sometimes the most fame and money.

The head of the enterprise had most graciously permitted his colleague to put in something for the connoisseurs, if he felt inclined. It will be readily believed that Mozart availed himself of this permission. The more keen his sense of guilt and shame at working under Schikaneder's lead, the more earnestly he sought to make it good again with himself in those parts of the work which had been left to his own discretion. The compensation turned out greater in proportion than the sacrifice, and yet it did not spoil the story. Great musical beauties of the first rank were offset against the decorations and machinery, the little couplets and the grand *bravura* arias; the bird-man and the human quadrupeds wrought toleration for Sarastro and his *protégés*, the chorus of dancing negroes for the choruses of priests; the Pan's flute and the bells for the overture; and in this way our hero knew how to prevent his future fame from suffering under too great an increase of present popularity. We must therefore recognize in this opera two entirely different portions; their separation is already indicated by the text, but still more obviously in the style of the composition.

The first,—which, so to say, remained obscure in Mozart's life-time and long after his death—includes the parts of Sarastro, Tamino, and Pamina; the choruses and marches of the priests of Isis; nearly all the ensemble pieces, the finales (especially the last one), and the overture.

In the other portion are found the elements of the original popularity of the work; the Queen of the Night, with her *bravura* airs; Papageno and Papagena; Monostatos and his Moors, together with their cousins, the music-loving lions and monkeys, which come up to hear the flute solo; in a word, all the figures worthy of the brain of Schikaneder, which were supported upon light and to this day pleasing melodies which in their freshness must have been still

more so. These were the parts which everywhere in Germany, in city and in country, in salons and in beer-houses, made the fortune of the "Magic Flute." Soon the Parisian amateurs themselves forget Gluck and Piccini, and sang as well as they could: *La vie est un voyage, tâchons de l'embellir*, ("Life let us cherish,") which translated itself with astonishing fidelity in the German text of Papageno's song: *Ein Mädchen oder Weibchen*, &c.

(To be Continued.)

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

An Evening with the Virtuoso and his Pupil.

When the pupil discovered I had never heard his master, the eminent virtuoso on the violin, he forthwith proposed I should devote an evening to hear the performances which had previously awakened so much admiration within his own mind. The master of tone dwells in a somewhat quiet portion of the city, and, having been led up into a neatly furnished chamber, we patiently awaited the appearance of the justly celebrated musician.

In the absence of its owner the apartment itself was sufficiently interesting—the walls were hung with the portraits of all the great celebrities of musical history, and among these I was pleased to find the remarkable face of Paganini, in which a marked Italian physiognomy seemed tinged with a German expression. Close by hung the portraits of Vieuxtemps, Henselt, Schumann and others, and, in a conspicuous position, was seen suspended the picture of Mozart engaged in his first performance of *Don Giovanni* on the piano, before an assemblage of courtly personages. Those portraits represented minds that had taught the world to think by the medium of tone; the result of their teachings had long since been felt all the world over, and the beauty of their tone-language never fades in the wear of long usage, never becomes obsolete by the introduction of new forms or new prescriptions as to the mode by which those forms are to be regarded. The virtuoso delayed his coming, and to fill up the interval, the pupil sat down at the piano and discoursed with me in some of his own musical pencillings. The force of his delineations was not lost upon me; they corresponded fully with my own imaginings, as they at times, both sleeping and waking, fly across my mind during those fortunate moments when melody guides the current of thought.

I turned from the contemplation of the tone-masters to my friend the pupil. Was his language his own, or was it borrowed? Were his descriptions the embodiment of his own soul's revelations, or had they passed through the minds of other profound thinkers? Many a tone-thought I know is universal; instrumentation may give it another form, but the musical element of the thought remains the same. Some souls feel intensely, some hearts leap gladly, some sorrowful beings fall into the minor key of sadness, and discourse in the language of Mendelssohn.

All these various schools of music have their representatives, but in tracing every tone-creation to its source we infallibly arrive at an identity.

These and similar reflections came upon me as the pupil concluded his *Fantaisie*, and in a few moments after the virtuoso appeared. His manner and salutation were emphatically German, distinguished by vivacity, heart, sympathy. How difficult for an American, sailing as he does with such a heavy ballast of leaden, material, everyday thought, to undergo a German reception! If he even wishes to respond to the compliments of his new acquaintance, his well-trained gravity and his cold education will not suffer him to betray an emotion. I had tried the experiment, however, of unlearning all this by a brief sojourn in Germany some two years since, and felt myself somewhat at home with the virtuoso. In all the outward expression of self he was as perfectly childlike as the pupil. It would seem as if those genuine sons of musical genius knew no guile; conventionality never spoils them; they remain true to nature. How many more ornaments to society would we have, if this could be said of men and women in general! I was delighted with the naïveté and the perfect ingenuousness displayed in all his expressions. Like many others of his class, he had obtained the key to the entrance of society without falling a prey to its follies or being imbued with its falseness.

It was near ten o'clock in the evening ere all the preliminaries for the concert were arranged, and before commencing the entertainment a pleasing little tale in reference to the violin was told me.

Opening a case that lay near me, the virtuoso drew forth an instrument that had gone through a long and eventful career—it was the violin of Paganini;—it had passed from him into the hands of Vienxtemps, thence to Léonard, and from him to its present owner. It was a glorious Cremona, and bore upon its inner surface the name of its maker Stradivarius, 1722. The slightest touch made it vibrate, and in gently drawing the bow across the strings, it left a tremor on the instrument which lasted more than a minute. The gloss of the outer surface had long since disappeared, flaws and cracks had evidently been repaired, and the thing itself, which was about to send forth such grand conceptions, was ungainly, and if hung up for sale would have found no purchaser. Yet it was curious to observe the enthusiasm the virtuoso showed for his favorite companion. He fondled it like a child, he exhibited to me all its beauties; for such they appeared in his own eyes. He drew his bow across its magical strings to exhibit its vibratory powers, and when he had concluded the episode of the Paganini violin, he took his place before his music stand, the pupil seated himself at the piano, and the soirée opened with a Sonata in C minor (opus 30) of Beethoven.

The beautiful Adagio, which forms the second part of the composition was not lost upon me, the sole listener of the masterly performance. It was like all the adagios of Beethoven, made up of rich and pregnant chords, expressive of a soul's yearnings for unseen and untasted joys, a calm submission to that which is and cannot be changed, a reconciliation with the harder fates that beset us as we pass onward towards the goal of eternity. Through all this, however, gleams of eternal beauty shine forth, and when the heart

has done with its repinings and its mixed emotions of grief, despair, hope and joy, it rises up suddenly into that gay mood indicated by the third part called the Scherzo. The light and lively Scherzo reveals the truth that the mind is never lost in the imaginings of despair; and the Beethoven Sonata, richly instructive in all its teachings, holds up to view a mirror of man's inner life in his progress from one stage of feeling to another.

If, in the history of human despondency, a Scherzo does not follow the moments of darkest gloom, it is not because man is incapable of receiving its influence, but rather because he has resolved to dwell upon one side of the picture of his life. Not the least pleasing portion of this fine Sonata was the *Finale*. This is the review of past thoughts, a retrospect of all the conflicting actions of the soul as we bring them up under final consideration. We have recovered from despondency, but all the imaginings of hope, and fear, all the buoyancy of elevated desire and vivacious pleasure commingle, and thus form a transcript of what had previously passed within us.

The Sonata was followed by a *Fantaisie* for piano and violin, by Franz Schubert. The great merit of Beethoven, like that of all so-called high art, is his spirituality, his power in portraying man throughout all the gradations of his emotional history; and in following out the intentions of Schubert's *Fantaisie*, we necessarily must perceive the distance at which he stands from the position of Beethoven.* The description of this *Fantaisie* is a material one; we find in it a resemblance to the rushing of the storm through the forest, which finally subsides into a low, gentle moaning and then sinks to rest.

It discloses no emotions, as does the Sonata, opus 30, but it rather aims at making us aware that in the outer world, there are themes for study fully as worthy of our attention as the elements which lie within us.

Yet the concluding strains of Franz Schubert lulled the soul into a delicious mood, and as those last notes fell upon my ear, I vainly wished that both master and pupil might be inspired by the moment to repeat the tone poetry they had just been reciting together.

The gem of this memorable evening was the solo, performed by the virtuoso on the violin, "*Gott erhalt' den Kaiser*," by Léonard, being a souvenir of Haydn. The master made an attempt to excuse himself from entering upon this difficult performance, on the plea of previous over-exertion, but the pupil was desirous I should be led into the mysteries of this exquisite production, as rendered by the accomplished musician who stood before us, and he accordingly overcame his scruples.

In preparing himself for the task, the virtuoso seemed to be entering upon a soul-struggle; he viewed and reviewed his favorite Cremona,—he tried its tones and then tested the mobility of his fingers. He appeared like the individual who before taking some fearful leap, first looks across the chasm, doubts his ability,—feels a newly inspired power come over him, and then ventures upon the feat.

The solitary auditor of this charming solo, for

*This remark will not apply to Schubert as a whole; for in the exquisite morceau, "*Lob der Thämen*," and other congenial pieces, he allows room for all the finer sensibilities of the heart to give themselves utterance.

the pupil was at intervals, engaged at the piano, was not a little perplexed at many of those triumphs of musical manifestation which the initiated alone can comprehend. The work of Léonard is replete with beautiful conceptions, and being founded on the sweet simplicity of Haydn, conveys to the mind the chasteness of that old tone-poet by the medium of modern instrumentation.

The original piece of Haydn, "*Gott erhalt' den Kaiser*," was certainly a simple thought; the elaboration of that thought by the aid of such masterly execution as I heard to-night raised it up to a grand conception; for this is the result of all intellectual music, which has its ground theme in the artlessness of the human heart. Having thus far spoken chiefly in favor of the master, I would feign pay a passing tribute to the rising genius and amiable qualities of the pupil.

He is yet a young man and is built up, under many adverse circumstances, on the foundation of a sincere love of his own beautiful art. He is purely musical in his whole intellectual structure; he is so absorbed in the feelings which constitute the true lover of tone, that he never gives way to the material afflictions of earth, as other beings are wont to do, but interprets everything he sees by a musical medium. Nature is never appreciated in her barely sensuous aspects—she must needs pass through tone to become palpable, to become satisfactory to the soul, to answer the ends for which his musico-poetical nature has been created.

This indifference to, and forgetfulness of, all else but that which harmonizes and combines with the artist's self is peculiar to genius of every cast—it forms the grand element of genius, for where there is no concentration of mental power, there can be but little hope of any transcendent results. It is to this concentration of thought on one subject, on one absorbing aim of life, that the pupil owes his distinguished power of retention. A *motive* once heard is never forgotten—and even when the theme is clothed in the most elaborate thought, his memory wanders amid all its mazes, and holds them up before you with astonishing accuracy. Like the master himself, the disposition of the pupil is so guileless that the two companions are like children of a larger growth. How pleasant is the recollection of the evening spent amid the musical recreations of the pupil and his master! J. H.

(From the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

The Proscenium Papers.

NO. IV.

ENTR'ACTE CRITICS.

I think it was Shelley who perpetrated the following wise apothegm, levelled at critics in general:—"*Contemporary criticism displays to genius the amount of ignorance against which it has to contend.*"

At any rate I repeated the same one evening, in an emphatic manner, to little Lethered, one of the revolving satellites of the Blink sphere, who had button-holed me in the *Foyer* of the Academy, and was pestering me with a string of conceited and vapid notions concerning Mlle. Patti's *Zerlina*. My quotation was all the more *apropos*, seeing that there stood close at hand a distinguished German tenor, the great *Raoul* of a former night's *Huguenots*, who eyed the earnest gesticulations of the *entr'acte* critic with a facetious leer, as though he now realized to its fullest extent the amount of ignorance against which genius has to contend.

At the conclusion of each opera act, you may see such as Lethered (who I trow would find himself

wofully at fault to distinguish between a quaver rest and the leg of a beetle,) circulating uneasily through the lobbies, or at the neighboring restaurants; pouncing upon hapless acquaintances, with senseless queries, stupid suggestions and conceited assumptions concerning the performances. Latter day harpies these, who swoop upon the pleasurable emotions and reflections of true art connoisseurs, and befool their intellectual feasts with disgusting platitudes!

In lieu of criticizing an artist or performance upon individual merit—too ignorant to conceive an estimate by proper art criterions, these pests base all their *entr'acte critiques* upon odious comparisons with self-constituted models. For instance, says Letherhed to Raik, over a foaming glass of beer, at the caravanserai of Mynheer H—

"Colson's no touch to Gazzaniga in *Traviata*, be hanged if she is!"—laying a heavy emphasis upon the second word of the latter clause.

"Goodness gracious," lisps his comrade in return, munching a brittle pretzel, until its saline crumbs tip every hair of his goatee.

"She things more like a conthumptif perthon than Gathaneega; more gwaceful, too, and her voith ith more like a thilver bell!"

A half score of bystanding *Saengerbund* members, and a tall German editor, halt in the midst of their *schoppen*, smiling faintly behind clouds of blue tobacco smoke, at the ridiculous comparison; and even the broadfaced youth who rinses the empty glasses, giggles outright, when Raik hurls the following at Colson:—

"Heavens! she makes no points at all in the last act. She didn't cough a single time;—neither was there any of that touchingly tender quality of voice in her portrayal of the dying girl; nor the faintest trace of Gazzaniga's peculiarly thrilling outbursts in the *Gran Dio*!"

The reader will please notice these specimens of *entr'acte criticism*. Here are two favorite *artistes* pitted against each other with painful injustice, when in reality both possess certain distinguished characteristics, wholly heterogeneous indeed, yet admirable in their individuality, such as these conceited arbiters might study separately and profitably, without any disagreement among themselves. Let them drop their eternal contrasts, and learn to appreciate the dramatic intensity of the one, and the pure, exquisitely finished vocalization of the other; alike to understand and acknowledge striking excellencies, with out regard to either person, preconceived prejudice, or to predilections. Persons of this stamp would fail to mark the distinguishing characteristics between one of Signor Blitz's trained canaries, strutting and chirruping in military uniform, and a nightingale carolling its most entrancing lays in a German hower. In all probability they would fall to wrangling, in a mutual attempt to prove the one bird more wonderful than its rival.

Another and possibly a still more hateful specimen of the boring *entr'acte critic*, is A. Tempo, a crazy young enthusiast, with musical propensities, but wretchedly superficial attainments;—fond he of interlarding his obtrusive opinions with technicalities, forever misapplied. You may hear him running on in this wise to some one from a social circle in which he is an oracle:—

"Mlle. Patti's *pertemento* is not equal to the *ritardando sostenuto* powers of Gazzaniga; nor are her *tours de force* et *de rapidité* en *express train* like." Indeed you fail to discover in her those bird-like, flute-like, dreamy tones, which seem soaring away far into azure ether, and which distinguish to so remarkable a degree the goddess of our Academy!"

Oh! for a glass of hock and soda to settle my stomach after such nauseous twaddle! These *entr'acte critiques* were never so plenteous nor so disgusting, as when recently the two charming sisters Heron debuted so successfully within our midst. While all good connoisseurs, cheerfully and with great unanimity, accorded to the aspirants that meed of praise to which their excellent performances justly entitled them, many of those whom I have sought to delineate in the present number of this series, without judging them from any Art stand point, or essaying for a moment to attain to correct conclusions with regard to their exact *status* on the *gradus ad Parnassum*, boldly placed them in juxta-position with other artistes of longer experience and cultivation, noisily vowing the one sister vastly inferior to La-borde, and the other never to be compared with Didier. One charged the contralto with an "entire want of low notes," another swore that the soprano's middle register lacked the power of Gazzaniga; while yet a third announced, as a discovery of his own, the important fact of a score transposition for the behoof of a voice weakened by constant over-taxation.

As for little Letherhed, I heard his sage opinion

of the Philadelphia vocalists at a grand party, subsequently given by Miss Calliope Blink. He was bending over a fair young Hebe, seated upon an ottoman, while I stood in a neighboring niche, surrounded by sundry solemn and moody merchants from Market street; and he discoursed as follows,—

"They have thom talent, but are not up to our standard. They are not thufficiently prethith in the diththanthos of their noths. Multith ith a mathematical thienth requiring the greateth calculation and prethithion."

This lucid and comprehensive opinion afforded to the young lassie for whose behoof it had been broached, evident satisfaction, coupled with an intense admiration for the judgment of its author; whereat the latter seemed as much elated as a Pythagoras over the famous problem concerning the square described upon the hypotenuse of a right triangle; and when the stampee into the supper-room had thrown the brilliant throng into its customary confusion, I beheld our little *entr'acte critic* sacrificing half a ton of fried bivalves and countless terrapins to the shade of Epicurus, in his joyous elation over the erudite point he had disclosed to the young Miss in question.

It were an easy matter to cite multitudinous specimens, in the attempt to portray the silliness and vacuity of these *entr'acte critics*. But the dose is nauseous to such a degree that I would fain spare the indulgent reader, with whose presumed forgiveness, I leave the subject, to take up, in the next number of these papers, the consideration of true criticism, and judicious critics, and their salutary influence upon the dissemination of pure taste and correct discrimination.

B. NATURAL.

NO. V.

MUSICAL CRITICISM.

An accredited *arbitratrix elegantiarum* is Mrs. Owllet Blink, within a social sphere of her own creation. Her satellites constitute the very *fleurs des pois* along the pathways of Philadelphia life; habituated they, to bow deferentially before her decisions upon all matters pertaining to the conventionalities of fashion, dress, etiquette, and even with regard to literature. When she enters her wonted balcony seat at the Academy, with stately grace, you may behold one-half the lognettes in the magnificent auditorium levelled blinkward, eagerly scrutinizing her *personelle*, which is arrayed in a different suit of equipments each opera night. There may perchance be those, (spiteful cavillers of a verity!) who sneer forth envious insinuations of a lack of taste, as evidenced in individual points of her *ensemble*, (such as, for example, the constant parade of a camen about the size of a muffin;) but the world blows a common trumpet touching the richness of her velvet dresses, and the valne of a royal ermine cape, which she allows to fall back from her shoulders into graceful folds, when the atmosphere becomes heated and dense.

One evening—Don Giovanni upon the boards—just as I was declaring to Miss Calliope that I had always regarded the dangerous Don more in the light of a philosopher of the epicurean school, than as a reckless rascal, Mrs. Blink interrupted me by a query, pointing to a conspicuous individual, with a luminous pair of optics, standing in the centre of the parquet, whom she alleged to have noticed frequently, and whose *distingue* air had caused her many spells of uneasy curiosity. "Do you know him?" was her question.

"That man," I rejoined "is Boboli, an Italian, a count upon his native heath; and in our midst, moreover, of sufficient account to be Professor of *Belles Lettres* in a celebrated university."

"Ma," quoth Miss Calliope, at this juncture, "what is the meaning of *Belles Lettres*?"

The maternal Blink seemed a trifle confused; then regarded me for an instant appealingly, as if to invoke an endorsement of her contemplated elucidation; and finally, lest her oracular reputation should be compromised, rushed upon her fate, responding gravely:—

"Logic, and the art of reasoning combined, dear!" Let the reader imagine how my friendship for the lady caused me to choke down a giggle, which, taking its rise in my bowels, was rapidly rising through pericardium, lungs, and larynx, gathering force at each intermediate point, until finally it would have amounted to an impolite guffaw upon the lips! Indeed, I forthwith changed the subject by an allusion to the childish delight of the Bostonians over the chandelier recently furnished them by our own mechanics.

"It is almost a counterpart of our own, Madam," I said; "and it has proved so extremely brilliant as to have lighted up to perfection, not only their opera house, but even the entire press of the city, which has

glittered with gaseous scintillations in its praises. By the way, Mrs. Blink, have you ever visited the *soi-disant* Athens?"

"Once; and then during an opera season," answered the matron; "but I don't think that the performances equalled our standard here. The dress of the Boston ladies didn't compare for an instant; and the men looked moody and grave, many of them poring over bound scores of the opera, never for an instant raising their eyes to detect and acknowledge surrounding acquaintances. The whole affair seemed many shades duller than here. By the way, I met, at the residence of a friend, a musical editor of that city, who declared himself well acquainted with you. He seems to be an excellent critic."

"Few equal to him in the country," quoth I, well divining to whom she had allusion; "slightly intolerant, indeed, but possessing theoretical knowledge, taste, imagination, and a graceful pen." Here Miss Calliope besought me earnestly for my own ideas upon the subject of true musical criticism; but seeing the musicians assuming their respective stands for the third act, I merely rejoined, curtly:—

"My views are embodied in an ingenious lecture which I once delivered before a rustic lyceum in the town of Boobyville, in an interior county of this state; and which, allow me to add, had the singular and soporific effect to lull the entire audience into a profound slumber, so that the limited array of heads likened unto a number of garden poppies nodding before the wind. I shall take especial pleasure in reading the same to you to-morrow evening, if such be your will."

The fair Blink, whose yearning after landable information must be apparent to all those who have perused this series, gaily responded, "with all my heart," and therewith we beheld Don Giovanni in his rapid transit from champagne to Hades, for the tenth time within our operative experience.

On the following evening, I repaired to the mansion of the Blinks, armed with the promised lecture, which I had disembovelled from an aged trunk stowed away in a nook of my bed-room, and which, by the way, contains an immense fund of manuscript effusions from my own immortal pen,—a tithe of them alone sufficient to accomplish the fortunes of all the publishers in the city. Mr. Owllet Blink fled from the drawing-room at the first intimation of my real errand. Nothing abashed thereat, I sorted the leaves of my lecture, until the passages relating to musical criticism met my eyes, and then commenced reading; to wit,—

"The requisites toward the attainment of a sound musical criticism, may be signalized as *theoretical knowledge*, *pure taste* and *vivid imagination*; these three positive in their character: and then, relatively, *toleration*, *candor* and *evenness of temperament*. A cursory analysis of these points, individually, may not be amiss:

"1. *Theoretical Knowledge*. While it is not absolutely essential that the individual who essays to criticize composition or performance, should have attained to the theoretical profundity of a Beethoven or Bach, it seems palpable that his judgment will be valuable and comprehensive just in proportion as he may be competent to analyze form, trace modulation, follow intelligently sequences, suspensions, and progressions; to appreciate fully the subtle effects of harmonic combinations and their resolutions. Of vital importance, moreover, is a keen perception of the characteristics which distinguish the *symphony* from the *concerto*, the *opera* from the *oratorio*, or the *mass* from an ordinary sacred canticle. Nor will the critic find himself unfitted for his vocation by a just realization of *fugue* effects, or the marvellous results attained by a skillfully devised contrapuntal formula.

"2. *Pure taste*. Next in order of importance, the bent of the musical arbiter, especially where his efforts are directed to the behoof of a reading public, should be aesthetic, never failing in the search after true tone-poetry, as contra-distinguished from the multitudinous outpourings of brains clogged with conceit and ignorant assumption. An all important duty, this of discriminating nicely between the music which titillates the ear momentarily, and that which, in its power transcending all language, appeals to the inner emotions of the soul, ennobles the intellectual faculties, and warms the sympathies for all that is good, generous, and genial; imparting, in fine, to the entire inner man, a current of delicate and poetic feeling. Let the critic sift narrowly, and in his own studies, carefully preternit every musical effusion which consists in mere chord combinations and disconnected melodic phrases, perchance, without the infusion of an æsthetic inspiration,—ingenious and beauteous, mayhap, like the composite parts of a watch, which still lacks the mainspring towards its life and full value.

"3. *Vivid imagination*. There are no *critiques*

equally edifying or fascinating, with such as evince the joint operation of a well disciplined mind and a fertile imagination. The latter, indeed, proves a powerful auxiliary to a proper realization of the hidden and more mysterious effects of music; to a discovery of the emotions, passions, desires, fears, or joys, which swayed the composer in each melodic phrase or harmonic formula. It is imagination, moreover, which furnishes to the devotee of art striking and opposite similes from nature, or social life, wherewith to illustrate his positions, speculations and teachings. And, as all nature teems with music, what fruitful sources for comparisons may there not be found therein: amid the flowers, and in groves filled with tuneful songsters—in the sublime grandeur of mountains, and through the peaceful valleys—mid storm and calm—in the gently murmuring stream, and the resistless heave of the roaring ocean—in the rushing torrent and the babbling fountain! Illustrations drawn from such sources relieve the monotony and dryness of a strictly technical critique, and in fascinating the mind, foster the interest and further the improvement of the reader. Have you read 'Compensation: or, Always a Future?' I asked of Mrs. Blink, halting for an instant from my MS.

"It is in the house," rejoined the matron; "and I thought to have commenced it this very day; but, what with hosts of callers and a new tale in the New York Ledger, by Sylvan Kornecob, entitled 'Bucephalus; or Lights and Shadows of Ancient Life in Macedonia,' I had not a leisure moment to spare."

"You cannot fail to be delighted with it, Madam," I proceeded. It proves its gifted authoress to be endowed with the three grand requisites to criticism and art appreciation, which I have enumerated. A trifle too much given to rhapsody, perhaps, with traces anon of an extreme sentimentality which causes her emotions over individual compositions to verge upon extravagance; but who so correct in judgment, pure in taste, and felicitous in the expression of feelings aroused by the influences of music, more mysterious than the dreamiest reveries of romance?"

Mrs. Blink promised me faithfully to read the book in question, and I skimmed over the remainder of my MS., finding that the lady could no longer repress her inward propensity to yawn:—

"True criticism, finally, demands a tolerant spirit, candor under all circumstances, and an equality of temperament well high phlegmatic. Thus, the professed musical arbiter should never ensnare himself within any one style or school, nor allow his opinion to be one-sided. I have found men of acknowledged ability so embalmed in the traditions and peculiarities of certain by-gone styles, as to condemn furiously every modern symptom of progressiveness, without stopping for an instant to institute the slightest examination into the merits of the innovations. The German ridicules his Italian Art-brother as a lackadaical sentimentalist, while the latter points the finger of scorn at the mathematico-musical problems of the former; both in turn deride the flippancy of the French *opera comique*. Let all critics and Art-devotees foster a spirit of toleration such as may lead them to a comprehensive view of music, and, while they cautiously sift wheat from chaff, render them free to acknowledge the salient points of every school. Thus, too, it becomes a matter of vital importance to the dissemination of a correct taste, that the critic should be candid; fearlessly exposing vulgarisms, rectifying errors, and suggesting improvements, without regard to considerations of personal interest, or contingent consequences. Nor should he ever be tardy to accord to merit its full meed of encomium, in spite of preconceived pique or prejudice. Lastly, let his temperament be calm and unexcitable, free from undue enthusiasm through individual preferences, slow to be influenced by the hasty plaudits of a thoughtless and easily aroused public."

"Such," I declared, "laying the MS. upon the centre table, 'are a few of my opinions, touching the important question of musical criticism, whether of composition or performance.'"

Mrs. Blink found herself unable to repress a sigh of relief, and proposed a game of whist, in order to enable her liege lord to make his *rentrée* into the grouse; while Calliope displayed an unusual amount of interest in the subject which had engaged us. She would even halt between cards, with pertinent queries and remarks, addressed to me, to the no small aggravation of her sire, who inveighed bitterly against the injustice of dragging into the delights of the game, a subject so dull and tasteless to him.

B. NATURAL.

Harvard Musical Association.

LIBRARIAN'S REPORT, JAN. 16, 1860.

The Library has been but moderately increased during the past year by purchase, on account of the continually increasing cost of keeping the books in

proper order and repair, many books constantly needing new binding from the natural effects of time and use, and a large number because they come to us unbound, as most of the music does. This is an item which will become larger every year of course, as the number of our books increases, and must draw more and more upon the library appropriation. I have examined the library with care at the time of the Annual Examination by the Trustees of the Athenæum of their library, and found nothing to be lost, missing, or in any way damaged. A reference to the Librarian's book, shows that our library has been more consulted than in former years, and it would appear that it is found convenient and agreeable to the members of the Association to have their library in so pleasant a place, and under such good care. It should perhaps require the consideration of the Board of Directors, whether or not any new regulations are necessary for the use of the library than those now in force. * * *

The printed list of additions to the library shows considerable increase by gift from members of the Association and others, and I would again express the hope that members shall, as may be convenient or agreeable to them, present such works of value as they may possess, or be disposed to procure for our library. It is evident that we must look very much to voluntary contributions, in future for the increase of the number of our books, unless in some way the income of the Association can be increased. In fact, the annual subscription to certain periodical publications seems now to be almost all that we should do from the general funds. I refer to such publications as those of the Bach and Handel Societies, which can only be obtained by subscription, and the *London Musical World*, and perhaps other works of that sort, necessary to a library in a historical point of view.

The members cannot fail to notice on the printed catalogue of additions for this year, herewith submitted, the long list of 122 volumes presented by Messrs. OLIVER DITSON & Co., of their various publications. Many of these are works of high intrinsic and permanent value, and all of them of value on the shelves of a library, as illustrating the history of music in this country. The large numbers of the best instruction books in various departments of music will be convenient and useful to very many of us. This large donation swells the list of additions to the library during the past year to 155 volumes, an unprecedented increase, and making the whole number of volumes 860. It gives us pleasure to call the attention of the Association to a donation so generous and evincing such a just and liberal view of the objects of our Association on the part of these gentlemen.

Within a short time we have lost one who has for several years been the most generous of all contributors to our library, by yearly gifts of the greatest value, and by a constant interest in the Association. I refer to the late Mr. NATHAN RICHARDSON, whom many of us will remember as a friend, as an enterprising man of business in his occupation as a music publisher, who never allowed the pursuit of profit in his calling to obscure or quench the generous enthusiasm for the divine art to which he had devoted the best years of his youth with all the power of his impetuous nature. Mr. Richardson's liberal example and good influences have not been lost, and we cannot but deeply regret his untimely death in a foreign land.

All which is respectfully submitted,

Jan. 16, 1860. H. WARE, Librarian.

ADDITIONS TO THE LIBRARY IN 1859.

Mount Sinai. By Neukomm. Presented by Handel and Haydn Society.
Gretry. Methode Simple. pp. 95. Presented by Dr. Kneeland.
Orpheus. Two Series. 10 vols. Presented by Dr. Stedman.
Orpheus. Book 20. Presented by E. C. Guild.
Collection of Instrumental Music. Presented by E. C. Guild.
Amateur's Quartet Club. 3 Nos. Presented by E. C. Guild.
Egmont. Overture and Entrances. Presented by R. H. Dana.
Poole's Essay on Perfect Intonation. Presented by the Author.
The Crayon. Vols. i., ii. Presented by H. Ware.
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Dwight's Journal of Music. Vols. xlii., xiv.
London Musical World. Vol. xxxvi.
G. F. Handel's Werke Vols. i., ii., iii.
Lafroche's Music of the Church.
Sando, P. Critique et Literature Musicale.
Berlioz, H. Les Grotesques de la Musique.

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Too Much at Once.

In the following notice of a Concert programme, the *London Musical World* reads a useful lesson for some concert-givers in this country also:

While music is making such strides over the length and breadth of the United Kingdom, it is sad to find one of our literary and scientific institutions entertaining its subscribers and patrons with such an interminable and uninteresting hodge-podge as the following:

PART I.
Solo, Organ, Overture to the opera of "Oberon".....Weber
Song, "Rage, thou angry storm".....Benedict
Song, "Crossing the moor".....Weiss
Grand Scene, "Softly sighs the voice of evening".....Weber
Song, "Sally in our alley".....Old Air
Canzonet, "Ye maidens in spring time".....Meyerbeer
Aria, "Ombre légère" (Shadow song).....Meyerbeer
Scene, "Still so gently o'er me stealing".....Bellini
Solo, Trumpet.....Harper
New Song, "We were boys together".....Weiss
Song, "Where art thou wandering, little child?".....F. Mori
Quartet, "Spinning-wheel".....Fletow
PART II.
Solo, Organ, Selection from "Aida and Galatea".....Handel
Duet, "The Babylon".....Donizetti
New Ballad, "Margaretta".....Balle
Ballad, "The beating of my own heart".....Macfarren
Ballad, "Thou art so near and yet so far".....Reichardt
Christmas Song, "What bells are those".....B. Richards
Song, "The queen of the sea".....Schlosser
Naval Song, "Tom Bowling".....Hobbin
Air, "Let the bright seraphim".....Handel
Old English Song, "The wolf".....Shield
Scotch Song, "Bonnie Prince Charlie".....Old Air
Quartet, "The fisherman's good night".....Bishop

Four-and-twenty solos, "all in a row." We should have preferred the same number of blackbirds, in accordance with the old song. Not that the blackbirds would have warbled more sweetly than Mad. Lemmens Sherrington, or shonted more melliflously than Mr. Sims Reeves (who, like Bottom, can, when it pleases him, "roar ye like any sneaking-dove"), but that they would have warbled and shonted, for the major part, in a less monotonous tone. The "blackbirds" would, doubtless, now and then have twittered and sung in pairs, chirped in quartet, or screamed simultaneously, the whole "24," if not in pedagogic harmony, at any rate in ornithologic unison. That is what we mean by being less monotonous. But at the Beaumont Institution, Beaumont Square, Mile-end, every feathered biped (except in the three instances signalized by asterisks), from Mr. Reeves and Madame Lemmens to Miss Robina (Robin?) Bellingham, made melody in egotistic solitude, and thus, in the end, wearied and palled upon, instead of continuing to ravish and delight, the ears of the packed and solo-ridden witnesses. Two of these solos, too (for example the overture to *Oberon* on the organ!), were more curious than enchanting, "not quite beautiful," as Herr Molique would have said.

One might have imagined that the premonitory bit of counsel which stood at the head of the programme was wholly superfluous:

"On account of the length of the programme, visitors are requested to refrain from encoring; they are respectfully reminded that the artists, and many of the public, reside at a long distance."

Not so, however, as the Eastern *dilettanti* have very eager stomachs at a feast of music, and scarcely aware, perhaps, of the glut in store for them, began "encoring" at an early stage of the repast, in other words, insisted on being helped twice to more than one of the "plats" served up for their gratification. Thus before the second course (which contained, as may be gathered from the programme, *carle*? several "pieces of resistance"), the majority had had their fill, and with hunger and thirst assuaged, and stomachs overcharged, felt indifferently apathetic about what was to come after. To speak in trope, they had swallowed six dozen of oysters before they commenced dining. This the case, it might have been concluded that the author's premonitory piece of advice at the "heels" of the programme was just as oppressive as the one that figured at its "nob" was superfluous:

"NOTICE.—Ladies and Gentlemen are respectfully but earnestly requested not to leave their seats until the conclusion of the Concert, as much annoyance and confusion is sometimes caused amongst the audience by persons moving in front of them a few minutes before the conclusion."

Such, however, was evidently the opinion of no end of yawning amateurs, whose ears were loth to drink in further sounds, whose eyes began to wink, whose heads to droop—in spite of Miss Rohina Bellingham, when she tripped on to sing of Christmas and its bells. "What bells are those?"—sang the lady of the red-breast prenamie; but the assuaged mob, or rather the most thoroughly used-up section of it, would not wait till she had answered her own question, in the epigrammatic words of the poet, around whose neck Mr. Brinley Richards, while under the influence of the festive season, has, on this occasion, hung his lyre. How, indeed, was it possible to sit out, stand out, or even gape out, such a heavily multifarious infliction as this same banquet of solos?

Seriously, an institution like that in Mile-end-road ought to set a better, if not a graver, example. Why should they look at every other subject from a dignified point of view, and treat music as a toy with hardly skill enough in its construction to attract the curiosity even of thoughtful children?

Music Abroad.

London.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—(From the *Musical World*, Dec. 24.)—A new opera, by a new composer, and that composer not Mr. M. W. Balfe, has at last been produced under the management of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison.

Mr. Alfred Mellon has taken for his subject the old melodrama, *Victorine*, which, some five-and-twenty years ago, at the Adelphi Theatre, attracted all London, by the aid of its own dramatic merits, and the admirable acting of Mrs. Yates, Messrs. Yates, O. Smith, Buckstone, and John Reeve. The libretto, written by Mr. Edmund Falconer, is taken, not from the Adelphi play, but from the French piece which originated it. Although an admirable drama of the mixed kind, we cannot say it is well adapted for music. That Mr. Mellon might have chosen a subject more suited to his genius, we believe. The music belongs neither to the opera proper, nor the ballad opera. The single songs prevail; and the concerted *morceaux* are neither many, nor, with the exception of the *finale* to the second act—in which the composer has put forth all his strength—important. On the first night, there were twelve songs and ballads sung, but four or five, we think most judiciously, have been curtailed since. In the curtailment, however, we were infinitely surprised to find the duet, "The tables, dear, are now prepared," leading to the *finale* of the second act. Now this duet is beyond all comparison the most melodious and original piece in the whole score; and it exhibits a great deal of apathy, to say the least of it, on the part of the composer, to allow it to be omitted. One or two of the songs, too, cut out, we think might have been retained. But no doubt the musician, the management, and the publishers had good reason for their abridgment, and we must cry content.

Mr. Mellon's opera was a legitimate success. There was no doubt about it from the commencement. The overture (not belonging to the opera, by the way, but an occasional overture, known as *He-loise*) was received with great applause, and constituted the forerunner of a series of successes. The cast

was as follows: Victorine, Miss Parepa; Louise, Miss Thirlwall; Julien, Mr. Santley; Michel, Mr. Henry Haigh; Hector, Mr. H. Corri; Griffon, Mr. G. Honey. Miss Parepa distinguished herself above all the singers, and was encored in almost everything she sang. The bravura style is evidently her forte, and mindful of this, Mr. Alfred Mellon wrote to suit her specialities. In the cavatina "Oh, bright were my visions," and the *rondo finale*, "Oh, what bliss to wake from dreaming," she had the most brilliant passages to sing, and achieved her greatest laurels. The applause at the end of these very clever vocal feats was enthusiastic, and Miss Parepa had to repeat the *cabaletta* of the first air. The lady sang also extremely well in the graceful and tender romance, "Why ling'ring mourner, memory;" and in the *finale* to the first act, her clear, high, piercing tones told with great effect.

Mr. Henry Haigh is also capably fitted in his music. All his songs suited him to a nicety, and we do not remember to have heard him sing with more taste, or with less exaggeration. A little prudence and judgment with so fine a voice would go a great way. Mr. Santley has but little to do, but his sound, artistic singing makes the small part important. His best effort is in the ballad "I never can forget," a highly pleasing sentimentality in the school of Balfe and Wallace.

Mr. H. Corri appears to have created little or no effect in his share of the music, since the two military songs, "A soldier's life for me," and "A brigand still, a soldier I," both given the first night, have been cut out. The songs certainly derived little recommendation from the gentlemen's vocal attempt, nor could a single word of what he was singing be heard. Mr. G. Honey was admirable as the *buffo*, and sang capitally. Miss Thirlwall was complete mistress of the music of Louise, and acted with becoming propriety.

A more perfect performance of an opera we do not remember on a first night. There was not a hitch, nor a falter from beginning to end. The whole force, instrumental and vocal, put their hearts in their task to honor the first dramatic work of the conductor, to whose zeal and talent so much of the prestige of the Royal English Opera is to be attributed. The audience joined the professionals in a spirit of rivalry to do justice and see fair play, and Mr. Alfred Mellon has to congratulate himself on a triumphant success.

Victorine has been repeated every night during the week, and will be performed for the first ten days or fortnight of the Pantomime, thus affording to Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison—what they stood so much in need of—rest and quiet.

LONDON GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION.—This now well-established institution has taken up quarters at the Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, where its first concert for the season was held yesterday afternoon in presence of an audience both numerous and appreciative. Mr. Land, to whose talent, industry, and zeal the London Glee and Madrigal Union owes its honorable position, and who, besides performing excellent service as tenor, presides with musicianly skill at the piano forte whenever accompaniments are required, was again at his post as director; while Mr. Thomas Oliphant (Hon. Sec. to the Madrigal Society), one of the most noted of our musical antiquarians and commentators, officiated with his accustomed earnestness and ability as literary illustrator, prefacing each composition with apt and interesting remarks, and conveying a good deal of valuable information in a manner at once intelligible and unobtrusive. Mr. Oliphant touched briefly upon several important subjects, connected with the rise and progress of vocal music in this country, in the course of his observations paying a marked and deserved tribute to Mr. William Chappell's admirable work called *Popular Music of the Olden Time*. The respective appreciation of Samuel Webbe's glee, "When winds breathe soft," and of the late Dr. Horsley generally as a glee composer, may have exhibited Mr. Oliphant rather in the light of an enthusiast for particular manifestations of somewhat ordinary (however respectable) talent, than as a severe critical judge; but such enthusiasm as his tends in a healthy direction, and cannot possibly be injurious.

The first part of the programme yesterday—comprising specimens of an early period, up to the beginning of the seventeenth century—is worth quoting:

Ancient Round (six voices), "Summer is icumen in." Unknown
The Kynges Balade, "Passetyme with good company." Attributed to Henry VIII
Madrigal, "Down in a flow'ry vale," (as originally set for the voices of men.) Festa
Kentish Wooing Song and Chorus, "I have house and land in Kent." Unknown
Madrigal, "In going to my lonely bed" R. Edwardes

Maypole Song and Chorus, "To the Maypole, haste away" Unknown
Three Men's Song, "Strike it up neighbor." (From T. Weelkes's "Ayres or Fantastic Spirits.")
Song, "My song's of a maid that charms our vale", Traditional Dialogue, "To the merry Spring". T. Ravenscroft

The round for six voices ("Summer is icumen in") is one of the oldest specimens of English vocal part-music extant, and fully as quaint as it is ancient. "The Kynges Balade," though attributed to Henry VIII, a famous musician for a king, was known in the time of Henry VII.; its precise origin, however, is scarcely worth disputing, its merit being by no means on a par with the curiosity excited by its reputed authorship. Of all the compositions introduced in the first part—the incomparable madrigal of Festa, and the delicious Elizabethan "Maypole Song" (the solos in which were delivered carefully, if a little too slowly, by Miss Wells) excepted—the madrigal of Edwardes, "In going to my lonely bed," was the most attractive, both as an example of what sort of music could be written at the very commencement of the sixteenth century, and as a model of lyrical expression. Such words, it is true, might have inspired a contemplative musician in an age when music was still young:

"In going to my lonely bed
As one that would have slept,
I heard a wife sing to her child
That long had moaned and wept.

She sighed sore, and sang full sweet,
To lull the babe to rest,
That would not cease, but cried still
Upon its mother's breast.

She was full weary of her watch,
And grieved with her child;
She rocked it, and rated it,
Till that on her it smiled.

Then did she say, 'Now have I found
This proverb true to prove,
The falling out of faithful friends
Renewing is of love.'

All the above pieces were sung in a very efficient manner, more especially the madrigals, which, nevertheless, we are accustomed to hear with a large number of voices to each part, certainly a more effective if not a more legitimate method. (It should be mentioned that the London Glee and Madrigal Union includes two ladies, Miss J. Wells and Miss Eyles, and four gentlemen, Messrs. Baxter, Cummings, Lawler, and Land, who are employed, according to the number of voices which the various compositions may call into request.) In the second part, familiar (too familiar!) glees of Webbe, Horsley, and Bishop, and Webbe's excellent catch, "Would you know my Celia's charms," in which, notwithstanding her "fortit-(y)-tude," and her "thirty lovers," the age of Madame Celia, the tender point of the argument, is shown to be "fifty-five," were hit off to perfection. The solo ballads, too, were remarkable, and above all, "Barbara Allen," to the English (and as Mr. Chappell truly says, the best) melody, although Mr. Oliphant's compression of the Scotch words was used. This was sung with exquisite feeling by Miss Eyles, who imparted both to the poetry and the music the true and genuine expression, the audience being so pleased that they called upon her to repeat it. Miss Eyles was no less successful in "Weel may the keel row;" while Mr. Lawler, in Mr. Oxenford's capital song to the old tune of "Three merry men of Kent" ("May he who wears a sulky face") evinced the right kind of spirit. Encores were also awarded to Bishop's glee "The Fisherman's good night," and to the merry catch already cited, the salient points in which were "caught up" with infinite zest and humor by Messrs. Baxter, Cummings, Land, and Lawler, the usual hilarity being provoked at Celia's expense. Altogether the entertainment was first-rate of its class, and worthy the growing reputation of the "London Glee and Madrigal Union."

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, JAN. 30.—The only operatic gossip is what comes to us from Boston. The intelligence of the difficulty between Gazzanga and Ullman has created quite a sensation in Operatic Circles here. The success of Patti has also excited some remark, though it was what everybody expected.

BEAUCARDE is about starting on a Southern concert tour with his wife, ALBERTINI, and MACCAFERRI, the tenor, and ARDAVANI, the baritone. I hear that Beaucarde has been undergoing some severe surgical or medical process, by which he hopes to regain his high notes. If successful he will then be a really

great tenor. If the operation should fail, he will probably lose all the voice that is yet left him.

CENTEMERI is the name of a first-rate baritone who has been here some time singing at concerts. He is also engaged in the choir of St. Stephen's Roman Catholic Church in 28th street, where I heard him the other day sing a fine and elaborate solo (in Italian) by Rossi, with chorus. Centemeri is a splendid singer, and ought to be heard in opera. The choir of this church, by the way, maintains its reputation for the class of music which it performs. They make much use of a composer quite unknown out of Italy, one Corini by name, who writes in a good Italian style, though without exhibiting great originality. The organist is Mr. CHARLES WELLS, and the leading soprano Mrs. ISADORA CLARK.

Concerts appear to be quite out of fashion, and fail to attract, as they once did. The opera seems to be the only music that will tempt the public.

We anticipate the speedy return of Ullman and a consequent inundation of touching manifestos.

ARTHUR NAPOLEON, the young pianist, has arrived safely at Havana. TROYATOR.

NEW YORK, JAN. 30.—I regret that circumstances have obliged me to make so long a pause in my report of Mr. SCHLOTTER's lectures; however, it is not yet too late to continue it.

The first lecture brought us to the end of the sixteenth century; with the seventeenth we commence a new epoch. The Art at this time began to acquire a wider scope, and church music was no longer the most important. In Florence, there was commenced in 1539, a kind of opera, with choros and orchestra, and before long other cities followed. Towards the middle of the seventeenth century the orchestra was enlarged to about sixteen instruments, at the same time the custom of demanding an entrance fee was introduced. Heretofore the expences had been defrayed by the courts, but from this time the opera made still more rapid progress, and this circumstance naturally led to a higher cultivation of voice. The most celebrated composers of this period were Carissimi and Stradella. During the seventeenth century, the Italian music grew more and more beautiful. Alessandro Scarlatti, born about 1650, founded the school of Naples. He travelled extensively in Italy and Germany, and spent some time at Munich and Vienna. He did much towards the development of melody and of the orchestra, and may be considered the connecting link between the old and the new in music. He composed a hundred operas and two hundred masses, and died in 1725. His pupils, Durante and Leo, raised melody almost to perfection, and Jomelli and Terradellas were the first to introduce light and shade by the use of *forte* and *piano*. These latter much resembled the more modern Italian writers. More and more attention was paid to a greater facility of execution, both in vocal and instrumental music.

The pupils of the Roman school were obliged to practice intonation one hour, the trill another hour, and devote the same length of time respectively to the scales and reading music. The afternoons were devoted to the theory of the Art, and the evenings to other branches of practice. One of the first singers of that, and any time, was Farinelli, born in 1705. The present method of instruction was founded at the same period by Pralucchi. In the cultivation of the violin, there had also been great progress made, and one of its greatest interpreters, Tartini, lived in this century. The piano-forte and organ found their greatest interpreter in Domenico Scarlatti, the son of Alessandro. In Lotti and Marcello we see the founders of the Venetian School, and these bring the history of Italian Music to the close of the eighteenth century.

(To be Continued.)

CINCINNATI, JAN. 30.—The fourth concert of the Cecilia Society was given last evening with the following excellent programme:

- PART I.
1. Overture, Iphigenia in Aulis.....Gluck.
 2. Aria from "The Prophet".....Meyerbeer.
 3. Concerto for Piano, with Orchestra.....C. M. v. Weber.
 4. Aria from "Oberon"....."
 5. Terzett from "Fidelio".....Beethoven.
 6. Overture, Coriolan....."

PART II.
Solos and Choruses from Handel's "Messiah."

In the absence of Miss RAYMOND, the Aria "*Ah, mon fils*," the Terzett from *Fidelio*, and the aria, "*He was despised*" had to be omitted, a circumstance regretted by all present. The aria from *Oberon*, sung by Mad. RIVE, was performed with the usual excellence of that lady, and elicited considerable applause. Mr. GARLICKS acquitted himself very satisfactorily in the difficult bass solo, "*Thus saith the Lord*."

The Society has recently made quite a valuable acquisition in the person of Mr. H. G. ANDRES, whose brilliant and artistic performance of Weber's Concerto produced a decidedly favorable impression. We believe that a repetition of the same would prove highly acceptable.

The overture "*Iphigenia*" was rendered with much spirit and precision; the "*Coriolanus*" overture seems to us, for the present, to be a little beyond the capacities of the orchestra. Of the choruses in the "*Messiah*" it is sufficient to say that we have never heard the society to better advantage. J. A. D.

TROY, N. Y., FEB. 1.—The Troy Musical Association performed Handel's oratorio of "Samson," on the 31st ult., at Rand's Hall, to an audience of over one thousand people, the hall being crowded to excess. The entire getting up and the rendition of this oratorio was a marked advance over everything of the kind before attempted here. The solos were in the hands of our best talent, and they did not disappoint their sanguine friends. Mr. G. LAUDON, Jr., sustained the part of Samson very finely. Mrs. R. W. LAITHE, as Micah, exhibited her rich contralto voice in all its power and beauty; notwithstanding she has sung here for years, our people are never tired of listening to her. Miss C. M. YATES rendered the airs, "Ye men of Guza" and "Let the bright seraphim" with good feeling and correctness. Miss MOORE, who made her debut on this occasion, was received with satisfaction by the audience; her voice is pure and fresh, while in point of musical talent she is gifted beyond mediocre. Mr. J. F. GROSS, a teacher of vocal music at Willard's Seminary, sustained Harapha; his manly rendition of this part was received with great applause; he has been well schooled and has at the same time an artistic nature. Mr. BAKER, as Manoh, sung with his usual good taste and correctness. Mr. T. J. GUY, the pianist, accompanied beautifully, and having one of the best of pianos (Steinway's) to play on, it materially aided to make the accompaniments still more effective.

HARVEY B. DODWORTH, from New York, furnished the orchestra, which was truly fine, yes splendid. In addition to the oratorio, Dodworth's Cornet Band performed *Il Balen* from *Trovatore* (!!) after which they were vehemently encored, and came out a second time and performed a Quartet of Weber's, in a manner quite their own.

On the whole it was a delicious treat; and very great credit is due to the talented conductor, T. J. WALLACE, for the artistic manner in which this beautiful work of that great genius was produced.

J. E. P.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 4, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. Continuation of W. STERNDALE BENNETT's Cantata: "The May Queen."

Boston Academy of Music.

DER FREISCHUTZ. The great event of the past week, and indeed of the operatic season, has

been the production (for the first time here with any completeness) of Weber's master-work. Heretofore we had only had it in an English version by the Seguin troupe, at the old Tremont Theatre, and earlier at the old Federal Street Theatre, as an acted melodrama, with some few of the airs and choruses. Well can we recall the wonderful impression which even that little of the music made upon us a boy, at that time, and how Mr. Finn's Caspar, and Samiel, and all the horrors of the incantation scene wrought upon the young imagination. This time we have it sung in Italian, and principally by Italian artists; and we must say we have been agreeably disappointed by the earnest, faithful manner, and the real *verve* with which they have entered this most German of the German operas. Italian recitatives had been supplied, with excellent effect, by Hector Berlioz, in place of the spoken dialogue so strangely common to this day in Germany.

The *Freischütz*—surely the lover of fine German music has cause to thank the managers—has been given three times. First on Friday evening (last week), with an immense audience; then on Monday, with an audience much reduced in numbers; and finally on Wednesday, with small audience again. Each time those present were enthusiastic in their expressions of delight; the falling off must be set down to accidental causes,—to vacillating announcements, making people's minds uncertain and suddenly crossing previous engagements, to the Artists' "reception" on Wednesday, &c.

This opera was a perfectly fresh sensation to opera-jaded ears and souls. Alike in music and in plot it took us into a new world of beauty, fear and wonder. Familiar as we all have been with the overture, that wondrous resumé of all the salient *motives* of the opera; with the great scene and prayer of Agatha (ever identified in our mind with Jenny Lind!) with the Minna and Brenda-like duet of the two girls, the serious and the merry; with the hunter's chorus and the bridesmaid's chorus, the waltz, so natural that we can hardly think of anybody having composed it, and the many exquisite and well-known melodies, as fresh and individual as wild flowers; still all this had existed to us so fragmentarily, and so apart from the whole spirit of Italian opera as we have had it, that, when we came to hear the old overture, with a green curtain actually about to rise behind it, the feeling was somewhat that of coming to opera for the first time; it was awaiting initiation into a new world, although constructed of elements long dear to our imaginations.

To feel the full force of Weber's most romantic and most German opera, one must know German hunter life, its spirit and surroundings, the dark legends of the Harz or of the Bohemian forests, the traditional character of the head forester (mighty important personages these Kunos of the German woods!) and the relation of his followers to him; nay, one must be a German, with whose dreams from childhood upward the sounds and shadows of those dark woods have mingled, and who has not wholly outgrown their superstitions. Think of the impression such an opera must have made, when it was first produced, upon the German people! Samiel, and the fire-eyed owls, and the charmed bullets were not laughed at then. But with the morning cock-

crow of our age of reason, all the ghosts have vanished, and we are more amused than frightened at the introduction of their shadowy element upon the stage.

But whatever there may be *local* and evanescent in the story, the music is all permanent, and just as essentially human and universal as it is German. It goes right to the general heart, enlists our sympathies, through the persons in the play, in that struggle of the powers of light and darkness which for every soul is all too real. And it is all music of a genuine inspiration; fresh, spontaneous, imaginative; full of heavenliest beauties and of the most shadowy suggestions of awe; full of anxious, holy love within, of cheerful out-of-door life, of despair, of mysterious forebodings, of pious trust and prayer, of happiness and triumph. There are no common-places in this music; every phrase and sentence of it is instinct with a fresh, live emotion, imaginatively quickened. These things may be said of Weber also, different as he is from Mozart in the whole color of his thoughts.

Prepared by the overture, the very first scene takes possession of you and transports you. It is the music that does it; while it breathes the fragrance of the woods, how exquisitely it makes you feel the mortification of poor Max, as he sits there, to be taunted by the triumphant strain of the vain Kilian in his prize ribbons, and the laughing chorus of the men and women who lead him in procession! (Herr QUINT did Kilian's part here with much spirit). Then how fine as music, and how characteristic in each of its persons, the Trio with chorus which follows! Max (tenor) in despair, lest his rifle shall again miss the mark in the real trial of the morrow, when the prize is to be the hand of Agatha, the forester's daughter, whom he loves; Kuno (bass, Herr MUELLER), cheering him with good hunter maxims; Caspar, (bass), the evil genius of the story, his professed friend, in sinister sounding quick melodic phrases hinting that some bold and desperate stroke (to-wit, selling himself to the evil one, as he himself has done) must save him; the chorus in plaintive chords sympathizing with Max's depression; all very sad and hopeful; and then by one of those sudden alternations, which occur all through the work, a flood of mellow light is poured in by the horns, and the chorus, drawing nearer to him, sing a beautiful and comforting strain of hope; but Caspar's voice flings its dark weight into the lucid stream of harmonies again, to trouble their smooth flow, and still leave apprehension on the mind. Kuno and his men, with a smart hunting chorus, set off for the woods; the others waltz off, to that gay tune, and Max is left to his thoughts alone.

Here we have the great tenor scene, and most earnestly and artist-like, with rich, expressive voice, did Sig. STIGELLI (or Herr Stigel) give it. A dark burst of despair; a warm, golden cadenza of the clarinet tones, as his mind reverts to Agatha, and he passes into that most beautiful of tender, love-yearning melodies: *Durch die Wälder, durch die Auen* ("Through the forest," &c.), which he sang most feelingly. The harmony is suddenly darkened; the stage also; dark tremolos in the orchestra, with muffled bass drum-beats (as in the overture), announce the shadow of the dark power, Samiel, in the background, and despair and vague forebodings reign. Again the thought of Agatha, her holy influence, returns; a heavenly andante strain commences in the higher octaves of the orchestra; he sings: "She is at

her window, listening for my footsteps!" Again dark shadows, with those wild, nervous, syncopated figures in the instruments, which so excite one in the overture; darkness and despair prevail again, though at the mere chance utterance of the word God, the wood-demon vanishes. All the power and all the tenderness of those alternate moods was admirably realized by Stigelli.

Now Caspar (JUNCA) finds him in the right state to work upon. He trolls off his wild and devilish sounding *Trinklied* in B minor, and induces him to try the virtue of charmed bullets. He must meet him in the Wolf's Glen, to cast them. Remaining after Max, Caspar shouts his terrific bass air of triumph; he has tempted a soul into the toils of the evil one, and hopes by such an offering to compass his own respite. The music, especially the orchestral part, here is simply wonderful in its dark, strange, shadowy suggestions. And here we may tell how finely Junca sang and entered into the spirit of the rôle of Caspar. He was so disguised with raven locks and beard, that one would not know him; his voice had an unusual ring and freshness to it; and his action was full of energy.

This ends one act. We must not go through the others in this way. Act second takes us into a lovely and a holy element. Agatha, the pious, anxious maiden, is waiting for her lover, ever and anon gazing out into the moonlight night. We have first the exquisite, unique duet which contrasts her fears with the kindly merry nature of her companion Annchen; then Annchen's playful arietta, a most bright, coquettish strain; then the famous scena and prayer of Agatha alone, so full of moonlight and the heart's longing, prayer and hope and vague presentiment, and ending with the burst of rapture as she hears her lover's steps, and flings her whole voice and soul out in that splendid melody (which also ends the overture) the invention of which alone would stamp any musician as a genius. Mme. COLSON really surprised us by the soul and feeling with which she threw herself into the part of Agatha. Although her tones are grown somewhat hard and tremulous, yet she lacked neither thrilling power nor tenderness for this great music; and the entire impersonation was truly beautiful. Nor have we ever known Mme. STRAKOSCH to enter more heartily and happily into any of her rôles; with all the defects of her worn voice, she made the whole part interesting and piquant. The Terzet, after Max arrives, is a most interesting and effective composition, in which the three characters are musically discriminated throughout. In vain one pleads and warns, and the other laughs, Max will keep his pledge and go to the dreaded Wolf's Glen.

Act III, (as here given, properly a part of Act II,) is melodramatic; Caspar in his magic circle of skulls, preparing to cast the balls, summoning Samiel, and awaiting Max; who appears behind on the top of the ravine, is warned and then made desperate by visions of his mother and of Agatha, but still hesitates, till at a reminiscence in the orchestra of the laughing chorus of the first act, he is decided and steps down into the ring. The strange apparitions which cross the stage at the casting of each bullet, and indeed the whole scene was got up with a good deal of melodramatic effect; but it moved more laughter than terror; and is cleverly hit off by the *Courier's* critic in these words:

Operatic terrors are almost always ridiculous. Any third rate theatre would present a dramatic version of *Der Freischütz* in a manner much superior. As performed last night, it came just near enough to something good to be tantalizing. The incantation act, where the magic bullets were cast, was a screaming farce. An inebriate owl was perched upon the bough of a tree, and with drunken regularity raised his wings and showed a pair of fiery eyes; some cheap pyrotechnics gave a lurid and fitful glare to the scene; a languid cascade hitched and fluttered in the back ground; an incomprehensible woman in white robes gesticulated from the summit of a crag; the

first bullet was cast, and a flight of pasteboard owls danced in, dangling on strings in mid air; two bullets, and enter flying monsters, a hooded ghost, a red devil; three bullets, and the ugly crew was reinforced by a squad of skeletons and a pair of crocodiles; four bullets, and an aerial hunting party wiggled along over the heads of the moulders, while the circle of skulls around the furnace grinned with fire; five bullets, and the skeleton of a fast young man on a trotting wagon crossed and re-crossed; six bullets, and the flying monsters began to spit fire like consumptive steam engines; the seventh bullet! loud laughter, shrieks, groans, all the ghosts on, a fresh flight of owls, more skeletons, including the fast young man on the trotting wagon, a general convocation of ghosts, Junca at full length on the stage—curtain. All of which was very funny, but by no means sublime.

The worst was that the laughter really interfered with one's hearing of the music, which is too good to be lost; for it is there, in the instrumentation, that the real, shadowy, imaginative terror of all this resides; indeed some of it is almost sublime; you must lose yourself in the orchestra entirely first, and that perhaps will have induced a state of mind and fancy, in which the owls and spectres will present themselves quite naturally.

The last act is the trial of marksmanship, and has an instrumental introduction, foreshadowing the Hunters' Chorus. The first scene, Agatha, in her chamber, in bridal attire, destined for the winner, and in prayer. Her Cavatina: *Und ob die Wolke*, is a strain of the most deep and pure religious feeling; you feel that such an influence must prove the stronger of the two powers contending for the soul of Max. The merry friend comes in again, to amuse and plague her with a comical ghost story, and cheer her with another fine lively melody; and then the bridesmaids sing: "A rosy crown we twine for thee," and the scene changes to the shooting match. The hunters sing their famous chorus, which of course is vehemently encored, (and we must own they sang it well, and praise the choruses generally, both male and female, with the exception of the Bridesmaids.) The firing of Max, the turning aside by heavenly influence of the ball from Agatha (for whom Caspar had meant it) to Caspar's own heart; the concern of chorus and all for Agatha, at first supposed struck; the fearful end of Caspar; the rebuke and banishment of Max by the Duke Ottokar (also by Herr QUINT); the intercession of the old hermit (DUNREIL); and the joyful joining of the lovers, and congratulatory chorus, offered exciting and varied matter enough for the composer. He has crowded it full, like all the rest, with fine musical ideas. But musically it is the weakest act. The melodies, striking as each is, seem to have been picked up and strung together, rather than to develop out of the dramatic movement; and the wonderful bright melody (from Agatha's first scena), though sung with power in the closing chorus, is not worked up there into so imposing a finale as some composers would have made, if blessed with so splendid a *motive* of their own; indeed it is wrought up to more power in the conclusion of the overture.

During the week, in the intervals of the *Freischütz*, Miss ADELINA PATTI has renewed her triumphs in a third performance of *Il Barbiere* and of *La Sonnambula*. Her name is a sure sign of a full house. Last night *I Puritani*, again, with the third act of the *Huguenots*; and for the finale of the season, a *Matinée* to-day at half-past one, when *Ernani* and a part of *Lucia* will be given.

THE HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION held its annual meeting on Monday evening, January 16, at the Revere House. The old board of officers were re-elected, and the reports of directors, treasurer and librarian told a good story, as they have done for years past. The principal portions of the Librarian's report we have given in another column. After business the usual supper followed, with the usual sumptuous and tasteful catering of nine host of the Revere house; music accompanied in an outer room; speeches, witty and inspiring, were made by Mr. Pickering, president of the Society, by Judge J. P. Putnam, Geo. S. Hillard, Esq., Dr. Upham, Samuel Johnson, Esq., and other members, as well as by the Rev. Dr. Huntington, who was an invited guest. Part-songs and glees, sung by a Glee Club organized during the past year within the Association, with piano-forte pieces by Messrs. Wilcox and J. C. D. Parker, filled up the intervals agreeably; and all passed off delightfully and profitably. During the evening a very interesting autograph letter of Beethoven was passed round. It was purchased in Vienna, through the aid of our friend A. W. T., by the Hon. R. C. Winthrop and by him presented to the recent Washington Statue Fair, for which it arrived a day too late. A subscription was raised at once among the members of the H. M. A., amounting to \$50; the money to go to the Washington statue, the autograph to remain at the disposal of the H. M. A.

Musical Intelligence.

PHILADELPHIA.—(From *Fitzgerald's City Item*, Jan. 28.)—The Academy of Music was well filled on Monday evening with a fashionable audience, assembled to hear the first performance of what was advertised as the French "Opera Comique."

The company consists of four clever actors, a leader of the orchestra, and about a dozen instruments. The programme was composed of two vandeilles—"La Chatte Metamorphosée," and "Jean le Sot,"—and were about as much like operas as a musical afterpiece at one of our theatres. The audience was greatly disappointed, and in an ill humor, not appreciating, perhaps, the true excellence of the actors. Announced as vandeilles, the representation would have been eminently successful, but the public were deceived by the high-sounding title "Opera Comique," and therefore there was a world of sour looks and loud complaints. The music of "La Chatte," is very pretty, sparkling and light,—quite original, too,—and had it been well sung, would have given much pleasure, but none of the actors were more than passable singers, and did no justice to Offenbach's compositions.

Miss Wissler's debut was the only agreeable feature of the evening, and even that was marred by the inefficiency of her support. She was, naturally, somewhat nervous and embarrassed, and has sung better in concerts than she did on Monday evening; still, her noble contralto, and her cultivated style, shone out, and she was warmly applauded, recalled, and duly honored with bouquets. Had her selection been more judicious, her success would have been still more flattering, but the tragic music of "Romeo and Juliet" made rather a heavy contrast to the vandeilles, while the inefficiency of the orchestra materially injured the effect of the performance.

GERMANIA ORCHESTRA.—The clerk of the weather relented, last Saturday, and the sun shone forth with notarnished brilliancy, seeming more intensely bright after its long retirement behind snow and rain clouds. The consequence was that the doors of the Musical Fund Hall were besieged by ladies before the hour of the opening, and that long before the time of commencement not a corner of the spacious room was untenanted. So overflowing large was the crowd, that many stood on the staircases, and many more left unable to find standing room; the members of the Orchestra surrendered their chairs to the ladies, who were glad to place them in front of the foremost row of benches, even the avenues being occupied. So large an audience inspired the musicians, and the natural consequence was one of the finest performances given this season; the programme was nearly the same as that of the previous Saturday, the finale from Don Sebastian and the Overture to Euryanthe and Midsummer Night's Dream forming the leading features. All the music was heard with attention, and honored with warm applause.

On Monday night we went to hear the Cooper English Opera Company, and, greatly to our surprise, we were delighted. *Trovatore* was the opera. Miss Milner is superior, both as a singer and actress, and every body knows she is very handsome. Her style is large, elegant and impressive—she possesses a voice of much power and expression, and is incontestably one of the best vocalists on the stage. Her rendition of the rôle of Leonore made a profound impression upon the crowded and discriminating auditory. Mr. Bowler's voice is sweet and sympathetic, and he sings with considerable taste. Mr. Cooke's organ is a fine one, and his singing is nearly free from objection. Miss H. Payne is a very impassioned actress and a correct and sweet singer. She gave a force and character to the music of Azucena which it seldom receives. Rudolphsen is an excellent musician, and a very useful member of the company. His merits are too well known to our citizens to need comment here. Miss Annie Kemp is very pale, very quiet, very pretty, and very timid. The orchestra has been increased, and it performed with precision and effect. The chorus is large and well drilled. In fine, the *Trovatore* was an unqualified success, from the raising of the curtain until the going down thereof.

On Tuesday evening, we went to hear *Sonnambula*. We were not without misgivings, and, yet, the performance was a triumph! As a whole, we have never seen the opera better done. It was produced with a fullness of detail most gratifying to the lover of the tenderest and most melodious opera ever written. Nearly all the music of the original score was given, including the beautiful duet at the close of the first act, which is generally omitted, for some unknown reason. Lisa's was the only rôle slighted. Miss Milner sang and acted with much skill and feeling.

(From the Bulletin, Jan. 27.)

THE ENGLISH OPERA, at the Walnut Street Theatre, continues to be very successful. Last evening the house was well filled in spite of the storm, and Miss Milner delighted every one, by her beautiful performance as *Rosina*, in the "Barber of Seville." This evening this accomplished lady takes her benefit, when the "Elixir of Love," and the "Daughter of the Regiment" will both be played.

THE FRENCH COMPANY at the Academy of Music had a tolerably good audience last evening, and the performance was rather better than that of Monday evening. Owing to the lack of a competent tenor, Miss Anna Wissler could not give the scene from *Il Trovatore*. But she sang a cavatina from *Saffo* in superb style, and was loudly applauded.

THE GERMANIA ORCHESTRA will give their usual public rehearsal, to-morrow afternoon, with the following fine programme:

1. Overture, (Sicilian Vespers).....Verdi.
2. German Song, (Sympathy).....Kücken.
3. Waltz, (Extravagance).....Strauss.
4. Adagio, (from Triumphant Symphony).....Ulrich.
5. Duetto, (Lohengrin).....Wagner.
6. Overture, (Calm Sea and Happy Voyage).....Mendelssohn.
7. Conjuratation and Benediction, (Huguenots).....Meyerbeer.
8. Champagne Galop.....Lumbye.

MONTREAL.—The second concert by the Montreal Oratorio Society was given at Nordheimer's Hall, on Friday evening. It attracted a large audience—the spacious hall being filled to the doors,—and, like its predecessor, was in every respect entirely successful. The "Spring" of Haydn's "Seasons," and selections from Handel's "Messiah," formed the programme. There was no lack of expression or vigor in the execution of the Overture to Haydn's "Seasons," but it struck us as being slightly wanting in the light and shade of expression, which the rich and varied combinations of harmony in this splendid piece demand. Miss Ruttan, the young lady amateur who took the lead in the first part of the concert, acquitted herself admirably. Her voice is remarkably sweet, especially in its upper notes. We were delighted with the purity and smoothness with which she sang the air, "Forth fly the tepid waters," and in the duet, "Spring her lovely charms unfolding." Mr. Norris, who is really an excellent oratorio singer, gave his solo, "With joy th' impatient husbandman," with much energy and effect. Mr. Hilton extremely creditably filled the part of *Lucas*. The trios and choruses, "Be propitious, bounteous Heaven," and "God of Light," we considered gems of harmony. The short air played on the violin, before the chorus "God of Light," was exquisite. Miss Smilie fully sustained the very favorable impression she made at the former concert, and sang with extreme grace and feeling that plaintive melody, "He shall feed his flock." The singing of the solo, "But thou did'st not leave," by Mrs. Strachan Bethune, was replete with feeling and tenderness, and elicited warm applause from the whole audience. The chorus and accompaniment of the orchestra were excellent; but there can be no doubt that a moderately powerful organ would add not a little to the effect of the performances. The chorus, too, might, we understand, be increased in numbers and efficiency, if more favorable arrangements were adopted by the Society for the admission of members. Now that the great difficulties of organization and first drilling have been so creditably overcome, it would be a pity to remain stationary. Montreal may well be proud of her Oratorio Society.—*Herald*, Jan. 23.

The concert given by Mrs. Unsworth, aided by her daughters, took place in Nordheimer's Hall, on Tuesday evening. The hall seemed completely filled. The principal feature was the singing of Mrs. Unsworth and the Misses Unsworth. A song, called "The New and the Old Song," was well sung by Miss A. Unsworth. She has a fresh, sweet voice, as yet somewhat wanting in compass and cultivation, but capable, we think, of the highest vocal effect. She charmed the audience by her unaffected manner, and the graceful simplicity of her singing. The sister has a good voice, and especially in the last duet, "Dear friends, good night," she was heard to advantage. In the singing of the gentlemen amateurs, we confess we could discover little to remark, unless it was the absence of aught worthy of praise beyond the kind intention which no doubt dictated their efforts to please. We could not judge of Mr. Gustave Smith's abilities as a pianist from the pieces he played. Why will pianists persist in playing their own mediocre compositions in preference to the universally acknowledged great works of composers like the *spiritual* Chopin, Thalberg, Liszt, Mendelssohn, Von Weber, and other masters. Mr. Ducharme acquitted himself creditably in an operatic aria, and the concert, which was a decidedly successful one, closed with an effective rendering of the National Anthem.—*Herald*, Jan. 19.

Special Notices.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 410.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1860.

VOL. XVI. No. 20.

Translated for this Journal.

Mozart's Magic Flute.

BY A. OULIBICHEFF.

(Continued from page 353.)

In no case could a worthless music have acquired so enduring a European fame as this has. We may then safely assume, that the popular pieces of the *Zauberflöte* evinced a great superiority of talent. They prove that Mozart, in a kind of writing which at that time everybody practised, could do better than the rest; or, as Montesquieu said of Voltaire, that he possessed more of the spirit that was in every one. This is a merit, which is generally sought, but which nevertheless is relative and in its nature conditional, and ceases to be prized in the arts just so soon as the spirit of the artist is not like that of other people. For this reason the favorite melodies, which thirty years ago resounded everywhere in Germany, are only heard in our days as an echo of the past.

At first sight the libretto of the *Zauberflöte* seems the product of a diseased brain, a brain that never was quite sound. Some passing delirium of a man might possibly have produced something as eccentric, but never anything so flat. Think of a fiction put together like a disordered dream, without reference to any time or place in which the action goes on; persons without character and without nationality; scenes which have no connection with each other beyond their shiftings on the stage; miracles, seen only by the eye, having no root in any now existing or extinct faith—all this offers nothing to a man's imagination. Add to this the entire want in the poetry of form; a dialogue of the most provoking triviality; verses which seem borrowed from the devices of confectioners, vulgar and absurd nonsense; jokes, in which there is not a spark of liveliness,—and you have an idea of Schikaneder's work.

But our astonishment at the pitch of individual insanity, suggested by this work, is somewhat lessened when we consider, that Schikaneder was not the creator, but only the continuator; that he wrought according to the law of an existing kind, a kind, whose numerous productions consist of purely analogous elements, and all remarkable for the same stupid unreason, all written in the same low style; a kind which has no name, and which we are compelled, in the want of another epithet, to call the Viennese. Representations of this sort, whose only object is to amuse children of all ages and people of all classes, as Schikaneder very properly expressed it, can never answer without music. The spectators, who can only see, would in the end be wearied by this long spectacle of real and fantastic objects, which cannot after all be imitated in an artistic manner on the stage. To prevent even the lower multitude from yawning, one would have to resort to the dramatic interest, and especially to that sort of farce which is found upon the stage of wooden puppets. But since

Schikaneder and company were far below Punchinello, in both these respects, they had to have recourse to music and to dancing, to supply the place of action, of interest, of comedy, of spirit and sound human understanding. Commonly, if not always, the music was worthy of the text. Street ballads, waltzes, country dances, &c., were mixed up with some transitory mis-forms of composition, after the manner of duets and ensemble pieces.

That was just what Schikaneder wanted of Mozart; and there can be no doubt, that under the hands of another German composer—one, I mean, who would have undertaken such a task—the *Zauberflöte* would have been like the works of which we have been speaking. The part which Schikaneder gave up to, the personal satisfaction of our hero, was evidently an unpleasant but an unavoidable concession, without which Mozart, obliging as he was, would have said no. Why did he not turn, then, to another? In the first place, because Mozart, although poorly understood in Vienna, enjoyed already a great reputation even there; and then again, because in all probability no other composer would have shown himself so willing in a matter of the kind.

In so far as the libretto deserves no serious analysis, we have thought it sufficient to allude to what the author wanted, instead of troubling ourselves with what he has manufactured. The rôle of the bird-catcher, which Schikaneder had reserved for himself, contains an allegory, whose sense is quite applicable to himself. The bird-catcher had to be skilful in setting his bird-lime and his snares; for if he caught no birds, the wretch would have had to die of hunger, or else live in jail. * * * * *

Beings outside of the actual can only have a poetic life within the limits of moral possibility. Under two conditions only can they interest us: through the distinction drawn between them and us by an unchangeable and deep dividing line, and through the relations which bind them, and to a certain degree assimilate them, with the human race. Just as it is impossible for us to represent spiritually endowed creatures otherwise than under a human form, so it is impossible for us to ascribe to them a sort of intellectual activity which runs counter to the laws of our understanding and which is not consistent with the motives from which our passions spring. The artist, be he poet, painter or musician, reaches ideal truth here only by the union of the two conditions, of which I have spoken. The nature of the supernatural beings, if they are called upon to take a part in any work of Art, must always reproduce one of the elements found in human character; that is, we must be able first of all to recognize in them the collective or generally discernible attributes of the class to which the imaginary individual is supposed to belong. If the subject admits of it or even requires it, one must even bring in a few individual traits. In the *Freyschütz*, for instance, Samiel, the black huntsman, has and could have no other character than

that ascribed to all infernal spirits; in *Robert le Diable*, on the contrary, the principle of evil, which possesses Bertram as an evil spirit, is antagonized and neutralized by paternal love, the sweetest and most touching of all human affections. Personal feelings bring him thus into sharp opposition with the carnal spirit, so that he becomes a devil to be laughed at, and a most singular father, although he is very interesting and sometimes very dramatic, especially in the wonderful terzet in the fifth act. At all events Bertram fulfils the essential conditions of every dramatic person, be he man or demon. We know whence he springs (an important point when we have to do with spirits), who he is, and what he wants to do.

In the *Zauberflöte* all is wanting, even to the fundamental condition. The seemingly real or human persons are mixed up with those which bear a supernatural germ in them. The former have too little body to be real men; the latter appear too material, to lay claim to the rank of spirits. They are indefinite, hybrid automata, with no collective nor individual physiognomy, and stand as much outside of the real as of the ideal. In this way the Queen of the Night, this Juno of an unknown Olympus, drops down from the clouds; she wears a robe all sown with stars; in her store-house she has flutes and magical bells; but she possesses also a dagger for her revenge, and a marriageable daughter, whom she at first destines for a prince and afterwards would give in marriage to a negro slave. As for her three lady attendants, we may infer from their behavior in the introduction and from their cry in the quintet of the second act, that they have at least the honor of belonging to the female sex; but they slay monsters and vanish through trap-doors; moreover these three ladies have but one voice and one gesture between them; their rôle is a mere nullity; their language that of the Viennese grisettes. Whether fairies or simple mortals, they seem to be of no great account for the musician; and yet they bear an important part in the introduction and the quartet of the first act.

Sarastro, who lived no doubt at a time when the law against the multiplying of offices in the same person did not yet exist, unites in himself the functions of king, priest, moral philosopher and miracle-worker; in his regal capacity he is drawn by lions; in his priestly capacity he marries young men to young maidens, whom he abducts from their parents and keeps in reserve as his adepts; in his thaumaturgic capacity he bids the storm to roar and the sun to shine; and evidently as a moral philosopher he has the bastinado administered to his slaves. Of these commingled attributes the music has retained only one, the most indispensable of all; namely, his character of priest.

As to the three Genii (three boys), it was Schikaneder's æsthetic design, when he created them, to let them float through the air suspended by a rope. But who are these Genii? Servants

of the seal of Solomon or of the wonderful lamp of Aladdin? Does the East send them to us? Are they citizens of fairy land, or members of the family of elemental spirits? Nothing of the sort. They are vague beings without names, whom we see come and go like a mail-post established between the states of the Queen of Night and the sun-empire of Sarastro, and who stand at the service of both contending powers. The Genii never show themselves at the same time with the ladies. But since the appearances of the Genii connect themselves with less trivial situations, than those of the three ladies, and since the text of their song contains far less ignoble prose, the composer could clothe them with forms, to which far less matter adheres. He could do it in some scenes, but not always. So much for Schikaneder's marvellous element!

As nearly natural for human persons, there remain still Tamino and Pamina. Tamino, the flattest of all operatic lovers, the stupidest of all princes, the most cowardly of all first tenors, who faints at the sight of a snake, who with a flute contends against the dread magic of Sarastro, because they have shown him the picture of a lady, and who goes over to the enemy on being promised the original. Pamina is somewhat better. What shall we think of a maiden of high descent, a sentimental prima donna, who sings erotic duets with the buffo Papageno, a vile variation of the Viennese Casperl; who falls asleep, to give a Moor a chance to kiss her in the moonlight; and who sets out to kill herself without more ado, because a young man, whom she has scarcely once seen, will not speak with her at a moment when silence has been enjoined upon him! And these are the heroes of the drama.

Imagine yourself in the situation of a musician, whom the poet thrusts forth in this way into unlimited space, and there lets him hover, without ever being able to set a foot upon the earth, or to wing himself up to the clouds!

If we must take for granted a constant and exact relation of the music to the libretto of an opera, like that which subsists between a result and its immediate cause, then we must seek, at any cost, to discover a thought in this trumpery of Schikaneder; a thought which, although deeply hidden, shall on the other hand be of a very high worth, so that it may contain in the germ the entire score of Mozart. One always finds, if he seeks in the right way. And so it has been found, that the poet's thought here was: *The Apotheosis of Free-Masonry; or, symbolically: the War of Wisdom against Folly, of Virtue against Vice, of Light against Darkness*. It is possible that this thought floated before Schikaneder's brain; it would be worthy of him; only it would be hard to guess what worth it could have had for the musician. In the first place the contrast of light and darkness, musically expressed, is not found in the *Zauberflöte*. They who might be supposed to personify darkness in it, the Queen of Night, her three ladies, and Monostatos, have, as I fancy, nothing black about them, but their garments and their skin; their song throughout does not and could not remind us of darkness. If we could offset one stupidity by another, it would be the best way not to take the persons figuratively, but just precisely as they are; to see in them the heroes of a wretched story, and not any allegorical beings, which are always cold in poetry, and in music are

impossible. And what, I pray, is Sarastro with his temple of wisdom, his priests and mysteries, supposed to represent? A sort of modern club, an eating, drinking, singing brotherhood, who practice tricks of jugglery, if not something worse. A fine wisdom, in fact!

(To be Continued.)

(For Dwight's Journal of Music.)

The Diarist Abroad.

VIENNA, JULY 14. — Having orders to appear at the Police office, of course I obeyed, and underwent an examination, a cross-examination, and an extra do. The official's trouble was to comprehend the possibility of a man — a native American — having crossed the ocean and travelled to Vienna, for a mere biographical purpose, especially the Biography of an Artist. — 16. Again to the Police, and carried a testimonial from Kanajour, the celebrated Austrian historical writer, and one of the principal officials in the Imperial Library, and another from our Embassy, that my story was true; result was permission to work unhindered, and an explanation that, as it was war-time, great circumspection was necessary, &c.

20. Saw Father Heinrich again. I met him last week at a private musical party, where one of his works, arranged as a septett was rehearsed. It is singular, what an affection he cherishes for Boston. He talks of returning to America. "O," he says, "if he could only once hear his compositions adequately given, then — then —"

"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant," &c.

According to the Prag papers, the old gentleman had really an ovation there some time since upon occasion of the performance of some of his music.

24. When I was in Vienna in 1851, Aloys Fuchs, a most industrious and deservedly famous collector of Musical Autographs and portraits of musicians, offered me every possible assistance, and the free use of his great collection. Circumstances compelled me to return to America. Now he is dead, and to-day his widow informs me that all is scattered, all the collections of thirty or forty years. Why are they not in one of the great Libraries here?

Aug. 11. There is an old gentleman, owner of a small "Guest-House" in one of the suburbs here, on whom I called to-day, to see his collection of works upon Vienna and more especially upon the drama. In a few years more he, too, will pass away; then where will this collection go? I can tell; some antiquarian bookseller will get it for a song, scatter it to the four winds of heaven, and make a thousand or two dollars out of the operation.

Sept. 9. Letters from Berlin, informing me of the mysterious disappearance of an American, who has been studying music there — the mystery is one which tailors, shoemakers, etc., would like to penetrate! — of course I feel proud of my countrymen, and long to get back to Berlin, where the name "American" has been so elevated in the consideration of the people.

Oct. 9. Spent the evening at Herr Ferdinand Luib's, editor of the last volumes of the Vienna Musical paper established by Schmidt. A little girl, whom they call thirteen years of age, Swoboda hight, played the piano-forte. Here is her list, played from memory.

Beethoven Sonatas.

D minor, first movement.

Op. 54.	Op. 57.	Op. 13.
Fantasia Op. 73.....	Beethoven	
Prelude in C.....	Bach	
Fugue.....	Handel	
Gigue.....	Bach	
Fantasia.....	Herz	
Impromptu (exquisite).....	Schubert	

Besides some pieces for four hands with Fräulein Luib.

[I have heard her repeatedly since, and with even new astonishment.]

Oct. 13. Of the amount of "private music," that is, Trio, Quartet, and Quintet parties, meeting regu-

larly for the mere love of music, here in Vienna, a stranger can have little idea. It is the custom in Germany, if a child shows a talent and taste for music, or for drawing, painting, or any art, to give him good instruction. It is a regular part of his education, as much as learning to read; of course speaking of citizens, who can by any means afford it. I suppose five hundred very respectable Quartets might be arranged here any evening, if there was any necessity for it. Well. Enough of these amateurs have united to form an orchestra of some sixty members, under the lead of Suppé, a fine musician and composer, here resident, and this evening I heard them rehearse Catel's fine overture to "Semiramis," and Mozart's C Symphony, with the Fugue. Though a bad rehearsal there was enjoyment in it. At all events it struck me, as I looked upon the many mere youths in the ranks, that they were better employed than if indulging in the evening amusements of many of their own age in the Puritan city of Boston! But I believe it is considered beneath the dignity of our boys to "fiddle," and that our people think money wasted paid for lessons on a violin or cello. If wrong, I am glad of it.

Oct. 15. Is not the story of Beethoven and the lock of hair, among the anecdotes in our English life of the composer? How the great man was persuaded as a joke by Herr H. (Holz) to send the wife of Herr H. (Halm) a lock of goat's hair? This evening was invited to the house of the latter to hear P. F. Trios. A very pleasant old gentleman is he now, of seventy years or more; of course his fingers have stiffened and he is no longer a virtuoso on the piano-forte; the violoncellist, too, remembers Beethoven, and tells a very interesting anecdote of him. His head, too, is white. The third in the Trio is a young man, pupil of Halm, who plays the violin parts upon a "phisharmonica," a sort of octagonal accordeon, which, to my surprise, proves a very good substitute for the violin. The player is a master of his instrument. This evening we had two Trios, by Spohr, which pleased me better than that composer's music generally, though still not much, and an Adagio and Fugue, by Beethoven, Op. 102.

Oct. 19. A music teacher, Herr Pahl, invited me to his room to hear — what? think you? One of Franklin's Harmonicas! You who never heard one have no conception of the magic effect of the tones. Quick music cannot be played, but the swelling and dying away of the chords, the whole effect, in fact, is so strange and undreamed of before that! One cannot conceive how the extraordinary popularity of the instrument should have been so short lived. I advised Pahl to visit our country and give concerts, but he has better business here. A. W. T.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Letters on Musical Subjects.

I.

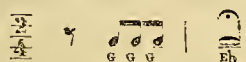
BEETHOVEN'S FIFTH AND NINTH SYMPHONIES.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — Another of the Philharmonic concerts will take place on Saturday, the 11th of this month, when we are to have the fifth Symphony. Not many weeks ago, when we played the fifth and the ninth together, I intended to tell you, how they impress me as to their contents. Now when we no longer play together, an exposition in this journal may take the place of oral communion.

A glance at Beethoven's life will tell us, that the fifth Symphony was written in 1808, the year after he had given up his love, the beautiful countess Guicciardi, whom he adored. Early in this century his sense of hearing failed him. Growing deafness, the deprivation of the sense which is the principal gate to the human heart for that art, that was his life, his all, was preying like the vulture of Prometheus on his peace. Other affairs did not go to his mind. Reading over the symphony we shall find the expres-

sion of all the exalted sentiments, which, called forth by the events and experience of the actual, the tone-poet transfers by the creative power of his genius into the ideal world. Him, as every poet of true genius, sorrows and trouble only inspired for those works, which form part of their lives, being a piece of their autobiography, that may assist us, not endowed with genius, but with the same human heart beating in our bosoms, better to bear the burdens of life, easier to climb up the rugged path leading to the blessed summits of ideal life.

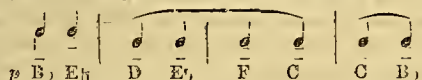
As in this symphony he writes out his sorrows, his defiance of them, his sufferings and the healing balm of love: so in the ninth he sketches in grander outlines the sorrows and struggles, the sufferings and the salvation of all mankind by the love of brother to brother. Misery and despair, consolation and strong, glorious deliverance from them, are the themes of these two works. In the fifth it is the artist, who sings his own experience; in the ninth it is the sacred seer, as the ancients significantly and beautifully call their poets, who unrolls the great drama of the life of mankind.



Motive No. 1 is the theme, that runs through all of the fifth symphony. Beethoven himself giving us the key to the meaning of the symphony, said of this theme: "Thus fate knocks at the gate of man." In rapidly succeeding repetitions the instruments pronounce the bold theme, an individual anticipation of the grand fate theme, which opens the ninth. If you will refer to volume XIV. of this journal, you will find it on page 403, marked 1. After being repeated through 58 measures, and having passed in rapid descent, constantly increasing in awful energy through the chords of the tonic, dominant, and an ominous diminished seventh, it is opposed by the self-conscious, proud motive No. 2:



in *m* 59, which is immediately succeeded by the loving, insinuating second part of this motive:



in *m* 63. This runs on, always with the ominous first motive in its wake, rising and increasing gloriously to a strong, joyous and victorious run in the strings from *m* 94 to 109, when the first motive, transfigured in the bright E flat major, closes the first part in *m* 124.

Furiously, in double repetition, the same first motive opens the second part, describing more vividly the struggle with fate, which in *m* 167-178 is not so easily to relinquish its victim. After a passionate repetition of motive 1 by the whole orchestra, the opposing defiant motive No. 2 tries its spell again; but deprecatingly answer the viola, violoncello and bassi, in *m* 179-194, when in *m* 195-239 the first two measures of motive 2, alternately repeated by the wind and string instruments fortissimo, gradually die away in strange and touching harmonic changes. The strong resistance of the hero broken, fate announces its majestic sway in the grand return of motive 1, beginning in *m* 248 the third part. The strong man feels his energies waning and in a touching *Adagio*, sung by the purely intoning, penetrating oboe, the oppressed human heart almost despairing sighs out this question: "Must it be, that the bitter cup may not pass by us?" This elegy in *m* 268 is answered in the second movement of the symphony, by sweet consoling tones, the first motive beginning with the same three tones. And the first motive of the third movement, in *m* 6-9, once more brings the whole phrase. Its despair is changed there to a calm though painful resignation. The third part proceeds as the first did. The hopeful and strong

motive 2 with its loving second part is followed by the triumphant run in the strings. Then come again those furious onslaughts of the first motive, followed by plaintive runs in the strings, *m* 400, which assuming a stern, wilful character in *m* 407, intraduce motive No. 1 again, thus closing the first movement. Human will, human love was not strong enough to overcome fate; it triumphs.

This is the subject of the first movement of the ninth symphony likewise. The feeling of the fifth is individual, in the ninth it is all-comprehending, universal, gigantic. In the fifth the motives are simpler in their meaning. The motive 2, expressing the elevated feeling of human prowess, is decidedly joyous and decidedly loving. A tinge of melancholy, of resignation, overspreads the more elated motives 4, 5 and 7 in the ninth symphony.

In the ninth the crushing, omnipotent, baneful effect of inevitable fate naturally calls forth even in mad enjoyment of life, and the wild second movement follows immediately after the first tragic development. It comes in like a bacchanal before the destruction of the world. In the fifth the conflict is not so great; it is a single human soul warring against fate in his individual life-experience.

And therefore the second movement in this symphony is a consolation, sweeter than ever loving woman whispered to helpless man. As an angel's voice or that of loving woman, the first motive, *m* 1-23 sings in compassionate tones consolation to the aching heart and the wood and string instruments, as if assuring, repeat the sweet closing phrase. The second motive, with its warm and loving thirds and sixths, points onward, promising peace and happiness to the doubting, anxious heart, (*m* 27 to 30), and with a bold transition to C major (the whole movement is in A♭ major) assures the doubting sufferer of a glorious ecstasy of happiness. These two motives in variations of increasing beauty form the contents of the second movement, which ends in triumphant happiness. The poet achieved a truly awful effect in the variations on the measures 27-30, expressing anxious, timid doubt. There he makes the 2d violins and the viola accompany the phrase of the first violins by that ominous first motive of the first movement, in this manner:



It feels like the ghost in Hamlet. The corresponding third movement of the ninth, leaves a sweet, quieting effect on the mind. And though there is an energetic, rousing emotion expressed toward the close, (see vol. xiv. page 404, motive 22), yet the close reminds one more of that very last portion of the Pastoral, which Beethoven marked by the words: "joyous and thankfulemotions after the storm." You will find the phrase I mean, in the last measure but 24 of the Pastoral Symphony. In the fifth Symphony the close of this Andante is more certain of victory, in the ninth, calm and resigned. The former feeling is that of the younger men, whose hope never dies; the latter is that of the sage, who, though conscious that the ideal will and must triumph, with a calmer mind awaits the coming of the good time.

The tone-poet is not lost to the influence of the sweet consolation expressed in the second movement. But misfortune has pressed heavy upon him. He has lost the woman he loved; he has lost in part the sense, which gave him most joy. It is natural, that he should not at once yield to the bright hopes extended to him. And in sweet melancholy, somewhat moody withal, he breathes forth that question, which we found the oboe singing in the first movement.

More lively, though occasionally with great energy, the first motive No. 1 announces the supremacy of fate, yet diminishing to a *pp.*, as though relenting. The question and answer are repeated, the third question, however, is answered by the sufferer himself in a nervous, energetic, painfully struggling passage in the strings, beginning in *m* 115, to the end of the part, *m* 141. He has conquered the demons of melancholy and despair. He feels again his strength, and self-reliant he wrestles with the giant Fate. The part which represents the Trio begins with a joyful, strong and lively passage by the violoncelli and bassi, taken up by the other strings. In the second part of this Trio it sounds as if the bassi were inquiring: "May we feel safe, have we really conquered?" But ever and ever the same joyous strain is repeated, until at last, as a final summing up of all the sorrows in dim vanishing outlines, *pianissimo* and *pizzicato* in the strings, the first part of this movement returns, leading, in wide and ever rising intervals in the first violins with a dominant chord, foreboding good, to the triumphant march movement, which begins the fourth part. For a psychological reason, the third and fourth parts are united here. As the sun breaks forth from the dark clouds, clearing the firmament in an instant, so these grand shouts of victory relieve the clouded mind, and all is good. It is unnecessary to follow the development of this part, which admits of but one explanation. I wish to call back to your mind two things only: the motive



which in the intensity of its loving sentiment, with its harmonic background of the sweetest tinge of melancholy, enwreathed by the zephyr-like runs of the strings, is the only balance against the joyous, glorious, triumphant motives that exceed each other in vivacity and blissful revellings. The second thing I would call back to you is the return of this same motive at the end. Once more a part of the third movement returns, phantom-like, to be chased away again like a bitter dissonant reminiscence in the midst of happiness by the consciousness of this same victorious happiness; and the beginning of the movement, rather its first part, returns bringing the whole to a close by a repetition in Presto of the loving, sweet motive, just quoted on this page. Love, the polar star of human happiness, whose kindly wings dispel all clouds, who makes easy all burdens, who glorifies and elevates all mankind, triumphantly winds up this symphony.

In comparing these two movements, which we considered in connection, with the two corresponding ones of the ninth, you will find a similarity in the fundamental ideas. The second movement of the ninth, it is true, offers as an only point of comparison its Trio, where a happy existence within a narrow sphere is represented, while in the fifth the Trio also paints a joyous, lively happiness; but the questions of the suffering man, which we find in the third movement of the fifth, bear a strong resemblance to those stormy questions at the beginning of the fourth movement of the ninth. And if you will bear in mind, that in the ninth symphony it was agonized mankind crying out for deliverance (compare Vol. XIV., p. 411, A.), while here it is a single, though great man, musing over his own sorrows, the disparity in structure and size will yet allow a comparison to be instituted. You will have to remember the same fundamental difference in comparing the last movements of both symphonies, in both of which you find joy, great, overwhelming joy and love, individual in the fifth, general, all-comprehending, in the ninth.

In thus looking at these two works of the master, I think you will find with me, that the same idea:

Struggle against impending Fate, with its consequent effect on every human being, misery and despair; consolation through the comforting influences of devotion and love; returning energy and glorious victory, is expressed in both. In the fifth a great uncommon mind and heart sings out in tones its own suffering and its own deliverance through love and energy of character; in the ninth this individual's sufferings and victories expand to those of all mankind, and as an inspired prophet near the close of his life the artist announces in world-pervading tones the great gospel of human love in a human brotherhood.

We furthermore see the character of each of these works in accordance with the respective ages of the artist, the fifth being written in the full vigor of manhood, at 38, when man yet thinks of himself and hopes for himself; the other at 52 or thereabouts, when a wider horizon opens to the man in the fulness of his experience, and when the happiness of his race becomes nearer to his heart than his own individual existence.

Hoping that you enjoy the fifth the better for my calling your attention to some points in it, good-bye.

February 4, 1860.

G. A. SCHMITT.

The Blind Negro Boy Pianist.

There is in Savannah, Ga., a negro boy, of whose wonderful powers the *Charleston Courier*, of Jan. 24, says:

He strikes the keys with all the confidence of one largely gifted with the musical faculty, who had devoted many years to the cultivation of the talent. His manipulation is most graceful, his touch is now exquisitely delicate, and then all the strength of his frail body is thrown into his hands, and he strikes the instrument with impassioned earnestness.

In his execution he not only reproduces the piece with perfect fidelity, giving every note its sound, but the style of the performer is likewise exactly imitated. Several of our most distinguished musicians performed in Tom's hearing long and complex operatic pieces, and the Heaven-taught boy reproduced them without committing a single mistake.

We might conclude that this boy's talent consisted in a remarkable development of the faculties of memory and imitation, did he confine himself to those compositions he learns by the ear. But he not only astonishes by the quickness with which he acquires a piece, no matter how long and difficult, but he improvises with readiness and fluency. On the occasion of which we speak, Tom was directed by his master to play an original piece, and he complied with cheerful readiness. He composed with all the ease and confidence that mark the finest orator in the use of words.

These original compositions increase the wondering interest excited by the performance of this prodigy, and force us to look upon him as one possessed of that rare and strange gift termed genius.

We have alluded to the exquisitely graceful touch of this lad, but what we have said concerning his manipulation gives us idea of his style and manner. For he has a style of his own which is seen when improvising, and it is as brilliant as it is original and peculiar. But it is his manner and countenance that most profoundly impress. When not under the influence of sweet sounds, his face is devoid of life and expression. This is partly owing to blindness, but in far greater measure to imbecility. We see a boy with a decidedly African type of face—low retreating forehead, flat spreading nose and projecting upper lip, with every mark of idiocy, we see this awkward and stupid negro led to the piano stool. He takes his seat, but the first touch on the responsive keys shows us that his soul is made for melody. He sweeps his hands over the keys with the air of a master, and then we behold the inspiration manifesting itself in his countenance and movements till interest changes to awe, and we are dumb with astonishment. The melody penetrates his whole being. An ecstatic influence flows from the keys into his fingers, and rolls like a tide through his veins, lighting up a fire in every nerve as it courses along. His head is thrown back; now it rests on one shoulder, then on the other, and again it falls upon his breast. A light kindles on the blank face, and as we gaze, wondering, the fashion of his countenance seems changed. It is absolutely beautiful. The divine rapture increases every moment, and when he is thoroughly suffused with the inspiration of the melody the muscles of his face twitch, and his upper teeth are pressed firmly upon his lower lip. A feeling of reverence steals over us as we behold this mysterious and sudden transformation.

Handel's "Hercules."

(Edition of the German Handel Society, II. 1.)*

The project of publishing all Handel's creations, and thus naturalizing them in the hearts of the people, has progressed bravely. The latter numbers of the work published by the Handel Society have proved beyond a doubt that the future of this worthy monument is assured. On the publication of the first volume, containing the oratorio of *Susanna*, a practised pen directed public attention to the importance of the undertaking as a whole, and threw out some hints for the conception and rendering of the above work, previously quite unknown to us. The other works for the first year were:—a volume of pianoforte music, part of which was already known in Germany, through an edition published by Peters, Leipzig, and the public performances of artists of repute; and, in addition to this, the pastoral of *Acis and Galatea*, into which Chrysander enters at length, at the end of the first volume of his Biography of Handel.

A third oratorical work—*Hercules*—was issued, as the first instalment of the series for the second year, a few weeks since. There is hardly any other so well calculated to gain fresh ground for Handel's genius. If we look around the circle of those works of Handel, which are more or less known, we shall find none immediately near which, on account of the mere subject, this powerful *Hercules* can be placed. This fact affords a proof of the master's boldness, while the manner in which a subject so foreign to our usual train of thoughts is inspired with musical life, and made evident to us, serves the more to dissipate both prejudice and ignorance, and to establish the universal character of Handel's art. The work treats of the return of *Hercules* to his home, from the destruction of *Cecalia*, of his wretched end, through *Dejanira's* jealousy, and of his exaltation into the blessed sphere of the gods. The author of the text—according to the short remarks affixed by Chrysander to the score—a clergyman by the name of Thomas Broughton, found, in the *Trachiniae* of Sophocles, a classical model for his task, which, from its nature, requires to be treated with reverential devotion. He had, however, evidently so identified himself with this antique subject that, in his hands, the figures of the heroic world were moulded into a new ensemble, perfectly in keeping with the requirements of the story, and, at the same time, adapted in a manner hardly to be surpassed to the purposes of the composer. * * * * *

The personages of the piece are precisely the same as those of the Greek tragedy. *Dejanira*, *Hercules*, their son *Hyllos*, *Iole*, the *Cecalian* captive, and the herald *Lichas*. There is, however, this material difference: *Iole*, who, in the tragedy of Sophocles, is only a mute personage, is, in the modern piece, more intimately connected with the plot, and thus not only do we gain a series of the most valuable scenes, peculiarly suited to the composer, but, also, an element essential to the symmetrical and harmonious structure of the whole, as a musical drama.

Our attention is first directed to *Dejanira*, the deeply sorrowing wife of *Aleides*, who has been absent for several months, and of whom no tidings have reached his home. What the sun is to the world, the hero is to his passionately fond wife. Racked by sad presentiments, she bewails, day and night, the pangs of separation. Meantime, *Hyllos*, has consulted the priests of *Jupiter* about his father's fate:—

"I see the hero dead upon the ground!
O'er *Cecalia's* head the flames rise to the sky."

Such is the mysterious response, which completely extinguishes all hopes in the bosom of *Dejanira*. Already does she dream she is united to the beloved one in the *Elysian Fields*, to part from him no more. *Hyllos*, however, a son worthy of his father, acts differently. Neither the biting frost of the North, nor the glowing heat of a *Lybian* sun, can deter him from resolving to undertake a pious pilgrimage, either to find his father or perish in the attempt. A magnificent chorus, full of solemn earnestness and reverential courage, express their approbation of his resolve. Suddenly intelligence is brought that *Hercules* is returning from *Cecalia*, which he has razed to the ground. *Dejanira's* joy is as boundless as her grief has previously been. Although her presentiments, a short time before, would not yield to comfort, she now giddily banishes from her mind all recollections of the menacing response of the oracle. It is sufficient for her that her husband is returning, returning as a conqueror, and she rushes out hurriedly, with all around her, to receive him; the herald and the chorus of the *Trachinians* are more moderate in their joy, and, when we hear that, in the eyes of *Lichas*, the changes of suffering and joy appear as day and night, as ebb and flood, who would not be struck by

the idea that the flood of *Dejanira's* joy, also, will ebb, and her delight will be followed by sorrow? We now have a fresh picture; the captive princess *Iole*, in the midst of her maidens, bewails the bitter fate which deprives her of liberty. *Hercules* enters to a grand march. He is full of the joy of victory, and the proud feeling that he has pacified the rage of *Juno*, and, crowned with fresh glory, reached the end of his labors. He determines that all around him shall rejoice as well as himself, and fancies he can easily dry up *Iole's* tear by presenting her with liberty. The rough warrior fails to observe the fearful emotion produced in the soul of the unhappy maiden by his appearance. Then again rises in her mind with irresistible violence, the picture she was once obliged to behold of her father slain by *Hercules* before the walls of *Cecalia*, and her fancy once more subjects her to all the pain of this torture, until the vision at length makes way for a calmer and more soothing kind of pain. Who cannot recognize in all this the qualities which stamp it as the peculiar property of the musician? And how indisputably has Handel proved himself the potentate destined to take possession of such a subject, and hold it beneath his sway! What a magic perfume has he not cast over the whole, and with what treasures has he not endowed, from out the inexhaustible abundance of his genius, the songs of the young girl!

Let us come to the conclusion of the act, the chorus, "Crown with festal pomp!" This is one of those pieces which pour forth their golden stores without stint or hindrance, and enchant the hearer with their very first tones. Schellcher (*Life of Handel*, page 290) concludes from this chorus, and the march mentioned above—those being the only portions of *Hercules* he has heard in England—that "If the remainder of the score equal these two magnificent pieces, *Hercules* is a masterpiece unknown to the public." We are quite willing for any one, allured by these two pieces, to make himself acquainted with the whole, but he must be prepared to find that the magnificence of the apartments will easily cause him to forget the side-door which served him as an entrance.

The second act develops still more closely *Iole's* purity of soul. *Dejanira*, her breast heaving with passion, now visits the maiden—gloomy jealousy has gained possession of her mind. She fancies it was simply to obtain *Iole* that *Hercules* destroyed *Cecalia*. On beholding the fair girl, enveloped in the charm of silent and patient grief, she seeks every plausible ground for jealousy, and thus, with busy hand, nourishes the flame destined to bring destruction with it. In vain does the innocent object of her wrath warn the blinded woman of the self-created pangs of groundless suspicion; in vain does *Lichas* praise the pure fidelity of his lord. The dart has entered too deeply, and she who is wounded by it will not be cured. A most true and touching delineation of this suicidal fancy, which, with contemptible delight, produces horrible torture, from vain deceit, in the heart of its victim, is presented to us in the next chorus, which concludes the scene. But away, for a moment, with such gloomy pictures, and let us unroll a scene full of the purest beauty. *Dejanira* has a correct estimate of the charm which suffering beauty exercises on the heart of man! The spell in which she imagines, without reason, her own husband to be held, has seized on *Hyllos*. It is in his heart that *Cupid's* dart is buried, and the fair creature's sufferings, in which the powerful god has dipped his weapon, have entirely turned the young man's heart to pity and love. He seeks her presence. But a deep abyss separates the two, who appear so completely formed for each other: "How can love exist in the sad heart filled with care—and love, moreover, for the son of the harsh man who slew my father?"—thus does *Iole* reject his suit. Then begins the lovely air:—

"Banish love from your breast:
'Tis a womanish guest."

in which she bids the young man renounce love, and by deeds worthy of his father, prove the vigor of his race. Her warnings and exhortations ill conceal, however, the fact that her heart is fighting a hopeless fight, in order to rescue her from the bonds which are drawing her to *Hyllos*. Is it astonishing that she merely throws oil on the flame? Her wishes strike him as an act of blasphemy towards the god whose power has driven even the immortal deities themselves from heaven, in order to enjoy, for a while, on earth, the sweeter heaven of love; this thought is taken up by the chorus, who sing, in swelling tones, the praises of the all-powerful boy-divinity. *Dejanira* re-appears, accompanied, this time, by her husband; the petty punctures of her sarcasm produce no effect upon his calm and great mind; nay, he does not even take the trouble to inquire the cause of her jealousy. He resolves to give a feast, to celebrate

*From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

his victory, in the temple of Jove; meanwhile Dejanira is left to get rid of her groundless suspicions. She is the only person who remains behind, sinking still deeper in her delusion. It suddenly strikes her that she will employ magic to regain the estranged heart of her husband. She has preserved a rich garment soaked in the blood of Nessus, who was slain by Hercules, and which, according to the dying centaur, is able to revive extinct love. The unhappy woman sends this to her husband. She is not aware, however, of its fatal power, nor does she know that, by her own act, she is fulfilling the menacing response of the oracle. A sham reconciliation is effected. This furnishes Lichas with the subject for a beautiful little air ("Lasting love," &c.,) and is embodied in a duet between Dejanira and Iole, being taken up by the chorus at the conclusion of the second act.

Meanwhile, the seeds sown by jealousy are shooting up with fearful rapidity. An instrumental symphony serves as the introduction to the third act, and prepares us for the wild deeds of the latter. After Lichas has announced to the Trachinians the fall of their king, a piece of news of which the chorus immediately appreciate the results, the picture of grief itself is presented to us. It is difficult to decide which is the more deserving of the prize: the portrayal of the horrible pangs with which the devouring poison racks the body of its unhappy victim, or the fearful picture, worthy the models we have received from Hellenic antiquity, of Dejanira, pursued by the Furies, whom she has herself called up, and in vain seeking repose in the gloomy shade of night. In truth, neither of these delineations is inferior to the other; the most we can perhaps assert is—that, as the pangs of a soul conscious of its guilt far surpass all mere bodily pain, the first place in artistic worth must be assigned to their portrayal. Only a short, and very characteristic air of Hyllos ("Be silent, O, be silent,") follows the first of these two pictures, and a charming song of pity, from the lips of Iole, the second. The dénouement is not retarded by anything else, and particularly not by the chorus, which is silent until nearly the end. The conclusion is rapidly brought about.

The priest of Jupiter announces the elevation of the hero from the flames of the funeral pile to the blessed abode of the gods; and, after the happy event has been eloquently celebrated in an air of Lichas ("He who was the pillar of heaven,") the priest, in obedience to the will of Jove, unites Hyllos and Iole, who express their joy in a charming duet. Now, at length, the chorus again come forward, and, in a simple and expressive song of praise, extol the glory of the founder of freedom, before whose heroic arm arbitrary caprice and violence have disappeared from the earth.

It is evident that it would be no easy task to find another foundation so well adapted, by its nature and arrangement, for the hand of the musician to rear his structure on. To the four persons whose fortunes constitute the essence of the piece, so to say, Lichas is added as a support, and the representative of the declamatory character. He partly serves to introduce or bring about, in various ways, the different transactions, and partly—this fact more especially constituting his musical worth—mirrors, according to their moral importance, the dreadful deeds that take place; being less affected by the grief and joy they produce than the other characters. His connection with the chorus is thus manifest. Perhaps it may be allowable, while treating of this particular work, to say a few words on the choruses of Handel's oratorios generally. That the directors of musical societies, when selecting a work for performance, mostly first take into consideration the number and musical beauty of the choruses, is an undisputable fact, inasmuch as the solo parts, and the conception of them—whether justly, is another question—are left to the private study of those to whom they are entrusted. Such a course is not only easily to be explained, but is an honorable proof of the endeavor to accomplish, with the means at disposal, as comprehensive a task as possible; but such a course has been, and still is, one of the principal reasons of a number of the most magnificent works being subjected to the great injustice of undeserved neglect, not to mention the disgraceful mutilation of others, which have still to make their way gradually in their original form. If, in *Belshazzar*, the weight of whole nations, in action, as it were, is thrown into the scale; if, in *Israel*, the chosen people sing the wonders of the land of the Lord, their God, with epic breadth and fulness, before which the voice of a single person must be dumb; if in *Judas Maccabeus* and in *Joshua* the same people, gathered around their leaders, chosen and inspired by God, undergo sufferings and do deeds—is it so much out of the way to suppose that all these subjects necessarily comprehended within themselves the elements of their artistic fashioning, and that it is a fundamental error to seek similar

combinations from completely different elements, and a similar structure on quite different foundations? Would it not be worth while to follow confidently the same master, even in those instances when he had neither the wish nor the power to dash in his artistic pictures with so few broad strokes, but when his genius was obliged to work with gentler, more numerous, but wonderfully consistent touches, in order, out of the various individual forms, to produce a rounded whole, full of life and truth? We would have the present work, and particularly the choruses, considered in this light. It would take too long to point out in detail the means the artist's hand has employed, or to enter deeply into the manner in which they are turned to account. Besides, numerous musical examples would be requisite, and what we could give would in some cases be too much, and in others too little; for those who are well acquainted with the work, such examples would be far too much, while they would be too little for those to whom it is quite new. It should be forcibly represented to persons of the latter class, where they have to seek for beauty and enjoyment; they should be exhorted to remember that no portion of the work, however attractive its charms even when detached, can retain its full value anywhere but in its proper order, in the place which the master assigned it. The work is to be procured; let the public judge for themselves.

Tübingen, 26th November, 1859.

G. S.

Musical Intelligence.

NEW ORLEANS. (From the *Picayune*, Jan. 28.)—The production of Rossini's grand work, the "Othello," in the style in which it was brought out at the Opera House, last night, and the performance of it, in anything like the degree of perfection with which it was given, would be considered a notable event in any city in the world. For the "Othello" is no child's play for the performers. In the forcible style of Rossini the best critics have admitted it to be his *chef d'œuvre*. Those of Naples, when it was first produced at the Theatre del Fondo, in that city, in 1816, called it "a perfect volcano," so full of fire is it, so forcible, so large, so grand. Its demands upon the resources of the theatre are very exacting. It calls for a first class tenore robusto, tenor léger, soprano, baritone, and basso; a grand chorus and an orchestra of the utmost fulness, and it gives them all as much as they can do, with all their individual and combined resources.

It was not until the year 1844 that this great opera was produced, in the French language, and then at the Académie Royale de Musique, in Paris. In this city its first production was in 1848, and since that time it has been a stock piece in our managers' repertoire. Mme. Fleury Jolly "created" the rôle of *Desdemona*, here, and made it one of her best parts. The *Othello* was Duffeys. It was brought out at the new Opera House, with great care and in the most complete style, in order to give the first grand tenor, M. Mathieu, an opportunity of displaying his powers in the part in which, in Europe, he had won the highest honors, that of *Othello*, the Moor. Mlle. Guesmar was the *Desdemona*, Mr. Melchisedec *Iago*, Mr. Genibrel *Brabantio*, Mr. Petit *Roderigo*, and Mlle. Feitlinger *Emilia*.

Mathieu, as *Othello*, came nobly up to the high and exacting demands of the rôle. He appeared "made up," in accordance with the letter of the libretto:

"Sur le sable Africain, j'ai reçu la naissance,"

and looked it to the life. His swarthy complexion and crisp hair were indicative of the birth he claimed; though we may remark en passant, that his hands were rather too Nigritian to match with his face. His costume from first to last, was gorgeous in the extreme; in this he was all the Moor; brilliant with barbaric splendor and radiant with costly gems, the spoils of many a bloody war.

His singing was in keeping with his goodly presence, and his acting was worthy of both. It would be difficult to segregate from the entire performance a single morceau as being better done than the rest. But we cannot allow the great scene with *Iago*, in which *Othello* is lashed to madness by "ces discours fortuneux" of the wily tempter, to pass without a word of special mention. If there is anything greater than this on the contemporary lyric stage, we are not aware of its whereabouts. The action and singing, as *Othello* crushes the letter and the bracelet, the supposed proof of his injured wife's infidelity, transcend anything in this way we have ever witnessed.

Guesmar's *Desdemona* was a fitting companion piece of singing and acting for the *Othello* of Mathieu. Genibrel's *Brabantio*, and Melchisedec's *Iago* were alike excellent. *Roderigo* made a large demand upon the best powers of Petit, and he met them commend-

ably. It was a graceful act in Feitlinger to accept the small part of *Emilia*, to which she did ample justice.

Flotow's opera, in four acts, "Martha," was performed at the Orleans theatre last night, for the first time here, to a good house and with great success. The rôles of *Martha* and *Lyonel* could not be placed in better hands than those of Mme Dalmont and Mr. Cabel. They were well seconded by Mme Philippe and that excellent actor, Mons. Sotto. Mazure as *Lord Tristram* was, as ever, good; he is a pains taking and conscientious actor, and one of the most useful acquisitions the Orleans could have made.

Mme Dalmont sang with remarkable sweetness the aria of the first act. The *villageoise* song and the duo with *Lyonel* were rendered with great power. It is evident that the more our fair prima donna is heard the more she is liked by the public; to a pure and flexible voice she adds a chaste style of acting and good dramatic power.

Of Mr. Cabel, we can only say that we are confirmed in the opinion we formed when he made his début in "Midsummer Night's Dream." His voice is fresh and pure, and has even more power than is generally found in a tenor léger. Adding to this, entire ease of manner, natural and expressive acting, and a pleasant countenance, he could not fail to succeed. We have seen him in three rôles, *Shakespeare*, *Olivier* in the "Queen's Musketeers," and the part of *Lyonel*, last night, and we have had no occasion to find fault with him.

Mme Philippe, the *duyazon*, has a good and well trained voice, and is an artist of merit. Sotto is one of the favorites of the public. He is always at home in every part confided to him. That of the farmer *Plunket* is one of his best. The hymn to "Porter" was received with much applause.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—The numerous friends of our late townsman, E. J. Fitzhugh, will be glad to learn that the sad calamity which befel him (the loss of the third and fourth fingers of his right hand) will not, as had been feared, disable him from the pursuit of his profession. He has already resumed teaching in his new home, where his genial manner and companionable qualities, no less than his musical talent and attainments, have won him many warm friends and admirers. He is also devoting a portion of his time to musical composition, and we are sure that anything from his pen will meet with hearty welcome and responsive "Sounds from Home."—*Republican*.

PHILADELPHIA. The DRAYTONS are sustained in their efforts to please by large audiences. To that numerous class who cannot reconcile their conscientious scruples with the theatrical performances proper, their entertainments prove especially acceptable, preserving the illusive excitement of the stage with none of its naughtiness. The programme is changed nightly, in one or both parts. This evening "Never Despair" and "Love's Labor Lost." The latter is one of the neatest Protean trifles we have seen. The changes are very rapid and complete, and Mrs. Drayton, last night, kept the house in roars of laughter by her delineation of an Irish girl in the rough.

While Mr. Drayton was singing, by request, the popular ballad "Simon the Cellarer," he was interrupted by the noisy exit of several persons, and discontinued his song, a rebuke which was cordially sustained by the audience, administered, as it was, with perfect dignity.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—The *Evening Bulletin* says:—Aloysius Derlesh, a distinguished German musician, died at his residence in this city, on Wednesday, at the age of fifty-six years. Derlesh came to this country several years ago, and organized the first German band of music in this city. His musical talents were extraordinary; he could play with accuracy and ease on any instrument he ever saw, from a Jew's-harp to a church organ. He also invented two or three kinds of reed instruments, which became popular among the German musicians. Although quite poor, and obliged to work from day to day for a livelihood, Derlesh found time to compose several popular airs, and also wrote eight operas, which are now performed by German troupes and societies throughout the country, with much success.

SALEM, MASS. The Charity Concert on Friday evening last, by Mr. Fenollosa and his friends, was one of the most truly enjoyable entertainments ever offered in this city. Independently of all other considerations, it was a great pleasure to witness such high development and culture of the native talent of our own and neighboring towns. The selection of music was excellent, and the whole performances

were satisfactory in the highest degree. The net proceeds of the concert amounted to a hundred and fifty dollars—a very respectable nest-egg to be placed on interest for the benefit of Aged and Destitute Women, until other sums follow, sufficient to establish the charity.—*Gazette*, 7th.

Music Abroad.

PARIS.—On the 7th of January there was performed at the Italian Opera, a new opera, called *Margherita la Mendicante*. (Margaret, the Beggar,) words by Signor Piave, and music by a young composer named Gaetano Braga. The story is taken from a drama written by Michel Masson and Anicet Bourgeois. The opera had a great success, and if newspaper reports can be relied on, there is a new Italian composer, besides Verdi, to write Italian operas. One of the Paris journalists speaks of the performance as follows:

"The drama has the merit of offering good situations, and M. Braga has made good use of them. The characteristics of the young composer are dramatic expression, true feeling, unity of conception; instrumentation well marked, without heaviness; and graceful melodies, at times quite original. Among the most striking pieces are, a chorus of armorers in the first act, an air sung by Graziani, and a cavatina by Mme. Borghi-Mamo, the latter being very fine. The *stretta* is already very popular.

"In the second act, a graceful chorus, followed by a very beautiful duo, and still another chorus, have been admired. But all these are eclipsed by the splendid finale of this act, the effect of which is immense, and which is applauded with transports. After the fall of the curtain, M. Braga was called out amid much enthusiasm. This finale is certainly a piece of the first order, a real *chef d'œuvre*. The third act also contains one of the best parts of the work—a quartet serious and grandiose, like a fragment of religious music.

"The performance was very brilliant. Mme. Borghi-Mamo's *Margherita* is a very remarkable creation. Gardoni, Graziani and Zucchini also deserve praise. *Margherita* is an opera that will not be played at the Italiens alone. Every Italian city and every city where there is an Italian opera, will want to hear it. There is already talk of translating it into French as has been done with the *Trovatore*, and the author is said to have given his consent."

At the Grand-Opéra the *Trouvère*, *Guillaume Tell* and *Sylphide* succeed each other, and the rehearsals of Prince Poniatowski's opera go on actively.

The Opéra-Comique gives us nothing new. At the Théâtre-Lyrique the *Reine Topaze* will be revived, in which Madame Miolan-Carvalho obtained such a brilliant success. Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*, now making a continental tour, with ever-increasing success, has just made its appearance at Rennes, and will shortly visit various other great French towns.

M. Roger is engaged at the Italiens, and will make his first appearance as Don Giovanni, in Mozart's opera.

COLOGNE.—The third Gesellschafts Concert, under the direction of Herr Ferdinand Hiller, took place on the 22nd ult., in the Gürzenich Hall. The programme was as follows:—

FIRST PART.—1. "The Naiads," overture by W. Sterndale Bennett. 2. Aria, from *La Donna del Lago*, Rossini, Mad. de Luigi, from Paris. 3. Symphony, No. 3, by J. Rietz (first time). SECOND PART.—4. Concerto for the violin, by Beethoven, played by Herr J. Gruenwald. 5. *Frühlingsbotschaft*, concert-stück for chorus and orchestra, by W. Niels Gade (first time). 6. Variations from Rossini's *Cenerentola*, Mad. de Luigi. 7. Overture to Spontini's *Cortez*.

This concert offered two novelties, which the public here, though, as is well known, not very eager for anything new, received very favorably, welcoming Gade's charming idyll with manifest pleasure and fond applause, and greeting Rietz's symphony with marks of appreciative admiration of the whole, the second movement (*scherzo*) being more especially distinguished. The same may be said of the *adagio*. The work has all the merits of an interesting and clever composition, as was to be expected from such a master as Rietz; there is, however, we think, more thought than "dash" in it.

The fourth concert of this series was given on Thursday, the 6th inst. The following was the programme:—

FIRST PART.—1. Beethoven's overture to *Coriolanus*. 2. Air of Clytemnestra from Gluck's *Iphigenia in Aulis* (Mlle. Emilie Genast). 3. Concerto for the violoncello by Molique (andante and finale), played by Alfred Platt. "O weint um sie," words from Byron, for solo, chorus and orchestra, composed by F. Hiller. 5. Fantasia on a theme from *La Sonnambula*, for violoncello (A. Platt). 6. Cavatina, "Una Voce," by Rossini (Mlle. E. Genast).

SECOND PART.—Symphony, No. V., in C minor, by Beethoven.—*London Musical World*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 11, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. Continuation of W. STERNDALE BENNETT's Cantata: "The May Queen."

The Last of the Opera.

During the fifth and last week of the Ullman-Strakosch company at our Academy of Music, the public appetite grew feebler to the end. Even the attraction of "little PATTI" had passed its climax. Five operas and a concert weekly for five weeks was rather an exhaustive application. Neither purse nor spirit can endure that rate of suction longer. The worst of opera with us is—the poison at the bottom of the cup, because we are always called upon to drain it to the bottom, incontinently, or never get a taste—that we have to take it in too large and too frequent doses. Once or twice a week, a good opera were a wholesome thing, at once enjoyment and high culture—at least if one get Mozart, Weber, Gluck (shall we ever?), Rossini, and not *toujours Verdi*. But followed up night after night it becomes a dissipation and a fever; exciting without refreshing; taxing the brain, perhaps the feelings, without edifying; until the sense and faculties are weary and one listens with *blasé* indifference to a work as an artistic whole, while waiting for a startling sensation now and then. But when you *do* get an artistic whole, if you are a true music-lover, if you have the feeling of Art in you, what refreshment comparable to that! how cheap and superficial and disturbing the sensation scenes and moments seem compared with that! And therefore oftentimes the appreciative listener has the best time sitting in an audience neither numerous nor much excited; when the baritone does not roar, nor the tenore make the quidnuncs frantically happy by an unusually loud high note, or by reddening in the face with an immense deal of what is called *abandon*; but when the music is all fine, expressive, natural, in the first place, as say any work of Mozart's or the *Freyschütz*, or "The Barber," and the performance throughout smooth, artistic, natural and expressive, each singer true to the composer and the meaning of the entire work, and not chiefly eager to bring out his utmost of vocal gymnastics before the footlights.

The season closed with *I Puritani* and the third act of the *Huguenots*, (both for the second time) on Friday evening, last week, and with *Ernani* again Saturday afternoon. The last we did not witness, but are told that JUNCA and Mme. COLSON distinguished themselves. Bellini's last and finest opera was better rendered than before. ADELINA PATTI commenced with more confidence and firmer voice, and made a beautiful part of Elvira throughout; acting it as much and as well as she could do without overstepping the maidenly modesty of her young, fresh nature. As to voice, the charm lies in a certain fresh and fragrant bloom and delicacy of tone, a fine, sympathetic, searching quality, perfect flexibility, and perfect purity of intonation, rather than in great strength or volume. This must come with physical development and reasonable experience. The danger is—all feel it—lest she learn experience most unreasonably fast. She has saved the opera, they say; she is a sure card, when all else is doubtful; and so it

is a great temptation to a struggling management to overtask that precious organ and the frame in which it is enclosed, and to make a drudge of a rare, delicate talent and a beautiful nature, by an ambitious overstraining to crowd too many and too great triumphs into a brief season. At present she has her speciality in lyric work; we have seen for what rôles she is fitted, the *Sonnambulas*, *Lucias* and *Elviras*, who have simple, young affections rather than passions, and whose musical effects are in passages of birdlike florid execution, not at all in thrilling and impassioned declamation. Her function is idyllic, not dramatic. She can be no tragedy queen as yet; nor has she tried to be. So far well; but one must have the power to be, at least one must have an equal depth and richness of experience, to have it in her to do justice to the great religious oratorio airs, like some she was unwisely set to sing in the last Sunday evening concert. Failure there was a foregone conclusion; and the aim of the managers, which was to recruit new troops of (non-theatre-going) admirers, defeated itself, since all who heard her then for the first time went away with less faith in her than they came. We have great faith in her genius, in her voice, in her technical training, which has been admirable, provided she is allowed room to develop physically and mentally, and is allowed to learn to love and know true music, instead of rapidly exhausting her powers and sensibilities in the constant singing of mere fashionable effect operas.

BRIGNOLI was still in excellent trim, giving us his best voice, that night. But however beautiful his singing, however much of light and shade he gives us in his passages at any time, there is this still to be said: He shows small care for *expression*; his lights and shadows, his loud bursts and *diminuendos*, have little reference to the meaning of the music which he sings; his aim seems to be, not to express that, but to express the peculiar beauties of his own voice and style. He has everything in greater plenty than the *morale* of the artist; graceful action, too, excepted!

FERRI quavered as usual, but still impresses one as a refined, intelligent artist. SUSINI was admirable; his round and hearty tones swerve sometimes from the pitch, but they are most satisfying—a rich, nourishing quality of tone—and his whole bearing is manly, impressive, winning.

During the five weeks this company have given here *twenty-five* operatic performances, and the list has included *fourteen* different operas; to-wit:

Magie Flute: Mozart.....	2 times.
Don Giovanni: ".....	2 "
Der Freischütz: Weber.....	3 "
Barber of Seville: Rossini.....	3 "
Sonnambula: Bellini.....	3 "
I Puritani: ".....	2 "
Sappho: Pacini.....	1 "
Lucia di Lammermoor: Donizetti.....	3 "
La Favorita: ".....	1 "
The Martyrs (in concert,) ".....	1 "
Sicilian Vespers: Verdi.....	2 "
Ernani: ".....	2 "
The Huguenots: Meyerbeer.....	1 "
Martha: Von Flotow.....	1 "

Of these the *Magie Flute*, the *Freischütz* and the *Vespers* were essentially new operas to Boston; *Sappho* was as good as new, having only been heard here once before, some twelve or fourteen years ago; this time it drew a small house, but the most enthusiastic of the season, and it was a mistake not to repeat it. We have to thank this troupe also for really making the im-

mortal "Barber" popular among us; it was a bright work of genius reclaimed from habitual indifference of treatment and reception.

(Crowded out last week.)

The last of the Sunday evening concerts, by the Opera company, was one of unusual interest. A simple mention of the programme ought to show this:

Part I. 1. Grand Symphony, (C minor) Beethoven—the Grand Orchestra. 2. Aria. *Le jugement dernier* (the last judgment) Vogel—Sig. Junca. 3. "With Verdure Glad." Creation. Haydn—Miss Adeline Patti. 4. Prayer, composed by Stradella in 1560—sung for the first time in Boston by Sig. Stigelli. Part II. 5. Concert Overture, Julius Bietz—the Grand Orchestra. 6. Aria. "The Martyrs." Sig. Amadio. 7. "Hear ye Israel," Elijah, Mendelssohn—Miss Patti. 8. Romanze, "Spirto Gentil," Donizetti—Sig. Brignoli. 9. Aria, Ernani—Sig. Sustin. 10. German Lied, "Du bist wie eine Blume," (Thou art a lovely flower)—Sig. Stigelli. 11. Duet, *Stabat Mater*—Miss Patti and Mme. Strakosch. 12. March, "Athalie," Mendelssohn.

The Symphony was finely played; the only drawback was that portions could not be as clearly heard in the Theatre, as they would be in the Music Hall. It was an improvement, though, to restore the orchestra from the stage to their usual seats in front. The triumphal finale sounded superbly. Strange to say, little PATTI'S contributions were the least successful portion of the concert. She is hardly ripe yet for such pieces as those two from the oratorios, nor are they to be sung with eyes timidly fastened upon the notes. The other singers were in fine temper and won great applause. The concert overture by Rietz, (Mendelssohn's successor, we believe, in Leipzig), was a new thing well worth listening to, and more than once.

Afternoon Concerts.

On Wednesday, (last week,) every symphony-lover had a treat in a symphony new to our concerts, by Mozart. To our feeling it was one of the most delightful, one of the richest in ideas, and in felicitous instrumentation of them all; and we shall not willingly miss an opportunity of hearing it again. Rarely have the Orchestral Union played a symphony in better style. The whole programme was this:

1. Symphony. No. 1, in 3 parts, (First time in Boston.) Mozart.
2. Waltz. Souderlinge.....Lanner.
3. Overture. Der Freischütz.....Weber.
4. Elogy of Tears.....Schubert.
5. Introduction and Aria. Bellisario.....Donizetti.
6. Allegretto. From Symphony Cantata.....Mendelssohn.
7. Quadrille. The North Star.....Strauss.

This week a large audience attended the *fifteenth* of these very useful and agreeable concerts. So long as there is a good symphony each time, no one need find fault with the lighter medley. This was the programme:

1. Symphony. No. 1. (Second time in Boston). Mozart.
2. Waltz. Kroll's Ballklänge.....Lunbye.
3. Overture. Sicilian Vespers.....Verdi.
4. Favorita Polka.....Strauss.
5. Conjunction and Benediction. From Les Huguenots, Meyerbeer.
6. Aria. From Attila.....Verdi.
7. Champagne Galop.....Lunbye.

The Mozart Symphony won a yet deeper hold upon us in the second hearing. In the expression, the warm, live development and working out of its musical ideas, in each of its three movements, it is simply perfect. At the end of each you feel, that there is no more to be said, and nothing could have been said better. The shifting color, with which the phrases were reflected from the different instruments among which they are distributed, springs up spontaneously as if native to the thought. It is plainly one of those things which Mozart, by a true process of genius which he has himself described, conceived as a whole in all its parts at once. This is one of the two Symphonies in D, given in some editions as No. 4, and remarkable among other things for the absence of a Minuet and Trio.

Of the miscellaneous pieces, the scene from the *Huguenots*, as translated for mere instruments, was the one which excited most applause.

The Artists' Receptions.

These reunions, which formed so delightful a new feature in the social and artistic life last winter, were renewed on Wednesday evening, Feb. 1, with an increase of interest, and with the new advantage of an exceedingly pleasant place to meet in, namely, the new hall in Bumstead Place, of which the Reception was the first inauguration. A thousand or more ladies and gentlemen were present in the course of the evening, being as good a representation as could well be gathered of the artistic culture, the general refinement, and the personal beauty of Boston. It was a fine company to feast the eyes withal, and all alive with animated talk and beaming faces. Most of our artists were there, as entertainers, both in person and in some of their choice works; and there is no finer social element than that in which they minister. There were some distinguished guests, too, from other places; among them, Mr. Palmer, the sculptor, from Albany, with his friend, ex-governor Seymour, of New York. There was fine music discoursed by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club; one caught the welcome sounds from time to time of many gems from *Don Giovanni* and the *Zauberflöte*.

It is impossible to enumerate the interesting works displayed there by our artists; the crowd, the talk, the beauty of the hall itself, continually withdrew us from a close examination. Doubtless we failed to notice many of the best things; but we may speak with pleasure of a charming harvest scene by Hodgdon; a large view in the Rocky Mountains, by Frost; four small landscapes, the Seasons, by Champney; a seashore view, by Mrs. Darrah; a splendid bull's head, by Hinekey; a remarkably well painted portrait of a boy, by Young; a fine portrait, by Wight; a water-color scene, by Cabot; and nice things by Gerry, Ordway, Williams, Scott, Grigg, and others. Among the sculpture we were most struck by Ball's noble bust of Everett. Miss Foley did herself very great credit by a fine portrait bust; and among various works by Stephenson, there was a beautiful head of a young lady, which was universally admired.

We copy from the *Transcript* what appears to be an accurate description of the hall:

The building measures, outside, 113 feet by about 46—one-half of the width being arched over Bumstead place. The main entrance is on Bumstead place, under cover of the arch. There is another entrance on the passage-way to Bromfield street. On the lower floor there is a supper room 63 feet by 21; up stairs are six large ante-rooms directly connected with the hall proper. This hall proper, in its proportions, arrangements, ornaments and fittings, is very nearly if not quite faultless; and for substantial and thorough workmanship, convenience of plan and delicacy of finish, the whole reflects great credit on the skill and taste of the architect, Mr. B. F. Dwight, and the liberality of the owners, who are, we understand, the Fessenden heirs of the Bumstead estate.

The hall, 28 feet high, is on the floor 66 feet in length and 44 feet in breadth; measuring from the rear of the gallery, which reaches back over the entry and an ante-room, the length is 80 feet. The galleries or balconies,—the deep one at the back and the two narrower on the sides, are reached by four distinct stairways, and have for their fronts an S-shaped, light and graceful open iron railing, the scroll-work broken at intervals by lyres with gilt strings. A principal feature is the stage, in a semi-circular domed recess, 27 feet wide, 12 feet deep, and 22 feet in height, out of which three doors open. The settees, calculated to accommodate nine hundred persons, and which can be removed whenever necessary, are of an entirely new style. The frames are of cast iron and the seats and backs stuffed and covered with painted or enamelled cloth. They are easy and comfortable—and, at the same time free from any cumbersome look.

In the architecture of the room, chaste and careful use has been made of the modern Italian style; so that there is nothing heavy, but a pleasing airiness and richness combined with a symmetrical simplicity. No want of ornament is felt, and no ornament is intrusive. The tinting of the ceiling and walls, and the recess that holds the stage, is lively, yet subdued; and the neatness of design, and combination and harmony of colors produce just the desirable effect—

a delicately toned brilliancy. The ventilation is mainly through a perforated cornice running round the four walls.

The lighting of the apartment is well managed. A series of brackets springing from the galleries hold the shaded burners for the lower floor; whilst above, lines of bronzed vases or baskets, around the rims of which jets of gas form wreaths of flame, are suspended by golden cords. This last, we believe, is a novelty, and is certainly a very pleasant arrangement. A body of light is thrown directly on the centre of the stage from a burner concealed by the clock at the top of the arch—the clock itself, by the way, being something out of the common course, with its cream-colored groundwork and gold and crimson centre and circumference.

This is but a hasty and imperfect description of a hall that promises to become a place of resort second to none of its kind in the city. But on no future occasion will it contain within its walls a pleasanter assemblage, or be put to a better use than on its opening evening. There was an obvious affinity between the place itself, the specimens of American art that hung upon its walls, and the company that enjoyed each other's society and examined the collection of pictures and busts.

Musical Chit-Chat.

Is it not refreshing to come to Symphony Concerts again, and to the Music Hall? For his third concert, this evening, Mr. ZERRAHN offers us a really splendid programme; if he have not a great audience this time, it will be the public's fault, and not his own. Two noble works of Beethoven: the ever-glorious Fifth Symphony, which the musical student will enjoy the more, after reading the communication of Mr. Schmitt in another column; and the "Choral Fantasia," which contains in some sense the germ of the Choral Symphony, and which has been played here only twice before, once by Mr. Hatton, and once by Mr. Perkins at the inauguration of that noble Beethoven statue, for which Boston is indebted to his generous enthusiasm for Art. Mr. LANG will play it this time, no doubt well, and the Handel and Haydn Society will furnish the chorus. Mr. Lang will also play, with orchestra, a Capriccio by Sterndale Bennett. For novelties, two overtures: one by Schindeldeisser to "Uriel Acosta," and one by Meyerbeer, to his new opera, *Le Pardon de Ploëmel*, in which there will be a chorus. For an ending, at once popular and in the finest vein of artistic genius, the first finale from *Don Giovanni*, as arranged for orchestra. Is not that a feast?

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, now that the Opera has raised the siege of Boston, announce their next Chamber Concert for next Tuesday evening, in the beautiful new Hall in Bumstead Place. They offer extra attractions musically, too: Beethoven's great Quintet in C; Mendelssohn's do. in B flat; Beethoven's Piano-forte Trio in E flat, Op. 70, with Mr. HUGO LEONHARD at the piano; and songs by Gluck and Parsiello, to be sung by Mrs. J. H. LONG. Such music in such a place should be irresistible attraction. . . . The HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY are about to take up "St. Paul" for rehearsals.

Here is something important to those ordering music by mail. The Post Office Department have decided that

The proper mode of rating music with postage is by the piece, without regard to the number of sheets in a piece: one cent for each piece not exceeding three ounces in weight. When a piece exceeds three ounces in weight, one cent should be charged for the first three ounces, and one cent additional for each additional ounce or fraction of an ounce.

It will be seen that for one or two cents, pieces of music valued at 25 to 50 cents, can be forwarded to any part of the United States. This will be good news to parties living remote from music sellers, as it will enable them, at trifling expense, to procure the latest novelties which opera or concert presents.

"Stella," in the Worcester *Palladium*, writes appreciatingly of the Bach songs recently published by Ditson and Co., thus:

We have also from the same place, No. 3 of the eight airs for an alto voice, compiled and arranged from various cantatas and masses of J. Sebastian Bach, by Robert Franz. It is the beautiful air from the mass in G minor, "*Domine fili unigenite Jesu Christe*." Strangely, solemnly beautiful! No student of music should deny himself the deep satisfaction of learning these airs and their rich, most appropriate accompaniments, which Franz has treated as if the shade of Bach were close by his side the while he performed his labor of love. For a long time we have had no musical publications so valuable. Get them, study them, whether you like them or no. Some day, if not now, they will richly repay you.

Musical Correspondence.

HARTFORD, CONN., FEB. 4.—It may interest your readers to know the state of musical matters in Hartford. The Beethoven Society have recently given a very fine performance of *Oberon*. The following was the programme :

PART I.	
<i>Oberon</i>	Weber
PART II.	
Harmony of the Spheres.....	Romberg
Gipsy Chorus.....	Bishop
Miserere.....	Verdi
Haste thee Nymph.....	Handel

The Solos were rendered by Mrs. STRICKLAND, Mrs. RISLEY, Mrs. HUNTINGDON, Mr. WANDER, Mr. GUNDLACH, and Mr. FOLEY. Mr. J. G. BARNETT, Conductor, with a very effective orchestra, and Messrs. BARCOCK and WHITING, Pianists.

The Society is rehearsing "The Creation," which will begin in the course of two or three weeks. One of our papers has the following :

At the weekly rehearsal of the choir of the Centre Church at the house of Mr. J. G. Barnett, the organist and leader, on Saturday evening, four of the lady members, who have been in the choir for twelve years and over, were made the recipients of handsome presents from friends in the church. Mrs. Risley, who has been a member for thirteen years, was presented with a handsome set of silver tea service; Miss Jane E. Best was presented with a gold breast pin; and the Misses Charlotte and Jennie Goldthwait each with a handsome set of silver tea service. This is one of the best and most united choirs in the city, the newest member having been there for six years, and nearly all the others for ten years or more.

Mrs. PRESTON gave a concert on Friday, supported by some of the best talent. It was well attended and gave satisfaction.

NORTHBORO', MASS., FEB. 6.—I attended on the evening of Feb. 2, a concert given at Westboro' by the "Union Musical Association of the 'borough towns"; and think you may like to know the prospects of music in this neighborhood. The 'borough towns are, of course, Marlborough, with her three daughters, Westborough, Southborough, and Northborough, all sustaining a high reputation for intelligence and prosperity. The Musical Association meets once a month, in the several towns by turn, to sing pieces practised during the interval in each town. It was therefore rather a *reunion* than a *concert*; for there was no previous rehearsal, and of course the time was often faulty, and there was more than one utter failure. But I was particularly glad to see a corroboration of the "Diarist's" belief in the good quality of our New England voices. Whenever the chorus came out with fullness and precision, it was of fine quality, and I could not help wishing that this splendid material (some two hundred voices I believe) could be made use of in Handel's choruses, or the fine old English anthems, instead of being wasted on "Old Folks' Music," as for the most part it was. It must be said, however, that they have recently advanced from the "American Vocalist" to the "Boston Academy," and sang "Great is the Lord," "Corelli," and "Glory to God in the highest," with good effect.

A.

(Continued from page 357.)

NEW YORK, FEB. 7.—To resume my report of Mr. SCHLOTTER's lectures:—In Germany, meanwhile, music was also progressing rapidly. This country at this time was the representative of harmony, as Italy was of melody. France kept the middle, and it was to these three that the whole art was confined. In the sixteenth century, Luther did for German church music, what Palestrina had done for the Italian. The composition of many hymns has been ascribed to him, but there is certainty with regard to only one, the sublime choral: "*Ein' feste*

Burg ist unser Gott." (Our God's a fortress strong indeed.) He offered, however, the greatest encouragement to all composers, and made known his love and reverence for the art in every way. A long line of composers of more or less merit, whom Mr. Schlotter thought it needless to name, appear during the following hundred years, but all these were eclipsed in the rich epoch which commenced, at the end of the seventeenth century, with George Frederic Handel and Johann Sebastian Bach. The lecturer gave a hasty sketch of the lives of these two stars, drawing an interesting comparison between their respective destinies. In many points there was much resemblance; as for instance, both born in the same year, 1685, and very near each other, both blind, or nearly so, in the latter part of life, and obliged to dictate their compositions. On the other hand, Handel was courted and flattered, rich in worldly goods and honors, influential and prosperous, while Bach struggled with poverty and adversity during his whole life—never left his native country, and met with very little appreciation and encouragement in any way. But in compensation, he had domestic joys which Handel never knew, being thrice married, and the father of twenty children, while Handel remained single; and while the latter was proud, imperious, and irascible, Bach carried within him a simplicity of heart and childlike piety, and contented spirit, which made all burdens light to him. The contrast in their worldly standing was shown even when their lives were over. Handel, at his death in 1759, was buried beneath a superb monument in Westminster Abbey, while the grave of Bach, who preceded him by nine years, is to this day unknown.—In France, the regular opera was introduced in 1645 by Cardinal Mazarin. Comedies with songs had, however, been known before. In 1659, under Louis XIV., we have operas by Lulli, to words by Moliere; and by this composer the ground was prepared for Gluck, who was born in 1700. The first operas of this master were built upon the Italian model, but he soon grew entirely original. His operas found the highest appreciation in Paris, his *Iphigenia in Aulis* receiving two hundred nights. He may be considered the mediator between the Italian and German music.

To be Continued.)

DOVER, N. H., FEB. 4.—A series of concerts have been given in this city this winter with good success, and they have done much to improve the musical taste of the people—a taste comparatively undeveloped. The closing concert was given on Tuesday evening, Jan. 31st, when, notwithstanding the cold and stormy weather, the hall was filled with an audience of eight hundred persons. Mrs. J. H. LONG was the chief attraction. Her sweet voice and gentle and winning manners enchanted every one. Her singing was glorious. Although she has sung in Dover twice this season, another concert is called for, that she may be heard again. The other performers at this concert were Mr. E. H. FROST, Tenor, Mr. P. H. POWERS, Basso, and CARL HAUSE, Pianist. This was Mr. Frost's first appearance in this city, but he was well received and gave evident satisfaction. Mr. Powers in good voice and sang admirably. He pleased every one; Carl Hause won the admiration of the entire audience with his easy manner and brilliant and thorough execution. A strong desire is felt to hear him here again under better circumstances, with a powerful grand piano, of generous tone and good action. The names announced as the makers of the instrument used on this occasion, warranted us in expecting a fine instrument, instead of one dead and powerless. We would also call attention to the hall and its sad need of ventilation. It was on this evening close and oppressive, the effect of which was felt by both the performers and the audience. Some improvement might also be made in the way of anti-rooms for the use and convenience of the artists.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

On a sunny summer morning. Ballad. C. Hause. 25

Composed for and sung by Mrs. J. H. Long. Whoever has had the good fortune to hear it sung by this charming vocalist has kept a pleasant recollection of it. It is indeed a happy hit. Words and music blend together perfectly. It must bring smiles upon the faces of the most indifferent audience.

Meet me, love, when twilight closes. G. Linley. 25

A pretty ballad, not difficult.

Tho' over all the bright green carth. Song and Chorus. R. S. Taylor. 25

Fireside Music. Just the thing to sing and have those present join in the chorus.

There's a star in the sky. Song. L. O. Emerson. 25

In this author's pleasant style. Will be a favorite.

How sweet the bells do chime. (Lui parti in fior.) Duet. "Pardon de Ploermel." 35

The duet of the two goatherds, (Soprano and Mezzo Soprano,) a bright, sunny composition, reminding one of fresh morning breezes and purple-tinted mountain peaks. Unlike most of Meyerbeer's songs in opera it will bear transplanting to the parlor or concert-room very well.

Instrumental Music.

Cuckoo Polka. W. R. Day. 30

Dreams of love. Waltz quadr. R. B. Leonard. 30

Spinning wheel Polka. On airs from "Martha." 25

Ilda Mazurka. Celia Sherman. 25

Camp Wilkins Polka. W. P. Howard. 30

Blue stocking Waltz. J. Henry Fleet. 25

Sterling dance-music, of medium difficulty.

Petruccio Waltz. (With a portrait of Edwin Booth.) W. R. Batchelder. 40

A brilliant, though not difficult waltz. The title-page has a life-like portrait of the young tragedian, in citizen's dress.

Gleam of Hope. Nocturne. W. H. Clarke. 25

Melodious and not difficult.

Mignon polka. Charles Mayer. 25

Extremely graceful and pretty. There is something quite original and fascinating in this last "bagatelle" of the Russian Court-pianist.

Third Valse brillante, Opus 48. Jules Schullhoff. 60

After a lapse of half a dozen years, Schullhoff has at last come out with another waltz, a composition in all respects equal to his matchless First and Second Valse Brillante, and destined to as great a popularity. Pianists in want of striking novelties of a sterling character should not fail to examine it.

Aurora Waltzes for Violin and Piano. Labitzky. 35

The original set of five waltzes, in the arrangement of the author.

Wedding March, for a Brass Band, arranged by Burditt. 1,00

One of Ditson & Co.'s well-known series, printed on cards. No Brass Band should be without this beautiful march of world-wide fame.

Books.

THE SHILLING SONG BOOK. A Collection of 175 of the most favorite National, Patriotic, Sentimental, and Comic Ballads of the day. 12½

A neat and very convenient pocket volume of the best Songs, both new and old, many of which, on account of their copyright, are not to be found in other collections.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 411. BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1860. VOL. XVI. No. 21.

(From the Independent.)

A Cloister-Mood.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

How mingles with the tempest's swells
That warning of tumultuous bells!
The fire is loose, and frantic knells
Throb fast and faster,
As tower to tower confusedly tells
News of disaster!

But on my far-off solitude
No harsh alarms can intrude;
The terror comes to me, subdued
And charmed by distance,
To deepen the habitual mood
Of my existence.

Are those, I muse, the Christmas chimes?
And listen, weaving careless rhymes,
While the loud city's griefs and crimes
Pay gentle allegiance
To the rapt spirit that sublimates
My dreamy regions.

And when the storm whirls down the shore
I watch entranced, as, o'er and o'er,
The light revolves amid the roar
So still and saintly,
Now large and near, now more and more
Withdrawing faintly.

This, too, despairing sailors see
Flash out the breakers 'neath their lee
In sudden snow, then lingeringly
Wane toward eclipse,
While through the dark the shuddering sea
Gropes for the ships.

And is it right this mood of mind
That thus can sit, with peace enshrined,
And in the world mere topics find
For idle stricture,
Seeing the life of humankind
Only as picture?

The events in line of battle go;
In vain for me their trumpets blow
As unto him that lieth low
In death's dark arches,
And through the sod hears, throbbing slow,
The muffled marches.

My Dante frowns with lip-locked mien,
As who would say, "They only, I ween,
Whom life-long armor-clahe makes lean,
Achieve the vision,"—
For what? to feed the unfriend's spleen,
The friend's misprision!

What needs be more, that here can sit
And muse through Burton's long-drawn wit
Or subterranean Donne's gem-lit
Aladdin's caverns,
Or crunch with Burns the fresh-strewn grit
On floors of taverns?

What more than Spenser's golden age,
Than Plato's grove, and Shakespeare's stago,
Than Taylor's pulpit, Flaccus' page
He drained a flask on?
Who ever answered thy *Que sais-je?*
Thou fleeing Gascon!

And yet what boots it thus to store
The brain's mow with their musty lore,
Or wander listless on the shore
To watch the wallow
Of life's blind waves that yield no more
Than scallops hollow?

Scallops to show our feet have prest
Those holy places where the Best
Was and is not;—a beggar's quest,
Old tomb-doors haunting,
As if God's trefill in our West
Lacked alien planting!

Oh, Duty, am I dead to thee
In this my cloistered ecstasy,

In this lone shallop on the sea
Adrift toward silence?
And are those visioned shores I see
But sirens' islands?

Best question not the idle air;
Leave what to do and what to spare
To the inspiring moment's care,
Nor look for payment
Of fame or gold, but just to wear
Unspotted raiment.
Cambridge, Jan. 23, 1860.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Rue Chabannais, No. 6.

From ELISE POLKO'S "Musikalische Märchen, Phantasien und Skizzen"; translated by FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

In the small and narrow Rue Chabannais, one of the most unseemly streets in the handsome city of Paris, stands a lofty, but rather gloomy house, marked No. 6. Ugly, lanky, old-maidish looking buildings stand watchfully on both sides, and have even posted themselves on the opposite side, squinting with hollow, unwashed window eyes at the grey house with the broad door-way; the inhabitants of the little street regard it with a certain pride, mingled with friendliness, and rejoice childishly over every shining carriage, that stops in its rapid career before No. 6, as well as over every common hackney-coach, that sets down its light contents there. At every hour of the day, graceful female forms trip over the threshold of the large, gloomy house, and the modistes of the Rue Chabannais, who so seducingly display bonnets, caps, and ribbons in their show windows, may make toilette studies of consequence, by inspecting the different figures that pass so regardlessly by their tempting wares. There may be seen heavy silk dresses and simple black woollen gowns, handsome satin mantillas, and small light shawls, negligent and careful attire, open faces of slender German ladies, French features under coquettish hats, and English gipsy bonnets.

One might fancy that a wise gardener lived there, to whom all the flowers found their way, in order to be advised by him as to their tender lives, from the strong hot-house plant, down to the almost invisible field flower, that only asks for a drop of dew. Old and young men, whose figures and checks would scarcely remind one of spring, or flowers, enter hastily the mysterious No. 6; but how varied the aspect of those who come out again! Sometimes one sees a happy smile, and sparkling eyes; but most of the visitors seem overcome with anxiety, their foreheads wrinkled in thoughtfulness that only disappears as they pass from the Place Louvois into the shining, lively Rue Richelien. "Perhaps a second Lenormand has established herself in the large house, revealing wonderful secrets to the curious, and pronouncing mysterious oracular decrees!" Ah, no; people only visit such an enchantress under the veil of twilight or the shade of night; never in broad day.

Now, shall I resolve the riddle of the grey house for you? Will you follow me up the broad stone steps? On this step has many a

light foot anxiously hesitated before advancing further; many a little hand has touched this balustrade tremblingly; and these white walls have echoed many a sigh. At last we have ascended these steps; let us take breath! before this closed door has many a young heart beaten audibly, believe me! for we stand before the dwelling of MANUEL GARCIA, the greatest singing master of our time. One of the charming fairies, (of whom, I will tell you confidentially, there are yet many, but who hide in flower cups from the tumult of the world), has lent me her airy veil for an hour; we will throw it over us, and thus, boldly and invisibly, penetrate into the apartments of the artist. Stepping across a little ante-room, we carefully open a folding door on the right, and enter a shaded room, comfortably and tastefully furnished. Two fine female busts attract our eyes; one bears the inscription Eugenia Garcia, the other the immortal name, Maria Malibran. Two well known portraits decorate the room; the pleasing, friendly face of Jenny Lind, and the grave features of Pauline Viardot.

Full, strong, and silvery sounds reach us from the adjoining cabinet; they allure us irresistibly; we must follow, softly open the folding doors, and stand within the true atelier of the artist. The long, floating, red silk curtains are half drawn, a rosy light envelopes every object; in the midst of the room stands a fine piano; arm chairs by the fire; a swelling divan at the side, strewn with notes; the handsome marble table loaded with books, note-books, portfolios, and paper of all kinds; music-desks in several places, and on the most elegant, beside the singer, is laid an open book of exercises: "the School of Garcia, the Art of Singing." A breath of poetry is wafted through the room.

Garcia sits at the piano; his pupil stands at a little distance from him. The Maestro is very tall, remarkably slender, and full of feverish vivacity. His face is thin and deathly pale; black, slightly curled hair falls round his high forehead. His eyes are dark, restless, sparkling and intelligent. Now he listens with anxious observation to the steady, swelling tone that streams from the lips of the singer; the next moment, he impatiently throws his head back; a brief word of warning or blame greets the scholar; at times, however, a smile, a witty remark, a graceful jest; but all intermingled with sudden upspringing from his chair, angry stamps of the foot, ugly frowns. How seldom a word of praise! But a warm commendation from the lips of such a master, is a sunbeam that opens the firmly closed buds of zeal and ambition at once. How carefully Garcia handles the precious treasure confided to him, the human voice! How softly he treats it, how anxiously he watches it, how tireless in his efforts to preserve that golden, shimmering enamel of youth, which is the greatest enchantment a voice can possess! It is not possible to lose this under Garcia's instruction; whatever may be, and has been said against him, such a reproach cannot touch a master, whose

method is so essentially natural. And how much he insists on rest during the lesson hours! Hear what he says to the scholar, who at this moment looks toward him so expectantly: "Freshness and spontaneousness are the most precious qualities of the voice, but also the most fragile. The voice that loses these, never finds them again; the *timbre* is cracked beyond remedy. During the first days of study, pupils must exercise for five consecutive minutes only; studies thus measured may be renewed four or five times a day, but separated by long intervals. Afterwards, the time devoted to study may be increased five minutes each time, until it amounts to half an hour. At the end of five or six months, the number of half hours of exercise may be increased to four, but must never go beyond that; and it should always be well understood that they must be separated by long rests."

The singer recommences. Her reflection stands before her, in the large mirror that hangs behind the master's back; no movement of her own face can escape her: every elevation of the eyebrows, every light frown, every ugly movement of the mouth is visible to her. And no grimace passes unbuked; for with constant observation, the penetrating eye of Garcia watches the features of the singer. But he does not recommend a stiff position of mouth and chin; he does not perplex the mind of his scholar with wordy, incomprehensible descriptions of the way head and lips should be held; he simply reiterates the teachings of the world-renowned old Italian singing masters, Tosi and Mancini: "Every singer should hold the mouth in the way he is habituated to do, when he smiles naturally; that is to say, in such a way, that the upper teeth are slightly and perpendicularly separated from the lower ones." Without criticizing the position of the body like a drill sergeant, Garcia says: "Take a firm position, stand quietly and exactly on both feet, removed from any support."

The lesson seems to be ended. The Maestro politely accompanies his scholar to the door, repeats, in a few short sentences, the instruction just received, gives advice as to home study, and with kind and encouraging words dissipates the timidity of the disheartened pupil. But behold! the scarcely closed door re-opens; a pale young man, accompanied by a wise looking old gentleman, steps in, bows in an awkward manner, and hands to Garcia, with a self-satisfied smile, several letters of recommendation, among which such names as those of Meyerbeer, Auber, Spontini, figure. He is a singer from the provinces; intoxicated by the praises of his boon companions, he has determined to devote himself to the theatre. His rich papa and still richer uncle accompany him to Paris; cousin Meyerbeer recommends him to Garcia, after sending him to Pontius-Auber or Pilate-Spontini. How carelessly Garcia throws the important letters aside, but how carefully he commences the trial of the young man's voice! The would-be artist has brought his favorite aria with him, his *parade-piece*; Verdi is the god he swears by as a composer!

The recitative commences; Garcia accompanies. The voice is weak yet sharp, already half broken; the attack unnatural, forced; a fearful effort is made use of to produce every tone; besides false intonation and unclear pronunciation. The Maestro grows impatient, his feet begin to

beat the time, which gradually accelerates, his slender hands move over the keys with feverish haste, his face alters with every tone; his eyes sparkle restlessly, he bites his lips; suddenly he springs up with a half-suppressed cry: "Enough, sir, enough, I beg of you!" He falls exhausted on a seat; a painful silence ensues. At last the master unfolds to the singer the grounds that occasion him to decline accepting him as a scholar, in spite of the recommendations of Spontini and Meyerbeer. His sincerity, and quick decision towards his offended visitor are striking; finally he advises him, if he does not credit his opinion, to seek another master, and dismisses the astonished and deluded worshipper of Verdi with the greatest politeness.

How many ladies he dismisses, who, full of pretension, crowd to him with half-ruined voices to beg from his hand a few flowers that may conceal their decay! How impatient he is of musical prejudice, want of talent, or laziness! His severity towards such qualities has earned a bad reputation for him; his impatience has drawn tears from many eyes; but his sense of justice is always the same. He never affects an interest, that is not felt, towards every scholar; and his sympathy is never awakened, save by remarkable gifts; he is pitiless in openly displaying the little interest he takes in scholars not possessed of talent. With one hand he negligently touches the accompanying chords, in the other he holds a book, out of which he diligently reads; without looking up, a monotonous "encore" at the end of a *solfege* is the only proof that the master's ear is yet awake. The more inflexible and unpolished a voice is, the more gratefully he undertakes its instruction. How joyfully he then gives himself up to his tiresome task; how tireless he proves himself, how carefully and understandingly he watches over the treasure confided to him! On the contrary, he is very unwilling to undertake any of the so-called "repairs" or "last finish"-es, yet freely grants them after the fashion of artists; but the singers, who with such views, enter the sacred work-shop of the Maestro, rarely experience much pleasure during an hour of instruction with Garcia.

I wish some other masters of singing, of whose infallibility their scholars are ready to take an oath, would pass a short time in the school of this fiery, yet discreet and enthusiastic, Art-inspired Spaniard! There they should try without prejudice Garcia's "Method" a method that is simply a clearer echo of the mode of teaching pursued by those renowned Italian masters, a method left as his richest legacy by old Garcia to his genial son, and which this son has so admirably laid down in his celebrated work, "the Art of Singing." Certainly some of these foreign birds would return home so altered as to be almost unrecognizable, twittering merrily, flapping their wings boldly, and would relate how in the little Rue Chabannais, No. 6, an ell-long, close-clinging pigtail may be lost quite painlessly.

But silence, silence! Already my charming protectress, softly warning me, moves the magic veil that covers us. Then let us listen to the soft command! let us not anger the kind fairy; let us leave this graceful chamber, though we sigh in doing so. "Dear Maestro Garcia, farewell! from our hearts we rejoice, that we listened to you! believe us, we shall often fly back to you, in spirit, without the aid of fairies, to look

on thankfully and wonderingly during your lessons. And the gold and silver sounds that your word of command allures from fresh young lips, will stream over our spirits and cradle us, the dew-drops of pearly roulades will refresh us, sweet dreams will entrance us, and render inaudible to our ears the imperfect, unresolved dissonances of every day life."

Translated for this Journal.

Mozart's Magic Flute.

BY A. OULIBICHEFF.

(Continued from page 361.)

Let us see if there be not some way of discovering another meaning in this work; another cause, which may have created this miraculous score; in a word, a thought, which we can admit, without risk of slandering Schikaneder.

Mozart, when he undertook to compose the *Zauberflöte*, had but a few months to live. His strength was so enfeebled, that he had frequent fits of fainting while he wrote. And yet he works away incessantly upon this opera, which seems to have interested him very greatly, in spite of all there was about it that would have repelled another. During this time that fateful messenger, the man who ordered the *Requiem*, presents himself. For whom is this mysterious order? And the dread voice, which spoke so often to the predestined man, replied: for thyself! From that time forward the thought of poison, which he believed that he had taken, gained more and more possession of him, hastening his end.

Already very weak, with one foot in the grave, Mozart could no longer, as in former times, yield himself up to the storm of sensual inclination. He was no longer the Mozart of the *Don Giovanni*. On the other hand it is nothing strange, in youthful invalids, for the emotions of love to grow more intense while they grow purer; reaching a higher pitch of spirituality and poesy, with the increase of physical exhaustion. When this decline has gone so far, that the poor sufferer has little hope, then the love, which lacks the power of earthly gratification, fondly takes refuge in the realm of memory; it takes on the colors of that magical prism, through which we contemplate the past; it runs through one by one all the elegiac chords of the minor-tones of the soul; and when the unalterable order of the psychological modulation has finally brought back a major harmony, the love streams back to its source. It awakens mysterious images; it announces itself in inextinguishable presentiments; it becomes religion and religious poesy; the worship and the aspiration for the unknown Beautiful.

I think there is no one among my musical readers who will not feel, to what a degree the character of the finest scenes in the *Zauberflöte* harmonizes with the moral phenomena, whose origin and consequences I have recalled. But such analogies could not have made themselves apparent in a piece of theatrical music, had not the libretto afforded an occasion, or at least here and there a pretext, for it. Whether it did or not we will now proceed to examine.

In this medley of unconnected scenes, which the poet had invented just to occupy the eyes, there had crept in almost providentially some commonplaces of feeling, some of those lyrical thoughts, which in their abstraction or their uni-

versality suffice to lend to vocal music the coloring and expression that are most favorable for it. With these commonplaces a man of genius can always produce beautiful, true, expressive and even sublime songs; but for the great effects, on the contrary, which belong exclusively to dramatic music, such mere lyrical moments do not suffice, unless they are introduced and *motivated* by the progress of the drama, and are pushed to a certain degree of energy by means of the characters and situations.

Let us see, then, what kind of lyrical commonplaces we find scattered here and there in both acts of this opera. If we examine closely, we may assure ourselves that they are nearly all based on religious and elegiac feelings. Lament and reverie, a regret of the past and a mystical longing are expressed in them. A pure accident in this work of folly! we admit. But let us collect these scattered thoughts, and we shall see them, to our great surprise, all gather round a sort of symbolical focus, which will reflect back to us, trait for trait, the image of the man, who had to recognize himself therein. Even the text, flat as it is, seems to be almost always an allusion to the moral state of the composer:

Dies Bildniss ist bezaubernd schön.
This portrait is enchanting fair.
(Tenor Aria.)

One of the sweetest spots of refuge for a sick imagination is the remembrance of the days of youth, to which the text carried back our hero, those days when the yet virgin heart pursued an image, the type whereof the eyes have never seen, and of which the fancy alone in some of those inspired moments of clairvoyance had dreamed.

Zur Ziele führt Dich diese Bahn.
This path conducts thee to the goal.
(Finale of the first act.)

Mozart stood at the end of his career; he saw the goal before him; the grave, within a few steps, present; in the future an immortal glory.

Ja ich fühl's, es ist verschwunden.
Yes, I feel that it hath vanished!
(Aria of Pamina.)

Yes, I feel that it is all over with me! Is not this the mournful theme, out of which all the musician's thoughts at that time flowed, and into which they all ran back?

In other passages religious thoughts and feelings found for their outpouring texts of a truly Christian savor, such as one is justly astonished at in a libretto of this sort.

Sarastro invokes the protection of the gods for those who hover on the brink of death; then he continues:

Doch sollten sie zu Grabe gehen,
So lohn' der Tugend kühnen Lauf;
Nehmt sie in euren Wohnsitz auf!
[But must they go down to the grave,
Reward their virtuous brave career,
And take them to your purer sphere!]
(Invocation to Isis and Osiris.)

As Tamino is led before the mysterious gates, which open only once for the initiated, we hear:

Wenn er des Todes Schrecken überwinden kann,
Schwingt er sich aus der Erde himmelan.
[If he victorious o'er Death's terrors rise,
So shall he soar from earth up to the skies.]
(Finale of second act.)

The power of harmony, which the Magic Flute represents, conducts the aspirants through the ways of darkness into which they have ventured:

Wir wandeln, durch des Tones Macht,
Froh durch des Todes düstre Nacht.
[We walk by Tone's controlling might

Rejoicingly through Death's dark night.]
(Finale of second act.)

At the beginning of this same finale the Three Boys announce the dawn of a new day and the bliss of the initiated:

Dann ist die Erd' ein Himmelreich
Und Sterbliche den Göttern gleich.
[Then is the earth a heaven of love,
And mortals like the gods above.]

Here Mozart, doubly inspired by texts so purely musical in themselves, and bearing such a wonderfully affinity to the state of his own soul, has shown himself entirely like himself. This is what speaks to us most eloquently at the present day, and, with a few other pieces favored by analogous texts, shines with immortal lustre in the score. The comic and the tragic features of the subject, that is to say the action, the drama itself, sunk more or less into the background, and we see in them to-day the weak parts of the work. One might say with truth, then, that this is the least dramatic of the operas of Mozart, since its most salient scenes are nearly all attached to moral situations, which may properly enough present themselves as episodes in a drama, but should not make up the whole work essentially. The drama requires action and acting passion. But what is the style of the greatest scenes of the *Zauberflöte*? It is that of the Oratorio, and sometimes even the high church style, in all the grandeur and severity of its old forms.

Here at length we find the thought which fructifies the poem, and has extorted such a wonderful harvest from the most unfruitful and apparently uncultivable soil. This thought, concealed essentially from everybody but Mozart, was evidently the initiation, not indeed into the mysteries of Isis or of free-masonry, but into the mysteries which every dying Christian beholds behind the half-opened gates of the grave; Sarastro and his priests are true priests in the score; and the magic instrument, the flute, is it not the very symbol of music's unspoken and intuitive revelation of objects beyond the grave, of revelations, whose weight Mozart surely must have felt better than any other?

Let us now endeavor, in the way of musical criticism, to establish what we have laid down in this sort of preface.

Don Juan and the *Zauberflöte* are the only operas of Mozart, which have an actual introduction. That of the last opera is a masterpiece of grace and elegance. As the curtain rolls up we hear an *allegro agitato* in the minor. Tamino appears pursued by the serpent. The anxiety lasts but a moment, and the musician has given us a proof of his taste in shortening a ludicrous spectacle, which makes claim to dignity. The three ladies come, to slay the monster, to sing *victoria*! and to dispute with one another which of them shall have the pleasure of awakening the fainting young man.

Wretched material, truly! an insipid text, about which Mozart did not trouble himself much, and out of which he has made a dainty yet a learned tattle, classical as to its forms of style, romantic and lightly fantastic in its color. It is a dispute about a plaything between little girls, kept up in an obstinately coquettish, roguish manner. This tattle, which these ladies utter half disputing with each other, and half aside, demanded the involved style, with imitations and answers of the subject, and the composer was not the man to let it lack these qualities. But

what particularly lends an ideal coloring full of magic to the tertzes of the three ladies and to the Queen of Night is, the part which the contralto plays in them. Commonly this voice is the one least heard in the accord in pieces for several voices; but, since it is here the lowest, he has given it the characteristic movement of a fundamental part, sometimes in fact suppressing the bass in the orchestra, as well as other instruments of the male register, which usually strengthen it. The effect of this feminine bass, conducted with a learned and masculine boldness, is altogether magical. If the contralto has a fine sonorous quality, it gives you a peculiar feeling of the fairy-like character of the subject.

No. 4 is one of the loveliest and most wonderful tenor arias in existence. In the beginning, nothing decided, no figures and almost no accompaniment; an indeterminate rhythm. Scarcely has the orchestra given the key, E flat major, when the voice utters a long exclamation. *Dies Bildniss ist bezaubernd schön!* (This image is enchantingly beautiful!) One of those Ahs! which contains a whole history in itself, to speak in the jargon of our modern romanticists. Some speedily resolved doubts, about the nature of his feeling, cross the growing emotion of Tamino; melodic phrases alternate with declaimed ones, besides some instrumental answers: the key seems to waver, as if only waiting, until the matter be decided, to assume a more decided course. But when at length, through question after question about his own state of mind, the young man arrives at what for him and Mozart is the weightiest thing: *Were the original of this image here, what would I do!* then the conscious human *Me* is unfolded to its most secret depths; you see it in the elaboration of the answer (33d to 42d bar). Was ever the presentiment of first love, with all its fainting ecstasy, all the thrill and trembling of a virgin organization, reproduced with such psychological truth, such divine charm? Do you not feel the pulsation of the heart's minutest fibres in the accompaniment, and is there anything more happy than the general pause, which fills out the 43d measure? Tamino is at length clear in his own mind; the eyes of the image, growing more and more expressive, have solved for him the riddle, but his breath forsakes him when he finds it out. What if she were there? — O, where she now to come, Tamino knows what he would have to do. He would press her to his heart, and she should be forever his. *Bravissimo!* This brings love to its goal, and the musical progression is at an end, wonderfully concluding the lyrical moment and letting the composer rest. After the pause no doubt prevails, there are no more declamatory and inquiring phrases. It is all clear in the singer's soul; an unbounded yearning for possession seizes it; the melody flows on in steady stream. There is nothing like this aria, even in the repertoire of Mozart.

Following the order of the numbers which constitute the *enjoyment of the connoisseur*, we come to the quintet, which was begun and ended at the billiard table in Prague. Here again the poetical material is very small. They put a padlock upon Papageno's mouth; the three ladies hand to Tamino a flute, and to the bird-catcher a portable chime of bells; they point out to them the route they are to take to reach Sarastro's residence, and wish them in conclusion a prosperous journey. This text was not much more incon-

venient than the *impensata novità* of the sextet in *Don Giovanni*; it left playroom enough to the musician to set his own peculiar seal upon it. The quintet *Im, hm, hm*—is very original, and of that graceful, romantically fanciful originality, which is peculiar to nearly all the scenes of this kind in our opera. Its easy, pleasing, almost popular melodies flow so naturally into one another, that one instantly recognizes in them the thoughts of the first intention; the figures of the accompaniment are full of grace, and the modulation, although kept unalterably within the limits of the conventional taste, is striking. Some syllabic sentences of the Allegro, the most agreeable in my opinion, have the movement and the piquant unrestraint of an instrumental Scherzo: *Sil-ber-glück-chen-Zau-ber-flöten*, &c. Everything is magical and marvellous in the Andante which concludes this exquisite quintet. A breath from invisible regions reaches us through the tones of the clarinets and fagottos in mysterious triads, which succeed each other in a small harmonic distance, yet none the less in an unusual and striking manner, as respects the mingling of the chord of the sixth with the perfect chords, and of the major with the minor. This *ritornel*, a prelude of the vocal song and identical with it, shows us beforehand the airy guides, who are to conduct Tamino and Papageno into the land of mysteries. *Drei Knäbchen* (Three Boys) &c.

(To be Continued.)

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Diarist Abroad.

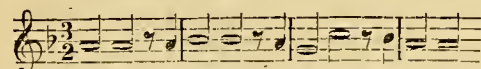
VIENNA, OCT. 23. — Liszt's Mass for men's voices in the church of the Augustines. With every new work of that man, which I hear, my wonder increases that there can be a "Liszt party" in the musical world. Yes, when such combinations and successions of tones become the favorite music of the world, no doubt the five giants (Handel to Beethoven) will be forgotten!

Oct. 30. — Concert of the "Enterpe" in the *Theater an der Wien* in aid of the funds for the Schiller Festival. Overture, *Semiramis*, Catell. Very well done — not merely for amateurs.

Concerto for four violins, by Louis Maurer — exceedingly interesting — just such a piece as would create an enthusiasm in Boston or New York — if you can get the performers.

A chorus for female voices by Rossini, by the members and pupils of the very excellent "Institute for the Study of Singing." It is a beautiful piece, from Rossini's *Chœurs religieux*, and with the true Rossini-religious (?) feeling in it, and was sung to perfection. How it would have taken in Boston! A repetition was demanded here.

Then Rosa Suck, of Pesth, a pretty, dark-eyed girl of some 17 years, played that heart-touching air of Handel:



with orchestra, upon the violoncello. She has not the force of a man, of course, but her execution is fine and she sang the lovely music exquisitely.

Symphony in C with the Fugue, Mozart. How glorious!

A piece of virtuosoism, "*Souvenir de Spaa*," by Servais, played by Rosa Suck, with orchestra, and the *Hallelujah* from the *Messiah* — which had no effect — closed the concert.

Nov. 4. To the Carl Theater — three pieces — one of which was the "Betrothed by the Lanterns" — music by Offenbach — the same which I heard in Breslau, and which so much pleased me — music so natural and healthy — no attempts at grand effects

—simple, sweet, and very beautiful. Thank God! here is somebody once more who will write music, and not try to interpret Kant's philosophy by orchestral combinations, with voices hardly *obligati*.

Nov. 8. A really grand concert in the "Redouten Saal," the great hall for balls in a wing of the immense imperial palace. Two of the works given are to me among the very highest which exist in the art, the Festival overture, op. 124, composed by Beethoven for the opening of the Josephstadt Theater in Vienna, and the Ninth Symphony. The performers were the entire body of instrumentists and singers of the Opera.

The overture is a work which "tries men's" powers as players, but elevates and carries into higher spheres "men's souls" as hearers. It is music to be played not at the opening of a small theatre, but of some vast temple of Art. It is not a painting of character or of a dramatic action in tones, but the expression of the whole, lofty, festival gladness of a multitude of cultivated and enlightened men. So at least I felt it. It gave me the clearest perception of the meaning of the sacred metaphor, "borne as upon the wings of angels." It captivated, entranced me, stirred up the deepest fountains of feeling. So I thought until the symphony came, and then I found there was a lower depth!

It is surprising how popular — I mean here popular in the ordinary sense of the term — this mighty work is becoming in Germany. Nothing but the great difficulty of obtaining the needful singers, and an orchestra adequate to it prevents its frequent performance. People go to it, as in Boston to Handel's "Messiah," because they love it, as I found to my cost a few days later, when I applied on Monday for a ticket in any part of the opera house to hear it again on Tuesday, and none could be obtained, from pit to highest gallery. So in Berlin people offered six, seven, eight times the original cost for tickets in vain, and in divers instances, forged ones put money in rascals' purses.

But such a performance as that in the Redouten Saal! The solo singers of the opera not engaged in the solo parts sang in the choruses; and such heartiness, amounting to enthusiasm, I have seldom witnessed. If the overture had impressed me so at the opening of the concert — what can I say of the feelings excited by the symphony!

At dinner met — Leopold von Meyer! the same Leopold de Meyer, whom our caricaturists gave the broad bands with multitudinous fingers, in other days — not a bit changed, save a little older in look. He chatted pleasantly over his American tour, but said nothing of his certificates as to the excellence of American pianofortes!

Nov. 13. Concert of the Sing Akademie, mostly of ancient music, such as I have so often in old volumes of the Journal of Music spoken of as forming the staple of the Dom Chor Concerts in Berlin. I noticed that the mixed choir of mens' and womens' voices gave a very different effect to the music. Whether a better? Whether the old Italian or German music should not be sung by choirs with boys to produce the effects in the authors' minds? Whether this music does not lose by being sung with women for sopranos and altos, as Handel's choruses would with boys instead of women?

No matter; it was good and enjoyable.

Nov. 21. Rosa Suck's concert, a trio for 'cello, violin and pianoforte, all female performers. And in the last piece, a phisharmonica or, as called in America, harmonium, was added, played by a fourth. A pretty sight, and not bad music. Fraulein Rosa seems rather to have studied execution on her violoncello, than largeness of tone. The critics all speak highly of her. I am no judge of virtuosoism, at all events, not willing to commit myself. Still, many a poorer player has been at home "rapturously applauded" — what would the applauders say to see

this pretty, dark-eyed girl of seventeen, handling the 'cello like a mistress?

Nov. 25. Met the pianist Dreyschock at a friend's this evening. He gave us a small specimen of his astonishing execution. He has given me no opportunity to hear him in his public performances.

Dec. 16. *Fidelio*. House crowded. Czillag sang. Nothing fills the house like it; thank God! But, you know, Beethoven could not write for the voice; and the Vienna and Berlin people must be all wrong in making so much of the work! Benighted souls!

A. W. T.

The Opera Of Der Freischuetz.

BY CHARLES G. LELAND.

Freischutze, fri'-shut'-zai, m (u; pl-u) freearcher; one who uses charmed bullets. — *Oelschläger's Pronouncing Dictionary*, p. 150.

Air—THE POPE HE LEADS A HAPPY LIFE.

Wie geht's, my frents—if you'll allow
I sings you right afay shoost now
Some dretful sdories vitch dey calls
DER FREISCHUTZ; or, de Magic Balls.

Wohl in Bohemian land it coomes,
Where folks drinks prandy mate of plooms;
Dere lifted ein Yager—Caspar Schmit,
Who shot mit goons und nefer hit.

Und dere vos one old Yager who
Says, "Caspar, dis will never do;
If you should miss on trial day,
Dere'll be de tyfel den to pay."

"If you do miss, you sh'tupid goose,
Dere'll be de donnerwetter loose;
For you shan't have my taughter's hand,
Nor pe de Herzhog's yagersmann."

It coomed pefore the day vas set,
Dat all de chaps togeder met,
Und Caspar fired his bix and missed,
Und all de gals cot round and hissed.

Dey langhed pefore, and hissed behind,
Put one chap (Max) says, "Never mind!
I dells you what—yon stums 'em alls,
If yoost you shoot mit magic palls."

"De magic palls—oh, rot is dat?"
"I got dem in mine hoonting hat;
De're plack as kohil, and shoot so true—
Oh, dem's de sort of palls for you."

"You sec dat eagle flyin' high,
Ein hoondred miles up in de sky?
Shoot at dat eagle mit your bix,
You kills him dead as doonderblix."

"I ton't pellere de dings you say."
"You fool," says Max; "den plaze afay!"
He plazed afay, ven snre as blood,
Down coom the eagle in the mud.

"Oh, was ist das?" said Caspar Schmit.
"Fy—dat's the eagle fat you hit;
You kills um when you plaze afay;
Bot dat's a ding you nix verstay."

"Und you moost go to make dem balls
To de Wolf's Glen, ven midnight falls;
Dow know'st de spot?—alone and late—"
"Oh, yaw—I knows him ganz foost rate."

"Bnt, den, I does not likes to go
Among dem dings." Says Max, "ach sho!
I'll help you fix dem tyfel chaps
Like a goot fellow—take some schnapps!"

("Hilf Samiel! hilf!) here trink some more!"
Den Max vent stomping roundt de floor,
Und comed his hoonboogs ofer Schmit,
Till Casp said "Num—ich gehe mit!"

All in de finster mitter nocht,
When oder folks in shleep vas locked,
Down in de *Wolfschlucht* Max did try
His tyfel-strikes and hexerei.

Mit skools und pones he made a ring;
De howls and spooks begin to sing;
Und all de tyfels under ground
Coom breaking loose, and rushing round.

Den Caspar coomes along—says he :
 "Mein Got ! what dings is dis I see ?
 I dinks de fery tyfel und all
 Moost help to make dem magie pall:

"I vish dat I had nix cumraus,
 Und staid mineself in ped zu house."
 "Hilf Zamiel !" cried Max, "you whelp !
 You red Dootch tyfel—coom und help !"

Den up dere coomed a tredfull shform—
 De todtengrips aroundt did schwarm ;
 De howl jumped oop und flap his wings,
 Und toorned his het like avery dings.

Oop troo de groundt dere coomed a pot,
 Mit leadt und dings to make de shot ;
 Und hoellish fire in crimson plaze,
 Und awful schmells like Schweizer kaese.

Across de scene a pine-shitck flew,
 Mit several jail-pirds fastent to ;
 Six treadful jail-pirds, mit deir wings
 Tied to the shitticks mit magie shtrings.

All troo de air—all in a row
Die wilde Jagd was seen to go ;
 De hounls und deer all made a pone,
 Und hooned by a skilleton.

Dere coomed a dretful shpectre pig,
 Who splitten fire afay did dig ;
 Und fiery drocks und tyfel-snake
 A scootin' troo die air tid preak.

But Max he tidn't mind dem alls,
 Bot casted out de pullet palls ;
 Six was to go as dey wouldt like,
 De severn for de tyfel moost strike.

At last oopon de trial day
 De gals coomes round so nice and gay ;
 Und den dey goos und makes a dantz,
 Und singed apout de *Jungfernkranz*.

Und den der Hertzhog—dat's de Duke—
 Coomes down, und dinks he'll take a look ;
 "Young mans," to Caspar, den says he,
 "Joost shoot dem dove upon dat tree !"

Den Caspar pointed mit de big ;
 "Potzhlitz !" says he, "dat dove I'll fix !"
 He fired his rifle at de *taub*,
 When Max rolled over in de *staub*.

De pride she falled too in de dust ;
 De gals dey cried—de men dey cussed.
 De Hertzhog says, "It's fery clear
 Dat dere has been some tyfels here,

"Und Max has shot mit tyfels' *blei*,
Pfui?—*die verfluchte Hexerei!*
Oh, Maximilian. *Oh, du*
Gest mit mit rechten Dingen zu."

But den a hermits coomed in lete ;
 Says he, "I'll fix dese dings foost rate ;"
 Und telld de Hertzhog dat young men
 Will raise de tyfel now und denn.

De Duke forgifed de Caspar dann,
 Und made of him *ein* Yagersmann,
 What shoots mit bixen gun und pfeil,
 Und talks apout de Waidmannsheil.

Und den de pride she coomed to life,
 Und cot to pe de Caspar's wife ;
 Den all de peoples cried Hoorah !
 Das ist recht brav ! und hopsasa !

NOTES.

Tyfel—*Teufel*—An evil spirit.
Donnerwetter—Thunder-weather, and a grand smash, gene-
 rally speaking.
Herzog—Duke
Yagersmann, or *Jaeger*—A hunter.
Biz—*Buechse*—A rifle.
Kohl—Coal.
"Oh ! was ist das ?"—What is that ?
"Nix verstay"—Unintelligible (both to Germans and Eng-
 lish).
Schnapps—Schnapps. Very appropriate in the *Wolf's*
Schlucht, or *Wolf's* ravine.
"Hilf Zamiel !"—Invocation to an evil spirit.
"Ich gehe mit"—I will go with you.
Mitternacht—*Mitternacht*—Midnight.
Hexerei—Witchcraft.
Spooks—*Spuk*—Ghosts.
Nix cum'raus—*Ne creat*—Not come out.—No go.
Todtengerippe—Skeleton.
Schweitzer Kaese—Swiss cheese.
Die Wilde Jagd—The wild hunt.
Fiery Drocks—*Drachen*—Fire-drakes. Fire-dragons.
Jungfernkranz—Bridal wreath.
Taub—Dove.
Staub—Dust.

Blei—Lead.
Oh, Maximilian, etc. etc.—"Oh, Maximilian, you have em-
 ployed improper means," i. e., sorcery.
Pfeil—Arrow.
Waidmannsheil—Salutation of German hunters.
Das ist recht brav—That is first-rate.

Musical Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, FEB. 11.—Since the departure of the *soi-disant* French Opera Comique troupe, which, by the way, humbugged our *dilettanti* egregiously, a perfect musical dearth has reigned in our borders ; in truth, we have been consigned to the "horrid vulgarity" of Ethiopian and Horse Opera, until the advent of the DRAYTONS. These admirable artists have been delighting large audiences, during the past two weeks, with their charming and unique operetta entertainments, which have proved, to our straight-laced non-opera goers, a decided *desideratum*.

Mr. Drayton is the happy possessor of a noble voice, good style, a splendid figure, (not at all unimportant) and talents, both vocal and dramatic, of such a superior order, as must place him, with proper study, in the front rank of *buffo* singers on the Italian stage. But inasmuch as artistic excellence is generally measured by a pecuniary standard, his success may be regarded as certain. As an actress, Mrs. Drayton is sprightly and versatile ; her voice, however, lacks power, and perhaps in quality is not altogether agreeable, yet her execution and method evince careful and judicious training.

Our sacred Music Societies are in full blast. The "Harmonia" gave the first half of Haydn's *Seasons* last month ; the balance is to be performed early in March. The Handel and Haydn Society is now engaged in rehearsing Handel's oratorio, *Judas Macabees*, which will be produced in a short time. Mr. CARL HOHNSTOCK gave his third classical soirée, of the series, on Thursday evening, the 9th inst., in the Foyer of the Academy of Music. He was assisted by MESSRS. WOLFSOHN, ALLEN, HASSLER, MUELLER, and SCHMITZ, all resident musicians. The subjoined is the programme :

PART I.

Quatuor : String-Instruments, op. 29. Beethoven.

PART II.

1. Solo : Piano. Chopin.

a) Berceuse, op. 57 (Cradle Song).

b) Polonaise, op. 53.

2. Solo : Violin. Ernst.

Elégie

PART III.

Trio : Piano, Violin, Violoncello, op. 66. Mendelssohn.

The second movement, *Adagio molto espressivo*, was particularly fine and deserves especial mention. A slight lack of unity among the violins was noticeable in the *Finale Presto*.

Mr. Wolfsohn played from note, two piano pieces by Chopin. To interpret this genial tone-poet understandingly, requires the most delicate sentiment, thorough appreciation of the work, and elasticity of touch ; in all of which Mr. Wolfsohn may be pronounced wanting. He played the Polonaise, in A flat, op. 53, in a most disjointed and flurried manner, occasionally making an epileptic onslaught on the piano, truly fearful ; thus giving his hearers a realizing sense of the relative strength of iron, wood, and muscle. Only in concerted music does he display his talent as a pianist, and his fine performance in the trio of Mendelssohn attests the truth of this assertion. Mr. Hohnstock played the *Elégie* by Ernst, for violin, with his usual unquestioned taste and fine style ; he is every inch an artist. It was heartily applauded and deservedly encored. Mendelssohn's Trio, for piano, violin and violoncello, was finely played and warmly received. The audience was extremely large and appreciative, and as such, encourages the hope, that the time is not far distant, when classical music will not be altogether "caviare to the general."

M.

NEW YORK, FEB. 13.—The opera has returned, and we have now Miss PATTI as the acknowledged prima donna of the troupe instead of the charming little experiment she was when she left us. Her success in Boston has had its effect here, and nobody now disputes her high rank in her profession. She opened the season last Monday with *I Puritani*, in which she pleased the public. Then she sang the delicious music of Rosina, the other parts in the "Barber" being taken by the same singers by whom it was so recently produced in Boston. It was a decided success. The opera has never been popular here, but with the present cast will become so. The *Freischütz* was a moderate success, the scenery being excellent and the singing fair. STIGELLI is improving in public favor every time he sings. The operas announced for this work are the *Barber* and *Sonnambula*, with Patti ; *Freischütz* with COLSON ; and *Saffo* with GAZZANIGA, who appears to have got over her quarrel with the management. It is said that Miss Patti has also learned the music of *Martha*, and will appear in that part before the end of the season, singing the interpolated ballad, "Last Rose of Summer," in English. It is also said that MANETZKE is coming back to New York soon with CORTESI, and the new tenor MUSIANI, and among the operas they will produce will be Donizetti's charming work, *Genia di Vergy*.

In the city there is not much else to chronicle in the musical way. The Philharmonic concert on Saturday was a fine success. Colson was announced to sing, but being sick, her place was supplied by Stigelli. TROVATOR.

NEW YORK, FEB. 14.—The third PHILHARMONIC Concert last Saturday was a great success. Mendelssohn's Fourth Symphony in A, made the beginning, and was played, as were all the orchestral pieces, with a great deal of spirit. The beautiful Andante, that quaint, singable old "Volkslied" set upon that splendid base, was deservedly encored. Schumann's Overture to *Manfred*, and a Festival Overture by Lachner, the latter rather insignificant, but with pleasing melodies, made up the remainder of the orchestra's share. Mr. MILLS played, as faultlessly as ever, the G minor Concerto of Moscheles, not a very interesting piece, and a Fantasia of Chopin, which needs to be heard more than once to be appreciated and understood. When encored after the last piece, he played some brilliant Variations on what was said to be a Welsh air. Madame COLSON was the vocalist announced for the evening, but she was pronounced too much indisposed to appear. Any indignation on the part of the public was averted and, indeed, great satisfaction created, by the simultaneous announcement that STIGELLI would take her place. The audience thus had the unexpected pleasure of hearing Beethoven's *Adelaide* most exquisitely sung, as also, in answer to an encore, Schubert's lovely "Faded Flowers." When called back after his second number, "The Tear," by himself, the artist gave an English Song, which was not quite so satisfactory. None but a true artist could have sung this variety of songs as Mr. Stigelli did, the first two were indeed perfection. —t—

P. S. I continue my abstract of Mr. SCHLOTTER's lectures. He referred to Haydn, who formed the last step between Gluck and Mozart. In a hasty sketch of his life the lecturer mentioned that he was born in 1732, the oldest of twenty children, and in the childlike simplicity of his life much resembled Bach. In his eighteenth year he composed his first Quartet and first Opera, and a few years later his first Symphony. He died in 1809, leaving a multitude of works to perpetuate his name. He composed one hundred and nineteen Symphonies, eighty-three Quartets, twenty-four Trios, ninety-four Operas, five Oratorios, sixteen Masses, one hundred and twenty-

five pieces for Baritone, an instrument much in use at that time, and forty-four Sonatas for the piano. He may be called the inventor of the Symphony, and made immense improvements in instrumentation and musical period.

Haydn, as well as all his predecessors, prepared the way for Mozart. In him all the characteristics of Italy, France, and Germany, each of which had gone its own way, were at last united. His biography is so well known that it is only necessary to mention here that he was born in 1756, at Salzburg, and died 1791. His first work was a Piano Forte Concerto, composed at seven years of age.—The lecture closed with a mere mention of Beethoven, who raised instrumental music to the highest point, Mr. Schlotter reserving a more particular reference to him for a future occasion. The musical examples, produced at this lecture, were Luther's Choral, "Ein feste Burg," the Andante from a Quintet of Mozart, arranged for Piano and Violin, and Bach's first Prelude. The latter, however, was not given correctly, as Mr. Schlotter performed Gounod's Meditation upon it, in which a melody for the violin is set upon the Prelude as an accompaniment. If Mr. Schlotter thought that this would suit the ears of his audience better than the mere Prelude, he ought at least to have mentioned the innovation. The Violin was ably sustained by Mr. Matzka. — t —

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 18, 1860.

Dehn's Counterpoint.

The name BERNHARD KLEIN is probably wholly unknown to most if not all the readers of the "Journal of Music"; and yet of all the masters of this century, excepting Beethoven, in original powers of mind, grandeur of conception, dramatic truth, profundity of contrapuntal learning and evidences of fancy, he very probably stood first. He was born at Cologne in 1794—was therefore a few years younger than Meyerbeer, and some fifteen years older than Mendelssohn—and died at Berlin, Sept. 9, 1832, still a comparatively young man. At the age of twenty-five, having then been for some time at the head of the music in the Cologne Cathedral, his repeated proofs of his great talents caused him to be called by the Ministry to Berlin at the expense of the Government, that he might there have further opportunity of musical culture, and particularly that he might, as music teacher, make himself familiar with the system of Zelter, then in the height of his fame and reputation. He came well studied in the old Italian school—having passed some time at Heidelberg, where the great musical library of the renowned professor of law, Thibaut, had been fully at his disposal—and thoroughly conversant with the best music of the Catholic church.

Reilstab, who knew him well, says: "Zelter, feeling his own reputation, and used to seeing himself surrounded only by mere beginners, had looked upon Bernhard Klein only as a talented pupil, who would look up to him with awe, and whom he might lead and instruct at will. Under the influence of these feelings he had seen fit to favor the young man and take him as a pupil. As it very soon however appeared that Klein was fully conscious of his powers and the extent of his knowledge, and as upon closer acquaintance the young man from the province ceased to be awed by the wisdom and creative powers of the famous and experienced man of the capital—which had at first the natural effect upon the scholar—and as it finally became evident that

Klein did not view Zelter's instructions as facts to be taken without question, but as principles to be examined and proved by him—then Zelter's feelings changed at once; for he was one who could not bear a rival, much less a conqueror. We have heard him not seldom speak very slightly of a man, who as was soon proved, not only far surpassed him in genius but in knowledge."

Klein however was independent and talented enough to make his way in spite of the old man; and the Ministry formed so high an opinion of his abilities as to appoint him Music-director and teacher in the University. In the organ-school founded about that time he was also made instructor in Thorough Bass and Counterpoint. This must have been before he was thirty years old.

But this is not the place to speak of his works, nor of his *Kreissler* nature, which like an active volcano burns itself out and is at rest—not to awaken again, unhappily, like a Vesuvius or Ætna—but once extinguished, extinguished forever! So Klein at the age of thirty-eight sank into the grave, leaving works which exhibit his mighty powers, but which are not of the fashion of the day, and hardly known out of a small circle in Berlin.

As a contrapuntist he was unrivalled in his generation. His knowledge of the greatest masters increased by a visit to Italy for the purpose of studying in the libraries there, was most profound.

All the results of study, observation, reading, and his own efforts as a composer were brought to bear, in his course of harmonic and contrapuntal instruction. He was one of the few men of whom the late Prof. DEHN used to speak with real enthusiasm, as does the great organist and contrapuntist, HAUPT, of Berlin, still. They were both pupils of Klein, and in them his system has been and is still kept alive. Klein seems to have been of a procrastinating habit, and hence never completed a work upon the science of music, which he contemplated, and for which he had made studies. The failure of his health, and, as it appears, straightened circumstances hindered the completion of this as of other works. His ideas have not been lost happily, the work known as Dehn's *Harmonie Lehren* being, as is fully explained in its preface, prepared from manuscripts of Klein himself, or from those of his pupils. It is not a large work, but the most interesting, the clearest and most practical, within our knowledge.

As with Klein's Harmony, so has it proved with Dehn's Counterpoint. Dehn was too much occupied with his labors as librarian, and in earning the means of support for his family by teaching, to have found time to complete a labor which had for many years occupied his thoughts, and which he was only waiting for leisure to bring to perfection. But Death came suddenly and called him away. Bernhard Schalz, of Mayence, now assistant kapellmeister (if our memory serves) at Hanover, was in 1854-5-6 a pupil of Dehn—and in fact a distinguished one, both as a young composer of genius and as a deeply studied musician. The manuscripts of the late professor, so far as they belong to his projected work upon Counterpoint, were placed in Schalz's hands, and have now appeared from the press of Schneider in Berlin, forming an 8vo. volume of one hundred and eighty-two pages, with seventy-eight pages of music.

(To be Continued.)

Concerts.

THIRD PHILHARMONIC.—The magical attraction of Beethoven and Mozart, with novelties (not too much of them) to excite curiosity, proved its power last Saturday evening; and Mr. ZERRAHN had the satisfaction of seeing the Music Hall worthily filled, or nearly so, by at least two thousand people, who found this programme irresistible:

1. Symphony in C minor. [No. 5].....Beethoven.
2. Capriccio for the Piano-forte, with Orchestral accompaniment.....W. S. Bennett.
Mr. Lang.
3. Overture: "Uriel Acosta".....Schindeldeisser.
[First time in Boston.]
4. Overture: "Le Pardon de Ploërmel".....Meyerbeer.
[First time in this country.]
5. Choral Fantasia, for Piano-forte, Chorus and Orchestra.
Mr. Lang. Beethoven.
6. Finale [1st Act] from "Don Giovanni".....Mozart.

Verily the old C minor Symphony, heard as it has been here more times and by more people than any other, is still the work which lives in most minds as the grandest type of the whole power and genius of instrumental music. There are hundreds to whom the word Orchestra means Fifth Symphony. It is a splendid experience in itself to witness its effect upon an audience. It is the prime favorite among Symphonies; positively popular, sure to interest to quicken and to elevate. It cannot fail, if played well; nor can it get laid on the shelf for any great length of time, like a good thing too well known to excite an appetite. The wonder of it is that this work, being in the most elaborate and transcendental style of classical, artistic music, one of the highest works of genius, makes itself nevertheless so clearly understood, so deeply felt and realized, even in mixed audiences. Of course some preparation must be presupposed. This Symphony has been heard many times by most of us, so that, inasmuch as it was worthy, it could not fail to win our love. And this proves, despite all that is said about light and popular programmes, how vital and how certain the relation of all inspired products of high Art to the inmost sympathies and consciousness of all men. We do believe that the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven exerts more influence, more charm here in Boston than any other work of music or of any other form of Art. (Of course the reason resides greatly in the psychological and moral meaning of the work, which has been again and again sufficiently pointed out,—different interpretations wonderfully agreeing in the main tendency, and converging to one key-note.) The same experience, we do not doubt, would follow with regard to the Ninth Symphony, could it be heard as many times and played as well. We are induced to think this even greater than the Fifth; while we admire the Seventh quite as much. Let Mr. Zerrahn only give us all the chances he can to compare them; we care not how long the question of priority remains unsettled.

We have only to add that this time the Symphony was remarkably successful in the performance. Mr. Zerrahn's orchestra of forty are not, to be sure, capable of all the breadth and grandeur of a New York Philharmonic orchestra of eighty; but they were all effective, true, and animated with the right spirit, and they made Beethoven felt; not for nothing did he seem to stand there in heroic bronze right over them!

Bennett is the best of English composers, and unconsciously reflects Mendelssohn. There is a certain lack of all-aliveness in his music; an elegant, artistic indolence of nature. He can do nothing that is not tasteful and refined; he is learned and musician-like to an eminent degree; but very positive and quickening vitality is wanting. We do not call him an imitator. The Capriccio, which Mr. Lang played, and played so well, is of this character; graceful, fluent, florid, pervaded by a shadowy beauty; much finer as heard now with orchestra, than last year with quartet accompaniment, but still not greatly impressive; a delicate leaf from the album of an artistic quietist.

Schindelmeisser was a new name to us. Uriel Acosta, the hero of Gutzkow's tragedy, was a Portuguese Jewish philosopher and dissenter, who underwent persecutions and anathema. Of the overture a synopsis in the programme informed us:

At the very beginning of the overture, in the *allegro* movement, the repeatedly interwoven call of the rams' horns, which are always sounded at high and solemn Hebrew rites, indicate the ceremony of pronouncing the anathema, and also the subsequent recantation before the tribunal of the Rabbi. This *allegro* is followed by an *andante maestoso* for wind instruments, pronouncing a sort of religious chorale, which is repeated by the stringed instruments *con sordini*. An *allegro vivace* which follows seems descriptive of the struggle in Uriel's heart, when against his solemn conviction, he is forced to recant and recall what he has written. The close is similar to the beginning; the sound of the horns seem to indicate that fanaticism and persecution have triumphed, and that the lives of two noble beings have been sacrificed at the altar of bigotry.

The "rams' horns" sounded rather uncouth, but the overture is interesting, and worked up with a good deal of power in the last part. The *Andante* for wind instruments is quite imposing. The whole work really seems kindled from a central heat and takes hold of the feelings; but it is absurd to name it in the same breath, as some have done, with the *Freischütz*; we felt no such presence of the romantic imaginative element.

The other novelty was the *Pardon de Ploërmel* overture. We have already given descriptions of the entire opera. It seems as if Meyerbeer, still goaded by the nightmare feeling of the necessity of inventing new effects to take the place of genius, had this time hit upon the not very economical one of giving you almost an opera before the rising of the curtain. His overture pauses repeatedly to let snatches of an unseen chorus, a Catholic peasant chant, be heard. These were beautiful and touching in themselves, and sung with good effect by members of the Handel and Haydn Society. The orchestral parts are full of ingeniously novel and sometimes pleasing effects; there are the bird choirs in the woods at day-break (scene in Brittany), a grand storm, and so forth, with chorus to the Virgin in the lulls as aforesaid, and all worked up as this master knows how. Once the orchestra seemed to enter on an unrelated key, after one of those vocal parentheses; but in the main it was well played, and excited much applause.

The "Choral Fantasia," (Beethoven's eightieth work, composed and played by him in Vienna, Dec. 22, 1808, when he was thirty-eight years old, and sixteen years before the Choral Symphony), made a most delightful impression; and the choral portion, finely given by the Handel and Haydn, had to be repeated. There is all-aliveness enough in this work; it tingles throughout with most rare and delicate vitality. The piano preludes as if at random in a happy and creative mood; the orchestra expands the thought, and all grows on towards distinct human utterance, hinting by fragments the tune that will be sung; strange expectation is excited by the quick underbreath monologue of the basses, and then the song (in praise of Harmony), as beautiful as it is exceedingly simple, and very like that in the Choral Symphony, flows in soft delicious harmonies, and swells to great Beethoven climaxes, still proclaiming Joy as the great word of life. Mr. LANG acquitted himself of his difficult and delicate task at the piano most successfully; he had remarkable ease and skill of execution already; he has gained greatly in artistic feeling and fine appreciation of his composer.

The intoxicating *Don Giovanni* music,—that wonderful succession of little scenes, including the minuet, the trio, and ending with the ball scene—brought to a fine close this decidedly best concert of the season.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB. A very large audience were drawn together Tuesday evening by the double attraction of a splendid programme and of the new Hall in Bunstead Place. All seemed charmed with the aspect of the place, which lent a cheerful, social feeling to the company. We believe the Hall quite realized to every one the description of it which we copied in our last. To the eye, at least, all harmonized with the true music-hearing mood. The pieces performed were these:

1. Quintette, No. 2, in C, op. 29. Beethoven. Moderato—Adagio—Scherzo—Finale, Presto.
2. Air from the opera of Nina: "Il mio ben quando varrà." Mrs. J. H. Long. Paisiello.
3. Piano Trio, in E flat, op. 70, No. 2. Beethoven. Introduction and Allegro non troppo—Allegretto—Allegretto non troppo—Finale, Allegro non troppo. Messrs. Leonhard, Meissel and Fries.

4. Aria from Orpheus: "Che farò senza Eurydice," Gluck. Mrs. J. H. Long.
5. Fantaisie and Variations for Piano, op. 1. Saran. Hugo Leonhard. (Pupil of R. Franz.)
6. Adagio and Finale from the 2d Quintette in B flat, op. 87. Mendelssohn.

We have never listened to the Beethoven Quintet with such full appreciation. Was it that they played so much better, inspired by the place and audience, or was it that the room was peculiarly fitted for the full, close, distinct sound of the strings? Not a tone was lost, nothing confused or blurred. The same was felt with even more force in the accompaniment to Mrs. Long's first piece, including flute and clarinet, and in the effect of the voice itself. We have never heard this lady's voice, when it has seemed so round and mellow, and never, to our mind, has she sang so well, as in this recitative and air from Paisiello. It is a fine concert piece, in the best, the natural and unforced older Italian style; the chief fault being that it is a little too long by repetition of ideas. Strange to say, the singer was not nearly so successful in the air from *Orpheus*.

Mr. LEONHARD played the Beethoven Trio with much skill and expression, more especially in the light and subtle passages; but whether it were that he pounded somewhat, or that the instrument was not in the right mood, or that its position in the hall was not quite right, or that the hall itself was at fault, the strong chord passages had a dull, cut-off, unvibrating sound. There was considerable waywardness and exaggeration, we thought, in his rendering of the variations by a pupil of Franz. The work itself is certainly a very remarkable one for the op. 1 of a young man; the theme one of rare, original beauty, and set forth with choice selection of chords; some of the variations, alike natural and learned in style, some marvellously beautiful, as that cantabile where the bass keeps on one note in triplets; others bold, grotesque and strange:—on the whole too much of it for general enjoyment, and too oddly contrasted to please unless very perfectly played.

In the Quintet of Mendelssohn, all sounded rich and clear again. The only doubt we had about the acoustic qualities of the new hall, is what remains to be removed by a more satisfactory hearing of the piano-forte. The strings, the voice, were as clear and resonant as one could wish. A certain crudeness, to be sure, attaches to sounds in all rooms that are wholly new; places, like instruments, must get attuned; at any rate, the art of managing a new hall is not learnt always on first trial. The general satisfaction with the room and with the concert, judging from the expressions we have read and heard, was great.

Sculpture—Palmer's "White Captive."

This exquisite work is now on exhibition at the Athenæum. We can truly say that we have seen no modern ideal statue, which has seemed to us so purely beautiful. While it is boldly true to nature, the head in fact a portrait, it is none the less ideal, reaching by an original and wholly independent method from that of the Greek School (of to-day) the same end with the Greeks, with all true genius, the expression of a beautiful, sublimed humanity. This captive maiden, as she stands there exposed, with just a slight unconscious movement as if to get free, suppressing the anxious fear and shame with a divine self-possession, so modest and so unconcealed, clad in purity, and though she tells an actual and specific story, stands for all beauty, moral and ideal, in the divine perfections of the human form. Never have we seen marble so alive. The flesh seems as it would yield to pressure; there is not a speck of blank uncharacteristic surface; every point is vitalized. The exquisite finish with which the hands and feet are modelled surpasses anything we ever saw. And yet such fineness of detail would be uninteresting, weak and artificial, if there were not such power and beauty in the figure as a whole.

We are perhaps enthusiastic. We cannot criticize, but we wish all would go and see it; and meanwhile we find what we would say better expressed, and with more authority, in the following from the *Transcript*, although we are scarcely prepared to admit all the writer's exceptions.

We do not in this day want an eternal repetition of the Greek type or the Greek ideal. The great principles of Grecian art belong to all time, and are as indestructible as the human soul; and the Greek method is of precious value; but there are such things as Western ideas, and types of beauty and of passion, which it is the true mission and vocation both of the sculptor and the painter in America to study and embody; and of course in the highest form of art which their genius and skill can command. Miss Hosmer has yet to release herself from the Greek bondage, and, profiting by the lessons of her captivity, to identify herself with modern life and character, and thus with the American art that is to be.

Shall we now say that the most genuine and masterly attempt in this direction has come to us from the hands of one who not long ago was a mere journeyman carpenter, without

education, culture, or manipulative skill? Such is indeed the fact, and Palmer is the man, and his "White Captive" the work, which accredits his talent and claims to this high distinction. We are not prepared to admit that this man, who has so suddenly proved himself an artist, bursting upon us "forty thousand strong," as Waller said, "when nobody thought of such a thing"—we are not prepared to admit that this artist is correct in his theory of sculpture, or that individualities should take the place of generic forms; nor can we admit that personal blemishes have any right to be represented in a professed work of art. Whatever the speciality of the sculpture may be—we mean as to the idea which it personifies—the perfection of outline and proportion should undoubtedly be preserved; for deformity is clean out of the sphere of Art, and could not be made attractive to human sympathy, however lifelike the delineation.

Deformity is by no means, however, the fault of the "White Captive," although it is far from being faultless, and is too individual to be classed among ideal specimens; that is to say, it is too much the result of a study from life, too real in all its reflexes, and not sufficiently fused, perfected and glorified by the imagination, to belong to ideal representation. We have heard that the author plagues himself upon his peculiarity, and that the sculpture has been produced from canons of art laid down by himself, which canons he intends to follow in all his future elaborations. It is a bold and an original thing to do, and he has a right to be heard, because he has proved that he has genius, and the power of executing his fancies.

Much, however, as we admire the "White Captive," and profoundly as we reverence the marvellous beauty of some parts of it, especially the glorious sweep of the back of the neck down to the extremity of the body, which excels every thing we have yet beheld either in ancient or modern art, and insists upon its own reality as flesh and blood, which we should think it no kind of profanity to worship for its unspeakable human beauty—much, we say, as we admire all this, we venture to suggest that imagination is after all the great wizard who alone can raise reality into art, and the highest regions of art—and that the "White Captive" would have been an immeasurably higher production, touched by him and the power of his sorcery, than it now shows itself as a merely conscientious work of reality.

For in any performance of this nature the artist cannot subdue the moral features, and make them harmonize with the idea which he designs to set forth in the expression of the face, and in the dramatic position of the subject; and without this subjection and general harmony there may be an individual picture cut to arbitrary rule, but scarcely a work of art. The face of the "White Captive," for example, is nobly tragic, in its proud distress and unconquerable moral feeling—but the entire form (confessedly studied from unique life) is voluptuously sensuous, in parts absolutely sensual, and our sympathy with the manacled condition of the sufferer is lost in the magnetisms of her animal beauty.

For the rest, we are bound to say that it is the most real piece of sculpture we have ever beheld; and it is the first time that marble has ever been moulded into flesh—vital and tangible flesh—and the warm color of flesh and blood. The head is superb; but we think too large and grand for the beautiful body which supports it. The hair, too, is matchless in its imitation, and flows musically over the head, as any live maiden's might do. The anatomy of the figure is very finely rendered, and the articulations of the joints, especially those of the knees, back and front, are perfect, and have no rivals in the art. The back of the figure we think finer by far than the front, and more chaste and exquisitely beautiful. The hands also might well tempt the lips of an enthusiast, they are so delicately and sweetly formed.

Music Abroad.

Berlin.

A correspondent of the *London Musical World*, Jan. 21, writes:

In my last I omitted a musical event of very considerable importance, to wit, a very clever organ performance by a young English—I beg pardon—American gentleman of remarkable musical abilities. The novelty of seeing an English name "in print" out here, and particularly where musical execution is concerned, induces me to send you the programme.

1. Prelude and Fugue (in G minor). J. K. Paine.
2. Choral varied: "An Wasserflüssen Babylon." S. Bach.
3. Trio Sonata in C (For two keyboards and pedals). S. Bach.
4. Toccata in F. " "
5. Trio Sonata in E flat. " "
6. Chromatic Fantasia (in A minor). Thiele.

The first piece proves Mr. Paine to be not only a player, but a thorough comprehender of the king of fugues. The subjects are well chosen, and treated with all the skill of an experienced contrapuntist. Thanks to Mr. Best, it is not requisite to say a single word of the four numbers by Sebastian Bach, but I cannot resist just saying that the varied chorale is most surpassingly beautiful. Of the Fantasia by Thiele, much might be said if space were granted me. This not being the case, however, I must content myself by saying that it is a work of as great beauty as talent and invention. Thiele is a name quite unknown in England, if I mistake not. This is not much to be wondered at, for, were we to ask a hundred persons in Berlin who he was, the probability is that no single individual would know. Like many talented men, he died young, very young, but not before he had raised himself to the highest point of his profession. As a practical and theoretical musician he had few rivals. His compositions bear the stamp of immortal genius, such as the gods vouchsafe but seldom to man. His profundity was only exceeded by his inventive talents; the fact that the great Bernhard Klein was his instructor guaran-

tees the solidity of his acquirements. Had he not had so excellent a preceptor his vivid and unbounded imagination might have led him into extravagances, such as, in later days, have tried hard to create a sensation in the neighborhood of Weimar. Even Bach himself does not surpass him in effects powerfully sublime.

One chromatic passage in contrary movement, with full chords and pedals, had an unspeakably powerful effect. It was, indeed, sufficient to melt the soul in ecstasies! Mr. Paine's playing was perfection: the resonance, however, marred the effect greatly. If I am rightly informed this young gentleman will pass through England on his way home.

Were it possible to send you a *daily* letter, it might be possible to give you an idea of all the musical events which transpire in this most (musically) favored city. This very evening there are three very attractive concerts, and *Don Juan* at the opera, besides an Italian version (!) of the *Barbiere* at the newly-opened Victoria Theatre, and unnumbered musical attractions elsewhere of a less select character. Of recent events, the chief are as follows:—The performance of Bach's Christmas oratorio by the Sing-Akademie. As I premised, at the rehearsal the effect produced was not near so great as that by the mighty G mass, or the Passion music of the same master. It cannot be denied that there are many great beauties in the work; that some of the choruses are not a whit less majestic than the grandest of the masters; yet it is equally incontrovertible that a character far too secular pervades many, if not most, of the pieces. The lovely pastoral symphony is certainly the gem of the whole work, and bears remarkable similarity to Handel's pastoral: had the two masters not been contemporaneous and unknown to each other, one of them would most surely have been accused of plagiarism.

The next in importance comes the performance of a cantata of Bach's and "L'Allegro" of Handel, by the Bach society, under Herr Vierling's direction. The cantata, *Wer da glaubt*, is one of those immense works of Bach which he wrote every week for performance on the Sunday then following. It contains one masterly chorus, and a finely scored chorale. Bach's hand is written on every page of the score. No one else could have made so much from such little means. I will dismiss Handel by saying that he is unquestionably much better understood in England than here, at any rate judging from this performance in question. There was first of all a want of right conception of many of the pieces, and, secondly, a want of firmness in the conductor's hand. Such an unsteady performance I should not again like to hear. The solo singers (Madame Tuzek-Herrenburg, and Messrs. Krause and Osten), did all they could to redeem the affair, but signally failed. There was no *fiasco*, properly speaking, but just such an unsatisfactory performance as might be expected when there is no decisive wielder of the baton. Herr Vierling is one of the best composers living, and as thorough a musician as Germany possesses at this moment; but he is not fit to conduct, nor will he be till he rids himself of his nervous irritability.

At a concert of Madame Burchard's a new oratorio was performed (Solomon's Song), by the respected veteran, Dr. Löwe, who came expressly from Stettin to conduct it. I could not attend the performance, and can only record the fact that while the critics here give the learned Doctor credit for the most consummate skill in writing ballads, they do not seem struck by his latest oratorio. His earlier works (purely vocal oratorios) seem to be almost entirely forgotten. His ballads are the most popular in Germany, and decidedly so. How many of our ballad fabricators have studied him to advantage, I hardly dare venture to think of.

The last symphony concert of the royal band was also not without its novelty. This was a symphony from the prolific pen of Niels Gade, entitled "In the Highlands." It is characterized by more peculiarity than beauty, and more noise than either: there is, however, much beautiful music in it, and it would reward the labor of sifting and clipping. Of virtuosi, there has been no lack. Of violinists alone there have been four: David (from Leipzig), Vieuxtemps, Ruppoldi (Vienna), and a young Moldavian named Candella—no, Candella! Vieuxtemps carried away the palm. Nothing could surpass his faultless execution and his decided good taste. He never failed to create a furor. As I hear, he is now taking his last farewell of the public. He starts for St. Petersburg in a few days. There has been a wondrous succession of novelties at the Opera: *Iphigenia*, *Idomeneo*, *Lohengrin*, *Jessonda*, *La Favorita*, *Tannhäuser*, and, last, but not least, Gluck's incomparable *Orfeo*. Johanna-Dachman Wagner played superbly, but, alas! that once magnificent voice, where is it? Alas, echo answers where? As coming events cast their

shadows before, I may safely predict the temporary retirement of this lady from the stage.—*Cor. London Musical World*, Jan. 21.

Paris.

Giuglini bade his farewell to the Parisian public in the *Trovatore*. He was warmly received, and many tokens of regrets for his departure mingled with the plaudits. Roger, who has been performing at Havre in the *Dame Blanche* and *Lucia di Lammermoor*, has concluded definitely his engagement with the Italian Opera here, and on the 2d of February he will appear in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and Mademoiselle Bathe will play also the principal part. After his second performance at Havre the artists of the theatre presented Roger with a wreath of oak leaves and gold. The *Huguenots* has just been performed at the Grand-Opéra, and Mlle. Brunet, who has been singing lately at Marseilles, has made her debut here in it. On Saturday next, the opera of MM. Crémieux and Gaspars, *Ma Tante doit*, will be brought out at the Théâtre-Lyrique. A great deal is expected of this work. The parts are confided to the following artists: Mad. Ugalde, Mlle. Durant (a *debutante*), and Mlle. Vadé, MM. Meiller and Legrand. Meanwhile Mad. Carvalho has been performing with all her original success the part of La Reine Topaze. A young artist, Mlle. Marimon, has been playing her part of Cherubino, in the *Noes de Figaro*.

We are to have some very good concerts soon, amongst others, Richard Wagner is going to give one on the 25th at the Italian Opéra. He will have several fragments of his own works performed, amongst others the *Tannhäuser* and the *Lohengrin*. M. Alard and M. Franchomme have commenced their concerts; they are held in the *salons* of Pleyel, Wolff, &c., and will be given every fortnight. Your old favorite, Jullien, also intends giving a series of grand concerts. They will commence in March; he intends giving parts of the oratorios of *Eli*, *The Messiah*, *The Creation*, *Paulus*, &c. And under such an able hand, they will doubtless meet with great success. Emile Prudent has left for the provinces, where he is going to give some concerts. M. Fiorentino has just received the order of the Maison Ernestine from the Grand Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha; and the King of Bavaria has just given a hint it would be well for you to follow. He has charged people of competent authority with the mission of selecting from amongst young musicians (of the country) those who appear possessed of the most ability and merit, to be placed under the especial patronage of the government.

The *Pardon de Plöermel* is being performed with ever-increasing success in the provinces and in various foreign towns, Brussels, Metz, Stuttgart, Mannheim, &c. The programme of the Société de Concerts ran thus on the first performance:—1. Symphony in A major of Mendelssohn. 2. Motet of S. Bach (double chorus). 3. Concerto of Haydn, performed by Norhlin. 4. *Près du fleuve étranger*, by Gounod, translated from the psalm, *Super flumina*. 5. *Lauda Sion*; duet by Cherubini, sang by Mlle. Ribault and Mlle. Rey. 6. Symphony in C major of Beethoven. The piece by M. Gounod, which has already been performed in the concerts of the Orphéon, produced a great sensation on the audience.

In the budget of 1860, the chapter under the head of which is mentioned the subventions to the Imperial theatres, and to the Conservatoire de Musique, the figure is stated at 1,705,000 francs; the sum given as indemnity or help afforded to artists, dramatic authors, composers and their widows, at 137,700 francs; that for encouragement and subscriptions exceeds 200,000 francs.

MANCHESTER, ENG.—Mr. Charles Hallé's Manchester concerts are becoming the vogue with all classes, from the rich merchant and manufacturer to the middle-class tradesman and *bourgeois*, and from the middle-class tradesman and *bourgeois* to the respectable and thrifty, albeit humbler, artisan. His last essay, the *Iphigenia in Tauris* of Gluck, appears to have been a positive triumph. The fact of such a work producing so great an effect in a concert-room should put to shame the managers of our lyric theatres, Italian and English, who have so obstinately presented a "cold shoulder" to the patriarch of dramatic music—to Christopher Gluck, immediate predecessor of Mozart (though not of the same family), legitimate father of Spontini, and no less legitimate grandfather of Giacomo Meyerbeer.

The principal characters of the *dramatis personæ* were thus sustained at Manchester:—

Iphigenia (High Priestess in Tauris). Mad. Catherine Hayes. The Goddess Diana. Mlle. Meret. Priestess of the Temple. Miss E. Thorley. Orestes (brother of Iphigenia). Mr. Stanley. Pylades (his friend). Mr. Sims Reeves. Thoas (King of the Scythians). Mr. Thomas. Minister of the Sanctuary. Mr. Arnold.

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Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

It was thou who didst sully. (E tu che macchiavi.) "Ballo in maschera." 25

But if to lose thee. (Ma se me forza perderti.) "Ballo in maschera." 35

The first is the famous Cavatina for Baritone, of whose excellency already many rumors have spread. It bids fair to throw "Il balen" into the shade. The other is a fine song for soprano.

Love's dream is o'er. Ballad. From the opera of "Victorine." 25

A beautiful song from Alfred Mellon's new opera, now performing at the Pyne and Harrison English opera in London and meeting with extraordinary success. Other songs are in press and will follow soon.

What though a cloud. (E se le nubi anco.) "Der Freischütz." 25

Cavatina of Agathe, opening the last act, a song of everlasting beauty. This copy has also the German words, "Und ob die Wolke."

Robinson Crusoe. Comic Song. Sam Cowell. 25

While the scenic spectacle of the "Cataract of the Ganges" was having such a run at the Boston Theatre last year, Mr. Setchell introduced this song of "Robinson Crusoe" in his part and created unbounded merriment with it. It is a capital song in its way. Singers, fond of the humorous, should not fail to get a copy.

Song of the Octoroon. G. C. Howard. 25

A sad, melancholy strain of much beauty and power, which one must think just suited to the heroine of Bourecault's new play.

Instrumental Music.

Picciola, or the Chant of the Captive. Romance. Brinley Richards. 35

One of this author's exquisite tone-poems, which enjoys an immense popularity in England. It would be strange if the attention of amateurs in this country should not be drawn to this composer, whose drawing-room compositions for the Piano-forte are unsurpassed in grace and elegance.

Ernani involami.—Ghost Melody in "Corsican Brothers." Rimbauld. 15

Il mio tesoro.—Rule Britannia. " 15

Quando le sere. " 15

Arrangements for the very youngest pupils. May be given as first pieces. They are numbers of a set of 24 similar compositions, under the name of the "Garland."

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A new edition of those melodious waltzes. Wherever a "social Orchestra" of the above instruments can be formed, this piece should be the first one to be taken up; the players will derive a large amount of enjoyment from it.

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This new collection of Flute Music will commend itself to the favor of Flutists both from the great variety of its contents and from their intrinsic merits. Fifty cents is certainly a very moderate price for so valuable a repertoire of choice music. Amateurs will find in it all that can be desired in a work of the kind.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 412. BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1860. VOL. XVI. No. 22.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Two Brothers.

From ELISE POLKO'S "Musikalische Märchen, Phantasien und Skizzen"; translated by FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

To one she appears the lofty, the heavenly muse, to the other
A capable cow, that his need with butter provides."

—SCHILLER.

In one of the narrow streets of a large commercial town, lived about thirty years ago, a poor Jewess, who gained her livelihood by dealing in old clothes. She had once seen better days, and lived a happy married life; but her husband died of nervous fever, scarcely three months after she had borne him a healthy pair of twins, fine boys, of whom both parents were not a little proud. Isaac had just commenced business for himself; his undertakings had been crowned with success, and he looked, full of hope, into his children's future; then came death, putting an eternal end to his endeavors and cares; and the industrious hands, that had worked so tirelessly, lay cold and stiff on the breast of the departed. Sarah, with a bleeding heart, took both his children, went with them to the Rabbi, and begged his advice as to what she should do in her extreme necessity and abandonment. The Rabbi spoke with the elders of the congregation, and they met together, and assisted and advised so far as they could; and after many days of weeping, and nights of sleeplessness, the poor woman had it in her power, through incessant industry, to provide for her own and her children's necessities.

The brothers grew up amid wants and privations, and had reached their sixth year, when a peculiarity revealed itself in both, that drew upon them a high degree of observation, from all those with whom the children came in contact. They displayed a remarkable capacity for music, a striking attention to every tone that approached them. Jacob ran after every trumpeter, hung about all the garden concerts, and often wandered with the barrel-organ players from house to house for hours, found out very soon how to count their receipts, and sometimes collected pence for the musicians. His appearance was not prepossessing; his figure was dumpy, his carriage stooping, his walk hasty and awkward, his gestures square. His face betokened his race; in his small black eyes lay a world of energy and intelligence, and in their expression a striking coldness and cunning.

David was altogether the opposite of his brother, large for his age, tall, of a soft and timid disposition, and possessing that melancholy beauty of his people, that oriental distinction of feature, which attracts and fetters admiration so irresistibly, when it appears in a pure and perfect type. The sorrowful fire of his glance was touching, his face of a brownish hue, without color in the cheeks, his teeth extraordinarily fine, and his black hair slightly curled. People often stopped him in the street, and, looking with admiration on the poor Jewish boy, would give him some little trifle—money, flowers, or dainties, which he

always took home to his mother. Even as a child, he remarked the singing of the beetle, the chirp of the cricket, or the twitter of swallows; and later, would sit for hours beside a little waterfall that ornamented the city promenade, listening to the murmur of the falling drops. To listen to the organ tones, standing at church doors, was his highest delight, and he cared not for frost or snow, but patiently waited on the stones, while the wondrous sounds seemed to breathe towards him a holy warmth. Once, in the depths of winter, the old cathedral organist found him cowering, half frozen, beside one of the side doors; and as the child, closely pressed to answer, told the friendly musician what had attracted him to this threshold, the organist kept for him, at every service, a little concealed post near the instrument. He even invited him to his house, and when the child, trembling for joy, once found courage to go there, he played some of Bach's figures, and old chorals for him. Unfortunately this pleasure did not last long; the old man died, and his successor was less kindly inclined towards the poor Jew boy.

In summer, David accompanied his brother to those public gardens, in which bands of music played, and where people went in large numbers. Naturally enough, the children could only enjoy the music outside; but, all at once, David thought of a little plan by which he could earn something. Soon he stepped forward, the shoe-brush in his hand, towards all comers, and carefully brushed the dusty boots of old and young gentlemen; then he offered tooth-picks, (cut by himself) for sale; then neatly turned matches: sometimes simple nosegays of wood or meadow flowers, to which he succeeded in giving a certain air of elegant arrangement. He always earned a few groschens, which he took home, and, tying them up in an old handkerchief, hid them under his pillow. In all this, David was of no use. He sat quietly behind the hedge, as far as possible from the orchestra, so that the tones penetrated to him, vague and soft, and his fancy mingled the chords and melodies as his soul dreamed they should be. When he returned home, he would sing for hours to himself, brushing the old clothes that his mother had to carry out, with a sparkling face. Jacob often scolded him for being dull and awkward; David, with tearful eyes, would own that his brother was right, and then would take his place, outside the garden, with some flowers; but he would begin to tremble when the first tone reached him, he would let his fall his flowers, or shake them in the lap of the first child he saw, and creep into his corner.

"Mother, if you could only be there once, and hear what I hear!" he often said, before going to sleep, to the poor Sarah, who used to sit up, mending her children's scanty wardrobe; "you would forget all your troubles and your sad life, and be as rich and as merry as I. Come and hear it once!" "It would be a bad thing for us, if mother wanted to stand there and hear the music!" cried out Jacob unkindly. "Who would

then prepare our victuals? You, perhaps!" And David turned sadly away; but Sarah caressingly smoothed the soft hair of her darling, and said: "If your father had lived, you should have learned an instrument, and who knows, but David might have made his parents rich?"

The boys were about eleven years old, when a remarkable chance influenced their whole future destiny. A celebrated pianist, on his journey to Vienna, passed through the native city of the brothers, and proposed to give a concert there. As his fame was universal, tickets were very much sought for, although they were sold at a high price. Jacob and David stood, long before the commencement of the concert, at the entrance to the hall; the first placed himself close by the treasury, and watched and counted with astonishment the receipts of the ticket vender. "Who would think it would be brought so far?" he said half aloud to his brother. "We will ask, and perhaps they will allow us to listen behind the door," answered the other, misunderstanding Jacob's exclamation. The boys asked the porter, but the door-keeper would not allow, or even hear of such a thing. "What do you Jew boys know about music," said he roughly: "What has put it into your heads to freeze behind the door?" "Oh, I would do more than that for music!" cried David. "No—it is true; behind the door is no use," interrupted Jacob; "there I could not see him play: and I must find it out from him, I must get as rich as he is!" "Here are two tickets for the children," said an elegant, pale gentleman, who had, unobserved, heard the last part of the conversation; "and after the concert, wait for me; I wish to talk with you." The castellan bowed low. "That was himself," said he, delightedly, after a pause, to the surprised boys. "He looks just like other men," murmured Jacob. "This art cannot be magic!" David kissed the cards, and pressed them in his hands, anxiously looking round, lest any one should endeavor to tear his treasure from him. The concert commenced with Mozart's overture to Don Juan. Jacob had courageously taken a place close to the orchestra; above all, he wished to see the artist play; more he did not desire.

David had been separated from him, and sat behind a pillow at the end of the hall. As the sublime music rolled towards him, and shook the pillars like a Samson, the veil was torn from David's eyes: "that is true music," he felt and acknowledged. His trembling hands sought each other; his fragile body leaned against the pillar; so received he the greeting of Mozart's lofty genius. There are privileged souls, that can comprehend, in a moment of rapture, things, over which others brood for half a life. Such a one was David. He understood the glory of Mozart, whose name he read with difficulty on the programme, thanks to his Jewish school. "To create such wonders as he!" thought the boy, and heard not how the stranger virtuoso ran up and down the piano, flew, stormed, murmured, he heard not the applause of the multitude;

he first came to himself amid the warm waves of the flower bedecked stream that flows through Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony.

As in a dream, his brother led him away, at the close of the concert: as in a dream, he heard the question of the stranger artist: "What do you wish to become, you poor little rascals?" Then a bright enthusiasm overpowered him, he raised his wonderfully beautiful eyes to the questioner, and answered, "I will become a Mozart!" "And I will learn to play and make money like you!" cried Jacob. The rich and celebrated virtuoso laughed, and offered to bring both boys to Berlin, and to have them instructed there in music by an excellent master, at his expense, for two years. Let not any one be astonished; it was not any one that excited the artist to this; neither was it any deep interest in music; it was only a fancy. The great man wished to create interest in himself by the most piquant means, and this opportunity seemed thrown in his way. His aim was reached, and he satisfied; the romantic story went the round of the papers, accompanied by pompous additions and remarks, that secured for his magnanimity its full value. "In two years, I shall come back to Berlin," he said to the boys, "then I shall see what you have learnt, and shall take further care of the industrious one." About poor Sarah, there was no question, naturally enough. "The Jewess will be glad enough to get rid of her children; those folks will sell anything!" So it was said. Certainly the true mother did not oppose the generous artist's plan, when it was laid before her. God alone saw her tears, saw how she wrung her hands, now that she was alone; heard the cry of pain that was forced from her maternal heart. After this, she went about as usual, buying and selling old clothes; she only grew old fast, stooped more, and had always red eyes. No one asked her why, however. "In two years I shall have become a Mozart, and then I will come back for you," said David at parting; and Sarah thought of his words over and over again. Two years past away; then the letter-carrier brought a letter to the poor Jewess in her narrow, gloomy room. She tremblingly lit a lamp on account of this wonderful event, opened, and found by the uncertain, and hardly to be deciphered signature, that her darling David had written the letter. For a long time her tears prevented her reading it; at length the letters became disentangled. Sarah passed half the night in reading, and when she had finished the last line, she fell, without consciousness, with her tired hand on the hard table. Here is the letter.

"They have told me, dear mother, that I am soon to travel far away; but of my return I know nothing. Only I must comfort you about the new separation, and tell you that I have not become a Mozart, lest you fret too much about your child. If you should nothear any thing of David for a long time, do not grieve; they will soon tell you where I am gone. How many days have passed since I kissed you for the last time! How gladly would I press my cheek to your dear good face! Did you cry much about us? I have wept for you, and been very unhappy, but now all is over, and I am more happy than I can tell you. Mother, they wanted to make me learn all sorts of strange things, "if I would become a Mozart," they said I must learn the notes, study thorough bass, and go through a course; and

then they screwed my hands fast to the key board, and at first they only let me play five tones, and then eight, and so on. I was not allowed to hear music, as that only distracts the attention, my master said. He would not let me go out either; and afterwards, only now and then, for a few minutes. But don't cry about it, dear mother; a tree stood before the window of my little room, and so near, that I could take hold of its dear leaves, so I had enough of the sweet green. If I had learned better, they would have given me more freedom; but I deserved the punishment, I was so unteachable, so stupid, I could understand and remember nothing! Ah, music that is learned in this way, must be quite different from that I have always dreamed about; there must be a very different music from the learned one, or else Mozart would never have been. Is it not so, mother? Within me, it is forever singing and sounding; but so different from that outside! who can understand all these learned words! those thick and thin, small and large notes, how they troubled me! They danced up and down before like spectres, they nodded at me, they clambered up and down the lines, and threw all sorts of summersets. Sometimes I almost lost my senses with anxiety, when the grave eyes of my master watched me, and asked what all the signs and names were, and I did not know. He could not tell how mad the black things were, that he asked me about! "To punish your idleness, you shall not have any supper," so it was often said. And then, another, hunger pained me almost as much as the thought that I never, never could become a Mozart! Late in the evening was the pleasantest time for me; then I sat down to the little piano, because I know that no one would hear how I played. Whether I played, or whether a higher power moved my stiff, awkward fingers, I do not know, but the organ sounded like that in the Christian church where I used to listen; and then I felt neither pain, sorrow, hunger, or longing. But one evening, my master came home earlier than usual, and hearing me play, came up stairs, and scolded me for a foolish dreamer and jingler. The next day, he had the piano taken into his room, where only, I was allowed to play now, and not at all in the evening. I was separated from my brother at the first; he is much farther advanced than I, and learns a great deal, they say. The long weary days, the dark lonely evenings made me ill at last, good mother, and in my sickness I saw you plainly at my bedside, and you dried my forehead, and smoothed the pillow with your dear hands. And then you heard the Mozart music, that I always hear, with me! Mother, I know what harmony is, although I could not comprehend thorough bass very well; I know what real music is, and my soul will long for it, so long as I can feel. But my soul will not stay with me any more! I am going far away, to the golden source of tones. I was myself a lost tone, to which no fitting accord could be found on earth. Now you know what journey I meant, dear mother. You must permit it to me. They are all so kind to me; our protector, Mr. G., is here; I live with him, and see a garden from my windows, and not far off there is a church, from which the tones of the organ float, and talk to me like brothers. I am so happy; I feel that I shall dissolve away like a tone in the soft night air. Good night, mother; your Sabbath will come too."

DAVID.

On the edge of the letter, Jacob had written these words in a firm hand: "My brother is dead! it was the best thing for him; he was not fit for work and fatigue. When I can come to you, I do not know; but poor, I will never come. Mr. G. has obtained a place for me in the great musical academy." Ten years had passed since the arrival of the above letter in the mean room of poor Sarah, when it was reported that a distinguished young pianist, pupil of the celebrated G. was coming to F., and would probably give a concert there. Musical and other papers had already borne the name of Giacomo S. through all Germany; all were agreed as to his extraordinary mechanical dexterity, and lately, interest in the young artist had been excited to the highest degree. It was said, that at a concert, which he had given in Cracow, he had won the heart of a very rich Russian lady, and that he was now married to her. Tickets were obtained in good time, as the concert promised to be an overflowing success. One evening, an elegant travelling carriage stopped before the B. hotel, the most fashionable hotel in the town; a little gentleman stepped from it, and carefully handed out a slender lady, wrapped up in handsome furs. The rooms had been already bespoken, and also warmed and lighted for the anxiously expected Mr. Giacomo S. and his wife. Scarcely had Giacomo entered the room, when he looked at his watch, and said restlessly to the lady, "I have a visit to make in regard to the concert, my dear Trina, so you must prepare yourself to pass an hour or two alone. I will first unpack some books for you." He did so. The blonde lady stood before a large looking-glass, arranging her hair, smoothing her laces and the folds of her heavy satin dress. With an ill-humored expression, she turned her refined, cold face to her husband, and said, "But, my dear, I thought we were going to the opera; and is it not already six o'clock?" "No, you must give up the idea; I have something of more consequence to do. To-morrow we shall be surrounded by company; pray reconcile yourself to the short loneliness of this evening." Madame pouted, Monsieur wrapped himself in his cloak, (for it was winter,) and left the hotel on foot. He went through several narrow streets, with a hurried step, and came at length to the poorest street of all; it was almost dark, but he found the house he sought without any difficulty, ascended an old staircase, and knocked at a low door. A weak voice told him to enter, and Jacob stood before his mother Sarah. The poor lamp that burned in the street, threw a dim light into the room; the old Jewess sat with her back resting against the wall, motionless as a statue. "Who is there?" she asked, without stirring, or opening her eyes; the old woman had become blind through much weeping. "It is Jacob, mother!" answered the son, and kissed her thin hands with all the piety that characterizes the Jews in their personal relations with their parents. "Come here, and let me bless you," she said softly, but without joy, or even emotion. As he approached, she rose up, felt his face and his clothes, and kissed him on the forehead; but all with an utter absence of haste or feeling—as though she had caressed her son but an hour before. "You are still poor, good mother," said Jacob after a pause, during which he surveyed the chamber, and found all as he had left it, twelve years ago; the boys bed, the old clothes

that they had worn, the little bench by the stove, their seats, and the large old table. "I am now rich," he proceeded, "and you shall be rich with me!" His once hard, sharp voice sounded mild, and over his plain face glided an expression of gentle kindliness, as he spoke to her. Sarah smiled a weary smile and leaned back. "What does my Jacob call rich?" she murmured, "I know only one riches, and you cannot give it to me again; you know what buried treasure I mean." "I know it, poor mother, David is dead, he could not bear anything, but I could, else I should not have become rich. You know that this fearful iron will is the inheritance of our down-trodden people; we have a will that overcomes and attains everything; he had it not, therefore he died. I wished to learn music, not because I loved it, no! but because in those days it enriches one sooner than any other art, therefore I learned it. They have trodden me under foot, tossed me about, beaten me like a dog: I would have suffered hunger and a thousand mortifications; all, all, because I *willed*. Now all is over, honor and riches are mine, and you shall be glad again, mother!" "Leave me my child, I have no desires, for me there is neither sorrow or joy again; I wait my Sabbath. But the working day has lasted longer than I hoped; I am so tired!" "Mother, come with me, I will serve and honor you, you shall live in sunshine, my wife also —" "Jehovah bless her, if she values me with the warmth of the children of our race!" "I have become a Christian, mother! thus alone could I win the respect I desired; no one can throw 'Jew-fellow' at me again!" "Be rich and honored; but leave me to die poor and despised!" "But my wife, who gave me her hand and heart, won by my talent; she will love you, my mother." "Your mother, perhaps; the poor Jewess, never!" Jacob was silent, he thought of his aristocratic Trina with her cold eyes and proud manners; of her haughty relations; and he sighed and gnashed his teeth. "Go, my son," said the old woman, after a long silence, "let me sleep in peace! my longed for Sabbath will soon break over my weary head, and bring me joy and rest; I wait patiently!" "In three days I give my concert, the morning after I will come back to you, then you must follow me." Sarah shook her head softly, laid both hands on her son's head, murmured a blessing, and Jacob left the little room. He went to the Rabbi, told him who he was, and gave him money for his mother. He must get her handsome rooms, a soft bed, servants like those of a distinguished lady, and all by the next day. The Rabbi promised to attend to everything. With a heavy heart Jacob returned to his hotel. His young wife was gracefully stretched out in a chaise longue, turning the leaves of Heine's "Book of Songs." "Have you amused yourself, Trina?" asked her husband absently. "With this little Jew? Fi done!" answered she, throwing the book on the table with a gesture of contempt. The last place was filled, at Mr. Giacomo S.'s concert, as people anticipated; the virtuoso was received with a storm of applause, and the almost princely toilette of his young wife attracted every one's remark. He played a brilliant fantasia on themes from Meyerbeer's "Prophet." Every one held his breath, while the artist, in a magical piano, played the heaving song of poor Fides. As this touching song died away, and the entranced listeners cried

"encore!" a poor bearse passed through the city, on its way to the Jewish burying ground. This also was a beggar, who was then carried to her rest; the Sabbath of the patient Sarah had dawned at last; she entered into eternal glory.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Remembered Music.

When by sweet chance we find a violet,
Shielded from hot June fires in some dim grot,
Cloistered and cool, with dripping rock-dews wet,—
How the fresh flower makes April of the spot,
And wafts the lovely spring time back again,
With her pale suns, her tender forest hue,
Her opal skies, her stir of silvery rain,
On the faintest breath of perfumed petals blue!

Thus, he who hears in age some gentle strain,
Though long unheard, beloved, remembered well,
Feels youthful life and love his heart and brain
Renew, and through his weary pulses swell,—
And, half forgot time's sadder, riper love,
He roams in song through Springs that are no more.

FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

Translated for this Journal.

Mozart's Magic Flute.

BY A. OULIBICHEFF.

(Continued from page 370.)

In the first act, including the finale, we see Mozart and Schikaneder reign and abdicate by turns, as did the two kings of Sparta. After the Quintet No. 6, came the Terzet No. 7, and the Duet No. 8, to which the head of the enterprise had an exclusive and indisputable right. The Terzet begins with a share of seriousness, and ends with the meeting of Papageno and Monostatos, each of whom takes the other for the devil, with exclamations of terror. It has the merit of being very short, and therein Mozart commonly had the advantage of his colleague. As for the duet, it is written with Schikaneder's best ink, and with a pen sharpened on purpose to teach the century and after ages: "*That men, who are capable of feeling love, must always have a good heart; that it is the first duty of women to share these sweet impulses; that man and woman, woman and man border upon divinity:*

Mann und Weib

Und Weib und Mann

Grenzen an die Gottheit an.

It will readily be seen that a text, in which such an exalted moral shines in the splendor of such exalted poetry, a duet, at once erotic and didactic, between the heroine and the buffoon of the piece, could not be left to the discretion of the musician. One must needs come to the aid of the poor ignoramus; one had, so Herr von Nissen says, to make him change his work five times, and almost to work for him. There is a pretty general tradition that Schikaneder himself furnished the motive for the duet, as well as that for the bird-catcher's song. If that was the fact, we may believe that a blind swine may sometimes find an acorn, for the duet is exactly what it should be. Pamina, one of the noble rôles in the score, and Papageno, a low comic part, mingle their voices in the praise of love. Love is the great principle of equality; it elevates the man of the people, and it causes the great to descend from the heights of their social position. These extremes approach each other morally, and therefore the music has to find a *juste milieu*, in which a maiden of high birth and high musical dignity, and the plebeian buffoon may unite; the one without

comprising her part, the other without claiming the nobility of a first lyric singer, which his Papageno nature could in no case be supposed to reach. From this point of view, supposing it properly carried out, there must have sprung a composition pleasant sounding and appreciable to every one, which should be extremely popular, but not low and common like the duet between Papageno and Papagena, who are two homogeneous natures. This problem is solved in the duet: *Bei Männern, welche Liebe fühlen*. Never did a simpler melody ravish all hearers. It still never fails to please, notwithstanding that it is so often heard in public and in private; for there is no mother of a family or grandmother in all Germany, who will not remember having sung, at first with her husband, during the honeymoon, and afterwards with the friends of the house, who happened to be endorsed with tolerable tenor voices: *Bei Männern*, &c.

I trust my readers share the interest with which I have dwelt upon this piece. But is there anything more remarkable, than to see a musician of talent, of ingrained knowledge and fiery soul, obliged to begin a work five times over, to submit like a simple scholar to corrections, which the smallest dabbler in notes would have taken as an insult; accepting the musical thoughts of Schikaneder, instead of throwing the score at his head; and why? In order not to disoblige this shameless good-for-nothing, who put his patience to such incredible proofs!

The Finale No. 9, begins with the apparition of the three boys. I say apparition, for it is one in the music; but one as serene and peaceful, as that in *Don Giovanni* was terrible. A mild solemnity, and at the same time, I might call it a smile of everlasting blessedness, pervade these transparent chords, which seem to stream forth from the mysterious temple. Involuntarily the imagination takes its flight to these magic realms, those distant unknown lands, in which nothing perishes and nothing changes; in which the stars know no rising nor setting; in which the body is nourished upon gleaming nectar, and the soul quenches its thirst from an ever flowing spring of poesy. *Zum Ziele führt Dich diese Bahn*. (This path leads thee to the goal) The wonderful coloring in this transparent harmony springs partly from the use of a means, which Mozart had already tried so successfully in the fantastic scenes in *Don Juan*, and which consists in the continuous prolongation of one note. Take away from this tone-mass the C which is held out by the flutes, clarinets and high trombones, and you will hardly recognize the piece, although both melody and harmony remain the same. Let us try to account to ourselves for this analogous process, thus employed by Mozart upon opposite occasions.

Be the character of a vision what it may, lovely or terrible, heavenly or hellish, always the imagination is inclined to conceive of the inhabitants of the other world as somehow immovable, which proves that they do not lead our organic life; or if the imagination ascribes any sort of gesture to them, this mysterious gesture always seems to express a decree of fate. Generally we believe, that their motives do not like ours depend on any act of will, but on some mood of the element, to which the spirit has lent corporeal substance, so that it may represent itself to the organ of sight. The apparition will float in

a cloud or in a bluish flame, which serves it for a moveable frame, while the features of the spirit constantly preserve an unchangeable expression and that fixed look, in which no beating of the heart betrays itself, that long look which dazzles, enchains, disorganizes the living creature and would annihilate him, either through rapture or through terror, were he to cling to it too long. This is the meaning of the note which is held out so long. But since on the other hand music has the advantage of being able to present things objectively and subjectively at the same time, that is to say, to point at the same time the object and the impressions which it makes upon the one who contemplates it, the prolonged note must sound through a harmony, which follows the fluctuations of the psychological emotion awakened by the presence of the supernatural being. If the apparition be of a terrible nature, as in *Don Juan* or the *Freischütz* (chorus at the beginning of the Wolf's Glen scene), then this emotion will be feverish, bordering on madness, accompanied by symptoms touching opposite extremes: feverish excitement and cold sweat, motionless paralysis and convulsive tremor. Then the modulation has an analogous movement, full of unrest and digression; and then the sustained note presents itself under very various allusions, most remote and unforeseen. If on the contrary the vision be of a blissful character, then the harmony must reflect that hidden, exquisite tranquility, in which the outward man seems as it were absorbed in a state of inspiration; and in such a case the sustained note must be limited to its most obvious harmonic signification. Accordingly in the *Larghetto*, of which we are speaking, we meet it only as the fifth of the tonic chord and as the ground tone of the dominant chord, with and without the seventh. How simple, and yet what a magical effect!

After the *Terzet* of the *Genii* we find still several remarkable particulars in the finale of the first act. There is a beautiful *obligato* Recitative, and beautiful answers of the invisible chorus to Tamino's questions; there is a very fine Canon in two voices, a dialogue constructed with great art and loveliness upon a given instrumental figure: *Nun stolzer Jüngling* (Now, proud youth, &c.); and the last chorus, *Presto*, a sort of hurrah! in honor of Sarastro, so that the curtain may come down lively and brilliantly. Nevertheless we may call this Finale the weakest that has flowed from Mozart's pen. The reason is, that it is nothing like a finale in the libretto. Instead of a dramatic succession of scenes, a lively, compact and progressive action, we have here nothing but little tableaux, each in its own special frame and separated from one another by change of decoration. Moreover these little tableaux are wretched to the last degree, anti-dramatic and anti-lyrical. Tamino blows upon the flute, and the beasts listen; then the bird-catcher and the princess, who have nothing to do but fly, stop to extol in thirds the advantages of a good pair of legs; *Schnelle Füße*, &c.; then the Moors, dancing to the tinkle of the bells; then Sarastro, who returns from the chase and orders that the bastinado be administered to Monostatos, while they are singing of his wisdom, of which he is just here giving such a shining proof. How could one out of all this, I ask, make such a Finale as we find in *Don Juan* and in *Così fan tutte*?

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Letters on Musical Subjects.

II.

MRS. KEMBLE.—MENDELSSOHN'S SCOTCH SYMPHONY.

My dear friend,—I wish you had heard Mrs. Kemble read *Twelfth Night*. There is music in her voice, and her reading is a fine study for any lover and student of music. A wonderful compass of voice, tenderness and strength combined in an unusual degree, and a most artistic modulation of this beautiful organ make these readings an absolute enjoyment to any musical person, apart from the meaning of the words pronounced. It reminded me most of the melodrama, such as you remember perhaps in the last part of the *Egmont* music, where the spoken words are accompanied by the sweet and mellow chords of the orchestra. At times Mrs. Kemble's voice would actually be just on the verge between declamation and singing. But most artistic, musically considered, were her cadences. With perfect taste she made the lingering word sway to and fro on the crest of the falling and rising tone-wave, timing each falling tone most feelingly. Now drawing out the tone and rising, then shortening it and musically falling to the closing tone of the cadence, she might teach the musician true taste and that most difficult part of a melody, the cadence of feeling.

It was a musical treat to me, to hear her in the character of Viola. There is a kind of "*timbre*," as the French call it, in her voice, a most touching vibration, a lovely tinge of musical sweetness, which comes as near a musical expression as the spoken word is capable of doing. I confess to having received a new impression of the musical qualities of the human voice.

It is not within the scope of this letter, to speak of her rendering the comic parts of Maria and Sir Toby. Several passages in Olivia's part were very nearly read in the same touching and musical manner as that of Viola was throughout. It does not belong here to say how natural was her laugh. But after all, there was a good deal of music in that too. Much might be said in admiration of the comic expression in her voice. But this belongs to the dramatic critic and we really feel our inability to do justice to so excellent a subject were this paper and this letter devoted to dramatic art.

I know it happens to you as to all lovers of music, that sometimes snatches of melodies from the works of the great masters, whom you hold so dear, will probably come to your mind at an event or a passage in a poem analogous to the sentiment expressed by the music. I suppose it was from having heard it only last week that the beautiful harmonious close of the piece, so well rounded off by Mrs. Kemble through the omission of the last scene with Malvolio, recalled the comforting, contented intermezzo of the last movement in the Beethoven Quintet we heard last week. I write it down here, to remind you of it, and perhaps incite you to read over that beautiful composition (op. 29 in C, the second of the Quintets). It runs thus:

Andante con moto e scherzoso.



There are certain characteristic elements in the music of nations who lead a solitary life, so strongly marked that you recognize them at once again, wherever you find them. You may have heard a few Russian songs and you never mistake any Russian melody for that of another nation. The same it is

with Hungarian melodies. I forget if we ever played together the Rondo for four hands on Hungarian melodies by Schubert. But if you do not know it, play it with some one, by all means. After you know it once, you will ever again find any Hungarian melody among a thousand. The same it is with Scotch airs. Mendelssohn, who had the finest susceptibility, which frequently helped to make up for the true spark of the Promethean fire, infused into his characteristic Symphonies, the Italian and the Scotch, the character of those countries and nations, unmistakably. Any one that has seen Italy or has heard Scotch national airs and the national bagpipe, feels this at once. And as it is a part of human nature to be impressed by the surroundings of time or scenery, to depend in all one's aspirations, feelings, principles and the way of conducting life on the spirit of the age and the character of the soil on which we live, so we find the expression of these influences in all Art. It would have been impossible to a Marillo to saturate his pictures with that mellow warmth of tints, which the sunny, genial clime of Spain infuses in the complexion of her men and women, no less than in the hill-sides and plains, running over with the same rich shades of color, if he had been living in Germany for instance. Bach or Beethoven could not have written their works as they wrote them, with that fullness of sentiment in a stern, often austere, or at least energetic and strong form, if they had been living in Italy, where all is brightness, and where a laughing sky overspreads the beautiful forms of all things on earth with a resplendent, graceful mildness of bliss. Nor could Homer have written his poems with their clear forms of plastic perfection if his lot had been cast in a more northern country, under a leaden sky, with a gray sea instead of a cerulean one. Nor would Ossian's poems present forms so indistinct and nebulous if the singer or singers had enjoyed a country less overspread by mists and heaths.

Thus Mendelssohn, returning from his journey in Scotland, reproduced his impressions of country and nationality in his Symphony, just as he did in the Italian. But there is a keynote to all great works. And it seems to me interesting to find it and follow its modulations and changes as it passes through the process of idealizing in the hands of the Artist. Now, as I do not remember, if I ever mentioned to you the key note to this Scotch Symphony, I will transcribe here the first part of the air called "*Young Charles*," and you may find yourself, which part of the Symphony was suggested by it. Nor will you have any difficulty in at once recognizing it.

Young Charles.

Scotch.



As the next Philharmonic concert approaches, it would be a good time to look over the 7th Symphony by Beethoven again, which is to open the concert.

Cambridge, Feb. 20, 1860.

G. A. SCHMITT.

P. S. Please read in the middle of the first letter the sentence, beginning: "And therefore the second movement . . . is . . . a consolation, as sweet as ever loving woman whispered" &c., instead of "sweeter than ever." S.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Diarist Abroad.

VIENNA, DEC. 1859.—SAW ALFRED JAEHL today. Depend upon it life goes not hardly with him. He has been giving concerts down in Trieste, and has various engagements soon in North Germany. He

will give none here, although he is to play for Vieuxtemps. It is like seeing a bit of home to look upon his well-known, kindly face, and hear him speak of old friends "over the water." He showed me some of his latest published works, which now number up to 98. Op. 96 is "*La Complainte*," 95, "*Meditation Pictique*," full of difficulties I imagine, but worthy of him, no doubt.

Dec. 18. Helmesberger's Quartet concert. The Viennese say that this is the finest of quartets. May be, but they gave a very tedious programme, which was the cause of general dissatisfaction. A piece for four hands, by Schubert, set all the people talking long before its slow length came to an end. A Mozart Quintet restored order and good nature, as it should. I am not aware that Helmesberger pretends to be a great virtuoso, but his Quartet playing is exquisite.

Dec. 19. Vieuxtemps' Quartet Concert. Quartet in B flat: Mozart. Sonata by Schumann, pianoforte (Jaell), violin (Vieuxtemps). Double Quartet, E minor, No. 3, Spohr, in which Helmesberger played first Violin of the first Quartet. C sharp minor Quartet, Beethoven, op. 131. The Spohr piece was voted to be a violin solo, with continuous accompaniment of three stringed instruments, and an occasional ditto, by four others. I noticed what has often struck me, that in this work also, Spohr gave no pleasure save to practical musicians, and some of them confessed that the thing was tedious. What a contrast between the playing of Helmesberger and Vieuxtemps! The former gives us tones clear, sharp and distinct as if cut in crystal; the latter sweet, delicious, and flute like. Jaell with too much modesty made the pianoforte part of the Sonata rather an accompaniment, than an integral part of the whole.

I see by a late number of *Dwight's Journal* that the London *Athenaeum* learns that orchestral masses are banished from the Vienna churches. Here is a list of these performed in the Court chapel for some time past. Part of them I have heard, and had no reason to complain of the want of instruments, or of most lightly cultivated boy's voices, capable of the most florid execution.

- Nov. 1. Mass No. 16, E flat: Eybler.
- Graduale, No. 2, "
- Offertorium, No. 8, E flat: Salieri.
- 2. Requiem: Aiblinger.
- 6. Mass, No. 1, in D: Nicolai.
- Graduale and Offertorium: Michael Haydn.
- 13. Mass: Weigl.
- Graduale and Offertorium: Weigl.
- 15. Mass, Gradual and Offertorium: Assmayer.
- 20. The Nelson Mass, Gradual and Offertorium: J. Haydn.
- 27. Mass: Leo Hassler. (Published at Rome in 1592.)
- Gradual and Offertorium: Reutter.
- Dec. 4. Mass: Lotti.
- Graduale: Orlando Tasso.
- Offertorium: Vecchi.
- 8. Coronation Mass, Grad. and Offertorium: M. Haydn.
- 11. Mass, &c.: Assmayer.
- 18. " " Simon Sechter.
- 25. " " Assmayer.
- 26. " " Randhartinger.

I have also heard Beethoven's First Mass in the same place, Haydn's Grand Mass in B flat in the Carl church, both with full orchestra, and a mass by Palestrina, sung as written, without accompaniment in the Mariahilf church, where Krenn is the very accomplished music director.

Sundays there is a surplus of good music, so that one hardly knows where to go.

Jan. 10, 1860. — For divers reasons, again in Berlin for the last two weeks. The musical tide has been at a point of rest, say for four or five days — but is again in full flood. The other evening three concerts and opera.

At the new Victoria Theatre, a fairy palace, an Italian troop is giving Rossini's "*Barber*," of course for a time to good houses, but it is an exotic, which never was supported here except at an enormous cost either at the expense of the Government or of the

nobility. Am curious to see how long the excitement will last.

Jan. 12. — Where am I to get the funds to purchase a noble collection of church music, including many of the rarest works of the old Italian and German masters? The owner has refused large offers from the British Museum for a part of it. He desires to have it somewhere as a whole. Is it not possible to carry out the suggestion, that the city of Boston has done so much for a musical department to the Library, the musical public should unite and give some concerts to add to its completeness? Pray, good Messrs. Somebody, act, act, act!

A. W. T.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Adelina Patti.

Mr. Dwight: — Your high commendation of the performances of Miss Patti is doubtless well-founded; but, if the great purpose of the opera be the present gratification of lovers of music, they will hardly be content, I think, to sacrifice that pleasure for the purpose of discussing the possible future merits of the child prima donna. Who are the persons that will most readily repeat and repeat again your highly-wrought language? Those, it is safe to say, who have least of the delicate susceptibility and exquisite critical judgment of the Editor of the "*Journal of Music*." The "soul-haunting" qualities of Adelina Patti's voice will become a favorite phrase with those who are ravished with the triumphs of the singer before they appreciate the music of the composer.

You perceive I am in a mood to complain — and yet, my dear Sir, never more in a mood to praise. During the past month I have heard two favorite operas performed, *Sonnambula* and the "*Barber of Seville*." At the former, I must confess that the sweetness, pensiveness, and innocence of girlhood were admirably suited to Miss Patti's age and character; — here the faithfulness to nature was not the result of cultivation, but it failed not to touch the heart. Yet the singing hardly blended with the acting; in fact, in the finest airs, the heroine of the story was by a very sudden transition lost in the performer; the audience were abruptly expected to give their attention to her personal claims to admiration, and break the charm of the music and its subject. How any one who ever witnessed the exuberant joy expressed by Sontag in *Ah, non giunge* — who was ever entranced with that delicious voice and perfect acting — can speak of Patti's cold and labored performance as worthy of any prima donna in her prime, is among those mysteries that eternity alone can unfold. She forgot her heroine; she lost all sympathy with the music of the composer illustrating a pathetic story; she was Adelina Patti practicing her imperfect embellishments.

With respect to the "*Barber of Seville*," so capitally was that opera performed — in every actor, such a happy humor was blended with such a happy power, that one was completely bound by the charm of the delightful music. The only drawback was the Rosina, who seemed to me rather an obstruction than a contribution to the enjoyment of the hour. The acting required of her was not suited to her character, and her attempt to represent the light and intriguing damsel was not pleasing. Her singing was for the most part, addressed to the audience in the character of Adelina Patti, and was an interruption to the spirit of the drama; except, perhaps, in the "Singing lesson," in which the Echo Song seemed an unhappy selection to those who had heard Jenny Lind's echo, and "Comiu' thro' the Rye," a little tiresome.

These blunt remarks, Mr. Editor, are not intended to be ill-natured. May Miss Patti live to be the beauty and charm of the operatic boards; but ere that time I shall be no more, and may therefore be excused for a partiality to the interests of the present hour.

Bzp.

Dorchester, February, 1860.

Musical Correspondence.

BERLIN, JAN. 20. — The Royal Opera commenced its winter season with the debut of several newly engaged good singers in Wagner's *Tannhäuser*. The new tenor, WÓWÓNSKI, has a fresh organ, of delicate noble culture, and better suited for the lyrical rôles of a Max, a Tamino, an Ottavio, than for the powerful exertions of the heroes of Wagner, Halem, Meyerbeer and Verdi. Traits to be commended in the singer are distinct enunciation, fine intonation, naturalness of conception, and his striving after characteristic, clear delivery. The different registers are well blended, but the voice could not command the strength necessary for the dithyrambic *abandon* in the Minstrel's Contest. Personally, Fraulein FERLESI

is splendidly fitted for the part of Venus: but her fresh voice has yet to gain in power and passionate expression. — Herr BETZ (Wolfram) already manages his powerful voice more artistically and disturbs you less by *tremolo*. — JOHANNA WAGNER, as Elizabeth unfolded all her distinguished personal qualities, her grace of representation, her deep inwardness and *abandon*, in a life-like portrayal of character. In the duet by Tannhäuser, both singers charmed by warmth and depth of feeling.

Beethoven's *Fidelio* was brought out with a different cast. Herr KRUEGER, as Florestan, surprised us by a warmth of expression and a purity of intonation rarely found in him. The part is one of the most difficult; it contains all that heart of man can comprehend of enthusiasm, courage, truth, inwardness and self-forgetfulness; it requires a voice at once equal to the tenderest euphony and the most energetic searching accents, and a spiritual ideal tendency, which it must be confessed does not reside in Herr Krüger. The great aria, especially, demands in the Allegro greater power and compass of voice; excess of sufferings are supposed to have lent a more inspired sound to his voice; the whole vital energy blazes up once more in all-consuming. — Frau KOESTER's Leonora is one of the most ideal portraits in representative art; she shows a much more tender womanliness than Fr. Wagner in this part; in the expression of deepest pain, as well as of the most jubilant joy, the ideal tone rings throughout.

Weber's *Oberon* always draws together a numerous public, fond of the romantic element of this favorite composer. Its performance demands so many and such powers, that it is a proof of the artistic wealth of a theatre, if it can meet its requirements. I may make distinguished mention of Mmes. KOESTER and HARTING, as well as of Herren WÓWÓNSKI and KRAUSE.

For the celebration of our hopelessly sick king's birthday, Gluck's *Orpheus* was performed. In Gluck's works, as in the others, the genuine spirit of the antique is embodied in sound and tone; the same simple grandeur of conception and execution, as in the images of the old poetry and sculpture; the noblest plastic moulding of characters; the mightiest energy with measured repose and transparent clearness; in short every where the expression of that classic beauty, whose essence consists in all-sided artistic limitation, in the complete interpenetration and blending of substance and form, idea and representation. Gluck acquired his ideal of beauty by immediate observation during his artistic pilgrimage of many years in Italy, the home of the beautiful, where all the best remains of Greek Art were preserved. In *Orpheus*, the first of his representation operas, he reached back to the same old material, by the shaping of which into music the learned academicians of Florence 150 years before had tried to revive the ancient drama. In Mme. WAGNER's impersonation of Orpheus purity and nobility of conception are blended with distinct individuality of expression. The whole is permeated with the warm blood of feeling, animated with the soul of genuine poetry. Frau WIPPERN was Amor. The extraordinary euphony of her voice was enchanting; yet it was in many respects plain that she was unused to singing Gluck.

Never perhaps has any opera undergone so many changes of the text as Mozart's *Casi fin tutte*. But in spite of all the piety expended in this way, it has never had a success approaching that of Mozart's other operas. If we did not know that this work was one of his last, we might, on account of its fine, exhilarating traits, ascribe it to the time of the *Entführung aus den Serail*. The music, to be sure, has suffered exceedingly from the indescribably insipid text; yet in spite of that it is overrich in traces of the greatest dramatic genius. In no opera has Mozart displayed such rich and original invention and execution in the ensembles, and for this reason

one is unwilling to miss this opera in the repertoire. One has only to study those splendid quintets, that sextet, those artistically ingenious finales, those wonderful airs for soprano and for tenor, and especially all those numerous pieces where the musician has transformed the merest caricatures into pieces full of truth and depth of feeling. The warm and lively reception of the opera was the more surprising, since it offers no extraneous attraction and appeals purely to the musical feeling. Frau Köster distinguished herself in her rich *fioriture*. Frau BOSTTCHER sang and acted coldly as usual, and her impure intonation disturbed the ensemble pieces particularly. Of intellectual penetration there is nothing to be said. She presents her figure and makes at the most a couple of outward motions. Frau HERRENBURG gave the chambermaid in a smart and playful manner, with wanton humor caricaturing the costume of the time, while she sang both aries excellent well. Herr Krueger has good means for the part of Fernando; his fine aria was a success; but his acting, as compared with the gentlemanly bearing and certainty of his rival, Herr SALOMO, was awkward. BOST was a walking gentleman, but no Alfonso, — just a serviceable voice to fill up sometimes in the ensembles. The trivial chatty dialogues between the three gentlemen went well together, and the choruses also were good.

THEODORE FORMES appeared again as Lohengrin and proved that his organ has in no wise suffered. Both he and Fr. Wippert and Fr. Wagner were tumultuously applauded, and repeatedly called out for their remarkably artistic performances. The Elsa of Fr. Wippert, particularly, was suffused with an enchanting airy tenderness.

Herr Woworski acted well as Robert the Devil; yet he was often hard and rough in action as in singing. Single chest tones very agreeable; some of the high tones unequal and not obedient to the singer. As Fernando, in *La Favorita*, his voice sounded dead and colorless; his delivery was very meagre and ineffective in the famous closing cavatina, in which Duprez and Roger have achieved such brilliant success.

For the rest it is a cause for thankful mention that the repertoire, within a few weeks, contained: the *Orpheus*, and *Armida*, of Gluck; the *Idomeneo*, *Entführung*, *Nozze di Figaro*, *Don Juan*, *Così fan tutte*, and *Zauberflöte*, of Mozart; the *Fidelio* of Beethoven; *Lohengrin*, and *Tannhäuser*, of Wagner; and *Robert*, and the *Huguenots*, of Meyerbeer. As for the *Idomeneo*, in this first classical creation of Mozart one remarked the smoothness and singleness of the old Italian manner, the dramatic truth and energy of Gluck, and Mozart's own exuberant melodic grace and inwardness, — qualities so blended into purest unison in his later style — still appearing somewhat separate. The parts of *Idomeneo* and *Idamante* are far behind those of *Electra* and *Ilia* in significance of matter as well as in richness of detail. The reason of this lay in the individuality of the singers for whom the work was written, the heavy old Raaff and the inefficient castrato dal Prato. Frau Köster (*Electra*) had a difficult part of great compass; her technical execution and dramatic shaping power stood out well in the aria of *Revenge* in the third act. Frau Wagner translated the rôle of *Idamante* into the dramatic. What the somewhat meagre style of the arias and recitatives denied her, she made up most eloquently by looks and gesture. Frau Herrenburg, as *Ilia*, proved again her often admired certainty and comprehension of true expression.

In Spohr's *Jessonda* Herr Betz gave *Tristan* for the first time. He takes his notes as yet in a too strained and unquiet manner, so that his delivery is hurried and stammering, his *crescendo* becomes a *sforzato*, and all *portamento* is lost; the expression never in extremes and is afflicted with the epidemic of the *tremolo*. Fr. Wippert developed the sweetest euphony in the higher tones especially. But the essentially undramatic character of the music, with all its warmth

and nobleness of style, is increased by the soft, unenergetic excess of feeling which forms one of the leading traits in Spohr's artistic nature. Even the expression of joy with this composer does not get beyond a half veiled smile; grief on the contrary diffuses itself in mild melancholy instead of concentrating itself into strong passion.

Let me close with a few words about the choice and execution of the compositions for the Schiller festivals. Seeing that the relations of music to poetry are so intimate, it seems strange that musical art has made comparatively such little use of Schiller's works. How lovingly it has always cherished the creations of Goethe! Comparatively with this inexhaustible fullness the compositions to texts from Schiller, are, both in number and in quality, strikingly inferior. This must have been the excuse for turning in most cases to honest old Romberg, who used the solid "bell-metal" for pots and kettles in which to cook his plain, homely musical fare. Zelter's and Klingenberg's much cleverer compositions of the "Bell" found on the other hand, no appreciation whatever. As for the performance of Beethoven's ninth symphony in the opera house, the expectations were too great to admit of a corresponding success. The idea that it could be worthily produced with two rehearsals, was a rashness of Tanbert's, especially when a portion of the chorus did not attend even those; so that we cannot wonder that violence was done to the work in many ways. *ff.*

PORT HOPE, C. W., FEB. 1860.—In your valuable paper I have frequently read reports of teachers from all parts of the United States, of their doings and successes; I would like to show those gentlemen that here in Canada, far away from the music-loving and music-making world, there also are musicians who have not forgotten good teachings and influences, and have faithfully endeavored to preserve that ardent spirit which they have brought with them from their old German home; they can feel no sympathy with, or envy that money making musician in the West, who gave such an interesting account of his week's toil in No. 403 of your Journal.

In the course of last winter I had with my pupils, a series of Chamber Concerts, of which the two programmes accompanying this may serve as a criterion. If you think well, give these lines and programmes a place in your paper.

December 17th, 1859.

Symphonie C minor, (Part I.).....Mendelssohn
Duet.....Knecken
Three Marches.....Schumann
Duet.....Knecken
Two Gondola Songs.....Mendelssohn
Duet.....Knecken
Symphonie, 'Hymn of Praise' (pt. 1). Mendelssohn
Duet.....Mendelssohn
Quartet (Part I.) arr. a 4 m.....Beethoven
Duet.....Mendelssohn
Three Songs without words.....Mendelssohn
Adelaide.....Beethoven

January 31st, 1860.

Overture, Hebrides, a. 4 m.....Mendelssohn
He I love roams far away, Duet.....Mendelssohn
Mennett from Symphonie, a. 4 m.....Haydn
Autumn Song, Duet.....Mendelssohn
Adagio from 2d Symphonie, a. 4 m.....Beethoven
To the absent one, Song.....Mendelssohn
She never told her love, Song.....Haydn
Polonaise, a. 4 m.....Knecken
Dedication Song.....Rob. Franz
Song without words.....Mendelssohn
Greeting, Duet.....Mendelssohn
Andante from Symphonie, a. 4 m.....Haydn
Drift my bark, Duet.....Knecken
Capriccio.....Mendelssohn
O God, thy goodness, Song.....Beethoven

The concerts take place in the house of a very estimable and art-loving lady, who burning with a love such as one finds very rarely here, for everything that is beautiful in music, has freely offered her house and her splendid Chickering grand piano

for my purposes. In conclusion and in explanation of the onesidedness of the programmes, I would remark, that it is almost impossible and attended with great expense to obtain good music here, so far away from any musical centre.

I am yours, &c., CHARLES PEILER.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 25, 1860.

Dehn's Counterpoint.

(Continued from page 374.)

Schalz's preface, we find, worthy of being translated in full. It contains interesting remarks upon the professor's method of instruction, and tells, (what a preface always should tell,) the history of the work.

The purpose of S. W. Dehn to publish his work on Counterpoint was prevented by his sudden death.

My undertaking to arrange the present work out of his manuscripts, with my recollections of his oral instructions, is owing principally to the urgent wishes of many of his admirers, who felt painfully the loss to Art, that he had left no comprehensive essay upon a science, to which so large a part of his labors, had been devoted, I felt a strong sympathy with this feeling, and being one of his last pupils, and retaining his entire methods of instruction fresh in memory, I undertook the work encouraged by the counsel of men, whose opinions are worthy of respect—a work, which, I only hope, will be found by Dehn's pupils, to be a true transcription of his ideas. Dehn's instructions were decidedly positive. He was able to join to every lesson and rule, which he gave, so many examples from the musical classics, as to give his instructions a vivid life, which none of his many pupils can ever forget. Many no doubt will find it a fault that Dehn begins with two part counterpoint, instead of that in one part—that is with a dissertation upon melody. He however used to say with Mattheson: "Melodists are only—*jure divino*," and in fact however interesting it may be, to search out the fundamental laws of melody—still such studies and discussions have no material value in a course of instruction; for, woe to the composer in whose soul this chapter has not a place by nature. All our great masters have made a thorough study of Counterpoint; it is very doubtful if any one of them "was ever instructed in melody." Yet on this point Dehn never omitted making pertinent remarks upon Rhythm and Cadence, when an opportunity presented itself. To avoid wearying his pupils he from time to time interrupted the regular course of their lessons, and demanded of them free compositions based upon the principles, which they had already learned, and his sound criticisms always proved a new spur to the learner. He always hit the nail upon the head and could distinctly shew, where a fault lay and how it might be corrected. So he divided the chapters upon imitation into two parts—placing the first before double Counterpoint; thus making it possible for the pupil, before gaining a knowledge of the latter form of writing, to work out independent compositions, duets and the like.

"As to the materials for my work, they were separate treatises upon simple Counterpoint, Canon and Fugue, and an extended essay upon Double Counterpoint with my examples, which I have been able to use almost word for word. This is chapter III of this book.

"My endeavor has been to reconstruct his system of instruction with the utmost possible truth, out of these, his manuscripts and my own recollections, so that the reader may in some degree feel that excitement, which we his pupils, experienced under his

oral teachings. I have aimed to make the text short and terse, and have given as an essential point—following Dehn in this—a selection of examples (mostly from Paolucci.) “For,” said Dehn, “rules are not arbitrary statutes, but the necessary laws of pleasing sounds as established by the ear; the sum of the experience, which the great masters have accumulated and handed down to us; in their works we learn the laws of the beautiful, from them are they drawn; therefore we can best study at the sources of the rules—the masterwork themselves.”

“I should be gratified to receive the criticisms of men of understanding; and in particular I pray the pupils of Dehn, who shall in any point discover a departure from the views of our instructor, or who can propose suitable improvements, amplifications or abridgements, to give me the benefit of their judgments, to be used in case of a second edition being called for.”

Passing to the work itself, after a short introduction.

Chap. I. is upon simple Counterpoint, in two, three, and four parts.

Chap. II. On Imitation (first part) containing, Canon for two voices, with analysis of a duet by Clari, a terzet by Palestrina, and one by Marcello, and a four part movement by Perti.

Chap. III. Double, triple, &c., Counterpoint.

Chap. IV. Imitation, (second part) three and four part canon.

Chap. V. Fugue, simple, double, &c.

Chap. VI. Composition in many parts.

The pieces given as examples at the end are fourteen in number, closing with one in eight parts by Palestrina, and a canon in sixteen parts for four choirs by Dehn.

The various topics are treated so clearly and tersely, and the analysis of the compositions in the supplement are so full and complete, that in so far as one can learn the proper treatment of musical themes without a teacher, we think this treatise leaves nothing to be desired. We have long wondered that Dehn's work on harmony has never been translated; we shall still more wonder if this remains in its German dress alone. We know of no better gift for the young students of music in our country than a translation of these two works would be.

A. W. T.

American Musical Fund Society.

The following constitute the Board of Government of the American Musical Fund Society, New York, for the year 1860 and 1861, viz:

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Musical Chit-Chat.

There is a good prospect for concerts next week. The “Mendelssohn Quintette Club” are out with an excellent programme for next Tuesday evening. They promise one of Beethoven's early Quartets, op. 18, and a Quintet by Mozart. Mr. Lang, who, for the second time this season, lends his valuable assistance to the Club, will play a Sonata by Mendelssohn for 'Cello and Piano, with Mr. Fries, and throw in a Ballad by Chopin. Mr. Schultze will perform Leonhard's “Souvenir de Haydn,” a piece which belongs to the best class of violinists' show-pieces, being a very ingenious arrangement of that famous Austrian National Hymn: “God save our Emperor Francis.”

... The Orchestral Union announce Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony and Ray Blas Overture among a number of other pieces of a lighter character. ... The week will conclude with Mr. Zerrahn's fourth and last Philharmonic Concert, which promises such a rich treat that no music-lover, we trust, will be able to stay away. The Orchestra give the Seventh Symphony, an Overture by Beethoven, “Die Weihe des Hauses,” never before performed in America, and another one of those highly interesting Symphonic Poems by Franz Liszt. Miss Fay will play Mendelssohn's G minor Concerto and the two movements from Chopin's E minor Concerto. The support from the public which these Concerts have received so far this season is not at all what might have reasonably been expected. It is somewhat strange that an enterprise of this kind in a music-loving city like ours, should not yield a moderate remuneration for the labor and time invested in it by the manager. Yet so it is. We think Boston should redeem its reputation at this last concert. The Quintette Club likewise complains of the apathy of the public. Verily, these are bad signs! ... The “Haymakers” are again in active rehearsal, under supervision of Gen. Edmands. The cast is to be the same as before; only Mrs. Heywood steps in for Mrs. Long. We wonder that anybody thinks this piece, which was worn threadbare last winter, worth bringing out again. ... The Orpheus Club advertise a concert at Brookline Town Hall, on Tuesday, the sixth of March.

The following is the programme of the Afternoon Concert of the “Orchestral Union” on Wednesday the 15th.

Symphony. No. 8.....	Beethoven.
Waltz. Dream on the Ocean.....	Gungl.
Overture. Nabucco.....	Verdi.
Polka. L'Inconnue.....	Strauss.
Andante. From Symphony No. 3.....	Mozart.
Eulogy of Tears. (By request.).....	Schubert.
March. Star of the North.....	Conradi.

There was no concert on the 22d. The next will be given on the 29th.

Ditson & Co., have many valuable works in press, one of which, the opera of “Martha” with vocal score, will be welcomed by its numerous admirers. It will be issued in the same style as that of the previous volumes of “Ditson & Co.'s Edition of Standard Operas,” an edition which has received merited praise from all quarters. “Martha” will be ready early the coming week.

The South Danvers Musical Association, under the direction of Mr. A. Kreissman, of Boston, recently gave a concert at the Peabody Institute in South Danvers, of which the “Wizard” says: “The Concert was a decided success. Prof. Kreissman deserves great praise for his efforts in bringing this body of singers to the high state of perfection evinced by them in their choruses, &c. We have rarely heard better voices than Messrs. Hanson's and Taggart's on the male part, and the Misses Hanson, Armstrong, Lord and Taylor on the female part. We think it is no little honor to this town that we can boast of such an organization as this. We hope they will meet with that success which they so richly deserve.”—*Salem Reg.*, Feb. 16.

PHILADELPHIA.—The English Opera Season, at the Academy of Music, opened Feb. 16. *La Son-*

nambula was played for the first time in that house, in the old English version, which used to delight the old Chestnut Street Theatre habitués of the days of the Woods. Miss Milner made an excellent *Amina*, and sang the music beautifully. The part of *Lisa*, which is a nullity in the Italian version, was cleverly filled by Miss Kemp. Mr. Bowler as *Elvino*, Mr. Cook as *Count Rodolpho*, and Mr. Boudinot as *Alessio*, were each good. The chorus was fair, and the orchestra, led by Mr. Cooper, although not large, was efficient. Altogether, the performance was a good one.

There are four compositions by Mendelssohn newly published in Germany, which are highly spoken of. They consist of two songs for soprano or tenor, and of two pieces for the piano, *Andante Cantabile* in B-flat major, and *Presto Agitato*, G minor. —*N. Y. Musical Review*.

A publisher in Winterthur, Mr. J. Reider-Biedermann, has published some of Robert Schumann's posthumous works: 1. Overture to Goethe's *Hermann and Dorothea*, op. 136; 2. Hunting-Songs; four-part songs for male voices with *ad libitum* accompaniment of four horns, op. 137; 3. Spanish Love Songs. A cyclus of songs from the Spanish for one and more voices, (soprano, alto, tenor, and bass,) with piano accompaniment for four hands, op. 138; 4. *The Page and the King's Daughter*. Four ballads, by Emmanuel Geibel, for solo voices, chorus, and orchestra, op. 140; 5. Four Songs, (the last Schumann wrote,) for one voice, with piano accompaniment, op. 142.—*Ibid*.

Some one, we do not at this moment recall the author's name, writes thus truthfully of laughter and music. The justice of the comparison instituted between the two will be found substantiated by every man's experience:

“Laughter and music are alike in many points; both open the heart, wake up the affections, elevate our natures. Laughter ennobles, for it speaks forgiveness; music does the same, by the purifying influences which it exerts on the better feeling and sentiments of our being. Laughter banishes gloom, music, madness. It was the harp in the hands of the son of Jesse which exorcised the evil spirit from royalty; and the heart that can laugh outright does not harbor treasons, stratagems and spoils. Cultivate music then—put no restraint upon a joyous nature—let it grow and expand by what it feeds upon, and thus stamp the countenance with the sunshine of gladness and the heart with the impress of a diviner nature, by feeding it on that ‘concord of sweet sounds,’ which prevails in the habitations of angels.”

A writer in the “Worcester Palladium” thus deplores the present condition of musical affairs in the heart of the old Bay State, and ventures a hope for better things to come:

“So little have we this season in the shape of ‘amusements,’ that lectures and dances are the sandwiches we eat in lieu of accustomed winter fare. As one sees ‘concerts’ announced with no greater attractions than negro-minstrelsy, second-rate ballad singing, &c., it is difficult to repress a wish for the good old days of ‘Brimley Hall’ where appeared nearly every artist of distinction that fortune led to our shores. In those days concerts were something to be enjoyed, and Worcester had no small reputation as a musical city. But innumerable lesser lights have dimmed the brilliancy of real stars, and as long as we can laugh at ‘Jim Crow,’ or melt into sentimentality over Linley's ballads, so long, it seems, we forget to wish for one healthful, inspiring gush of melody from Handel, Haydn, Mozart, or one strain of the wondrous harmonies of Beethoven. To look at the outward surface of things, one might indeed lose heart, seeing how easily mediocrity gets popularity, how rarely real excellence finds appreciation. But occasional glimpses we have of what a few faithful disciples of music are doing under shelter of ‘private rehearsals,’ held for no other purpose than study for personal benefit and enjoyment of the richest stores of musical art, encourages us to hope for better things to come.”

According to the Philadelphia *Evening Journal*, the English Opera troupe are enjoying a very successful season in that city. The *Journal* says:—

The Academy was fairly filled last night, and we do not know that we can bestow higher praise upon the performance than to say that one of most eminent professors and most critical connoisseurs, a German, and therefore slightly unreasonable on the subject of Carl Maria von Weber and his *Der Freischütz*, was satisfied with the performance. Shall not the rest of us, then, who do not know exactly how the opera ought to be sung, and have not a knowledge of the ideal constantly conflicting with the ideal—shall not we be thankful for what is given to us, instead of pouting because it is not more?

Mr. George W. Wilkins, connected with Ullman & Strakosch in operatic management, died on Thursday last, after a few days' illness, of congestion of the brain. Mr. Wilkins was a native of Boston, 36 years of age, and leaves a wife and four children. He was formerly in business in this city, and was afterwards attached to the New York Herald. He was well known socially throughout the Union, and his sudden decease will be deeply regretted by his large acquaintance.

WORCESTER, MASS. The Worcester Mozart Society made an excursion to Lowell, on Tuesday last, accompanied by a large number of their friends. . . . The hours flew swiftly, and the evening brought all together again at Huntington Hall, which was well filled with an appreciative and enthusiastic audience. The opening chorus sung by the Society, "Hail To Thee! let every nation," by Biery, was given with energy and spirit, in a manner highly creditable to the Society, and their leader, William Sumner, Esq., as were also the other choruses, from "Elijah," "Moses in Egypt," "Judas Maccabeus," and Handel's "Sampson." One chorus in particular, we must not omit to mention. The grand old chorus "Let every heart and voice," stirred the "musical fire" within the soul of all lovers of music. The accompaniments by Mr. Allen on the piano, with the aid of the orchestra, were finely given.—*Palladium*, Feb. 8th.

Music Abroad.

London.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The first performance this season of Handel's *Samson*, by the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society, was, on the whole, the most satisfactory that has taken place since Mr. Costa was appointed conductor, and, indeed, since the society was instituted. Of the oratorio itself—now happily becoming more and more familiar to the musical public, and gradually vindicating the high opinion entertained by its composer, who (perpetually, it would seem, overlooking the still more magnificent *Israel*) hesitated whether to accord his preference to *Samson* or the *Messiah*—we need say very little. That *Samson* is the most essentially dramatic of those compositions, the subjects of which Handel was enabled to gather from Sacred Writ, will be generally admitted; nor can the fact of two such vast and elaborate works as this oratorio and its immediate precursor, the great musical epic of Christianity, having been commenced and terminated within the incredibly short interval of ten weeks (from August 22, when the *Messiah* was begun, to October 12, when *Samson* was finished) be too often dwelt upon, with wonder and admiration at the genius that conceived and the art that accomplished such a herculean labor.

The additional accompaniments supplied by Mr. Costa, the claims of which to favorable consideration have been more than once discussed, would appear now to be indispensable at every performance of *Samson* by the Sacred Harmonic Society; and certainly the splendid band of instrumentalists under that gentleman's vigorous control take pains that no effect contemplated by their much respected chief shall be lost or slurred over; so that while strict Handelian may indulge in a notion that, here and there, a little too much had been added by the ready and skilful hand of a modern Italian musician to the original granite structure of an old Teutonic giant, few could have been otherwise than pleased at the perfect manner in which the interpolations, such as they are, were allowed to assert their intrinsic value on the occasion under notice. The choruses were worthy all praise, and the immense benefit derived from the private meetings of the London contingent of the Handel Commemoration Choir for practice and rehearsal again received unanimous acknowledgment.

The part of *Samson* is one of the grandest ever imagined by Handel, and at the same time one of the most arduous to the singer, whose physical force and intellectual capacity are alike severely tasked. The elder Braham could at once understand what Handel intended, and render the great composer's meaning plain to every intelligent hearer; but, since Braham, one singer alone has been found with the requisite gifts of voice, intelligence, and executive skill to give the music of *Samson* with proportionate effect. That one, it is scarcely necessary to add, is Mr. Sims Reeves, who alike in the sombre and desolate pathos of "Total eclipse," the religious and at the same time passionate fervor of "Why does the God of Israel sleep?" and the fierce impetuosity of "Go, baffled coward, go!" rises to the height of the situation, depicts every shade of sentiment and emotion, and thus thoroughly realizes the design of the composer.—*London Musical World*, Jan. 28.

Paris.

A perfect shower of *débütants* and *débütantes* seems to have fallen on the theatrical world of Paris, for every week one has to signalize the rise of some new star, or at least of nebulous appearances who hope to become stars. The week before last a Mademoiselle Battu obtained a complete success at the Italian Opera, (a success that has gone on increasing) and will shortly fill the part of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, Roger taking that of Edgardo. The performance is fixed for February 2d, and will be preceded by the revival of *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, of Cimarosa, which has not been performed in Paris since the seasons of 1846-47. Then, on Monday week, another *débütante*, of the name of Mademoiselle Marie Brunet, made her appearance at the Grand-Opéra as Valentine, in the *Huguenots*. She is fresh from Marseilles, where she has been playing. Mademoiselle Brunet was a pupil of Madame Damoreau's, and then took lessons of Duprez. She is agreeable and modest looking, but her voice, though possessing many of the qualities necessary to a singer, is not equal to the exigencies of a part like that of Valentine. Monsieur Gueymard sang charmingly: the rest of the performance was not quite so satisfactory. A very sad event occurred in the course of the evening, and one that has been the subject of universal regret. M. Narcisse Girard (the successor of Habeneck at the Opéra, and also at the Société de Concerts) was at his post as usual, at the Opéra, conducting the orchestra, up to the third act of the *Huguenots*, when, at the end of the septuor of the Poiguards, he felt himself giving way, and was obliged to resign his bâton to M. Millot. In the lobby he became extremely ill, and was obliged to be conveyed home. Three hours later he was dead. His affection was aneurism of the heart. The death of M. Girard is considered an irreparable loss in the musical world, and the élite of the profession were assembled at his funeral, to testify the respect they had held him in while living. The *chef-du-cabinet* of the Emperor, M. Mocquard, was also there. M. Alphonse Royer, M. Lehouc, M. Deldevy, and M. Trianon pronounced funeral orations.

The Opéra-Comique goes on steadily and successfully with the *Pardon de Ploërmel*; meanwhile the rehearsals of the new work by Ambroise Thomas are being actively pursued. At the Théâtre-Lyrique, we may soon expect the *Baueris* and *Philemon* of M. Charles Gounod. A little work of MM. Crémieux and Caspars, *Ma Tante Dort*, has just been brought out. Mad. Ugalde sings in it. Madame Carvalho is able to take a little rest from her arduous labors for a short time, as Mlle. Marimon is performing her part of Cherubino in the *Noce de Figaro* very successfully. Two little operettas have also been brought out at the Bouffes-Parisiens, one of the *Nouveau Porcauignac*, written by MM. Scribde and Poisson, and set to music by M. A. Hignard, has completely succeeded, as well as *Croquignolle trente sixième du nom*, written by MM. Gastineau and Deforges, and set to music by a young beginner, M. Ernest Lépine.

I hear that Giuglini is engaged at the Scala of Milan for twelve performances; he is to be paid 2,000 francs a night. He will make his first appearance in the *Favorita*. Ritter has just returned from his excursion to Marseilles, where he made a very successful stay. Jullien is still trying for a tenement large enough to contain the 500 musicians who are on *dû* to compose his orchestra, and the audience his name will draw.

The receipts of the various operas, theatres, concerts, balls, &c., arose during the month of December to the amount of 1,359,619fr. 85c.

The *Pardon de Ploërmel* meets with as great success in the other continental towns as it does here, especially at Hamburg and Dresden. Meyerbeer was staying in the latter town when it was brought out, and was present in the theatre, the public calling for him after every act. The King of Saxony sent for him to his box, and expressed the warmest admiration of his work. Madlle. Burde-Ney was the Dinorah.

The Italian papers tell us that the Duke of Satriano, ex-manager of the San Carlos, has been replaced by a very estimable and intelligent man. The accounts from Venice are not so smiling. The theatres have been shut up for the moment by orders, on account of some disturbances that arose in the San Benedetto. The Venetians, who seize every allusion that they can apply to the Austrians, began shouting out in that part of the *Barbiere* where these lines occur:—

"Maledetti, andate via
Ah! Canaglia, via di qua!"

"Fuori, i Tedeschi! fuori, fuori!" Immediately the audience were made to evacuate the theatre, which has remained closed since.—*Ibid.*

Special Notices.

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The long experience of the author of this work and the valuable series of instructions given by him to the public, insure for it a hearty welcome. All organists and persons attracted to this class of music will not fail to obtain a copy.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 413.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1860.

VOL. XVI. No. 23.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Celebrated Names.

From ELISE POLKO's "Musikalische Märchen, Phantasien und Skizzen;" translated by FANNY MALONE RATMOND.

At the ground floor window of a shabby house, in one of the quietest streets of Berlin, sat an old gentleman in the most comfortable of dressing gowns; his dark and yet sparkling eyes were thoughtfully turned towards a group of masons, busied with the erection of a new house directly opposite. It was a clear day in May of the year 1775, and the old gentleman had opened the window to its fullest extent, in order to allure the refreshing air into the room, and perhaps a bloom-dusty bee or a butterfly with it. The noise and dust of the building opposite must have disturbed him, however, for he closed the window, in spite of his spring wishes. Probably the open window might have disturbed others in the room—a youthful pair, who sat by an old clavier, and whispered together. These two were betrothed lovers: Juliana Benda, the daughter of the above mentioned old gentleman, and an excellent violinist and composer, the afterwards celebrated chapel-master Reichardt.

Juliana Benda was then a rosy and cheerful maiden, with a noble form and glowing eyes; Reichardt, who held her hand tenderly in his own, appeared scarcely so tall; was slender, with a refined, intelligent face. In their hearts bloomed a fairer spring than that without; an enchanting sunshine lay on their young brows. Betrothal was to them a garden full of rose-buds awaiting unfolding, in order to bloom in glory under the heaven of matrimony,—a hope that is too often doomed to death! The maiden's father, Franz Benda, the oldest shoot of this distinguished family of artists, had left a youth of extraordinary emotion behind him, and this could yet be seen in his interesting and deeply furrowed face. A Bohemian by birth, the son of a musical linen weaver in the village of Old-Benatka, he early awakened general observation by his wonderfully fine treble voice, and his love for music. This voice obtained for him, in his twelfth year, a place as chorister in the church of St. Nicholas at Prague. The lively boy, accustomed to unrestrained freedom, was through some narrow oppressions of his superiors, and some disputes with his companions, so much enraged, that he threw off his fetters, and on a fine summer's day escaped from a restraint that appeared unbearable to his hot blood and adventurous disposition. Full of spirit and courage, he sang and begged his way on to Dresden. Here, after a short trial, he was received among the boys of the chapel choir, and enjoyed the entire affection of his teacher. But he could not long support a separation from his fatherland; he longed for his lovely, romantic Bohemia; an unconquerable home-sickness came upon him, and overshadowed his soul, as a dark cloud the clear sun. The Bohemians have something of the Swiss character, with more fire and capability of resistance; the

Bohemian does not pine with home-sickness, he fights with it, full of wild courage and despairing valiance, and is only vanquished by his wily enemy after a persevering opposition. For nearly two years Franz Benda subdued the great longing of his heart; then his strength gave way. In the month of November, amid the wildest storm and snow, he left Dresden secretly, to wander back to Prague. What a continuance of privation and little troubles this journey was! Benda was almost entirely without money. Half starved, in rags, and sick with fever, the boy lay, at length, in the wagon of a compassionate peasant, as the numberless cupolas and towers of the proud and noble city of Prague greeted his eyes. At this long wished for sight, he felt no longer hunger, frost or fatigue; he folded his emaciated hands round the leaden image of the holy St. Nepomuk, which he wore about his neck, and a wild cry of delight rang from his breast. As soon as arrived, his first walk was to the choir master of the singers in the church of St. Nicholas—he wished to become a choir singer again. Ah! now he would do anything—allow himself to be beaten and oppressed—could he only remain in his beloved and lovely fatherland! Benda's former overseer was dead; his successor received the pale, beggarly boy in an unfriendly manner, and could only be induced to try his voice after the most passionate entreaties. He laid several masses in six parts, by Palestrina, before him, and called in some pupils belonging to the choir. Franz chose the celebrated Missa Papæ Marcelli, and commenced singing the upper part. But—oh holy mother of God! what a misfortune! No tone came from his throat, in spite of all his endeavors; only a hoarse croaking; his wonderfully beautiful voice was gone, lost in the fatigues of his life on the highway, through frost or fever; enough, it was gone for ever! Nearly out of his senses, the boy begged round Prague, ardently imploring Madonna Maria, in every church and chapel, to send back to him his lost treasure; and imploring in vain. One evening, worn out and discouraged almost to death, not knowing where he should lay his head that night, he entered one of the suburbs, as the fresh, wild, original rhythm of a Bohemian dance, played by a single violin, struck his ear, and wonderfully enlivened him. Some windows on the ground floor were lighted; the boy looked in, trembling with cold. Ah, there was enjoyment. Strong men, with weather-browned faces, held voluptuous female figures in the merry Redowa, the cheeks of the danseuses glowed, their eyes glistened, their full lips laughed, and all was joy and life. But the listening boy only looked at the fiddler; he sat on a table—an old blind Jew with a fine patriarchal head. Oh, how wondrously the bad fiddle sang, soft and proud at the same time! Like lightning this thought flashed through the soul of the boy: "This shall be thy voice, learn to sing on the fiddle!" He knew not how it happened, but in the first pause, when the fatigued couples, breathing heavily,

sat down to rest on the hard wooden benches, he entered the smoky room, went straight up to the old fiddler, laid his stiff hand on the hand of the grey beard, and said with sincere warmth: "Father teach me to play like you!" And the old man with the white beard did not seem to find his request very wonderful; a dreamy smile glided over his quiet face; he reached his violin to the boy, which Franz Benda kissed with as much devotion as the image of the holy Nepomuk, saying, "is music then so dear to thee?" The boy threw his arms round the neck of the Jew, and whispered: "I cannot live without music; I could sing, but can do so no longer; my voice is dead, but its soul lives in the tones of your violin!" His voice failed with those words; his sorrow over the loss of his greatest treasure broke out anew. "By and by you shall go into my little room," softly answered the old man: "there you can tell me all that oppresses your young heart. But now I must play; sit by me until I am ready."

From this moment a true friendship was formed between a fiery young soul, and a great, although wearied heart; the old blind Jew Löbel was the first master of Benda. Franz learned to play in an incredibly short time, and then travelled through the country, playing at dances, with his beloved master, whom he honored with truly childlike tenderness. Soon he formed a small band of musicians, that attained a certain reputation in the villages and small towns. Oh, those were wild times, full of romance and freedom! Days never to be forgotten, nay, weeks and months in the life of Benda. After the death of Löbel, the musicians separated; Benda went back to Prague and studied under Konyczek with the greatest industry; afterwards he visited Vienna to learn further, and above all, to hear. In his twentieth year he held the situation of chapel-master at Warsaw in the private chapel of a rich Starosten, (an officer of rank), who had been enraptured with his playing in Vienna. Franz Benda's manner of playing was full of magic and charm; his bowing large and yet delicate; he sang, and that in the noblest manner, on his violin; no one could hear his soulful tones without emotion. His execution too was uncommon, although he scorned to dazzle with bravura. He has been named the founder of that school of violinists, who may be called fine singers with the bow. After the death of Graun in Berlin, Franz Benda obtained the place of chapel master, and here we find him after this little digression.

"Children! go on with the music!" cried old Benda from the window. "Juliana, you know that I cannot suffer all this whispering and nonsense in the best hours of the day. You can say plenty of tender things to each other when you are married. This is the way you always try to escape from practice with such foolery. Quick-Reichardt, sit down to the old box, and accompany the girl in the great air from the 'Death of Jesus.' Juliana has studied it for three days,

and I hope she can sing it passably by this time." Without opposition, Reichardt opened a thick music book, Juliana opened the elavier and then tripped up to her father, whom she tenderly embraced. "Father, have you then entirely forgotten how you talked nonsense to mamma in your beautiful Bohemian land?" She asked so prettily and roguishly, that old Benda could not resist her; he gave her a caressing tap on the cheek for answer. As Juliana returned to her betrothed, smiling and beaming, her father looked after her charming figure with glances of pride and pleasure. Reichardt now commenced the great joyful aria, "Sing of the godly prophet," and the chapel-master directed from his place at the window. While the full voice of the maiden, swelling, ascended like that of a lark on high, at the lowest window moulding of the new house opposite stood a young fellow listening, with his arms across his breast; he had let fall hammer and trowel. While his companions continued their work, laughing and whistling, or gave him a blow as a kind of rough warning, he remained motionless, and looked opposite with wide-open eyes, and lips closely pressed together as if they would restrain even his breathing. He was a youth of Herenlean build, and at the utmost not more than 17 years old. His face was not remarkable, but his eyes were large and bold. Old Benda had often remarked him, and had sometimes grown a little angry about his staring over the way, which he had at first taken for the indulgence of an idle curiosity. But since he had remarked, that the young mason only seemed to enjoy listening when music was going on in his house, and returned to his work with double industry when the sounds had ceased, the chapel-master began to take an interest in the young fellow. He watched him closely, and was delighted to perceive, that the youth looked and listened rapturously, when Reichardt practised his violin with his future father-in-law, playing fugues, whose artistic labyrinths, however they may interest a musician, do not usually allure others to follow them with pleasure and attention. The mason always showed the liveliest delight in Juliana's singing; the human voice appeared to have the greatest charms for him. When the maiden sang, even solfeggi—he was not able to move a hand to his work until the last tone had died away; he stood untroubled by the jests or rebukes of his companions, as we have already described. At the passage:

"Ascend the ladder of being
On to the seraph—on, ascend!"

the singer revealed so seraphic a purity of tone, such noble beauty in delivery, and closed with so perfect a shake, that even Papa Benda sprang up, crying "Bravo."

At this moment a strong hand threw the window up from without; a dusty, overheated young face became visible, and a coarse fist, covered with lime dust and mortar, was stretched in. "Ah, mamsell, that was too fine!" cried a voice, in whose rough and uncertain tone the deepest emotion was manifest. "I must tell you so, and give you my hand into the bargain, else my heart will fail me altogether!" Juliana Benda could not resist such honorable praise, and such beseeching eyes; she ran to the window laughing, and reached out her pretty hand heartily. Reichardt looked a little astonished at this; Benda, drawing his daughter away, took the newly ap-

peared head between his large thin hands, and said: "Young man, the eye of an old musician is not easily deceived; I tell you, you have not chosen the right trade, you belong, through God and by right, to ours!" "I believe it myself sometimes!" was the answer. "Well, then, come over to us; throw away the trowel and the apron!" "That is impossible, my father would not suffer it." "What is your name then?" "Charles Frederic Zelter."

Our Charles Frederic Zelter never threw away the apron altogether, certainly; there always remained something of the mason in and about him, no one can deny it; but that he turned to the great musical profession, and there also became a master, all know, who have busied themselves ever so little with this glorious art. The excellent Fasch, the renowned founder of the Berlin academy of singing, was his master. Goethe's poems inspired him with the desire to compose. Later, when he had become director of the academy of singing, he wrote chorals, motettes and psalms in many parts; but the palm should be given to his original and excellent comic songs, a description of composition that seems, unfortunately, to have died out before our day.

Where can we find, among compositions in this genre, songs worthy to place beside Zelter's "Invocavit, we call aloud," or "St. Paul was a doctor?" Behind the mask of a certain learned gravity, the merriest heart laughs out, and in an irresistible manner—the comic effect is unerring. Zelter's serious compositions appear rather the result of zealous study, than the overflowing of his own fresh and original being. What especially captivated one in Zelter, was his good, warm, gay heart; wherever this heart sang or pierced through, the impression was powerful, every one was carried away by it, whether he would or no. Even old father Goethe could not withstand this nature! In the end, Papa Benda was not a little proud of his sharp-sightedness; he lived to see the commencement of Zelter's renown. The fair Juliana, however, whose voice the celebrated singing master never forgot, as long as he lived, only saw the first beams of this new star; she sank, a nobly unfolded rose, into the grave in all her bloom. Reichardt never drew very near to Zelter. Seldom has a German musician enjoyed so much honor and renown, in life and death, as our Zelter; his name is one of those, written with golden letters in the history of music. But his finest monument, both as man and artist, may be found in the simple book, whose title reads: "Goethe's correspondence with Charles Frederic Zelter."

(Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music from the "Deutsche Vierteljahrs-Schrift.")

On Music and its Position in Popular Life.

Like all art, music addresses itself to the emotions; but with such force, that man's whole being is appealed to and seized upon; its whole self is called into coöperative action that harmonizes all its component elements; out of this action spring forth feelings and conceptions, which, each in its turn, give rise to a world of variegated thoughts.

Science affords us clearness which is demonstrable; but Art, and especially musical art, brings forth representations of an inner consciousness, of a heavenly foretaste, so richly filled with the grandest mental enjoyment, that science must bow before it. For that eternal truth after which science is striving, be-

comes, through the eternal beauty of Art, an object of visible contemplation, without our requiring any scientific grounds upon which to base the enjoyments we realize. All verbal expression, all description, of the operations of Art is both difficult and ambiguous; which becomes the more evident when we reflect upon the uncertainties and contradictions of what is called Art criticism. On the contrary, experience teaches us that, among the initiated, there is a never-failing and sure impression of all the workings of Art. To approach some definite idea of a musical language, we have only to refer to the various impressions made by the different constructions of tone. Sounds not falling within the laws of melody, or opposed to the wants of the human ear, are to it, as well as to the human understanding, altogether incomprehensible; and, to take an example of this from the lowest, and thence from the highest scale of tone, let us study the effects of a savage yell, the notes of some discordant wild bird, and thence follow musical art to its highest point of culture and see the effect of strange combinations and bombastic efforts proceeding from the brains of untamed musical spirits.

But even in rational music some compositions become more intelligible than others, in proportion as the thought is clearer and more appealing to the real wants of our inner being. If we take a survey of the whole sphere which music is found to occupy in the life of the people, we shall be surprised at its extent and its importance.

In the first place, we are struck with the resemblance it bears to Christianity, which, accompanying man through all the circumstances of his life, hands him to his grave, and not unfrequently calls music to its aid in performing this office. The queen of all instruments, the organ, is the pillar and support of Christian worship, receiving man, on his first entrance into the Christian communion, with those soft yet majestic tones that operate so forcibly upon the human mind. The poet has portrayed with great significance the power of these organ tones, when, upon an Easter morning, they induce Faust to reject the poisoned cup.

Many of our youth, in addition to other branches of education and accomplishment, are instructed in music; all must learn to sing, in order to be able to assist in the performances of Divine worship, and it is difficult to determine how much influence musical instruction exercises in elevating the mind, refining the morals, and developing a general perception of the beautiful; how it leads away the soul from all that is mean, and places before the youthful understanding an harmonious universe, whose visible aspects are thus rendered the more sublime. Antiquity, the mirror for all later times, placed, with great justice, a high value upon a musical education, using moderation and good judgment in all its applications of the art.

When the young man enters upon the duties of a citizen, he assumes these responsibilities amid the touching and lofty tones of the organ; and when he has acquired a position in life, the voice and organ accompaniment again operate upon him, when he finds himself on the point of uniting for life his fortunes with some congenial being whom he has chosen for his wife. Then turning to the scenes of death and its solemn ceremonies, we see how music, among a large portion of mankind, exercises her powers of elevating, of moving, of comforting the soul, lending its voice of compassion and hope to the departed while to the living it appeals with its gentle warnings.

But it is more particularly in the separate departments of music that we are made sensible of its general effects upon the life of the people. The most natural, and, at the same time, the most appropriate division of music is, into sacred and secular. As the arts in general are of sacred origin, so also the oldest music may be said to have been of a sacred charac-

ter. It is natural that Art should claim such an origin, as her aim is to call up before the mind the deepest truths of our nature; and where she can not succeed in placing them in a palpable shape, she furnishes an inner perception of them, through the instrumentality of her manifold productions.

Of the music of antiquity we know but little; but amid the scanty remains of Grecian music, borrowed most probably by the Romans, we find in the significant Grecian tone combinations a strong resemblance to the ancient Christian music. This primitive music seems to have proceeded, partly from the chants of the synagogue, and partly from those of Greek tragedy, which is well known to have done good service and obtained its great reputation from its religious character.

The old Grecian tragedy had not yet arrived at that stage of brutality which the enervated Roman designated by the exclamation, "Bread and Games!" (*Panem et Circenses*), but it rather formed a portion of divine worship; and to the student of musical history it becomes evident that the Christian church has fulfilled her mission in collecting and appropriating the remains of heathen antiquity, and in endowing them with new vigor. The student of modern history must, at the same time, acknowledge that only those phenomena can be permanent which have copied and improved upon the merits of the ancients, and have not sought a modernization out of a total destruction of the old, ignoring by the fiat of a word or stroke of the pen all that thousands of years have established; in other words, that progression, and not an overthrow of all that has been established, can alone contain within itself the elements of durability.

But the old church music, which may well be termed immortal, because it is as old as the profoundest depth of the human soul, is, for this very reason, indescribable in its effects. After the lapse of thousands of years it still comes with thrilling impulse on the ear and heart, and strange as it may seem to many of our moderns, it claims of every seriously disposed individual a certain share of awe, and allows no one to escape its power. It stands without the sphere of modern comprehension, but, at the same time, it admonishes us of that which through all time was ever great and good and beautiful, and before its majesty the accidents of time and place must all vanish and be regarded as of no import.

The well known Gregorian church music is the finest product of ancient church music, and is still to be found in all its beauty in the Sistine Chapel at Rome, as well as in the Greek church at St. Petersburg, which derived it from the former.

A writer who has explored this field of study, and from whose views we can scarcely withhold our approbation, has drawn a comparison between Mozart's *Tuba mirum spargens sonum*, in the *Dies Irae* of his Requiem, with the slow and majestic measure of the Gregorian chant, where it is found applied to the same subject. The modern masters of music have bowed in acquiescence to the grandeur of the old church music, and in some instances have applied it to a new order of thought with marked success. Nearly as old as this music, and, in its original rich and diversified form, fully as deep and beautiful is the *Chorale*, and its importance as a portion of the Christian cultus of the present day is so fully acknowledged as to render it superfluous for us to follow this stream of popular life.

In the department of harmony just referred to, the old Italian school, with its Palestrina, stands unrivalled in the estimation of the learned and accomplished of every country; affording in its inexhaustible depth and beauty the source of our highest enjoyment. Here we behold rising up before us a naked, sublime and chaste beauty in its simplest yet grandest forms, free from all capricious ornament and announcing the eternal laws of truth and harmony. We may here, as well as in speaking of the ancient church

music, apply the well known motto, so successfully set to music by Handel:

Wir beugen uns dem ew'gen Satz: Was immer war, ist wahr.
(We bow to the eternal law: What always was is true.)

In the more recent works of the great German followers of the illustrious Italians, who reached their zenith in John Sebastian Bach and Handel, we find blended with the character of the Italian school that of the German: showing at the same time that vigor and depth of mind and emotion and that variety of form, that spirit, strength, enthusiasm, and elevation to the standard of a proper pride, that form the basis of all the great works which shall endure among the German people for centuries to come.

Intellectual minds have been accustomed to compare the configurations of the music of Bach, so strongly marked by vigor, depth and grandeur, with the ornamentation on the old Gothic cathedrals. John Sebastian Bach may be regarded as the Albrecht Dürer of German music; his *Passion Music* after Matthew and John, his colossal Mass, as yet but little known; Handel's oratorios, especially the *Messiah*, *Jephtha*, and *Israel in Egypt*, are works which are destined to furnish for centuries to come more than one nation with material. Church music is of vast importance and of extensive range, in the popular life of the present day, particularly in Catholic countries, where it forms an essential portion of the services of Sunday and the Festival. We must lay a great stress upon the fact that it furnishes the auditor with a musical ear at a very early age; his sense of the lofty and the beautiful becomes awakened by this their noblest application, when at the sacramental table the poor enjoy an equality with the rich, dividing alike with them that special bounty of Christian life and conveying into their homes of poverty, comfort, joy and hope.

In recent times a great amount of church music has been written; but it has become greatly secularized, and, even in places of high repute, its treatment has become so spiritless and negligent, that the Council of Trent, should it convene once more as it did three hundred years ago, might well resolve to abolish it entirely—the text, aside of the music, being no longer intelligible. In church exercises the grand end should be to promote vocal before instrumental music; by this means the latter would be restrained within its proper limits. Yet the cultivation of instrumental music has created many good results. Organ playing has been brought to a state of great perfection, facilitated by improvements in construction, and the organ itself continues to be the queen of instruments.

In the dance, secular music comes up before us in its original form and appearance. The dance is an insignificant word, but of great significance. If we consider how much dancing is found among all nations, or even among our own German people, or in a small town or village.

"Necessity," says the old Grecian sage, "is the preceptor of all that is good," and it is truly said. Music was accordingly the earliest protectress of dancing. Among heathen people, ancient as well as modern, the dance accompanied religious service, whereas among ourselves it forms so exclusively a part of secular, as to present the strongest contrast to sacred music. The styles of dancing are almost as various in their character as the nations themselves, since, in the different representations of the dance, we find a reflection of the different nationalities; and hence their musical accompaniments must partake of an equally great diversity.

We are not allowed by our limits to go into a detailed consideration of the question, but leave much room for our reader to apply his imagination, his historiography and experience to the prosecution of further developments of this branch of the subject. The Germans have, in recent times, especially excelled in this department of music. Through the intro-

duction of French manners, the German dance allowed itself to be superseded by that of our neighbors. And we cannot set a light value upon the grace of the French dance, particularly the *Minuet*; and any one possessed of the ordinary knowledge of music, must have discovered how Mozart, in his *Don Juan*, has perpetuated the dance, and how it became the speciality of the immortal Haydn, in whose inimitable Quartets the Minuets form the most characteristic passages of those charming master-pieces. But although managed a little stiffly in early times, the German Waltz and Galop claim their own peculiar rights. Since Strauss, Lanner and some of the moderns have applied themselves to this field of music, it has undergone a visible improvement. But these modern ballets have, at best, no intrinsic musical value, and to any one versed in the Italian opera of the Bellini school it must become evident, that Strauss made a good use of the arias which therein occur. Yet even an elaboration of this class of music deserves some commendation, and the suggestion here forces itself upon us that, in Art, no effort to follow out its rules and produce an artistic effect should be discarded. "Every thing is good in its place," says Baillet in his excellent violin school. This is the only true position of the artist. Exclusiveness is a result, either of contracted thinking, or of a determination, resting upon inability, on the part of a so-called Dilettantism not to go beyond the limits of its own circle! The class of music we are now dwelling upon, however, runs some risk of being made subservient to the purposes of a more elevated fancy, guided by the enthusiasm of the master, in which the true elements of the dance begin to disappear, as we find in the delightful waltzes of Franz Schubert, and the mazurkas of that profound Polish tone-poet, Chopin.

(To be Continued.)

(From the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

The Proscenium Papers.

NO. VI. DEAD HEADS.

In essaying to depict a type of a certain species of dead-heads, for whom you and I, dear reader, in common with every right-thinking citizen, should entertain the profoundest contempt, it will be necessary to mention young Theophilus Kraywinkel, Esq., a recently admitted disciple of Blackstone—son of the Hon. Baltzer Kraywinkel, State Senator from the *Welschkornsbach* district of inner Pennsylvania—and who has lately drifted into the orbit of that social planet, Mrs. Owlet Blink. I heard him triumphantly boasting a few evenings ago, of his facilities for passing into any opera, dramatic performance, concert or lecture, without the taxation of a single dime. Said he, with an accent which plainly betokens how six years of metropolitan residence and influence have not sufficed to rub away the "bushwhacker" smack from his tongue,—

"Wery blasent, iss it not, Miss Gallopie, to attent the head enderindaimends without any eggspence?"

"I should imagine it to be," rejoins the girl, curious as to the *modus operandi* of accomplishing a result so desirable. Kraywinkel, marking her curious mien, then closes the subject with a knowing wink from the corner of his dexter optic. Now, when I proclaim this unconscionable dead-head rich enough to lease a proscenium box for all eternity, and to pay in advance all the charges which such an arrangement would entail upon him, the astonishment of the reader at his palpable meanness, must be vastly intensified. His sire lords over sufficient property to bequeath to each one of four children, a redundant farm; and he allows the hopeful Theophilus a princely annuity. Why, then, should this child of fortune resort to every species of artifice and *finesse*, for the gratification of a mean propensity to pass into art entertainments free of charge?

Why gloats he with guilty eagerness over every chance of shirking remuneration for that which should elicit his best sympathies, and tax his purse at least equally with his more sensual and grovelling pleasures? Simply, because this mysterious itching for free admissions is one of the component parts of our weak and defective human nature; inherent with the *status* of total depravity, if you please. If any of my readers doubt the tenability of this assumption, let them ransack history and tradition to find

how this *pendant* has existed in all ages, as developed in numerous instances. Read the narrative of Hercules' visit to Hades, and see how Charon suffered imprisonment for ferrying the former across the Stygian lake, without the customary and necessary ticket—a golden bough from the Sybil. Moreover, this must have been a glaring case,—for mythological chroniclers assure us that Charon committed the breach of rule “against his will.” From this, what inference? If not that the notorious bruiser, son of Jove and Alcmene though he was, must have wheedled, threatened, or contrived for a passage in such a manner as to prove himself an early, arrant and detestable specimen of this species of the genus *caput mortuum*. There certainly was nothing to prevent him from obtaining the customary passport from the Sybil; yet, shame to his career! the human part of his two-fold nature harbored the sneaking propensity to break through the established conventionality of the region. Another proof of the inherency of this *pendant* may be attained by tracing the earlier career of young Theophilus Kraywinkel. He and I grew up upon the same soil. Years ago, as well I recollect, he tripped joyfully toward me, snapping his fingers exultingly, as he unfolded to me how he had slipped, surreptitiously, under the canvass of the Reamstown Circus, and witnessed the ring performances without the investment of a single quarter from his well lined pocket. On another occasion, he tramped two miles under a broiling July sun upon a trifling errand for an itinerant showman, who had promised him a free admission as the price of his servility. It would be a research by no means uninteresting, to trace the artifices, intrigues and manœuvres, whereby this young dead-head gradually wormed himself into the acquaintanceship and favors of our Maretzks, Ullmans, and Strakosches. Equally amusing to have watched the growing development of his early talent for this species of chicanery, toward that perfect position in the squadron of dead-heads, in the full consciousness whereof he made the triumphal vaunt to Miss Callopie Blink, which I noted at the outset.

Now, although we all harbor this yearning for gratuitous attendance upon the intellectual and refining pleasures of an enlightened age, this constituent part of our nature only becomes contemptible and culpable when fostered and developed by such as young Kraywinkel, who should feel a thrilling pride in a liberal compensation for the enjoyments of art or literature. I am not lampooning the dead-head fraternity without reserve. There is an immense regiment in the legion, whose position is of the most honorable character. Of such are editors and reporters, who contribute their brains and energies to the furtherance of Art, and the material prosperity of artists and managers; professors of music, whose daily efforts sow the seeds of an ultimate universal taste, which, as it progresses onward, renders the success and permanency of musical enterprises more and more certain with each recurring year; hosts of others, too, dead-heads in name alone, who constantly give more than a *quid pro quo* for the pleasurable recreations of their leisure hours. Such as these have the most indubitable claims upon the largesses of the *impresario*; nay, it belongs to them to demand a recognition of their just prerogatives from any shrinking manager, if such be their disposition.

However, the men who administer the business affairs of latter-day opera and concert troupes, appreciate this subject rightly, and are rarely slow to acknowledge merited claims. But they are in constant receipt of the most extraordinary demands from individuals, of whose alleged services they bear not the slightest recollection. Here are a few specimens, which once came under my own observation, while closeted with a certain dapper little Hebrew manager, known to us all, in an upper room of the *Grafte* House, in this city. They are all in the form of notes, which, sent up from the office below, were hastily scanned by the *impresario*, and then handed by him to me, with a half-facetious, half-disgusted mien. Voila!

No. 1.

“Mr.—

KING SIR!

Would you accommodate me with a pass for three, for to-night's opera? Some twenty years ago I was a director of a leading musical society here; since which time, although ostensibly in the pork and provision business, my exertions in the cause of good music have never flagged. I am, so to say, still a Nestor among the art-worshippers of the city. Your attention to this little matter can do your prospects no possible harm. Yours, &c.,

TIMOTHY FRICHER,
South Wharves.

No. 2.

“Mr.—

DEAR SIR,

When you brought Sontag to this city, some years ago, it was I who bought the proscenium box, at the old National, for the round season, and at your own price; since the collapse of the Pennsylvania Bank, I can no longer, I am free to acknowledge, support the opera with the same munificent liberality as my wont. Won't you oblige me with a few tickets for to-night? Yours,

JEREMIAH BOTHERSUNS.”

No. 3.

“MONSIEUR LE DIRECTEUR!

Souvenez vous de moi? Nous nous avons trouvé au Hotel du Louvre, ou je vous ai obligé, en vous recommandant un bon avocat, quand Mme. de La Grange commençait un procès contre vous. Obligez moi, en me donnant un billet pour ce soir. Votre, &c.

No. 4.

“DEER SIR,

Prape you duo rackleest me, Amos Stecknadel, that acted as usher when you speckled in Hurlitz, the pianist; am in the tailoring purshoon now, would much like to hear a geuvin oprur which have never heard. Can you oblige a poor feller with a tickt; don't knead a resurvd seet. Yours,

AMOS STECKNADEL.”

The last of these precious documents emanated from our own Kraywinkel, the Grand Mogul of all dead-heads. It read thus:—

“MR.—

ESTEEMED SIR—

Pardon my liberty in thus addressing you. It is on no matter of my own interest. A poor but worthy client of mine, a superannuated musician, harbors a most natural desire to attend this opera season,—a consummation deemed impossible by him, by reason of his straightened circumstances. Expressing himself thus at my office, I volunteered, although a stranger to you, to carry his cause to your court. Should you require any references from me, by way of attesting the genuineness of this petition, call upon the house of Nickel, Bros., bankers, or upon Mr. Owlet Blink, Pres. of the Flambeau Ins. Co. If at all compatible with your arrangements, your acquiescence in this matter will, I am sure, gladden the heart of a man who has done much, in his time, toward the furtherance of Art. Yours, &c.,

THEOPHILUS KRAYWINKLE,
Atty. at law.”

The wary little *impresario* was actually hoodwinked by this contemptible ruse; for with a hasty pinch of snuff, he forthwith wrote the magical words, “Pass the bearer for the season,” and enclosing the same in a neat envelope, directed it to Kraywinkel, in the firm consciousness that he was doing a generous service to a needy enthusiast.

Such, then, are a few specimens of the tactics employed by that species of dead-heads, of which the writer of the concluding epistle is a type. Happily for the reputation of our common humanity, their number is comparatively circumscribed! When you meet any such, dear reader—men after the order of Kraywinkel, whose ample means should enable them to rise superior to these petty propensities, and who should feel just pride in materially aiding the cause of art, refining, socializing, humanizing as it is upon the temporal condition of the masses;—when such an one crosses your path, reader, kill him if you can; or, failing the ability to accomplish that, blazon him abroad to the world even as I have done. I shall surely oust young Kraywinkel from the pure atmosphere of the Blink orbit.

B. NATURAL.

—For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Letters on Musical Subjects.

III.

BEETHOVEN'S SEVENTH SYMPHONY.

My Dear Friend,—It is the prerogative of men of genius to imbue their own experiences or the individual characters they sketch, with an universality and comprehensiveness, so that they are no longer the expressions of a single experience, but become the representatives of mankind or of classes. Their feelings stand for the generality of the feelings of mankind, their characters comprehend an infinite multitude of similar ones all over the world. The poets, the painters and sculptors, the tone-poets of the first rank, gifted with a divine insight into the nature of things, show in their best works the power of grasping those qualities in the individuals, that are common good of human nature and of putting them forth in combinations, true, complete and beautiful enough, to stand for the ideals of mankind or large parts of it. To quote a few examples: In Homer's *Odyssey* the character of the “excellent swineherd Eumæos” is not that of a single servant, but the ideal of all true and faithful help, who feel themselves part of the family and act accordingly. Or in the *Iliad* Achilles is not the individual warrior, but the ideal of heroic youth and manhood. In Shakespeare's characters we find the same universality and comprehensiveness. Thus Imogen, in *Cymbeline*, is not merely the faithful wife of Posthumus, but the ideal representative of all good wives, loyal, full of trust, long-suffering, bearing much ill without complaining, free from all doubt in their husband's motives and actions,—ideal womanhood in the character of wife. Or Cordelia, in *King Lear*, is not only his own devoted daughter but the ideal of the highest expression of filial devo-

tion in woman. Michael Angelo's Moses is not merely the Jewish lawgiver and leader, but he stands for all heroic thought and action combined. Or the disciples, in Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper, are not those individual men only, but give expression to the universal sentiments of terror (Jacob the older and Andreas), of true, simple-hearted devotion (Philip), of rage and revenge (Peter), &c. A struggle with fate in an individual assumes in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony the gigantic dimensions of that battle which all mankind has to undergo. Nor does Leonore in Fidelio, Beethoven's Imogen, stand for a single wife in those severe trials, but like Shakespeare's Imogen, for an ideal of conjugal love. Nothing better represents the perfection of woman's trusting weakness and the irresistible power of love on her, than the injured Donna Anna, in *Don Giovanni*, the ideal of that phase of woman's character. And thus we might go on [quoting] examples, all tending to prove the principle put forth in the first sentences of this letter. That principle is to be enlarged by this, that those great works, though universal and all-comprehending, considered as a whole, yet show the strongest individuality in every particular. You see the individual component parts in their truthfulness and hence they strike you like your own personal experience. They may therefore (and mostly do) bear the stamp of the times in which they originated or of the scenery where they are laid. But, each considered as a whole, they are raised above time and space, their inner nature is universal and eternal as the essence of all our being and existence.

Such a work we have in the Seventh Symphony. The scenery, the dress, the incidents all are local and individual, the whole work is an ideal, elevated above change, and felt as such by men of all climes. It is a day in Beethoven's life, an episode in the work-day-life of the people; but its effect is like that of a chapter in the history of civilization, like a life-experience of mankind. As a genial friend explained it to me years ago, it is a popular festival in Germany. To feel all the beauty of the work, to comprehend all the details of the composition, to grasp the whole scene in one picture, you ought to have participated in such a festival as they are annually celebrated everywhere throughout Germany, most heartily, however, in the middle and southern parts of the land. Beethoven was born on the beautiful Rhine, he lived the longest time of his life in gay Vienna, where almost every Sunday or other holiday you might see the scenes enacted, which the poet idealized in this Symphony. Viewed from a distance such a scene of a Sunday afternoon in the *Prater*, the principal pleasure-ground of the Viennese might fitly be described in the words of Goethe in *Faust*, which we quote from Mr. Brooks' masterly translation:

Tenderer, clearer,
Friendlier, nearer
(is the) Ether . . .
Garments ethereal,
Tresses aerial,
Float o'er the flowers,
Float o'er the bowers,
Where, with deep feeling,
Thoughtful and tender,
Lovers embracing,
Life-vows are sealing.
Bowers on bowers!
Graceful and slender
Vines interlacing!

Green hills all flushing,
Laden with roses . . .
Happy ones, swarming,

Glide through the charming
. dominions,

Hear them in Chorus
Singing
Over the meadows
Flit the bright shadows;
Glad eyes are glancing,
Tiny feet dancing,
Up the high ridges

Some of them clamber,
Others are skimming
. . . lakes of amber

All are in motion,
Life-ward all yearning,
Longingly turning
To the far-burning
Star-light of bliss.

These lines contain the subjects of the Seventh Symphony.

The introduction, (Poco sostenuto a quarter equal to 63, four-four time) *m* 1—62, impresses me like a serene spring morning. Tranquil peace overspreads the dewy, cloudless, dawning morn, which will presently wake into life. This the *first* motive, *m* 1 and 2, seems to say, which is sung by the Oboes, Clarinets, and the mellow, far-sounding Horn. Presently the Violins and other strings begin their rustling, stirring runs *pianissimo*, *staccato*, soon joining them to the first motive, thus introducing motive *two*, an invitation, full of winning grace *m* 22 and 23. Louder and louder the first motive, in connection with the runs, calls and awakens all things living; and once more in *m* 41 the second motive tries its alluring power, which succeeds. For in *m* 53 motive *three* sings forth sweet consent, one or the other of the instruments always playing motive *one*. And in *m* 62 the first part of the Symphony begins.

I think it was Richard Wagner, who said this Symphony was an apotheosis of the dance. And indeed, all the motives of the first, third and fourth movements of the Symphony are dance-music in ideal perfection. In joyous happiness we glide along with the light and graceful motive in six-eight time to *m* 108, where it assumes a character more pensive, almost sad. Does the deaf tone-poet suddenly remember his bodily defect, which prevents him from drinking in the pleasant scene with all his senses? In *m* 118 a cheering motive, the *fifth*, follows and is succeeded by motive *four* in C major, with a new, charming face, tender, graceful and loving, and then rollicking along, down the tonic chord of C major. The same *fourth* motive in *m* 141 comes in, mysterious, leading on with growing strength and rising tones to a succession of chords *m* 152—163 *fortissimo*, interrupted by a thoughtful repetition of motive *first*, *pianissimo* in every 5th and 6th measure. Snatches of the melody, which began it, close the first part and lead to its repetition and then to the second. *Pianissimo* on one tone, joined by the other tones of the chord, one by one, begins the second part. As a lull feels, after the largest wave has just been breaking on the surf, the white foam still floating and rippling at our feet, this *pianissimo* feels to me, with the sparks of tones undulating *pianissimo* in the strings and wood instruments, until, after spreading in swelling chords, the same rollicking fourth motive runs through various chords (*m* 200—216). As if it were from a distance, scarcely perceptible, the melody of *m* 67 begins *piano*, never finishing, however, (*m* 222—235), when, rising step by step and increasing, the same snatches of melody burst forth *fortissimo* in *m* 255. The whole passage, *m* 222—275 sounds like the mighty droning swell of a vast assembly, drawing nearer and becoming more and more distinct. In *m* 278 the third part begins, mainly a repetition of the first, enlivened by a varied figurative accompaniment in the double basses. In *m* 379 the Coda begins *pianissimo*, representing again the effect, the mingled tones of a vast multitude of men produce at a lessening distance. If you consult your piano-arrangement, you will find that the bass, after resting from *m* 379 to 389 on four tones successively, while the other instruments sing out motive *four* in sweet, blissful, harmonic changes, plays from *m* 390—411 the tones d (quarter note, dot, and tied eighth note), e sharp, b sharp (eighth notes), b sharp, (eighth note), c sharp (two quarters and a dot). These low tones, swelling more and more, mainly produce the effect of many mingled sounds, of a multitude of voices.

There is great strength in the constant and *crescendo* repetition of chromatic phrases in the bass. The vagueness of a chromatic sequence leaves free play to the imagination which, powerfully impressed by the very low tones, gets a foreboding of something grand, either sublime or terrible. In this instance the fourth motive in a pleasant variation, based on the tonic chord of A major from *m* 390 to 419 produces a sublime effect, connected with this *basso continuo* of the Alti, Violoncelli and Bassi. As an example of the terrific effect of such a chromatic *crescendo* sequence, I may remind you of the sensation the Coda of the first movement of the Ninth gave you, when you first heard it by the orchestra. Jubilant ends the first part in *m* 439.

The second movement (*Allegretto, two-four time*), is one of the gems, which for their simplicity and expressiveness are never forgotten. The direction, which Beethoven himself gave in the musical journal "Cæcilia" as to the tempo (I will use here the Italian word for "movement" which, employed to designate the parts of a Symphony or a Sonata also, ought to be replaced by the former) reads: a quarter-note equal to 88 on Maelz's metronom. The Paris metronoms, mostly in use here, go faster than the Vienna ones. I make mention of these facts, since there is constant complaint about the tempo of this movement. Though we all know full well, that tempi, unless especially marked by the composer, are best left to the artistic taste of conductor or performer.

This movement expresses to me a personal experience of Beethoven. The deaf man sings out of an overflowing yet resigned heart his sorrow at being separated from the full enjoyment of life with his fellow men, whom he loved so much, by his hopeless malady.

There are but two melodies in this part, each having two parts and a Coda. *M* 7 and 8 of the first melody furnish the subject of a short *Fugato* in the latter part of the movement. The arrangement is very simple, being that of the fourth Rondo-form. If you wish to refresh your memory on the construction of that form, you may turn to Marx' "General Musical Instruction," (Novello's Edition), where you will find the analysis of the five Rondo forms on p. 89. Here I will merely add the numbers of the measures corresponding to the parts of that form. The principal melody with its leading over passage extends to *m* 100, the first side-melody with passage to *m* 148, the repetition of the principal melody with figurative accompaniment and variations in the leading part to 173, whence a new Coda and passage in *m* 182 leads to the *Fugato*, which stands for the second side-melody to 213. From here the principal and first side-melodies return in variations, *m* 214 to 224 and 224 to 242, and are followed after an episode, *m* 243—254, by the closing Coda, *m* 255 to 278, the end of the whole movement.

To speak of the beauties of the movement would be like "carrying owls into Athens." Every one feels the resigned grief of the principal,—the consoling assuring sweetness of the first side melody,—the nervous accumulation of bitter grief in the *Fugato*. You will notice that, in the first twenty-six measures, most significantly the melody is omitted, merely the accompaniment being introduced. Alas! did not the poet feel keenly the blank left by the failing of that quickening sense of hearing? Not until *m* 27 the melody begins in the lower strings, the Alti and 1st Violoncelli. There is a place in the first side-melody, *m* 123—138, which for sweetness of longing desire might hardly find a parallel. The change of C sharp, e, g, a sharp, e, to D, e, g sharp, b, e is most wonderful and touching. Most moving grief and complaint is also expressed in the Coda to the principal melody *m* 174—177. Startling is the effect of the sudden change to C major in the episode *m* 246. You remember a similar transition to C major in *m* 30 of the second movement in the Fifth. The move-

ment closes with a bitter deep-drawn sigh summing up the pangs of his grief in the snatch of melody and the dying away of the chord from *forte* to *pianissimo*.

The third movement, (*Presto, three-four time* one measure equal to 116), like the second one, has two distinct melodies. In the first we see, how "over the meadows flit the bright shadows; glad eyes are glancing, tiny feet dancing; happy ones swarming . . . glide through the charming dominions." We "hear them in chorus singing" and shouting far off, (*pianissimo*, in the second part of this melody), while they may be "clambering up the high ridges" and "others are skimming . . . lakes of amber." But in that heavenly second melody, sung by the Horns, the Clarionets and the Fagotti, we seem to hear voices from those far distant "green hills all flushing, laden with roses" out of those "bowers on bowers, where, with deep feeling, thoughtful and tender, lovers embracing, life-vows are sealing." The last part of this second melody *m* 224—238 quaintly consists of accompaniment only, the melody vanishing in the great distance.

Merry, graceful and sweet was the third movement. The fourth might be called bacchantic in its ecstasy of exuberant joy. You ought to have seen German country-folk dance, to fully feel the intensity of enjoyment expressed in this fourth movement. It is hardly necessary to add, that the pure crystal of happy enjoyment seems to be in danger of being darkened by the smoke of the flaring, fluttering flame of passion. Something of this nature seems to be heard in the wild, frantic *m* 106 to 123, and in places preceding them. The movement, (*Allegro con brio, two-four time*, one measure equal to 80), has a melody full of intense enjoyment, careless and forgetful of everything else, but elevated and enroled by an artifice, which only genius could hit on, viz., the introduction of chromatic changes in the melody and in the accompaniment. Try to play *m* 13 to 17 with the simple melody in A major, without any naturals and the accompaniment of Dominant 7th and Tonic chords, and you have a commonplace melody. As it stands it is *spirituel*, and I only hope, it will not be taken too fast, so that the enharmonic changes are noticeable.

It is the custom of the "boys" in German villages, to relieve their pent-up enjoyment by shouts on the word Juch-he! You will notice those shouts, which the poet did not disdain to introduce here, in various places, beginning in *m* 136, and again from *m* 175. A great deal has been said against these imitations of natural sounds in music. But examples are full to defend the practice. Remember the Creation, the Pastoral Symphony. Even dainty Mendelssohn makes poor Bottom bray in the overture to the Midsummer Night's Dream. The second part of this movement, which begins in *m* 128, is full of these shouts, while in the third from *m* 230—343, we have a repetition of the first part; the movement being written, as you see, in the Sonata form, as the first is. The excitement of this closing movement is so great, that it takes the poet from *m* 344—466, a Coda of unusual length, to get quiet enough for the close. In this Coda by the same means of making the *Basso continuo* repeat chromatic sequences (twenty-one measures constantly having E, D sharp in the basses) the assembled multitude is made to be heard and felt once more, and in strong runs, interspersed with snatches of the principal melody, the Symphony comes to a close in *m* 466.

No excuse is needed, I feel persuaded, for not having spoken more of the last movement, the latter being almost as long as the Coda, that is to say *unusually* so. Should the Symphony be performed again, I may "inflict" a few more remarks on some motives of the last movement, which are interesting enough, psychologically (the motives namely), for a letter almost as long as this.

Now, if you enjoy the Symphony as much as I did, while writing about it, you will not regret going to hear it. And so, good bye,

Cambridge, Feb. 26th, 1860. G. A. SCHMITT.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 3, 1860.

Revival of Gluck's "Orpheus" in Paris.

We have long felt that the greatest novelty possible to opera-jaded ears, just now, would be a chance to hear a fair performance of one of old Gluck's operas. Have we not learned all that modern Italian opera can teach us? Can Verdi and the rest, even in their newest works, under whatever new forms, really do more for us than haunt us as a hand-organ haunts a sick man's dreams with everlasting repetitions, the less near to nature the more familiar they become? Is it much better with Meyerbeer's magnificently wearisome elaborations? Such refreshing naturalness and geniality as we find in Mozart, Weber, Beethoven, in Rossini's "Barber" and "William Tell,"—in Bellini's love melody too, except that it sings always one and that a limited experience and grows hacknied,—is a godsend among these, and lets us know what truth and nature are and that there is properly no Art where there is no soul. And now that so much of all sorts has been heard, such elaborations, such strainings for novelty, such effects, such ingenious new stimulations to which the sense grows dull so very soon, we think the most experienced music-lovers would be ready to say, in a tone of heartfelt confession: Give us something less elaborate, less wonderful, if need be, but at all events something genuine, something natural, something which has dramatic truth and feeling in it, carried up by divine force of genius to pure musical and beautiful expression, in an imperishable result of Art, subtle and inimitable when you approach it analytically, yet infinitely simpler perhaps in its outward means and calculations of effect than the nine days' wonders now continually added to the lyric repertoire.

Such operas, of such simple means, in which everything subserves in the first place dramatic truth, expression, and in the second place, but quite as essentially, that beauty which lifts to an eternal meaning all the particular meanings, and is thus the stamp of Art, are, according to all testimonies from the time they were composed, the operas of Gluck, and especially his *Orpheus*. They are so simple, so little overwrought with modern effect contrivances, so chastely abstinent from that sentimental kind of melody which has since been popular, that our modern singers seem indignantly to resent the idea of appearing in them, as if such child's work were beneath them. Yet who that has carefully studied the score of *Orfeo* (and it requires much more than such perusal of course to know what it really is) does not feel that here is something of that *intrinsic* and transcendent excellence, as to beauty and expression, that comes the nearest of all human works to nature, just as he does in reading a true poem however simple? Were Meyerbeer ten times the Mulciber that he is, with ten times as many hundred-handed Briareuses at work in this vast brain forge of his, all its stories crowded with the cunningest contrivances of modern steam-machinery within the reach of the mechanical mind, would he send any product out therefrom that would come any nearer nature, or give any more of the true quickening sense of Art, than those that have already made such conquest of the world as they are able? Verily such power, however multiplied, stops ever balked at the same limit. Gluck has scarcely been performed much anywhere of late years outside of Berlin. But thoughts are beginning to turn to his neglected treasures. It is pleasant now to read of the revival, and the performance for twenty-five consecutive nights, in Paris, of all places in the world, of *Orpheus*. The interest in it there seems still increasing; those who have been brought up upon modern effect music altogether, are learning to like it; and

we trust our readers will peruse with as much interest as we have done, the following article about it from the London *Athenæum*:

The "Orphée" of Gluck—to follow M. Berlioz, whose knowledge on the subject is to be trusted—was written to a text by Calzabigi of Vienna, in 1762, not 1764—the date hitherto accepted—the principal part for a *contralto* (Signor Guadagni). When it was brought subsequently into France, this voice was changed for one of those tenors with a high *falsetto*, long peculiar to our neighbors, and the *bravura* which closes the first act was added—it is believed, not by Gluck, but with his concurrence—for Legros. Let it be first pointed out, once for all, that in no music is effect so feebly represented by perusal as in the operas of Gluck. Even those of his grand scenes which are available as concert music, however finely declaimed they be, whatever be the vigor of the chorus, must suffer for the want of action, of grouping—of the stage, in short. Owing to this they have been undervalued: whereas it might be fairly urged, that it is not the convertible qualities of a work of Art which should give it rank, but the height to which it fulfils its destined purpose.—The statue of *Il P. isiro* was calculated by Michael Angelo for its monumental chapel. Remove it into a *cortile*, or the open air, and more of its grandeur would pass from it than it is easy to believe.

In one respect, as originally composed, "Orphée" is alone among operas; a musical drama without a *solo* voice deeper than a *contralto*. Yet so artfully is the score adjusted, as not to suffer by what probably originally arose from thoughtlessness or incompetence on the part of the *librettist*. We do not miss *Plato* or *Charon* from the story; even when its hero, as now, is personified by a woman.—The nerve and variety given to the several scenes by the employment of the chorus:—at first, gravely funereal,—then menacing, ferocious, infernal,—thirdly, *suave*, if monotonous, in expressing the beatitude of

"The happy souls that dwell
Mid yellow meads of asphodel"

are admirable; nor less so are the grace and variety of the pantomimic music, which proves Gluck to be as great a master of instrumentation as many of his renowned successors, who had more complicated means at their disposal. If he was not as great a symphonist as Mozart, he was greater than Mozart as a colorist. Both had phrases of a favorite pattern, but Gluck carries away the palm of dramatic truth of expression, and in grandeur. This we have long felt, but never with such an intimate conviction as the other evening while hearing his "Orphée," which, yet, is not the grandest, nor, perhaps, the most expressive of his five great operas.

To speak now of the execution. It would have been absurd to attempt such a revival without the presence of a competent artist to animate it—to "restore *Eurydice* to life." But we cannot dream of any fulfilment of such desire more consummate than is to be found in the *Orpheus* of Madame Viardot. There is nothing on the modern musical stage that can approach it; there has been nothing on the musical stage of any day that can have surpassed it. As a piece of acting, it must take rank with the *Medea* of Pasta, with the noblest antique creations of Rachel or Madame Ristori; and under a circumstance of greater difficulty than attended the personations of the last-named two great tragic artists, the amount of mute pantomime which the part contains. Antique, but neither cold nor mannered,—no composition of set postures and effects, but of passion and pathos, of tenderness and inspiration,—this great singer's performance of "Orpheus with his lute" will remain, with all who have seen it, so long as memory shall remain. Most especially is to be commemorated the scene in the Elysian Fields—the search of the lover among the groups as they glide by for his lost one,—and his clasp of her hand with *Eurydice* is restored,—and that gesture of relief and ecstasy, exuberant in its very absence from extravagance. This, as less obvious, more delicate, yet not less intense, belongs even to a higher artistic conception than that of the better-known miracle by which *Orpheus* charms the demons,—nay, even, we think, than his wild dismay and grief over the body of *Eurydice* when she is a second time torn from him. What might these scenes be did the *Eurydice* bear any proportion to the *Orpheus*!

But it is in vain to long for what never will be. The declamation, the expressive power, the limitless brilliancy of Madame Viardot as a singer, are known to every one familiar with her as a vocalist; but they have never possibly been put forth in one work so completely as in "Orphée." The *bravura* at the end of the first act would be an utterly hopeless attempt for any one else now singing. The well known "Che farò" (which we have never wholly relished

as a concert-song, whether ornamented or plain) becomes what it was meant to be,—a wail of bitterest desolation and woe, as flung out by her above the corpse of the beloved one: thrice repeated, always in a different tone of woe. In brief, unanimous as praise has been, and highly wrought its epithets, on this occasion, the most highly wrought is not hyperbolic. Let it be added, too, that though, as in the case of every artist of sensibility, there may be better and less good evenings, Madame Viardot has never been in fuller possession of her vocal powers than she is now, after "a run" of an opera, dependent for its effect so largely on her sole self. The other parts in "Orphée" are fairly cast; the orchestra and chorus, which have been carefully drilled under the superintendence of M. Berlioz, are good; the stage appointments (as is the rule of M. Carvalho's theatre) are liberal, and in the finest artistic taste. The scenery, as has before been said, might be a lesson to the best of our theatres, in its absence of those bits and patches and sky-corners which so largely mar the effect of our painters.

There are some for whom Gluck's operas were not written, as also Shakespeare's plays, and Dante's "Divine Comedy," and Milton's "Lycidas." But no lover of what is loftiest, most real, and, withal, most beautiful in dramatic music, can fail to find one of the satisfactions which occur too rarely in a lifetime in Gluck's "Orphée," as now given at the *Théâtre Lyrique*.

Concerts.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—Another pleasant meeting, on Tuesday evening, in the pleasant new hall in Bumstead Place, with large audience, and, for the most part, excellent programme:

1. Quartet, in C minor, No. 3, op. 18.....Beethoven
Allegro.—Andante quasi Allegretto—Scherzo—Finale, Presto.

2. Sonata Duo, for Piano and Violoncello, in D, op. 55,
Mendelssohn
Allegro—Allegretto Scherzando—Adagio—Finale, Molto Allegro.

Messrs. Lang and Wulf Fries.

3. "Souvenir de Haydn," Solo for Violin.....Leonard
William Schultz.
4. Ballade, in A flat, op. 47, for Piano.....Chopin
B. J. Lang.
5. Quintet in C, No. 2.....Mozart
Moderato—Minuetto—Andante—Finale, Allegro.

The Quartet is one of the lightest, but most genial and delightful of Beethoven's;—so freakish is it, so full of *scherzo* even in the *Andante quasi Allegretto* which stands for the usual slow movement. It was finely played, except that the Finale, (marked Allegretto for most of its length, and only quickened into Presto near the end) was all taken exceedingly fast,—at least too fast for easy going. The Mozart Quintet was highly edifying. How little that man had to labor to start veins of melody, and how readily the melodies all ran the right ways, through all the curious turns and windings, called "learning" when forced, but really the spontaneous ways of Art and poetry when there is genius in them!

The piano-forte sounded better than in the last concert—at least where we sat—and Mr. LANG displayed his fine crisp qualities of easy execution to great advantage in the most of the Mendelssohn Sonata Duo. It is a most interesting work; the Adagio, a chorale spread out in large arpeggio chords on the piano, and accompanied with fitful, musing recitative on the 'cello, is very imposing. The Ballade of Chopin was played with facile brilliancy; and yet there was a lack of *life* in it; one missed the *aura* of Chopin.

The "Souvenir de Haydn" disappointed us. There was very little of Haydn, or Haydnish, about it, beyond the mere theme of "God save the Emperor;" the variations and transitions are after the same pattern of all the modern violin show pieces, so that it was hard to believe you had not heard the thing many times before. Mr. SCHULTZE's execution, clean and delicate in parts, was yet unequal.

The next (seventh) concert will take place in the same hall, March 13.

ORCHESTRAL UNION. The Afternoon Concerts, to the general joy, have come back to the Boston

Music Hall, and the event was signalized last Wednesday by unusual wealth in the selections:

1. Symphony. No. 3. (In Four Parts).....Mendelssohn.
2. Grand Waltz. Die Flotten.....Lanner.
3. Overture. Ray Blas.....Mendelssohn.
4. Annen Polka.....Strauss.
5. Weber's Invitation a la Valse. Instrumentation by Berlioz.
6. Emperor of Russia Coronation March.

The "Scotch Symphony"—Mendelssohn's finest instrumental work—was really refreshing to hear again. His overture to Victor Hugo's tragedy of *Ray Blas* has not been played here since the times of the Germania Orchestra. We heard it with much interest. It is not in either of his romantic veins, the fairy one or the sea-shore (*Hebrides*) one, and is very dramatic for Mendelssohn; sterno, startling chords of brass alternating with a feverish passage of the violins, which infects the whole orchestra till it heaves as in a storm; there is also a broken little staccato theme started by the violins and worked into the general texture, which gives fine relief; but brass and rage prevail.

This was the *seventeenth* of these pleasant concerts this winter, and they will still continue every Wednesday.

Musical Chit-Chat.

The sickness of the editor, and total detention from work, all the last week, will account for many shortcomings in the last number, and for some in this. The Errata in our last were numerous; among others these:

In the Sonnet by Miss Raymond, 8th line, for "faintest" read *faint*. . . In the article on the "Magic Flute," page 379 first line of third column, for "without comprising her part," read without *compromising*. . . In the sketch "Two Brothers," 1st page, middle column, instead of "David thought of a little plan," read *Jacob*.

From the same cause our translation from Oulibicheff has to be suspended this week, but will be continued next week.

ZERRAHN'S CONCERTS.—With regret we direct attention to the programme of M. Carl Zerrahn's last concert, to take place at the Music Hall, *this evening*. The programme is one of rare excellence; attractive to every class of music-lovers; truly a popular programme, for what do Boston people love to hear, (saving always the fifth,) as they do the seventh symphony of Beethoven? What wondrous novelty of later days is ever so truly popular with us as are these master works? There are novelties too in the programme, which should be of the highest merit, and taken from various schools of art. But, the programme itself tells all that. We regret that Mr. Zerrahn, after years of perseverance, should now announce that he abandons the field, and that this is indeed his last concert. We are indebted to him for much good service in the cause of the best music. It is to the shame of Boston that he has not reaped a due reward for his toil. We cannot but hope that a careful revision of the experience of the years he has passed among us, may yet suggest to him some plan by which he may, profitably to himself as to his audience, continue to conduct such concerts.

Musical Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, FEB. 27.—In making my *entrée* into your columns, friend Dwight, allow me to state that I am not actuated by any conceit of personal capability to add ought of value to the excellent Art character of your Journal: but simply from a patriotic desire to have the current musical events of our city fully recorded therein, in common with those of other places, greater or less, which contribute to make up your general news department. An occasional correspondent, in your issue of the 8th inst.,

has created quite a stirring breeze among the Tonic element of our city, by scoring a prominent professor for certain pianistic shortcomings at a recent classical soirée. I have been blamed for the philippic—you know how wrongfully. But *n'importe*. Like the amiable Pickwick at Eatonswill, whose natural curiosity to witness the workings of a British rustic election subjected his obese *corpus* to the kicks, cuffs and buffets of the contestants—so, too, have I endured divers indignities in my time, through an absorbing inclination to keep myself and others posted as to the true condition of affairs among the sensitive and excitable votaries of Apollo.

Nine nights of the COOPER English Opera at the Academy, for the low price of fifty cts., failed to produce any striking financial or Art results—and your information, in last Saturday's issue, concerning the success of the troupe, as clipped from the *Evening Journal*, is incorrect. And yet, although regular *habitués* shyed off from it, as something too cheap, and therefore too unfashionable to be good, features there certainly were in the *ensemble*, which placed the troupe above contempt, even affording genuine pleasure, in some particulars, to the most cultivated tastes.

Of such, it may be well to notice here the excellent vocalization and pretty voice of the Guelph-featured prima donna, Miss ANNIE MILNER, (said to be Mrs. COOPER off the stage), who sustained the various soprano rôles of the company's repertoire with decided spirit and judgment, at times evincing a very considerable degree of histrionic talent.

The performances of Mr. AYNLEY COOK seemed about equally divided between points of excellence and freaks of striking absurdity—displaying as much misconception in the character of Devilshoof as judgment in, for instance, his Count Rodolpho. In the former he behaved in the most ungipsy-like manner, striking all sorts of attitudes and whirling ungraceful pironettes, something after the terpsichorean improvisations of Amodio in *Don Giovanni*. Now the fat baritone invariably created a roar of merriment, his obesity being so great as to render even the slightest acceleration of his anatomy, beyond a slow and heavy tramp, ludicrous. When he swung himself and little Patti around, it really seemed like a *pas de deux* between an elephant and a gazelle. Cook, however, lacked the necessary rotundity to conjure up to the audience an equally funny smile, although his extraordinary pironettes were plainly designed as an imitation of Amodio's comicalities. Still, many of his efforts in other operas were worth the liberal quota of applause bestowed upon them.

A small-sized tenor, named BOWLER; a tolerable contralto; and a wretched successor to RUDOLPHSEN, whose artistic singing and judicious acting had made him justly popular—a lanky genius, named BOURDINOT; these comprised the balance of the troupe. It is a noteworthy fact, that these individuals played and sang their English versions of Italian Operas, with far more effect and correctness than such works as the *Bohemian Girl*. *Sonnambula* was prettily rendered from first to last, while Balfe's most popular and easy opera has never been so wretchedly mutilated. COOPER, *impresario* of this troupe, is an artistic violinist, and an energetic leader withal. His violin tone is clear, pure and sonorous; and his bowing at once legitimate and graceful.

We are to enjoy our second winter season of Italian Opera, from Monday, March 5th, onward. The city certainly is in prime condition for a successful run, even though it be the time of Lent; for thousands of strangers throng the various hotels—men, who recreate themselves with night amusements after the business of the day. Moreover, the vivid remembrances of charming Adelina Patti's recent triumphs in this city, enhanced now by later ovations in Boston, must incite all Philadelphians, whose religious scruples do not overweigh their fondness for her, to

extend an enthusiastic patronage to the season—Max Strakosch, the *avant courier* of the troupe has arrived, looking radiant with hope towards a brilliant campaign—short though it must of necessity be.

Our Harmonic Society has announced the "Seasons" of Autumn and Winter, (Haydn,) for next week; the first two, Spring and Summer, having been most delightfully given by them, several months ago. Up in the northern part of the city, the Handel and Haydn and studying Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*, with a zeal and determination which prognosticate a fine performance of this work, but little known to the masses here. I shall take much pleasure in recording for you whatever may transpire here. MANRICO.

HARTFORD, CONN., FEB. 27.—You may depend upon it, something has "turned up" in this poor, neglected city, or this letter would never have come to light; for what is the use of waiting when there is nothing to write about. I have called it a "poor, neglected city," for not a concert by foreign artists have we had through the fall and winter; and had it not been for our own native talent, we must have endured starvation in the desert, musically speaking.

I want to let you know how I happened to write this letter. Last Friday evening was given, by the "Beethoven Society," for the first time in Hartford, Haydn's Oratorio of the *Creation*, entire; from "Chaos" to "Amen," and that, too, without a single assistant from abroad! Some years ago, when the late Mr. GREATOROX was organist at one of our churches, and Mrs. BOSTWICK and Mrs. JAMESON resided here, (both born in this city, I believe,) the oratorio of *David* was produced, and this of last week is the second instance of complete Oratorio in Hartford; of course, many strides in advance of Neukomm's *David*. The concert was at the North Church, where is one of Messrs. Hooks' finest three-banked organs, Mr. GEO. E. WHITING, organist, who presided at the performance of the oratorio, assisted by a nice orchestra, Prof. STICKNEY, of Trinity College, leading the violins. The chorus numbered about eighty. Mistresses PRESTON, PARSONS, HUNTINGTON and Miss HUGH, taking the soprano; Messrs. WANDER and KELLY, the tenor; and Messrs. GUNDLACH and FOLEY, the bass solos; all under the conductorship of Mr. JAMES G. BARNETT, who is entitled to immense credit and praise for his untiring efforts in bringing out so great a work as the *Creation*. I must say, for a first performance, and that, too, with the sudden absence of the principal soprano, Mrs. STRICKLAND, who was called away to New York on the very afternoon of the concert, it was a great success. Whether it was fully appreciated by so large an audience, (for the church was densely crowded), I cannot tell; but at any rate they have heard a real oratorio, and a great one, too; and that is giving at least a large portion of those present an opportunity of saying something which they could not have said before; and, of course, they will like it better the next time it is performed.

Of individual parts I have not time to write. As a general thing they were well sustained; the choruses being certainly very powerful and effective, especially the fugue, "Awake the Harp," and "The heavens are telling." Much of the success is due to Mr. WHITING, whose playing was well nigh faultless. He is certainly a remarkably talented young man, and must certainly make his mark in this country. Mr. FOLEY has made great improvement since last winter, which fact I am happy to chronicle, for he has a most delicious quality of voice—rare indeed. Miss HUGH did herself much credit in "With verdure clad;" but had she avoided the *chopping off* of her words and a certain explosive element which betrayed itself throughout the aria, she would have gained herself many more friends. But why attempt to criticize? It was an initiatory performance to the singers as well as to the audience; and I doubt very much whether a first attempt was ever better accomplished, even in your own city of Boston. H.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

The *Tribune's* correspondent, under date of Feb. 9, writes :

Richard Wagner, the disputedly great musical composer, gave yesterday at the *Italiens* the third and last of his concerts here. Whether or not he be what his warmer admirers have proclaimed him, the "Musician of the Future," contemporary Parisians seem willing to leave to their posterity. Perhaps they could not appreciate it, it is certain that on the whole they did not relish his revolutionary music. The concerts were made up of extracts from his operas. The house was well filled, partly by curious auditors, partly by national auditors—the German colony in Paris being largely represented there. The impartial critics, as impartial as they can be with their prejudices in favor of the music of the past and present—of Mozart and Rossini—while recognizing the great science and genius of Wagner, blame him for distorting his talent by a false system, wasting it upon a fruitless task. He would make music a medium for conveying philosophical ideas, trains of thought, connected descriptions—would make it in fact perform the offices of literature.

Fiorentino, one of the most competent of Paris musical critics, had a pleasant article on his first concert, the other Monday, from which I quote a paragraph or two : "M. Wagner is a man between two ages, rather tall and rather thin. His physiognomy is intelligent, his manner a little stiff and starched. He has a fine, high, noble forehead; the lower part of his face is crunched and vulgar. You would say that two fairies—an angry and a kindly one—had presided at his birth. The fairy of harmony has caressed and embellished the brow whence were to proceed so many bold conceptions and grand ideas; the fairy of melody, foreseeing the pain this child would give her, just sat upon his face, and smashed down his nose."

"The concert began with the overtures of the *Fliegender Holländer*. M. Wagner leads without notes, which indicates a remarkable memory and a strongly organized head. I do not know whether it is the fault of the performers or of the composer, or whether I lack a sixth sense, which it seems is necessary to the comprehension of this new music, but I must confess that a shower of fisticuffs falling on my head would not have given me a more disagreeable sensation. It is a series of harsh accords, of shrill whistlings, of clashing, of brazen instruments gone mad, without truce, without any repose for the ear." Fiorentino goes on to recognize in following pieces, fragments and passages "truly beautiful," "brilliant," "grand," "superb," "ingenious," "charming," and "sometimes, but rarely, the phrases of melody of an extreme sweetness and of a marvellous beauty. He seems then to have fallen away from his principles and doctrines, to have gone astray as it were; but immediately, as if to punish himself for the dereliction, he dashes headlong into vagueness and obscurity, into the unreasonable and impossible."

The correspondent of the *London Musical World*, furnishes the following items :

Good music, like wine, acquires a still finer tone from age, and the musical pot that has just been brought from its cell, after a seclusion of more than fifteen years—for it is as long as that since the *Matrimonio Segreto* of Cimarosa has been performed in Paris—is no exception to the rule. When this opera was last played, Lablache filled the part of Geronimo; it is Signor Zucchini who has now the difficult task assigned him of assuming the character after him. The parts of the two sisters and the aunt, Carolina, Lisetta, Fidalma, are performed by the Signoras Alboni, Penco, and Dottini. The other principal parts are filled by Signori Gardoni and Badiali. The trio of the first act, with the fine air Gardoni sings, "Pria che spunti," obtained an encore, and indeed the entire performance seemed to give unmitigated satisfaction. It is now sixty-nine years since Cimarosa composed the *Matrimonio Segreto*. At the Grand Opera, the rehearsals of Prince Poniatowski's opera, *Pierre de Medici*, which were interrupted momentarily by the loss of M. Girard, are going on with renewed vigor. It is on the production of this composition that M. Dietsch will enter on his new functions. The representation at the Opéra-Comique, by particular desire, of the *Pardon de Ploërmel*, on the 22d, was attended with the greatest success.

At the meeting of the *Académie des Sciences* on the 23d of January, M. A. Cavaillé-Coll, manufacturer of organs, read a memorial upon the "Determination of the dimensions of the pipes of organs with respect to their intonation." This important question, which

has occupied a great number of learned men from the time of Bernoulli to our days, has just been solved by that expert manufacturer, in an equally scientific and practical manner. The facility of calculation that this new theory effects, has enabled the author of it to put into the hands of his least experienced workmen, tables and rules, by means of which they can, by a simple arithmetical operation, or only with the compass, decide immediately with the greatest exactitude, the real length of the tubes, and also the position of the nodes of vibration (*nœuds de vibration*), for the formation of new harmonical effects with which M. Cavaillé-Coll has enriched modern art.

METZ.—*Le Pardon de Ploërmel* pursues its triumphal march, and the beauties it contains excite the enthusiasm of the public every evening.

BRUSSELS.—Last Thursday, *Le Pardon de Ploërmel* was given for the twelfth time. It continues to draw good houses.

GENEVA.—The first representation of *Le Pardon de Ploërmel* has just been given to a densely crowded house. The Genevese public warmly applauded the new opera, which has achieved a most brilliant success. The various artists acquitted themselves admirably, especially Mlle. Emon, in the part of Dinorah.

BERLIN.—Mlle. Artot and M. Carrion have sung at the concert before the Court, when Meyerbeer's *Schiller March* was performed. This magnificent composition excited the greatest enthusiasm. At the Royal Opera House a three-act opera, *Christine de Suède*, music by M. de Roder (the King's intendant), and ballet by M. Taglioni, has just been represented for the first time. A brilliant audience was assembled, and the work met with honorable success. At the end of the first act Mad. Wagner (Christine) was honored with a call.

ROSTOCK (Mecklenburg).—The *Pardon de Ploërmel* has just been produced with brilliant success. The execution was irreproachable, and the crowded audiences at the performance of this master-piece testified by applause and recalls, their satisfaction to the artists.

VIENNA.—The first Philharmonic Concert, under the direction of Herr Eckert, took place in the Imperial Opera House. Among the pieces played were Cherubini's overture to *Anacreon*, Beethoven's *Seventh Symphony*, and Berlioz's *Fée Mab*, scherzo from the symphony of *Roméo et Juliette*. The last piece was executed with a rare degree of perfection, and received with enthusiasm. The revival of Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauris* attracted a large audience, and proved a complete success. Madame Dustmann rendered the principal part with immense talent. At the same theatre, Lortzing's opera, *Der Wildschütz*, has been favorably received.

FRANKFORT.—*Le Pardon de Ploërmel* will be brought out very shortly. The rehearsals are terminated, and the management are only waiting for the completion of the scenery. Herr A. Dreyschock, the pianist, gave, on the 23d January, a concert, attended by a numerous audience.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—It is now certain that *Le Pardon de Ploërmel* will not be produced before the 23d January (4th February). It is the non-completion of the scenery, which is confidently asserted to be admirable, that has caused the delay. Mad. Charton, Calzolari, and Debassini, will support the principal parts excellently. The work will be given for the benefit of Mad. Charton, and the whole house is already let; it is impossible to obtain a place. Meanwhile, *La Traviata*, with Mlle. Balfe as the heroine, is to be given for the benefit of Calzolari, and *Le Prophète* for that of Tamberlik. The day before yesterday, *Der Freischütz*, with new costumes, scenery, and appointments, was performed for the benefit of Mongini. The house was full, and the success achieved by Mlle. Lagriva very brilliant. The same evening, at the French theatre, an extraordinary performance afforded the public an opportunity of hearing Tamberlik sing a French romance and a Russian one, and Mad. Nantier-Didiée some Neapolitan songs.

Special Notices.

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Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Benedicite. Song. Zöble. 25

Of a somewhat sacred character; a fair tribute by a friend to the "memory of the mother of the Rev. Dr. Tyng," as the title says. Sweeter music could not be offered for the purpose.

The streamlet and the river. Ballad. S. Glover. 25

A charming melody, flowery, graceful, in six-eight time. The words, by Chas. Jeffreys, embody a touching thought, and are in themselves quite pretty.

Lola. Spanish Screenshot. F. Wallerstein. 35

Like the well-known Spanish songs of "La Manola," "La Colossa," &c., this song has a strongly accented air, easily caught and remembered, and a certain bold gayety, which is sure to win for it a favorable reception everywhere.

Bonnie Charlie. Ballad. Scotch. 25

A charming Scotch ballad which has lately been brought out again by Mrs. J. H. Long. This is not the first old sterling ballad, which has been rescued by our gifted prima donna from an untimely burial on the shelves of music sellers, and imbued by her with new and fresh life. The ballad is one that well deserves to be kept before the public. The title-page of this song has a striking likeness of Mrs. Long on it.

Up in the early morning. Song. J. W. Turner. 25

A pretty and simple song for young singers.

Dip, boys, dip the oar. Boat Song and Chorus. Sarona. 25

A lively strain, strongly recommended to members of Boat-clubs and amateur oarsmen.

Lightly tread. Song and Chorus. D. B. Worley. 25

Simple and taking.

The nightingale her tuneful lay. Duet. Bissell. 25

For two female voices. Well adapted for scholars.

O how beats my heart with joy. Di piacer mi balza il cor.) "La Gazza Ladra." 50

A celebrated song of the prima donnas, for light, flexible voices and graceful delivery; one of Rossini's best Cavatinas. For Soprano voices.

Life is darkened o'er with woe. Quaggin in questa val.) "Der Freischütz." 25

Caspar's Bacchanalian song in the first act. A splendid bass-song. The German words (Hier im ird'schen Jammerthal) are also added.

Instrumental Music.

Autumn Flowers. Oesten. 25

Alpine Song. " 25

Military Galopade. " 25

Numbers of a set of melodious pieces of various character for young players, called "Nebelbilder." They will prove highly useful for instructive purposes.

Books.

The Opera of MARTHA, or The Fair at Richmond. By F. Von Flotow, with English, German and Italian words. 3,00

This volume is the twelfth of the series well known under the general name of "Ditson's Edition of Standard Operas." Our readers are familiar with the merits of the work, so that nothing need be said in this connection in reference to them. In typographical execution it is, as are the previous volumes of this edition of operas, fully satisfactory.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 414.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1860.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Sunken Stars.

From ELISE POLKO'S "Musikalische Märcen, Phantasien und Skizzen," translated by FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

"Now all is still and darksome,
Leaf, bloom, all blown away;
The star in dust is scattered,
Long silent the swan's last lay." —HEINE.

There was once a wonderfully beautiful birch, that stood on an enamelled carpet of turf, and looked out boldly into the world; at the foot of the noble tree bubbled a crystal clear fountain. Now there is scarcely any more delightful sight, than a strong birch-tree, with its slender silvery trunk and bright green leaves, whose delicate cheeks zephyr kisses with so much warmth! The birch-tree is truly the poetry of the woods! The tree, however, of which I am now talking, was more than ordinarily fine, and far and wide one might seek a prouder birch or a pleasanter fountain; the spring, and all the flowers and trees in the land knew that well; but the slender tree and the fountain knew it not themselves. On the head of the birch lay an eternal spring, that murmured incessantly in its branches. Enchanting creatures floated earthwards from it, dropped into the open hearts of the flowers, and thence wandered over all lands; the trees waved their heads in delight, and even the old pines and firs, on whose brows icy winter sat enthroned, forgot their snowy locks, and dreamed their youths' summer come back again. It often seemed as though the wood, and all the life within it, must be celebrating some holy feast, so rich and solemn were the melodies that the birch-tree sang to the world. But the happiest listener of all was the fountain! Was not every tone, every harmonious sigh, yes, every breath of the beloved tree audible to her before all others? Did she not gladly mirror the form of the birch in her silvery flowing flood? And was she not a sweet echo of the tones that dropped like dew from the branches? But the brooklet sang also; charming, clear was her dainty little song; the beautiful tree rocked merrily to its sonnet. But the most ravishing thing of all was the conversation between the birch and the fountain; then the shining tree drooped his head lower and lower; it seemed as though the spring must be his only confidant, and the golden light of his leaves fell like sparks in the crystal; the fountain gushed forth and wove harp-like chords in the birch-song, so that one scarcely knew whether the enchanted beings floated up or down, whether the brook or the birch-tree sounded. They were continually surrounded by birds, butterflies and insects, that came from near and far to listen. It then would not unfrequently happen, that a thick bumble bee, in accordance with his natural grumbling humor, would put on a reproving frown, and murmur: "It would sound far better, if the brook bubbled in E, instead of C minor; and a slower movement would do no harm"—and so on: or a peevish, envious wood-pecker, proud of his grumbling profession, would determine that the birch

sang far too often, that its voice was no longer so strong as it had been," &c.

However, the grateful chorus of joy from countless other listeners drowned all such ill-natured grumbling and croaking. So they lived, so they loved, so they sang day after day; neither could live without the other, and the life of both was, although seemingly apart, but one harmonic whole. Even in their dreams they whispered to each other. And the spring told all the flowers about the wonderful tree; and then one would think that the tree itself sang, so noble and true was the brook's story. And the flowers looked admiringly into its clear depths, and bowed their heads, when it overflowed; but the rose of love was the most busy flower of all; and at last she fell right into the heart of the fountain, that now swelled forth brighter than ever, shimmering with a rosy glow.

The angels who wander in the garden of Paradise saw the sport of the tree and the water, and were never tired of watching how the brook and the birch tree loved one another. "Ah, if we but had them both in our heavenly garden here!" said they to one another, and smiled so wishfully down, that the flowery eyes of the earth must weep to see it. And the dear God heard the wishes of the angels of light, and said to the sun-month: "Glowing one, kiss the clear brook away with thy softest kisses, so that it may flow yet clearer in our heavenly fields! Instead of earthly flowers, the golden haired angels shall bend over it." "And the noble tree?" asked the angels. "It shall follow its beautiful sister soul," said the dear God. "These two are eternally one."

And the sun-month kissed the clear, gushing fountain, so full of life, just when she was talking of the singing tree to a circle of listening flowers. The brooklet was drained up by the burning touch of that fiery kiss; over her grave drooped the unwithering rose of love.

And the beautiful tree?

When the mouth of his loving, sisterly companion became silent, when her clear eye closed, when her soul, that spotless mirror of the tree, had passed away; then his boughs drooped, seeking the ground; the shining gold of the luxuriant leaves rained down in dew-pearls. Its fresh green paled away; slowly all joy left it, then beauty, then strength, and at last, life. The proud, sunny tree died also.

I wish I had been only telling you a fable; but the lovely couple, birch-tree and fountain, really lived on earth, and clothed in the human form. The spring-fresh, blessed tree, with whose sweet songs the poetry of the wood of song was silenced, we named FELIX MENDELSSOHN; and the wonderful brooklet was a noble woman, whose brow was crowned with the shining diadem of Art; a loving wife, a tender mother, the glorious sister soul and most intimate friend of the early departed:—FANNY HENSEL.*

*Wife of the artist Hensel. It is said that an extra-

ordinary affection, and a sort of magnetic rapport, existed between Mendelssohn and his sister; they were always sick or well at the same time. At the time of her death, (which shortly preceded her own,) he cried out that a nerve in his brain had snapped, and he was never again himself. Fanny Hensel possessed no common creative musical powers; and some of the songs published under her brother's name, were, it is said, composed by her.

NOTE BY THE TRANSLATOR.

Translated for this Journal.

Mozart's Magic Flute.

BY A. OULBICHEFF.

(Continued from page 380.)

The second act begins with a march of priests, which Mozart has borrowed from his *Idomeneo*, a buried treasure, out of which he allowed himself to take now and then a few gold pieces and put them in circulation. If these self-plagiarisms needed any other excuse, we should say that the composer, in thus recurring to his own thoughts, never failed to enrich them as to substance and perfect them as to form. If one compares the two marches, he will find how far that in the *Zauberflöte* excels its pattern, as well in essential design as in wealth of instrumentation, and through the majesty of its exalted priestly character. The first version is a sketch, the other a finished painting by a master hand.

The priests' march is followed by an invocation, just as in *Idomeneo*; only this time instead of finding a new borrowing, we must notice a very remarkable contrast. While the appeal to Neptune reminded us of the images of heathen worship; while that was ornate in the orchestral working and flowery in its style; here, on the other hand, the prayer to Osiris and Isis, in its sublime simplicity, approaches the Christian *chorale*, while at the same time the broad periods and the melodic flow, which one likes in an opera aria, are preserved. It is the harmony, particularly in the chorus in the middle and at the end of this divine song, that lends it its strongly pronounced taste of church music. The accompaniment is attached to the melodic design only in broad and full chords, and with the largest kind of effect. You hear no violins, no flutes; but violas, a violoncello, bassoons and trombones, in serious and mighty harmony, through which the voice of the high priest, like a great cloud of incense, ascends alone to heaven. It resounds (that is, it always ought to resound) like those mighty voices, which rival the power of the Organ, shaking the vaults of old cathedrals, and so finding a deep echo in the souls of the believers. The musical rôle of Sarastro maintains itself unchangeably at this height.

We pass over the Duet, No. 12 (two priests), and the Quintet, No. 13 (the three ladies, Tamino and Papageno), which are composed to words which are hardly composable, to say one word about No. 14. This is the arietta of the Moor, who wants to give a kiss to the sleeping Pamina; an arietta which belonged unquestionably purely

to the domain of Schikaneder. Its melody is insignificant and common, yet the musician understood how, with the aid of instrumentation, to make it rather original. The violins, which move in the octave above with the voice, the passages of the first flute, which seem to announce some sort of a show, as the exhibition of a tame bear, for example, the multitude of phrases in semiquavers executed by the orchestra *unisono*, the whole accompaniment, so wholly unusual in form, give to the piece a character of rollicking and block-head merriment, perfectly in harmony with the brutal purposes and black face of Monostatos.

From this point onward the great beauties of the second act crowd one upon another and fill it out to the very end, with the exception of a few light interruptions occasioned partly by the checkered, heterogeneous medley of the scenes which intermingle the sublime and common in the drama, and partly by the fundamental condition in the contract into which the musician had entered with the composer. The Queen of Night, whose part Mozart had adapted to the extraordinary vocal means of his sister-in-law, Hofer, had already announced itself in the first act by a desperate bravura aria. But the second aria: *Der Hölle Rache* (The vengeance of Hell), to which we now come, is quite a different thing. It allows the singer no middle way, if she would sing this frightful piece as it is written. Either she mounts to the stars, if her high F is pure enough to take her there; or, if she cannot reach it, there is nothing left for her but to hide the shame and mortification of her failure through the trap-door, which the poet, in anticipation of the sad catastrophe, has opened for her. Transposition affords an easy and customary means for avoiding this danger, and preserving to the work the only piece of strong and lasting passion found in it. There is nothing finer than the declamatory portion of this aria and the sentence of recitative which terminates it. For us, though, it has the great disadvantage of being too much overlaid with *staccato* passages, to which at this day we are not partial, and for good reasons; but this may be easily remedied by changing the pointed quavers into tied semiquavers on the same melodic figure, and gaining capital roulades by the means.

Immediately after this enraged cry of vengeance, Schikaneder, great moralist as he was, gives us an antidote against the blood-thirsty words, which the Queen of Night has just thundered out; a text full of human love, a bit of preaching, in which revenge is condemned and men are exhorted to love one another like brothers. The voice, which had invoked Isis and Osiris, now also calls to mind their heavenly doctrines: *In diesen heiligen Hallen kennt man die Rache nicht* (Within these sacred halls vengeance is unknown). Larghetto, E major. Sarastro strives passionately for the welfare of humanity, as the Queen of Night does for revenge; and so he makes the hearer feel what the poet has put into his mouth as a mere moral commonplace. Hence the deep charm and the indestructible power of this air, which breathes the most loving tenderness, the most impressive unction, and which, when worthily delivered, is far more certain to draw tears, than many a piece in which the artistic means of pathos are pushed to the extremest limit. But Mozart has employed here only very simple means; a song of twenty-five measures, which adheres strictly to its key, with-

out any sort of modulation; abstemiously chosen orchestral figures; for ornament an imitative movement, *motu contrario*, and the repetition of a vocal period by the flute, while the voice descends into the low tones, which have before served as a bass to this very period: such are the elements of a composition, whose power I have declared indestructible. In what proofs has it not already stood the test?

For nearly half a century all the singers endowed with a deep voice have chewed upon this air again, wherever there has been an orchestra, a piano or a guitar, and even without these. Nor must it be forgotten, that nearly all have caricatured it, partly from want of school, and partly because bass voices, when they have the compass to sing Sarastro and other parts of this kind, very frequently want power or beauty in the low fifth from D to A; and thus it often happens, that the orchestra must make good the tones wanting in the voice.

No. 17. Terzet. The flute and magic bells, which no doubt had been confiscated as suspicious goods at Sarastro's custom house, are restored to their possessors by the Genii, who also bid them to partake of a collation. For the weary travelers this situation is of course a decidedly fine one; but far less so for the composer. In the prosaic capacity of stewards and butlers, the Genii can no longer show the character which distinguished them upon their first appearance. In this Trio, Mozart, for want of something better, had recourse to musical painting. He remembered that the Genii had wings and he let these wings be heard in the orchestra, in little reiterated strokes, which play so lively and briskly, that you seem to hear the buzz and hum of insects on their restless flight. This form of accompaniment keeps on during the pauses of the voices to the end, and is of enchanting grace.

Pamina has been so badly treated in the first act (by the composer of the words), that Mozart must have seized with eagerness an opportunity to avenge the wrong done to this interesting person. The text of No. 18 was very favorable to his purpose. It is one of the happiest ideas in the libretto, where what is good occurs only accidentally. Pamina resolves to put an end to an existence, which love has but just called into life; in her view there is no place of refuge left for her except the grave. Dramatically viewed, no doubt it is very absurd in this young maiden to wax so desperate for nothing; but who of us has not at some time, in the sincerity of terrible conviction, said to himself: "Yes, all is over, all is lost, forever lost, and ah! life is so long! What shall I do with it?" And for what reason have we addressed this mournful monologue to ourselves? Because of the failure of an expected meeting perhaps, or any trivial disappointment. In just this case does this young maiden find herself, and for this reason naturally her aria moves in the most plaintive, melancholy elegiac chords. *Ja, ich fühl's, es ist verschwunden* (Yes, I feel that it has vanished!): Andante, G minor, 6—8. This air or Cavatina has an expression drawn by the musician out of the inmost depths of his soul; and for this reason it will always penetrate to the soul of the listener, so long as loving and waiting shall be the lot of humanity. By its ending in the vocal part and by the simplicity of its accompaniment, the piece approaches somewhat the character of a romanza. The instrumental melo-

dy is heard in it only from time to time, and as it were like a fleeting echo of the voice. But let not this deceive us; this seeming simplicity conceals harmonic treasures. Mark how the most downright dissonances marry themselves with the tenderest accords in the fifth and sixth measures, where the chord of the *major seventh* alternates so exquisitely with the chord of the *superfluous sixth*. In another place the dry harmony of the *minor ninth* shows itself on two different tones, with all their intervals and with a wonderful effect. There is one place particularly, a harmonic *illusion*, with which we can compare nothing in its kind. It is a perfect cadence, which occurs in the voice part, measure 33, but which the composer has avoided, by making the ground-bass ascend a fifth instead of a fourth. Must one not be a Mozart thus to interrupt the modulation and lead it back in this way to the tonic, upon which the song dissolves in tears! And what a stroke of genius is shown in the *ritornel* at the end, that chromatic bass, which flows away so gracefully amid the sobbing syncopations of the flute and violins! Beauty of style and depth of expression in a piece of this description could not be carried farther.

(To be Continued.)

To the Muse.

FROM THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

Whither? albeit I follow fast,
In all life's circuit I but find
Not where thou art, but where thou wast,
Fleet Beckoner, more shy than wind!
I haunt the pine-dark solitudes,
With soft, brown silence carpeted,
And think to snare thee in the woods:
Peace I o'ertake, but thou art fled!
I find the rock where thou didst rest,
The moss thy skimming foot hath prest;
All Nature with thy parting thrills,
Like branches after birds new-flown:
Thy passage hill and hollow fills
With hints of virtue not their own;
In dimples still the water slips
Where thou hast dipped thy finger-tips;
Just, just beyond, forever buru
Gleams of a grace without return;
Upon thy shade I plant my foot,
And through my frame strange raptures shoot;
All of thee but thyself I grasp;
I seem to fold thy luring shape,
And vague air to my bosom clasp,
Thou lithe, perpetual Escape!

One mask and then another drops,
And thou art secret as before.
Sometimes with flooded ear I list
And hear thee, wondrous organist,
Through mighty continental stops
A thunder of strange music pour;—
Through pipes of earth and air and stone
Thy inspiration deep is blown;
Through mountains, forests, open downs,
Lakes, railroads, prairies, states, and towns,
Thy gathering fugue goes rolling on,
From Maine to utmost Oregon;
The factory wheels a rhythmus hum;
From brawling parties encoirns come;—
All this I hear, or seem to hear;
But when, enchanted, I draw near
To fix in notes the various theme,
Life seems a whiff of kitchen-steam,
History a Swiss street-singer's thrum,
And I, that would have fashioned words
To mate that music's rich accords,
By rash approaches startle thee,
Thou mutabest Perversity!
The world drones on its old *tum-tum*,
But thou hast slipped from it and me,
And all thine organ-pipes left dumb.

Not wearied yet, I still must seek,
And hope for luck next day, next week.
I go to see the great man ride,
Ship-like, the swelling human tide
That floods to hear him into port,

Trophied from senate-hall or court:
Thy magnetism, I feel it there,
Thy rhythmic presence fleet and rare,
Making the mob a moment fine
With glimpses of their own Divine,
As in their demigod they see
Their swart ideal soaring free;
'Tis thou that hear'st the fire about,
Which, like the springing of a mine,
Sends up to heaven the street-long shout:
Full well I know that thou wast here;
That was thy breath that thrilled mine ear;
But vainly, in the stress and whirl,
I dive for thee, the moment's pearl.

Through every shape thou well canst run,
Protens, 'twixt rise and set of sun,
Well pleased with logger-camps in Maine
As where Milan's pale Duomo lies
A stranded glacier on the plain,
Its peaks and pinnacles of ice
Melted in many a quaint device,
And sees, across the city's din,
Afar its silent Alpine kin;
I track thee over carpets deep
To Wealth and Beauty's inmost keep;
Across the sand of bar-room floors,
'Mid the stale reek of boozing bores;
Where drowse the hayfield's fragrant heats,
Or the fall-heart of Autumn beats;
I dog thee through the market's throngs,
To where the sea with myriad tongues
Laps the green fringes of the pier,
And the tall ships that eastward steer
Curtsy their farewells to the town,
O'er the curved distance lessening down;—
I follow allwhere for thy sake,—
Touch thy robe's hem, but ne'er o'er take,—
Find where, scarce yet unmoving, lies,
Warm from thy limbs, their last disguise,—
But thou another mask hast donned,
And lovest still, just, just, beyond!

But here a voice, I know not whence,
Thrills clearly through mine inward sense,
Saying, "See where she sits at home,
While thou in search of her dost roam!
All summer long her ancient wheel
Whirls humming by the open door,
Or, when the hickory's social zeal
Sets the wide chimney in a roar,
Close-nestled by the tinkling hearth,
It modulates the household mirth
With that sweet, serious undertone
Of Duty, music all her own;
Still, as of old, she sits and spins
Our hopes, our sorrows, and our sins;
With equal care she twines the fates
Of cottages and mighty states;
She spins the earth, the air, the sea,
The maiden's unschooled fancy free,
The boy's first love, the man's first grief,
The budding and the fall of the leaf;
The piping west-wind's snowy care
For her their cloudy fleeces spare,
Or from the thorns of evil times
She can glean wool to twist her rhymes;
Morning and noon and eve supply
To her their fairest tints for dye,
But ever through her twirling thread
There spires one strand of warmest red,
Tinged from the homestead's genial heart,
The stamp and warrant of her art;
With this Time's sickle she outwears,
And blunts the Sisters' baffled shears.

"Harass her not; thy heat and stir
The greater coyness breed in her;
Yet thou mayst find, ere Age's frost,
Thy long apprenticeship not lost,
Learning at last that Stygian Fate
Supplies for him that knows to wait.
The Muse is womanish, nor deigns
Her love to him who pulses and plains;
With proud, averted face she stands
To him who woos with empty hands.
Make thyself free of manhood's guild;
Pull down thy barns and greater build;
The wood, the mountain, and the plain
Wave breast-deep with the poet's grain;
Pluck thou the sunset's fruit of gold;
Glean from the heavens and ocean old;
From fireside lone and trampling street
Let thy life garner daily wheat;
The epic of a man rehearse,
Be something better than thy verse,
Make thyself rich, and then the Muse

Shall court thy precious interviews,
Shall take thy head upon her knee,
And such enchantment flit to thee,
That thou shalt hear the lifeblood flow
From farthest stars to grass-blades low,
And find the Listener's science still
Transcends the Singer's deepest skill!"

(Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music from the "Deutsche Vierteljahrs-Schrift.")

On Music and its Position in Popular Life.

(Continued from page 387.)

In addition to his lofty spiritual music, J. S. Bach has, with singular dignity and variety of style, applied the French dance to his English and French *Suites*, and adapted it in his *Sonatas*; to the violin alone, as well as to the violin with piano accompaniment. As rivals of the Bach master-pieces, we may name the Hungarian and Wallachian Dances and popular Songs, which are remarkable for similar vigor, and a wealth in figure and rhythm, as well as for *tact* and movement; these came into vogue during the last few years by the frequent public representations of the "Loez Capelle," under Kalozdy; an evidence of the universality of the genuine musical nature and of its spontaneity among all peoples.

How much joy and sorrow, passion and catastrophe, how many recollections in the every day life of the people are associated with the dance and go hand in hand with it, we all well know, and its cheerful echoes are ever cast back upon us from the young hearts of every nation. But we are loath to leave the people, and feel disposed to penetrate still further in among them and trace that fertile province of music, the *songs of the people*.

Popular song is such an evident ebullition of the popular heart, it gives such forcible utterance to the most expressive language of every individual people, that it excels all word-language in distinctness, articulation and character.

But popular song is as much varied in its characteristics as language itself. The student of musical philosophy will soon discover the contrasts between the Russian, Polish, Swedish, Irish, Scottish, French, Spanish, Wallachian people's songs. The most marked of the Italian songs are probably the Neapolitan and Calabrian people's songs, and among these is found the well known *Tarantella*:—but in Italy music in general, and above all opera music, is so indigenous, that people's music is not especially an object of attraction. In Germany the song is so purely at home, that it may be called the property of the German people; it has, at the same time, attained such a high point of cultivation, and has so enlarged its compass and richness, both in melody and expression, that it may truly be said to have reached every chord of the human heart. In the meantime the modern popular song, owing to the general prevalence of musical culture, is not so characteristic as among other peoples; a cause for that may be sought in the fact that modern German music is passing through its epoch of fermentation, which is unfavorable to the existence of the people's song. The people's songs have often been introduced into the great works of art, and by the German masters, such as Beethoven, Weber, Ries, Spohr. But successful imitations of the people's song are also found among new composers, such as Julius Otto and Johannes Hager, of Vienna. Most of the people's songs, particularly those of the North, are found in minor keys; plaintive and touching, they are expressive of a longing for a better existence, but, at the same time, are descriptive of grateful joy for the beauty of the surrounding world.

Among modern composers, Beethoven, Carl Maria von Weber, Klein, Reissiger, Curschmann, Mendelssohn and, above all others, the swan of Vienna, Franz Schubert, have distinguished themselves in the various departments of German song.

The richness which surrounds and wells forth from

the songs of Schubert is wonderful; the collections known as the "Winterreise" and the "Schwanengesang," are but single numbers among the mass of nearly one hundred and fifty similar productions. In song, Franz Schubert's success has been of the highest and best character. But in the more humble walks of popular life we find a mass of people's songs, which, for the most part, are the echo of the German soul. Fink has given us a large compilation. At labor, in their wanderings, in a distant land, in the jeyous circle, the people's song affords to untold human beings the consciousness that they belong to and form a part of the great whole of the people.

Among every nation there is always at work an effort to place before the mind, in engaging modes of representation, the deeds of the past. In word-language Art is always tending from Epos to perfected tragedy and comedy, and a similar transition is discoverable in Music, when we trace representation in its progress from church music and oratorio to the present opera; but its improvement in this species of description lies more in its vividness and its passion, and its use of palpable forms which may be termed external. If the opera, as a well known modern poet has advanced, were a mere combination of sense and nonsense, or if the relation of the text to the music were merely accidental, and possessed no inner necessity, then the opera, certainly, would prove a deplorable product.

But it is not so. The opera has furnished us, by a full realization of actions, the most complete, the utmost attainable results to be found in all dramatic representation. It is natural to suppose that the language of words and that of tone, when judiciously associated, should add to each other's effect, for we have evidences of it in many a simple song. Music possesses this great advantage that, by means of its accords, its harmonies, and even with a single one, it can fill some leading word-thought with manifold incidental conceptions or a series of congenial emotions, for whose expression many words would be requisite. We are not now referring to tone-painting, which aims chiefly at an imitation of external and audible action or situation in the text, as for example the clacking of the mill, the tread of horses, the voices of animals; tone-painting possesses value, only when it expresses musical thoughts which awaken the recollection of preceding natural sounds in the text, and then spiritualize them. In the opera, suitable music imparts a certain ground character to the text, and leaves upon the whole an impress of unity; it gives life to the expression of feeling and passion in the text, invests the chorus with an unattainable power, dignity and beauty, and, in recitative, displays the innate connexion and affinity of the two languages, that of words and of tone.

In the light, pleasing and happy treatment of the recitative, the Italian finds no rival; but in a noble and overpowering style, allied in its effects to the Greek tragedy, we find the immortal Gluck in his world-renowned operas filling the recitative with vigor, truth and beauty. The operas of Gluck, particularly the two *Iphigenias*, *Aleeste* and *Armida*, the remarkable creations of Mozart in this department of tone, and the intellectual tone-fictions of Carl Maria von Weber, may be ranked not only among the treasures of the German people, but of the whole world. The influences such works exert upon a healthy humanity is manifest at all times and places, and the musical language of a Weber and a Mozart is now spoken throughout the limits of civilization.

The modern Italian school, however, is not without importance; Rossini's musical wealth is well known, and, in this regard, he is the greatest musical genius the world has ever known. But his vast creative power has usually carried him too hastily across the limits that define a proper depth of treatment. That he is capable of performing any thing, we have ample evidence in his "Tell," which is the noblest

and most perfect work in this department, the great opera age has yet seen. With due reverence to our Schiller be it said, that what Rossini has expressed in the scene of the apple, was not attainable by the poet's words;—it furnishes a model of force and versatility in the expression of the language of tone. While Tell, in all his noble dignity, faces the tyrant, and gives vent to the struggling emotions of a father's heart, two violins playing the same notes accompany his dejected song, while his breast is torn by contending thoughts:—the whole gives a magical revelation of the inner scenes of a father's heart, and while the spectator listens with astonishment, the running notes of the C major scale announce the final flight of the arrow.

The impressions left by the scene on the Rütli are also of the most striking nature: here the gay Italian, at other times, almost arrogant in his music, discovers the heroism of passion in an insulted people. The more recent Italian tone-poets have given us rather diluted performances, yet the searching tenderness of Bellini, and the lively power of representation found in Donizetti, together with the musical richness of both, are not to be too lightly valued. Bellini's melodies, beautiful in their simplicity and approaching a degree of grandeur in that simplicity, are supposed to derive their origin from the Calabrian people's songs, which bear the impress of their old Grecian parentage. But if we wish to keep in view the great significance of the opera, as a portion of the life of the people, we dare not omit the French. The first glittering characters that present themselves in this direction are Mehul, Boieldieu and Cherubini. Mehul is familiar to us by his "Jacob and his sons," an opera which furnishes the strongest musical requirements, ignores the worldly passion of female love, but out of the simple scriptural narrative calls the most touching beauty, the deepest passion and the purest sublimity.

Boieldieu is one of those incomprehensible beings who furnish the most beautiful and attractive matter of thought under the gayest and most unassuming forms. His "John of Paris" and his "White Lady" are an illustration of this.

He has a fine perception of the true spirit of knight-errantry, which contains more depth than it discloses, clothing its fervor in a lively and joyous exterior, and thus investing itself with an indescribable fascination. In the "White Lady" he has drawn from the heart of popular life a subject which he has at once ably represented and animated—a public auction.

This is a convincing proof that more depends on treatment than on matter. Cherubini's "Water Carrier" shows, in an equal degree, how music can select an interesting transaction and invest it with a certain ornamentation, which will crown it with beauty, and leave it unforgetten. The power of musical execution, by means of which Stradella disarmed his murderer, has been most vividly shown by Flotow, in the prayer of his opera of the same name. Chopin, on his death-bed, called for this song and died during its performance. In putting an end to further details, we cannot omit the "Fidelio," of Beethoven, and we name this opera by way of transition to another form.

"Fidelio" is the lofty and beautiful work of a spiritual colossus that seizes upon our innermost being while it inspires and delights us; but Beethoven's bold and mighty spirit could not allow itself to be fettered by the contracted form of opera. Although Music can effect great things in combination with words, yet she can dispense with them, and indeed casts aside the restraint whenever she feels disposed to soar into the regions of unlimited freedom. Hence some of the choicest music is the "music without words";—this leads us to the Symphony and to Beethoven.

Our space being limited, we can here only confine our quotations to the most finished examples of this

order of music, and probably of all that passes under the name of Music, the Symphonies of Beethoven. These, as every sensitive hearer must acknowledge, are truly worlds of tone. We would rather remain silent respecting them, than say the little we have to say. Sprung from a spirit who united in himself all the greatness and beauty that could be found in his race, these productions are working their way apace among mankind, and spreading the consciousness of the nobility of nature that it always possesses.

In the periodical representation and repetition of the Beethoven Symphonies, Leipzig has distinguished itself above all other portions of Germany. In these works, Beethoven has displayed such a perfect command of this entire ground of music, transcending all the known rules of musical representation, that there is much truth in the remark that he used the orchestra as his instrument.

In these Symphonies, we are supposed to recognize all that is passing in the spiritual world; the land of our visible existence, of society, of the world beyond us.

This master genius raises his wand and plays with our fancies at the impulse of his will;—he trifles with the greatest extremes; with majesty, with puerility; with towering passion, with soothing repose; with riotous humor, with the greatest tenderness; with capricious ill-temper and fretfulness, with heavenly peace. We would not have the reader ascribe these views to an overwrought enthusiasm; for we maintain that all noble, beautiful and genuine music is so constituted, that touching emotion, gratification, comfort, beseeching, warning, reflection, &c., and even the conceptions of a more perfect sphere and of a more perfect harmony may come under its powers of portrayal. With all due reverence, we must here bear testimony to the merits of our other two great masters in the department of Symphony, Haydn and Mozart.

While they present themselves before us, the glorious among human spirits, the meed of praise is due to father Haydn who leads the dance in such a pleasing and edifying style; who has sown the seed for the subsequent greatness of the other two illustrious masters; and who can scarcely be said to be their inferior in all that relates to invention and originality.

Of all the forms of musical expression, the Symphony is the most diversified, comprehensive and unrestrained. On a smaller scale and more restricted as to musical means, the so-called Chamber music assumes many of the forms of the Symphony; but chamber music is naturally much older than the Symphony, for this is the summit of all instrumental music, having risen up to its present elevation out of its more inferior grades until it attained the Beethoven height. And it is here that music becomes more emphatically a theme for head and heart. Shining from that summit we behold that noble constellation, who form an embodiment of the universality of the German mind, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven. The performances of these musical heroes exceed the scope of ordinary comprehension.

Let us confine ourselves to a cursory view of Sonatas for piano, for piano and violin; of Trios for piano, violin and violoncello, of which the few that are known are in themselves a mine; in addition to them we have all the great productions in this department of Mozart and Beethoven. Let us bear in mind the delightful piano quartets of Mozart, and the Beethoven sextets for wind and stringed instruments, and arranged by himself for other instruments; and lastly the beautiful trios of Mozart and Beethoven, and especially those left us by the latter, which are some of the finest musical forms that were ever created.

Most conspicuous among these compositions are the quartets for two violins, viola and violoncello, sometimes changed into a quintet by the addition of another viola or violoncello. For these arrangements

too are we indebted to the great German Triad. Here we are again forced to divide our admiration between the versatility, the originality, the perpetual bloom and unrivalled art-forms of father Haydn, who himself has produced eighty works of this description; the quartets of Mozart bearing the impress of his own transcendent beauty, and, lastly, the Beethoven quartets, in the first six of which we find Mozart's beauty blended with Beethoven's depth; while in those of a later date we can trace the spirit of his symphonies, more profound, more striking, more creative, while at the same time, they display an air of wildness, and are anon so strange as to draw admiration only from adepts. Yet these are worlds of tone, of incomparable wealth, and it only shows a want of appreciation to denounce those works as the progeny of a confused mind, who was unfortunately deprived of his outer sense of hearing, although it is undeniable that they often seem to go beyond the boundaries of music, and struggling, as it were, under earthly restraints, would gladly emancipate themselves from musical law. Over many of his *Partitures* Haydn wrote, *in nomine Domini*, and under them *laus Deo*, and he did right.

In chamber music a few more worthy productions should here be enumerated, such as Onslow's Quartets and Quintets, particularly those of an early period; the three Quartets of Ferdinand Ries, dedicated to Prince Radziwill: those of Andreas Romberg, Mendelssohn, Franz Schubert, Cherubini, Robert Schumann, Reissiger, Spohr, above all the early performances of this master. Among the later efforts which Art has left us for the violin, are found the piano trios of Hummel, the happy imitator of the Mozart style, the piano trios of Franz Schubert, the sonatas for piano and violin of Hauptmann, his duos for two violins, of remarkable meaning and effect; similar pieces by Viotti and Spohr, especially the earlier ones of the latter; since the later emanations of this composer are intended to test the capacity of the instruments. The Symphony may address itself to a whole people; we may even imagine that, in communion with Beethoven, we are listening to whole nations solemnizing their contests and their triumphs, that we are hearing all the nations of the earth in mighty chorus singing the great hymn of humanity; but in chamber music, the individual speaks to the individual; it is a genial and intellectual pastime, but which, under the form of musical thought and representation, of a discursive nature, seems to produce as good results as the conversations of congenial beings, and we may now assert that these musical entertainments operate with better results where the disclosures of a musical language are left to their undivided sway.

(Conclusion next week.)

(From the London Musical World, Feb. 4.)

Beethoven's Songs.

The sonatas and other instrumental works of Beethoven have long been procurable, in various editions more or less complete, by the English amateur and professor of music; but his songs—which, whatever some critics may assert, comprise just as many beauties in their way—have been very sparsely circulated, and comparatively little known. They have never been collected and published, with or without English text, under one head, so as to be used or referred to without inconvenience. The recent appearance, therefore, of a volume which, to judge from its title-page, was evidently prepared with so desirable an object in contemplation, must have elicited unanimous satisfaction. Such a volume must set matters right, and place Beethoven's vocal music—among lovers of art in this country, where his name is unanimously revered—on the same familiar footing, as his instrumental compositions. We believe that this conviction tended to bring the new work into considerable vogue; and it has hitherto passed muster without a question as to the integrity of purpose, and high respect for Beethoven, that should have swayed its projectors in the course of its progress through the press.

"The Songs of Beethoven," with the original text—edited and adapted to English words by William Hills—is the publication to which we allude. We have but one charge to prefer against it; but that one is of a tolerably serious complexion. The *Songs of Beethoven* is a palpable misnomer—doubtless unintended, but not the less calculated to deceive. There are not above half the songs. We allude, of course, to the isolated songs—derived neither from opera nor cantata, from oratorio nor from any sacred or secular compositions on an extended scale, but merely songs *per se*, composed and published without reference to any context. Had Mr. Hills entitled his work—*A Selection from Beethoven's Songs, or The Songs of Beethoven*—Vol. I.—leaving it to be understood that another volume might follow in due course, there would have been no objection to make; but as the matter stands, we must strongly protest against such a title as he has invented being affixed to a compilation manifestly incomplete. It is as well, however, to substantiate our accusation against Mr. Hills by a few facts and data.

The interesting Catalogue ("Critical, Analogical, and Anecdotal") of Beethoven's compositions, drawn up by Herr W. von Lenz (in his enthusiastic treatise, entitled *Beethoven et ses Trois Styles*), and divided into four sections—the first under the category of numbered works (*Opera*), the second under that of numbers only, the third and fourth under that of letters—enumerates all the chamber songs of the great musician. Let us take them as we find them there:—

"Sechs geistliche Lieder, von Gellert," Op. 22.

Of these songs (dedicated to the Countess Browne, the wife of one of Beethoven's staunch adherents, to whom the set of trios for violin, viola and violoncello, and the piano-forte sonata in B flat, Op. 22, are inscribed) the volume of Mr. Hills (although bearing the comprehensive title of *The Songs of Beethoven*) does not contain a single example. One of them—the *Busslied* (in A minor)—is remarkable as having been arranged by Prince Nicholas Galitzin (to whom the so-called "Posthumous" quartets in E flat, B flat, and A minor, are inscribed) as a funeral quintet, dedicated to the "manes" of the illustrious composer.

The next reference in Herr Lenz's catalogue is to the famous "Adelaide," Op. 46, which, we need scarcely add, has for substantial reasons not been overlooked by Mr. Hills,—although he has erroneously marked it "Op. 55."

The grand scena, for soprano-voice and orchestra—"Ah, perfido" (Op. 48)—although arranged by Beethoven himself with piano-forte accompaniment,* is omitted from *The Songs of Beethoven*.

The veritable Op. 52—which comprises, in Simrock's catalogue,† eight songs—

"8 Lieder, mit Begleitung des piano, von Claudius, Sophie Mereau, Goethe, Bürger, and Lessing"—

and to which the catalogue of Peters‡ adds four others—is more fortunate. In his collection of 31 songs, Mr. Hills has included eight of these, viz:—

- No. 2—"Feuerfahrb" (Sophie Mereau.)
- 3—"Das Liedchen von der Ruhe" (Bürger.)
- 4—"Malgiesang" (Goethe.)
- 5—"Molly's Abschied" (Bürger.)
- 6—"Ohne Liebe" (Lessing.)
- 7—"Marmotte" (Savoyard Song.)
- 7—"La Partenza" (Metastasio.)
- 8—"Ich liebe dich."

thus abandoning no less than four out of the series, which, with the six *Geistliche Lieder* and "Ah, perfido," already brings his sins of omission to the number of eleven.

From the renowned Op. 75, dedicated to the Princess Kinski,§—

"Sechs Lieder mit Begleitung des piano von Goethe"—

—Mr. Hills has appropriated the four which have attained the greatest measure of popularity, viz:—

- No. 1—"Kennst du das Land" (Mignon's song in *Wilhelm Meister*.)
- No. 2—"Neue Liebe, neues Leben."||
- No. 3—"Es war einmal ein König" (The Song of the Flea, in *Faust*.)
- No. 4—"Gretel's Warning" (*Faust*.)

throwing aside two, however—"An den fernen Geliebten" (which must not be confounded with the more celebrated *Liederkreis*), and "Der Zufriedne," of almost equal merit. Thirteen songs omitted from "The songs, &c.!" But we have not yet nearly achieved our task.

*The orchestral arrangement, in the catalogues of Whistling Artaria and Breitkopf, is numbered Op. 65; but Herr Lenz thinks himself justified in preferring and adopting the *opus* which, in the catalogue of Peters, is affixed to the pianoforte adaptation.

†Bonn.

‡Leipzig.

§To whose husband the Mass in C (Op. 86) is inscribed.

||Composed for Beethoven's favorite Madame Brentano ("Bettina von Arnim") to whom he addressed it, with a letter containing the following glowing sentence:—"Seit ich Abschied von Dir genommen, liebes, liebes Herz."

From Op. 82, consisting of four songs and a duet, to Italian words:—

"Vier Arien und ein Duett, mit piano" (the German text adapted by Schreiber)—

the English editor has selected two, viz:—

No. 1.—"Dimmi ben mio che m'amai,"

"2.—"T'intendo si mio cor"—

dispensing with two which we cannot but regard as at least their equals—"Che fa il mio bene" (a genial *aria buffa*), and another "Che fa il mio bene" (*aria assai seriosa*), setting forth the anxiety of an impatient lover—to say nothing of the charming duet, "Odi l'aura che dolce sospira" (sixteen omissions from "THE," &c.!)

From Op. 83 (dedicated to the Princess Kinski):

"Drei Lieder von Goethe, mit Begleitung des Piano."

Mr. Hills has taken all, but only placing the first (composed for "Bettina") "Wonne der Wehmuth, Trocknet nicht, Thränen" under the accredited *opus*, attaching to the third, "Mit einem gemahlten Bande" the name of Reissig (instead of Goethe) as poet, confounding it, probably, with some other song; and giving to the second, the well known *Sehnucht*, "Was zieht mir das Herz so?" no *opus* at all.

Omission, No. 17, is "An die Hoffnung," song to poetry by Tiedge (dedicated to Princess Kinski), Op. 94. "An die ferne Geliebte" (*Liederkreis*, or cycle of songs), to texts of Jeitteles, dedicated to Prince Lobkowitz*, one of the most constant and liberal of Beethoven's patrons (Op. 98); and "Der mann von Wort," words by Kleinschmidt (Op. 99); are appropriated by Mr. Hills, who, it may be added, has done wisely not to ignore them, especially the incomparably beautiful *Liederkreis*, justly styled, by Robert Schumann, the most intensely passionate of all love songs. The eighteenth omission of Mr. Hills is Op. 103:

"Merkstein nächst Baden, Gedicht von Ruprecht, für eine oder zwei Singstimmen, mit piano."

"Der Kuss," (words by Weisse.)

"Ich war bei Chloen ganz allein—Arie für ein Sopran stimme mit piano—

which, although marked Op. 128, is evidently an early work; "Der Wachtelschlag" ("Song of the Quail"), to a poem by Tiedge (placed by Lenz in his second section, as No. 24, but in the catalogue of Whistling, as Op. 24, together with the noble sonata in F major for piano-forte and violin); and a second "An die Hoffnung," poetry also by Tiedge, marked No. 32 by Lenz (Op. 52, by Peters); are all comprised by Mr. Hills in his collection; as also No. 38, "Die Sehnsucht," consisting of four short melodies (Goethe) with piano-forte accompaniment. The *Blümchen der Einsamkeit* (Flowrets of Solitude), six songs to Reissig's words (third section, letter A, Lenz's Catalogue):

No. 1.—"Die stille Nacht" (*Sehnucht*.)

No. 2.—"Ich zieh' ins Feld" (*Kriegers Abschied*.)

No. 3.—"Der Frühling entblühet" (*Der Jungling in der Fremde*.)

No. 4.—"Einst, wohnen süsse Ruh!" (*An den fernen Geliebten*, No. 3.)

No. 5.—"Zwar schuf das Glück" (*Der Zufriedene*.)

No. 6.—"Welch' ein wunderbares Leben" (*Der Liebende*.)

swell out the omissions to no less than four-and-twenty, which, added to several other fugitive pieces, to be found lettered in the third and fourth sections of Lenz's catalogue, form an important gap in the catalogue of Beethoven's songs, and justify as in protesting against the title-page with which Mr. Hills has dignified his thus very incomplete, however otherwise satisfactory, edition. Among the lesser known songs, Mr. Hills has included "An die Geliebte" (text of Stoll); "Das Geheimniss" (text of Wessenberg); "Als mir noch die Thräne der Sehnsucht nicht floss" (anonymous); "Ich denke, dein, wenn durch den Hain" ("Andenken"), words by Matthison, the poet of "Adelaide" (Op. 72, the same *opus* as *Fidelio*,‡ which Lenz places in his third section); "Der leht ein Leben wonniglich" (*Lebensglück*, "Sympathy"), poetry by Rosegarten, or as Lenz makes it out, by Tiedge; and "Wenn die Sonne nieder sinket," an *Abendlied* ("Evening song), which though marked Op. 103, is not named by Lenz, who arriving at that *opus* says briefly: "Il n'y a pas d' *opus* 103." On the other hand, while inserting a piece of the existence of which even the enthusiastic author of *Les Trois Styles* seems unaware, Mr. Hills strangely omits one of the most widely known of all the songs of Beethoven, the *contralto* air, to the words of Haydn's Italian biographer, the Abbé Carpani, the very popular "In questa tomba oscura."

With regard to the general correctness of the musical text, and the manner in which the German words are done into English verse (remarkable alike

*To whom are also dedicated the Six Quartets, Op. 18, and other works of great interest.

†Introduced (although written for a *soprano* voice) with such success by Mr. Sims Reeves at the Monday Popular Concerts.

‡Eleanore, on die eheliche Liebe.

for freedom and elegance,) we have only unreserved praise to award; and if Mr. Hills will publish the second edition, which we feel sure awaits his work, as "*The Songs of Beethoven, Vol. I.*" and insert a promissory note for the speedy appearance of Vol. II., we shall be happy to cancel the foregoing somewhat critical analysis, and write another in a different tone. Meanwhile, in so important a matter as the works of Beethoven, the musical public must not be deceived.

Musical Correspondence.

MUSIC AT THE SOUTH.

ALABAMA, MARCH 1.—Though a reader of your paper, since its existence, I have never found anything in it concerning the state of music in the Southern States, and Southern schools more particularly. I am not now speaking of the music of large cities, as the latter enjoy pretty much the same facilities you have in the North. With the country at large it is quite another thing. Here music is still in its infancy. It is true, music is cultivated everywhere, but as a general thing it does not extend beyond Grone in instrumental, and Glover in vocal music. The Female Colleges, whose number is almost legion, enjoy the monopoly of musical education, and in some, nay, most of them, the height of ambition seems to be to have a good show for "Commencement."

For this purpose fully five months are devoted to the learning of the exhibition-piece, and everything is brought into requisition to give as much éclat as possible to the concert. A favorite plan of Southern teachers seems to be to have the same piece simultaneously performed on four, six or eight pianos. Others, who perform on the violin or flute, give some simple accompaniment to the pupil, while they sustain the burden of the music. I have known instances where hanjo, tamborine, castanets and side-drum, triangle and big drum were called in as accompaniments to a simple little valse, performed by eight young ladies, on as many different pianos. There is one school, now in my mind's eye, where music forms so important a part, that the President himself does not disdain to enhance the performance by his active assistance. I will try and give you a description of one of the monthly concerts which I attended there.

First of all you must imagine a large hall with foot-prints painted all over it, in the manner of military drilling rooms. The audience is assembled. The folding doors open, and in steps the Principal, (a very small man,) carrying a Double Bass twice as large as himself. He is flanked by two young ladies with French horns. Then follow some ten more ladies carrying accordeons, tamborines, triangle, violins and guitars. They take their place upon the platform, and as they commence a brilliant march!—in march the pupils, carefully putting their feet upon the places marked out for them. When all have entered the concert commences.

1. "Days of Absence," by a young lady of but two sessions' tuition, with accompaniment of Double Bass and French Horns.
2. "We are all noddies:" Chorus, with accompaniment of the whole orchestra.
3. "Something to love me," with accompaniment of Guitar, Triangle and Double Bass.

Thus it goes on through the whole programme, from No. 1 to 25. The music thus performed beggars description. No pen can do justice to the venerable Principal as he works away on his huge instrument, in tune or out of tune, in time or out of time. And yet to see him there you would think that Orpheus himself was a mere tyro compared to him. The poor girls blow away on their French horns, until one expects to see them burst a blood-vessel, and the poor tamborine has rubbed her fingers sore. The audience is perfectly delighted, and the young ladies, when they leave school, take with them a

diploma stating that their musical education is "finished."

At another school I found, independent of lady-teachers, as they are called, four gentlemen who came there highly recommended. One of them had pursued his musical studies on a cobbler's bench, and, tired of catering for the "understanding," directed his efforts to the "soul." The second was formerly a civil engineer and architect, but as people were uncivil enough to pronounce him a humbug in his profession, he determined to teach music and to become the architect of his own fortune, if not of their houses. The third formerly practised as homeopathic physician. His musical knowledge is very homeopathic. The fourth one was really an excellent musician, and a splendid violin player. The last I heard of him was that the patrons of the school did not like his style, and the consequence was that he joined a circus company.

You can judge by the above whether music has taken a deep hold upon Southern schools. And yet it is a known fact that the musical department is the very one that sustains them all. Gentlemen, as a general thing, think it beneath their dignity to practise music, except it be to play the "Arkansas traveller," on the fiddle, or to pick the banjo. A vocal quartet is a *rara avis*; an instrumental quartet an impossibility. Church music is sadly neglected. But of this more perhaps in a future letter. Until then I remain yours

Musically,

D. D. D.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 5.—The third soirée of Messrs. WOLFSOHN and HOPKINSON completely filled the beautiful Foyer of our Opera House, last Thursday evening. Mozart's quartet in G minor, for piano and stringed instruments, was fairly rendered, and elicited a hearty applause—the performance somewhat marred, however, by an occasional lack of that spirit, which the vivacious compositions of Mozart demand. The best rendered piece was Beethoven's stringed quartet in A major—so well performed as to afford delightful realization of the master's individuality. Mr. Wolfsohn, a pianist of fair talent and immense perseverance, played *Au bord du ruisseau*, by Guttman; *Blumenstück*, op. 19, Schumann, and the *Fantaisie Impromptu*, op. 66, Chopin. Of these, the first named hardly deserves a place in the repertoire of those considering themselves classical pianists.

A Duo Concertante for piano and violin presented certain hacknied melodies from the hateful *Borgia*; compiled in a sort of partnership way by Messrs. WOLFSOHN and HOPKINSON—the latter an eminent amateur violinist. The arrangement did not specially electrify an audience, met for intellectual edification as well as mere pleasure. Mendelssohn's *Otello*, (op. 20,) for stringed instruments, concluded this excellent soirée; a noble composition, without a doubt, whose beauties, however, were not entirely developed for the audience; owing, evidently, to an insufficient rehearsal.

A very clever young pianist, and an aspiring composer, BONNEWITZ by name, gave a concert, on Friday evening, at the Musical Fand Hall—assisted by Mme. VOLKMANN, (a lady pianist of our goodly town,) and Sig. REZZO, a prominent Italian professor of vocalization. The Madame performed Liszt's *Cujus animam* quite acceptably, albeit lacking force in the octave passages for the left hand. Bonnewitz himself offered to the public an original Trio for piano, violin and violoncello, the second composition from his pen, which has been presented to the criticism of our connoisseurs within the past few months. His first effort—a Symphony bearing the title, "The Last Day"—shows clearly that while possessed of good talents, he had failed in the comprehensive mental grasp, in the originality, the sublimity of sentiment, the characteristic conception necessary to

the compassing of a symphony, and that, too, upon a subject so grand as that of the Judgment. Some of his harmonic combinations were skillfully devised, but, for any idea it conveyed of the awful Last Day, it might as well have been called the "Last of the Wampanoags." Still, Bonnewitz has good talents, clearly evinced in the trio, performed at his concert on Friday night last. There is a certain quota of skill for the working out of his ideas manifest; but the latter lack strength and originality, thus seeming to foreshadow the possession of more talent for development than genius for design. He is very young, and having accomplished even his present position, we have the best grounds for hopes of his ultimate eminence. He plays the piano very cleverly; his rendition of Liszt's *Tannhäuser* arrangement was at once correct and appreciative. The Opera opens to-night with PATTI in the "Barber of Seville." A large sale of seats, thus far, indicates the right spirit in the community, for a profitable and enthusiastic season. Buckley's Serenaders, with their native born prima donna, Miss JULIA GOULD, open at the Concert Hall, from this evening onward. They always draw largely here, especially when "Lucrezia Borgia," the "Pizener," supposed to hurry innumerable victims into eternity, through the agency of "Costar's Rat Exterminator," is announced upon the bills. I shall report the progress of the Italian Opera for you, in my next letter.

MANRICO.

NEW YORK, MARCH 6.—After a long dearth of good music it was a delight to have four Quartet Soirées announced by Messrs. MASON & THOMAS. The first took place last Saturday, and offered a most attractive programme. It opened with a Quartet by Schubert, op. 161, in G major, never before produced in this country. The only drawback was its excessive length; the first movement, too, was not as satisfactory as the others. The Andante and Scherzo, however, are exceedingly beautiful, and both, in different ways, perfectly characteristic of the composer. Beethoven's D major Trio, one of the lovely Op. 70 numbers, was very finely rendered, and besides this, Mr. Mason played Chopin's exquisite *Ballade*, and a pleasing morceau by himself. One great attraction was Sig. STIGELLI. It is a great enjoyment to hear this finished artist sing anything, but particularly German songs. He intonates so perfectly, manages his voice so skillfully, and enunciates so distinctly every word. His "Tear" was rapturously *encored*, when he sang a little light Spanish Canzonetta: "*Isolita mia Carita!*" His second piece was Schubert's "Faded Flowers," which was exquisitely rendered.

You may have heard of the arrival in this country, some months ago, of Madame OMER PACHA, the wife of the famous Turkish General. She was induced to emigrate to America by peculiar circumstances, and for the same cause is obliged to enter the already overflowing ranks of the musical profession. A Transylvanian by birth, she married Omar Pacha, then still a Christian and in the Austrian Service, while quite young. She was either with him, or in constant correspondence with him during the Crimean war, and only left him when his notions of domestic life came in conflict, not only with her sense of womanly self-respect, but with her Christian principles. She went to England with Lady Stratford, the wife of the English Ambassador, and afterwards went to Paris, where her refinement, amiability, and social qualities made her many friends. Deprived, by unforeseen circumstances, of an income upon which she had depended for a life free from care, she finds herself under the necessity of supporting herself, and wishes to turn to account, for this purpose, her musical talent, which is quite unusual. She has composed several marches which were adopted in the army, and which are exceedingly spirited and original. Her intention is to give a *matinée* before long, by which she hopes to make herself known to the New York musical public and to obtain pupils. May success go with her!

I regret exceedingly that, by an awkward mistake, my notes of Mr. Schlöter's lectures have been mislaid. Should they be found I shall resume the broken thread, as the information they contain is useful at all times.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 10, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. Continuation of W. STERNDALÉ BENNETT's Cantata: "The May Queen."

Last Philharmonic Concert.

The rich programme, coupled with the startling announcement that this fourth Concert of the season would be Mr. ZERRAHN's last attempt to provide great orchestral music for a so-called "musical" city, which has so poorly patronized these opportunities for three or four years past, had the effect to fill the Music Hall for once. Surely the appetite, the exquisite delight with which Beethoven's Seventh Symphony was drunk in, every note of it, by thirsty souls, as thirsty soil drinks summer rain, ought to hold good as a public pledge that we cannot do without such music, and that we are willing and glad to pay well to make sure of it, not only four, but twenty times each winter.

The Symphony was rendered with the usual excellence by the orchestra of forty—not perfectly, to be sure, as regards many traits of tenderness and fineness, *pianissimo*, &c., but with much verve and spirit; and there was every evidence that it was enjoyed particularly well. Mr. Schmitt's analysis of the work, in our last number, contains some fine points, and is profitable to read. But we must dissent from so literal and external an interpretation, (shared with him, we know, by Berlioz and some German critics). Full of joy it is, and leading unto joy, like the ninth, like nearly all Beethoven's Symphonies, but why narrow it down to a German popular festival? Who could fail, last Saturday night, to recognize a great deal that is grander, deeper, of more universal meaning than all that? It is not true to the spirit of a pure musical creation to attach a literal, external meaning to it. Quite as little, on the other hand, do we believe in attributing to the composer any immense transcendental, abstract, metaphysical or moral purpose. And worse yet, worst of all, is that superficial scepticism which supposes a work of musical genius to be innocent and empty of all meaning, beautiful tone-forms and nothing else. A man of genius, in whatever form he works, always has at least himself, his life (and that a deeply significant one) to utter. Beethoven's character, his history, his aspirations, struggles, triumphs, are stamped most unmistakeably on all his works. All agree in finding that struggle and that triumph in the Fifth Symphony. Is not the Seventh the logical sequel of that? Does it not spring from the calmer, more solemn, and yet more serenely joyful mood of one who has outlived the conflict and, by self-dedication to the highest, as it were conquered Fate? Mark the solemn grandeur of that introduction. Then the quick six-eight rhythm which sets in, and keeps on so powerfully, does it not sound universal, the thrill of a high thought that pervades the universe, the conquering rhythm of a sublime idea of harmony and order! Joy? yes; but only such joy as a soul like Beethoven could feel, in contemplation of a reconciled and happy universe; not a mere people's festival. Then the Allegretto, does it not open with the solemnity almost of some great sacrificial rite, some sublime act of dedication! Then joy follows, the very thrilling ecstasy of

bliss and freedom, in the Scherzo. But how lightly has our friend passed over the Trio, that positively sublime episode, where it always seems to us as if in the very midst of joy the heavens opened, and the composer's soul were caught up in a transport of celestial ecstasy; and with what a sigh it droops back, through a single chord, into the state of earthly consciousness and mortal joy! But we have no room to more than hint our thought.

Very pleasantly, after the exciting Symphony, could one subside and rest upon the "Winter Scene" (quite new to us) by Father Haydn. It was very much like listening to some of the descriptive recitative in the "Creation," and quite as fine as anything there. The accompaniments are beautiful, and Mr. C. R. ADAMS, possessing his sweet tenor in unusual strength and freshness, gave a real satisfaction by the artistic and expressive manner in which he delivered every phrase.

The exquisitely delicate, dreamy and poetic Romanza, and bright Rondo from Chopin's E minor Concerto came next—one of the most difficult of piano pieces as to mere execution, and demanding fine musical feeling and perception besides. It certainly was a bold attempt for a young girl of twenty,—Miss MARY FAY, of this city. Two years ago, at a Mendelssohn Quintet Concert, she astonished by her brilliant execution in a Trio of Beethoven. Since then she has studied earnestly, severely, under the best direction, and this time her triumph was complete. Such clear, distinct, even, sustained, brilliant, graceful pianism, is seldom heard. Not a note was lost, even in that large hall. This was partly, largely, owing to the marvellous excellence of the Chickering Grand on which she played, an instrument in all respects the equal of the best Erard we ever heard; as sweet and musical, as it was distinct, in every tone; with nothing of hardness, and nothing of woodenness; pure tone set loose and vibrating; partly, too, to the skill with which Chopin has distributed the harmonies between piano and orchestra, so that no sound smothers another. Still there was a great deal left dependent on the player; and Jaell himself has hardly spread a complex piece before us with more distinctness and evenness upon that airy canvass. Her appearance was highly interesting; a face full of ambition and determination; movements graceful; especially the graceful play of her hands, which it was more than an idle pleasure in itself to watch. But what a lovely composition! How tenderly the accompaniment, with muted strings, enfolds the piano-forte part!

Part II., opened with "Music of the Future," another of Liszt's "Symphonic Poems," entitled *Fest-Klänge*, or "Festival Sounds." Heaven save us from such dreary, tedious festivity! It may have curious points of skill and novelty in instrumentation for musicians; but for the general sense and soul it proved unedifying; more like the next day's head-ache, than the feast itself; an indefinite wandering on, seeming to die to a close and re-beginning, over and over, as it would never end.

In Mendelssohn's G minor Concerto Miss FAY sustained herself at the height already won, well at home apparently with the orchestra, and proving herself quite equal to the performance of so formidable a work in public. It is one of Mendelssohn's most genial, spontaneous and perfect works, refreshing after Liszt. Why need our trumpets break in with such coarse and heavy sounds? They need a finer, more elastic temper, not the brass band tone of the streets.

One is of course thankful to make acquaintance with another of Beethoven's famous overtures. That called "*Die Weihe des Hauses*" (the dedication of the house) is essentially an opening overture, and would have had much more effect at the beginning, than at the end, of a concert. It was written for the opening of the Josephstadt Theatre in Vienna, and bears the *opus* number 124 among Beethoven's works, the Choral Symphony being *op.* 125. Our "Diarist" (see Journal of Feb. 18,) is more enthusiastic about it, than we were able to be after this first bearing. It did not strike us at all comparable to the *Leonore*, *Egmont* or *Coriolan* overtures. The opening is solemn, festal, grandiose, but sounded common for Beethoven; after the fugue sets in, however, the real Beethoven fire kindles, and it grows more and more interesting to the end. A key to much of its peculiarity is found in the fact that in Germany it goes often by the name of "the Overture in Handel's manner."

Music Abroad.

LEIPZIG.—The tenth Gewandhaus concert occurred Jan. 1, with the following programme: Motet for men's voices, with brass instruments, by Hauptmann; — Overture to *Zauberflöte*, Mozart; — Hymn for soprano solo and chorus, Mendelssohn, the solo sung by Frä. Ida Dannemann; — Religious March, by Cherubini; — Chorus, concluding the second part of Haydn's "Creation"; Gabriel, Frä. Dannemann; Uriel, Herr Bernard; Raphael, Herr Bertram; — Second Part, Choral Symphony, Beethoven; the soli by Frä. Dannemann, Frau Dreyschock, and Herren Bernard and Bertram; the choruses by the members of the Sing-Akademie, the Pauliner Singing Society, and the St. Thomas choir. Hauptmann's Motet is highly praised. The execution of the Choral Symphony is said to have been admirable, every member of the Leipzig orchestra having the whole of it, as well as of all the Beethoven Symphonies, in his very blood and marrow, says the *Signale*. The 9th Symphony seems now to be as great a favorite and as readily available in Leipzig, as the C minor is in Boston.

In the 11th concert (Jan 12) the selections were: Overture to *Les Abencerrages*, Cherubini; — Rec. and Aria from Mozart's *Figaro*, sung by Frä. Emilie Genast, of Weimar; — Beethoven's Piano Concerto (No. 5, E flat), played by Alfred Jaell, "Royal Hanoverian Court-Pianist"; — Air from "Barber of Seville," sung by Frä. Genast; — Variations by Handel, Waltz (C sharp minor) by Chopin, and *Galop fantastique* by Jaell, played by Jaell; Songs, with piano, sung by Frä. Genast: 1. *Im Herbst*, R. Franz; 2. *Mein F. Schubert*; — Second Part, Symphony in A minor, Mendelssohn. JAELL does not wear out his welcome in Leipzig, but seems rather to gain ground there. Frä. Genast is described as a singer of flexible but small voice.

Jaell also took part in the third of the Chamber Music reunions in the Gewandhaus. He played, with David, Schumann's 2nd Sonata (D minor) for piano and violin, and Schubert's Trio in B flat (*op.* 99), winning unbounded praise. The fugued Capriccio from Mendelssohn's *op.* 81, and a new Quintet (in F) by Rubinstein, filled out the programme.

The operas performed in Leipzig in the month of December were: *Santa Chiara*, by the Grand Duke of Gotha; *Zauberflöte*, Mozart; *Jean de Paris*, Boildieu; *Fille du Regiment*, Donizetti; *Belmonte und Constance*, Mozart; *The Jewess*, Halevy; *The Barber*, Rossini; *Huguenots*, Meyerbeer; *Tannhäuser*, Wagner; the *Betrothal by the lamp post*, Offenbach; *Der Freyschütz*, Weber; *Prophete*, Meyerbeer.

The Capellmeister JULIUS RIETZ is about to leave Leipzig for Dresden, where he will take the place left vacant by Reissiger. Who will succeed him in Leipzig is not yet known.

At the 5th Concert of the Entorpe, Jan. 17, were performed: "Overture to *Lodoiska*, Cherubini; — *Ave Maria*, for soprano, Cherubini, sung by Frä. Wigand; — Concerto Militaire, Lipinski, played by Herr Arno Hilff; — Concert aria, Mendelssohn, sung by Frä. Wigand; — *Chaconne*, for violin, Bach, by Herr Hilff; — Symphony, No. 4, Beethoven.

BERLIN.—Hans von Bülow gave a concert, Jan. 6, in aid of the Schiller fund, at which he played Beethoven's Sonata, *op.* 106; *Cantique d'Amour* and Rakoczy March, by Liszt; a Scherzo by Raff; Polonaise in E flat, by Rubinstein; Nocturne in G, by Chopin; Rondo from a Sonata, *op.* 49, by Weber; and Fantasia on Verdi's *Trovatore*, by Liszt.

The Italian Opera at the Victoria Theatre, under Lorini's management, commenced in January with *Il Barbiere*. Signora Artot, a pupil of Viardot, a blonde young Flemish lady, sang Rosina's music charmingly; the tenor was M. Carrión; Sig. Sodie, Figaro; and Frizzi, Don Bartolo. *Cenerentola* was the next piece.

A new opera by Count Redern, "Christine," was to be brought out at the Royal Opera House, Jan. 17, for the first time. . . . Viennetemps has been giving four concerts in the Friedrich-Wilhelmstadt theatre. . . . Mme. Clara Schumann gave a Soirée in the hall of the Sing-Academie on the 19th.

Musical Chit-Chat.

The next concert coming is that of the MENDELSSOHN QUINTET CLUB, Tuesday evening, in the Hall in Bunstead Place. The novelty will be one of Beethoven's posthumous Quartets, *op.* 127, in E flat. Schubert's Quintet, with two 'cellos, will be played; and Mr. MEISEL will play again Beethoven's Romanza, a charming violin solo. . . . The ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB gave a nice concert Tuesday night in Brookline. They sang two new part-songs by Robert Franz, Maurer's "Praise of Song," Mendelssohn's "Turkish Drinking Song"; Marschner's "Serenade," a set of vocal waltzes, and Huertel's "She is mine." OTTO DRESEL played a number of piano pieces by Chopin, Schubert, Mendelssohn, &c. Mr. JANSEN sang the bass air from the "Magic Flute"; Mr. W. SCHRAUBSTAEDTER, a couple of songs by Franz; Mr. LANGERFELD, Schubert's "Wanderer"; Mr. KREISSMAN, several songs by Franz; and Mr. C. SCHRAUBSTAEDTER, an air from *Don Giovanni*. When will the Orpheus give us a concert? Is the prophet without honor in his own city?

They have English Opera at the Museum,—the COOPER troupe, Mr. C., himself conducting, violin in hand. Miss ANNA MILNER is the prima donna. In the "Sonnambula" she looked and acted prettily, and sang much of the music finely; but her voice has grown hard and false in the upper tones. Mr. COOKE, the haritone, either has no voice, or it was wrapped up in a cold of the worst sort. The tenor (Elvino), Mr. BROOKHOUSE BOWLER, strains hard, and has that unpleasant English way of *h*-aspiring each note separately. The Lisa was uncommonly good looking and good singing for a secondary part; chorus unmentionable. The talking portions of the drama flat and tedious; Alessio's fun quite of the Ethiopian Minstrel order. *Norma* and *Trovatore* also have been given this week. . . . There have been two complimentary concerts this week at the Bunstead Hall, one to Mr. GEORGE WRIGHT, and one to Miss WHITEHOUSE. . . . Mr. B. J. LANG, the pianist, will give soon a farewell concert, before sailing for Europe. . . . The arrival in New York of a new prima donna, Mme. FANNI, is blazoned forth with many trumpets, chiefly cheap superlatives from South American newspapers.

We copied a few weeks since from the London *Musical World*, a very glowing letter from Berlin, describing an organ concert given there by a young American, "Mr. J. K. Paine," and the sensation created by his performance of fugues by Bach, as well as of compositions of his own. The person meant is doubtless Mr. J. S. PAINE, son of the late music-dealer of the same name, of Portland, Maine. It is but a few years since he went out to Germany to study; and we have received privately frequent assurances of his rapid and sound progress in the best walks of art. The "Diarist," for instance, writes us, Jan. 12: "Paine is the topic of talk in all the musical circles. Clara Schumann has heard of him, and I took him down to her a day or two since. He is to go again and play some of his music—a sonata, and fugues." . . . Mr. ARTHUR HAYTER, youngest son of the well-known organist at Trinity church in this city, has been elected organist at St. Paul's, Covent Garden, London, from among fifty competitors. Such a competition is no child's play, and no dilettante play either, in London, and the appointment bears high testimony to the musicianship of young Mr. Hayter. . . . Miss LIZZIE

CHAPMAN, of Boston, who has been studying with the best vocal masters in Florence for a year past, is exciting considerable attention there, and has been asked to sing at one of the Philharmonic concerts.

The March number of the *Atlantic Monthly* contains the first part of a very thorough, readable and scorching review of MARX's recent book about BEETHOVEN, from the pen of A. W. THAYER, the "Diarist." The reviewer is evidently brim-full of his subject, master of all the materials so far discovered. Still he writes us lately from Vienna: "I am getting so absorbed in Beethoven, getting such a clear insight into his history, finding so much that is new to everybody, and finding myself therefore in some sense a marked man among the musical people with whom I come in contact, that I feel particularly hard the being cramped for the means of embracing opportunities to make my work" (his *Life of Beethoven*, to which he has already given the labors of years) perfect, and am becoming every day more and more incapable of writing anything which is not directly to my great object. I now live, move and have my being in Beethoven. I became so overwrought with him here in Vienna, that I fled for a few weeks back to Berlin, as much to get away from my books and papers as for any other reason. My sleep was spoiled nights by thinking and thinking eternally on Beethoven. I have had the Beethoven MSS., which belonged to Felix Mendelssohn, placed before me, and am to know to-morrow whether I can use a lot now in the Royal Library, (Berlin), which are for sale. There are eight letters of Beethoven, and about a thousand pages of his sketch-books; price £200! My health is good and my Berlin friends are full of compliments upon my looks." All which the readers of this journal will be pleased to hear; but if you would make them perfectly happy, dear Diarist, publish that same *Life* immediately, and do not wait until you know too much; for if "Art," to such an earnest, conscientious man as you, "is long," remember also "time is short."

Sig. MUZIO, the Italian conductor of Ullman's Opera troupe, has repeated in New York that "Garibaldi Rataplan" which he first ventilated here. The *Albion* has the following humorously apt description of it:

Wednesday being the birthday of Washington, there was a little outburst of patriotism at the Academy; not American patriotism, mark you, but Italian. Signor Muzio, the conductor of the orchestra, ventilated a moderately new overture (recently played at the Brooklyn Philharmonic), and produced a brand new rataplan, called the Garibaldi Rataplan, and redolent of drums and fifes and other warlike engines of musical destruction. All the Italian artists who had no fear of Austria before their eyes participated in this piece, and Signor Susini who, it is stated, served under Garibaldi, staggered under a tri-color in a very pleasing and patriotic way. Still as Austria was largely represented in the orchestra, and played on the wind instruments, we are not certain that the Italians had the best of it. When a man persists in expressing his patriotic convictions on a piccolo flute, or a trombone, his advantages are immense. And thus an irrepressible conflict prevailed for some minutes, until the curtain descended to enable both parties to take breath. Then another struggle, and it was over. Signor Muzio's composition is not remarkable for its freshness; the first theme is clearly a reminiscence of "Martha," and the trio, although fluent, falls on the ear like an old friend. The piece was sung at the top of all the voices, and the orchestra, as we have before remarked, took an Austrian view of the composition and put it under martial law.

STIGELLI's triumphs in New York seem to have had a marvellously restorative effect on BRIGNOLI, after a protracted series of "indispositions." . . . They have been having a taste of opera in Augusta and other cities in Georgia. One of the local critics dilates with the appropriate emotions over "the queenly grandeur of the classically beautiful PARODI," and the "bewitchingly coquettish ALAIMO,"

while he finds in Sig. SBRIGLIA "exactly the appearance a tenor should have"—our readers will perhaps like to have a copy of the receipt, to-wit: "Olive complexion, large, dreamy, languishing eyes, pearly teeth, flowing hair, and a 'love of a moustache.'" GNONE, "the robust," is the baritone of the troupe; and Sig. TORIANI the conductor, "who is an orchestra of twenty-four musicians in himself"!

A Virginia postmaster, thinking perhaps more of John Brown than of music, is, consciously or unconsciously, witty in the following brief note to our publishers: "Dear Sirs, Your paper, directed to Miss — Comfort, is not taken from the office. *She is not a resident of Virginia at this time.*"

The French papers still keep up their twaddle about the old maestro and his ways. The *Philadelphia Bulletin* translates the following from a letter dated Paris, Feb. 3, to the *Independence Belge*.

Rossini's Saturday receptions are finished. They had grown to be regular public gatherings. There were seen a crowd of faces coming from nobody knows where, who came into Rossini's as they would to a Café. The death of Mme. Rossini's mother furnishes a good excuse to the great maestro for closing his salons.

Every Saturday Rossini gives a dinner, and those that dine remain to spend the evening. A few intimate friends, who come every evening, come on Saturday also, as usual, so that on that day there are fifteen or twenty persons assembled there. On other days there are not more than seven or eight.

Apocryph of these dinners, the maestro is in despair. His cook (a woman) cannot cook macaroni! A few days ago, he had to clear out his house. Tonino, his faithful Tonino, a servant of thirty years, had a bad affair on his hands—the seduction of a young girl—nothing more! Justice was going to take it in hand. So Rossini sent him off to Bologna. He has also dismissed his man-cook, with whose morals he was dissatisfied. So he took a woman-cook.

Last Saturday he was telling me his troubles about the macaroni, when M. Possoz, the former Mayor of Passy, said to the maestro:

"I have found out the mystery. Your cook is a secret agent of M. Alphonse Royer, (the manager of the Grand Opera;) she will only cook you some good macaroni in exchange for a new opera."

"Alas!" answered Rossini, "that depends on my doctor and a little on my cook. If my doctor wills it, I shall produce some new works."

M. Possoz began to laugh, and Mme. Rossini, who was a little way off, shook her finger at her husband, with a look half-pouting and half-laughing. I did not know what was meant.

One day, Dr. R., Rossini's physician, begged him to write an opera.

"Doctor," answered Rossini, "restore me my youth—not for a year, or a month, or even a day, but only for one hour, and then you may ask me for ten operas; I promise you."

The doctor has undertaken to perform this miracle. He has gone to the East—the land of wonders, where the ancient Sphinx of pleasure still guards so many secrets important to be known. He hopes to bring back the all-powerful elixir that is to rejuvenate Rossini and produce new operas.

Rossini is constantly busy about his house at Passy. In this he has not as much taste as he has in music. He thinks that Italian decorators surpass the French; so he has got his from Bologna. Everything in the decorations of the house is musical. The panels and the door-tops are covered with groups of musical instruments. On the walls of the drawing-room there are pictures, the subjects of which are musical; such as Mozart's reception at Venice, Palestrina reading a libretto, &c. Even the garden is musical. There are yew-trees trimmed *en chapeau chinois*, and grass-plots shaped like vast contre-basses.

The other day something was said before Rossini about Wagner and his music.

"Wagner is," said he, "a man of immense talent, spoiled by a false system. His music is full of science, but he wants rhythm, the form and the idea—he wants melody."

Just then he was helping to a magnificent turbot with caper sauce. When it came to the turn of M. Carafa, who had broken a lance with him in favor of Wagner, Rossini sent him only the caper sauce.

"Why," said Carafa, "you have sent me nothing but sauce!"

"Well," said Rossini, "I help you according to your taste; it is like Wagner's music—sauce without fish!"

Special Notices.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 415.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1860.

VOL. XVI. No. 25.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Beginning of the End.

At the close of a week of intense excitement, when every moment had been filled with suffering,—for it seemed the culminating point of years,—the load was lifted and I stood comparatively free. The first evening of my new life I was luckily able to commemorate in a fitting manner. Csinka, Niedlich and I had arranged we should enjoy it together, and our mode of enjoyment was one of Hohnstock's and Wolfsohn's classical concerts.

We dined with Csinka. After dinner, while she distilled coffee for us, as no one else can make it, we chatted quietly together. I tried to feel myself in the flesh. I seemed like one who had neither body nor material existence; and in order to arouse my mind, and stop the throbbing pulsations within me, to make myself think more, and feel spiritually less, I commenced a talk with that original, independent musical thinker, Niedlich.

We were leaning over the cleared dessert table, playing with the golden black drops of coffee as they rolled off from the spoons, and piling little wine crackers up in fantastic heaps on the shining mahogany surface of the table. I drew a programme of the concert to me, and read over the delightful promise of the evening's treat.

"Tell me about this Quintet of Schumann," I said to Niedlich, as I threw myself back in the easy chair, hoping that a comfortable position, the luxurious artistic surroundings, and material comforts, would hold me down to earth, and stop the bounding pulses which were vibrating painfully.

"Tell you what about it?" asked Niedlich abruptly.

"Why give me an artistic description of it?"

He laughed scornfully, and a little sadly, then looking at Csinka said: "She is going to have every thing her own way, is she not?"

I put my hands before my dancing eyes, which were seeing all manner of "Heine spectres," and replied: "You must have some mercy on me! I need a little positive talk to-night, to give me balance. That music will prove a most exquisite torture to me, if I cannot have my thoughts in something like order before I go. Give me an analysis of this great Quintet."

"An analysis!" cried Niedlich. "Why, according to your own faith, harmony expresses thoughts, ideas and emotions which language utterly fails to convey. And yet you sit there, and coolly ask me for an analysis in our heavy word-language of a great chef d'œuvre of a master, as if it were the easiest thing in the world."

"How can you be so teasing!" I remonstrated. "Csinka you tell me something of this quintet."

"Ah!" laughed Csinka mockingly, "I am like Mlle. de l'Espinasse: *Je n'ai ni les lumières, ni les connaissances, ni la sottise nécessaire pour faire tout cela. O mon ami, n'ayons pas tant d'esprit, analysons moins et jouissons davantage.* (I have

neither the intelligence, nor the information, nor the folly requisite to do all that. O my friend, let us not be so learned, analyse less and enjoy more.)"

"Yes" I said softly, "you are like that same Mlle. in more things than in that quotation which apes humble ignorance;—like her, *vos goûts se plient aux circonstances et vous avez cette force ou cette faculté qui vous rend propre à tout.* (Your tastes adapt themselves to circumstances, and you have that strength or faculty which fits you for every thing.)"

"And of course," she exclaimed, "you think that a merit; this being formed into crystalline hardness, as you call it, *par ce grand maître de l'homme, malheur.* (That great master of man misfortune.)"

"Certainly."

"Mlle. de l'Espinasse was a wonderfully wise little woman," said the straightforward Niedlich.

"I was always struck with what she said about the re-assembling of Parliament at Paris in 1774: *Ce sont les suites, ce sont les conséquences de cet événement qui sont d'un grand intérêt. Il s'agit de savoir si ce sont des juges ou des tyrans qu'on va remettre sur les fleurs de lys.* (It is the sequel, the consequences of this event which are of great interest. It is necessary to know if these are judges or tyrants we are about to reseat on the *fleur de lys.*) Now that was plain good sense which I did not expect the *petite-maitresse* of a French woman to have.

"Bah!" interrupted Csinka, "the little woman had 'no call' as my methodist cook says, to have any opinion about politics; they were quite out of her line. Women are never original on such subjects. I'll wager any thing, she heard Diderot or D'Alembert say that, and fancied herself very wise in remembering it."

"She is particularly attractive to me," I said, "in her charming artistic *mots*. No executant in anything, nor musician, nor painter, nor poet, yet she had a delicate and just appreciation of the beautiful."

"Yes" cried Csinka "and it always gives me infinite satisfaction, rather Rochefoucauldish to be sure, when I remember that, though not pretty, being quite marked with small pox, nor rich, for Sir James Mackintosh says she lived quite humbly, nor stylish, for she was a little 'out of the pale,' you know, she controlled the hearts of a D'Alembert, a De Mora and a De Guibert, each one distinguished in his way, indeed representative men of their class at that time,—one a great philosopher, the second a chivalric, handsome Hidalgo, and the third a successful humbug."

"Talking of her artistic *mots*," I said, "how applicable to music is that": *Mais mon ami, que les expressions sont faibles pour rendre ce que l'on sent fortement! L'esprit trouve des mots, l'âme aurait besoin de créer une langue nouvelle.* (But my friend, how weak are words in expressing that which we feel deeply. The mind can find language, the soul has need to create a new tongue.) But how far we are from Schumann!

and hark! the little mantle-clock rung out seven silvery chimes; in half an hour we must go. Come, Mr. Niedlich, tell me something of this modern Beethoven's famous quintet."

"You think he has *la sottise nécessaire*?" asked Marie with a playful laugh.

She knew him better than I, for her tone of persiflage brought him to the point instantly.

"You are unjust," he said; "it is not mere pedantic criticism she wants." I only wish I could do justice to the subject, then I should not hesitate so absurdly. But in a few plain words I will try to give you a sketch or outline of this quintet.

"It is in E flat major, written as you know for piano, viola, first and second violins and violoncello; it is divided into four movements: *Allegro brillante—In modo d'una Marcia—Scherzo—and Allegro ma non troppo.*"

I gave Csinka a look of triumph—Niedlich was fairly under way, I felt sure, from the plain, orderly style of his opening. He continued:

"The first movement, *Allegro brillante*, opens majestically with a few bars of full harmonic chords, leading grandly into a sort of *cantabile* motion, which is followed by some fine modulations from three flats into five sharps minor, and from that to six flats minor, where the other instruments take up the theme; and here you remember," he said turning to Csinka, "is that mysterious passage which sounds like an appeal or call to some one. This is the gem of this movement and you will hear it repeated frequently. The octave leads into a beautiful form of the diminished Seventh, resolving gracefully into a melody taken alternatively by violoncello and viola. The second movement, *In modo d'una Marcia*, is in my opinion the finest *Marche Funèbre* ever written."

I pointed reproachfully to the rapt, inspired looking portrait of Beethoven hanging near us.

"Yes," said Niedlich, bowing to Beethoven, but continuing sturdily, "I shall not even except the one in the Heroic Symphony. You will find its form remarkably original, the modulations smooth and mournful, with a very solemn melody. It is in this movement that are to be found several instances of Schumann's disregard of established rules; but as he soars into the regions of the Infinite and becomes sublime, his sins, if sins they are, must be overlooked."

"Sins!" cried Csinka, "we should not presume to dictate rules to a Homer or doctrines to a Paul!"

"You remember," I said, "there were two subjects about which Beethoven would never talk, religion and thorough bass. But pray go on, Mr. Niedlich, do not mind our feminine bursts."

"The Scherzo," he continued, "I cannot give you a description of, for the impression I have of it is only general. One passage however I remember clearly, Csinka, that beautiful run in octaves for the piano, and a delicious change in harmony which follows. There is a passage I

have forgotten to mention,—you are right," he added, as he heard Csinka sing over in a low tone a musical phrase,—“where the first violin takes up that delightfully quaint melody, which is soon relinquished to the piano, and then follow some of the strangest and most inspired modulations. You must not fail to observe the first part of the last movement, *Allegro ma non troppo*; it always delights me: there is also a fugue in the latter part, whose subject is the theme of the first movement. Then the succeeding motive, with its graceful sequences, which concludes the quintet, always charms Csinka immensely. Indeed we grow almost heretical when we hear Schumann's music.”

“Yes,” said Csinka, “I feel as though Mozart, Beethoven, and other great composers, had travelled in a fenced road, while Schumann with giant strides had cleared all impediments and walked fearlessly and boldly forth through the wide world of harmony.”

Just before leaving, Csinka sat down to the piano, and played a few passages in Franz Schubert's *Fantaisie Hongroise*, the one of which Franz Liszt says: “During a visit which Schubert made in Hungary at a chateau of one of the first families of the country, he transcribed some of these Hungarian themes, and made of them, under the title ‘*Divertissement Hongrois*,’ one of his most ravishing works.”* This led us to talking of this wayward child of genius on our way to the concert.

“What a mysterious composer is Schubert!” said Csinka, “so much beauty, and musical thought it seems to me lies undeveloped all through his works. He is a sort of hybrid between Beethoven and Schumann; he wants the grandeur of Beethoven and the restless, varying coloring and intellectuality of Schumann. The more I hear and play Schumann the more I am pervaded by the idea that he is the great sequel to Beethoven;—I say this with all reverence for the mighty master. Who could so well continue that solemn mysterious third style? Bring it down to this contradictory age of ours,—this age so marked with luxurious materiality, convulsive hopes, stupendous agitations? God always makes men for their time. It would not do for Beethoven to live now: a steam engine or magnetic telegraph would beaze him, and life was a little too much for poor Schumann.”

*Liszt's “Des Bohémiens et de leur Musique en Hongrie.”
(Conclusion next week.)

Translated for this Journal.

Mozart's Magic Flute

BY A. OULBICHEFF.

(Continued from page 394.)

The text of No. 19, a chorus of priests, though made of every-day rhymes, follows very well upon the elegiac outpouring of Pamina's air. It begins, like No. 11, with *Isis and Osiris*, without being on that account an invocation or a prayer. The initiated, who have confidence in the good qualities of the novice (Tamino), congratulate themselves that they are soon about to count another brother in their number. *Bald fühlt der edle Jüngling neues Leben* (soon feels the noble youth new life), words which have furnished the musician with the ground-plan and æsthetic coloring of the piece. The new life, promised to Tamino, may be felt and apprehended in the song of the initiated, who have already entered

upon it. The sublime cheerfulness, the mysterious repose, the heavenly euphony, the shining grandeur, which distinguish this piece, would make one think he heard the choir of blessed spirits, singing in the clouds, if it were not for the brass instruments and the almost Palestrina-like harmony, which restrict the flight of the imagination to the enclosure of the temple. The adepts see the deity in no other way than through the images of worship and the veil of priestly forms. They have therefore only one wish, which is all concentrated with the highest elevation of expression in the word *bald* (soon.) *Bald, bald, bald wird er unsrer würdig seyn* (Soon, soon, will he be worthy of us),—a sentence, whose musical sense may be very well translated by a pictorial image. You see the just man, weary with his earthly course, lifting his hands and eyes to heaven and in the joy of his heart exclaiming: *Soon!* This chorus is in three parts; the harmony is without accompaniment, *alla capella*; the trumpets and trombones resound in unison with the voices; only at the end is found an orchestral phrase, a not to be forgotten phrase of four notes. It is beautiful beyond expression, pathetic to tears, sublime, heavenly.

It is the pretty general experience that, of all the ensemble pieces in the opera, the Terzet, No. 20, *Soll ich Dich, Theurer, nicht mehr sehen* (Shall I, dear one, no more see thee), produces the most effect. I will not say no to it, but will give the reason why. This Terzet contains, to an unusual degree, a really dramatic situation. The hour of trial has come; the lovers must part; in their farewell the dread of danger mingles. Pamina gives herself up utterly to her anxieties; Tamino contrasts to this a resignation, which has its ground more in his power of will, than in his heart; Sarastro, whose imposing firmness is softened by a paternal kindness, warns the young people that time presses, and exhorts them to have courage. This is certainly an excellent ground-work for a Trio. A thought quite lyrical in itself, individual feelings well contrasted, progression, and the most agreeable combination for the ear of different vocal registers, soprano, tenor and bass. Other musicians perhaps would have given the piece a tragical and impassioned coloring; Mozart has not done so. That would have been to mistake the situation and pervert the character of Pamina, who in the whole second act presents herself as the true type of a young, pale, melancholy, nervous, hysterical and exceedingly impressible maiden of a modern romance. Besides it was not to be a separation forever, violently effected in the midst of a crowd of sour-faced supernumeraries. It is only a voluntary separation for a few hours; the danger, only terrible in prospect, is nothing but a phantom which will vanish before a firm resolution. Too dark a coloring, therefore, would have falsified a picture, which naturally required the softest tints. We hear sighs of love, tender complaints, melancholy forebodings, but never the shriek of a bottomless despair. The orchestra moves in *arpeggi*; and upon this moveable but uniform ground work the ravishing vocal melodies are wonderfully sketched. You hear at first a dialogue between the lady, who exaggerates the danger, and the two men, who encourage and console her. But presently the combination is changed. Tamino, the future wise man, begins to weep in thirds with his bride: *Wie bitter sind*

der Trennung Leiden! (How bitter are the pains of parting!) So now there is only the grey-beard left, to sing or preach up reason. The ensemble of the three voices becomes canonical counterpoint, which alternates with flowing melodic phrases. Then comes that beautiful progression, in which the bass, beginning on the low B flat: *Die Stunde schlägt*, (the hour strikes,) rises by successive semitones to D, while each step of the modulation calls forth more and more expressive answers in the upper voices. The choking words of the last farewell are sympathized with warmly and with beating heart, in the passage a few bars before the close, where the composer has woven the soprano and tenor together with such masterly counterpoint. What a Trio!

The second act stands higher than the first, even in the scenes of trivial and popular fun, connected with the appearance of the bird-catcher. And so Papageno's air: *Ein Mädchen oder Weibchen* (A maiden or a little wife) has lost nothing of its melodic freshness; and the chime of bells, which accompanies the verse with variations, exercises the same magical power over the pit and gallery, which it had done before over Monostatos and his Moors. Moreover the melody of this verse is an excellent theme with variations.

The two composers of *Zauberflöte* seem to have combined all their forces to achieve a capital stroke in the last Finale, and, each in his own way, to surpass themselves. One might at the same time believe that each had, for his own advantage, employed all his cunning to get round the contract, which guaranteed their mutual interests. The Finale belongs to me, said Schikaneder. Pamina, out of her senses, just because the shoe pinches a little; the bird catcher, on the point of hanging himself for the entertainment of the public, but granting himself a reprieve the moment he sees his feather-clad *Weibchen*, whose absence had given him the spleen; then the mysteries of Isis in full activity, the strange and splendid spectacle of the trials by fire and by water; the Queen of Night, coming with her swarthy band, and hurled with them down the abyss of Tartarus; finally the triumph of the wise, the moral of the piece, i. e., an immense Sun, of oiled paper, which occupies the whole background of the stage:—all this was so fine, so dazzling, such a heaping of wonder upon wonder, that Mozart had to put his hand to his forehead, to see whether any little place were left also for him. Fortunately time had to be left to the machinists to get all these wonders ready. Hence a few scenes, to fill up the time of expectation, which the musician turned to account. In the single parts of this Finale there was as little connection to be found, as we discovered in the first Finale; to make a whole out of it would therefore have been impossible; on the other hand, some of these separate images had, in spite of their text, a high lyrical value. Another of those happy accidents.

The Three Boys open this Finale, as they did the other, with a song which seems to come from heaven; whereupon they descend to earth again, and attach themselves in kindly conversation and as accompanying voices to Pamina. This scene, out of which the poet had made a maudlin tragical affair, Mozart conceived as a great poet. The dagger, which they offered him, he threw

far from him, since it was not that of Melpomene. He knew the gentle, melancholy Pamina was incapable of such a desperate deed as suicide. She holds the dagger merely to give herself an attitude, and talks of wanting to kill herself, as many of my readers, who are in quite good case, have talked of it in their day. Yet we must recognize that Pamina is very unhappy; she sings in a manner that should soften a stone; but don't on that account believe she is insane, as this liar of a Schikaneder intimates. No, Pamina has stepped into the situation expressed in her cavatina; she has reached its utmost limit. Her soul, oppressed with doubts, allows no melody, her eyes no tears to flow. Upon the elegiac expression follow bursts of bitter anguish, painful sighs; her song is vague, disordered, peculiar; a physical pain pierces the bosom of this young maiden. What need has she of a dagger? She will die of herself, and of a broken heart. *Ha! des Jammers Mass ist voll* (Ah! the measure of my grief is full.) The part of the Genii in this wonderful andante corresponds perfectly to that filled by the chorus in the old Greek tragedy. They talk with the acting person, commiserate her sorrows, exhort and counsel her; but they never speak at the same time with her.

At the moment when Pamina raises the dagger, to stab herself, the chorus announces to her that she will find Tamino again, who still truly loves her. Dramatic and musical development, transition from the keenest sorrow to the keenest joy. Hence we hear an Allegro in 3-4 time, such as would be made to-day. But this Allegro bears but small resemblance to a cabaletta. Mozart allowed no tragic gait to the despair of the acting persons; and quite as little would he let their joy express itself in mere dance music. Hence we find little liveliness in the rhythm, little motion in the orchestra, little modulation, and a rather quiet melody. The lofty meaning of this music hides itself, so to say, under the notes. It is believing love, instead of the passionate love which expresses itself so energetically in *Don Juan*; a love, which instead of striving for enjoyment as its ultimate end, wings itself up to the starry vault and finds rest in eternity: a love, which certain poets understand, and which the three spirits must have understood and felt still better, as they joined their voices to Pamina's song in praise thereof. The lofty flight of the conclusion of this great scene lifts the hearer with the actors heavenward.

(Conclusion in our next.)

(Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music from the "Deutsche Vierteljahrs-Schrift.")

On Music and its Position in Popular Life.

(Concluded from page 396.)

We have next to turn our attention to the performances of single instruments; but as this field is limitless, we can but give it a superficial survey. The first musical instrument, exceeding all others in its powers, is the human voice. The greatest artists of all time have acknowledged this, and we find that all instrumental composition owes its perfection to its proximity to the human voice, and that every tone-artist must form himself after the model of a great vocalist. "What wonder is it," says the well-known violinist Rode, addressing the Dresden chapel, "that your tone is so fine; you are always listening to great singers." And one of the noted artists of the church choir there, in reference to vocal delivery says, that he had studied more in the course of his life upon six

simple notes than upon great passages of quickly succeeding tone-groupings! How much has been sung, how much arranged and written for song! Who can answer these questions?

We might as well attempt to say how much has been thought; and what Anastasius Grün so beautifully sang of the poet, might be applied to the singer: With the last singer the last man will have departed from the earth. As we have said, music is a peculiar language, and the poet having listened and learned from the singer, adopted the name of singer; — there is no prose music, but the true musician must ever be a tone-poet, and all composition should receive the appellation of tone-poetry. We need not portray the might of song, but we would only refer to the effect produced, when a body of great instrumentalists give way to the exclusive performance of the human voice. But our attention should be more particularly drawn to the manner of singing. Up to the most recent times, the Italian school has been a model for us in this department, although its representatives are now becoming more rare.

To name all the vocalists who, by the beauty of song, have dealt out their enchantments among all grades of the people, would be impossible; we shall only name one of the most remarkable and highly endowed artistes, who, adopting as a means a most excellent school, in order to give force and expression to her delivery, will long be remembered by those who knew her, Schröder-Devrient.

Next to her, the piano-forte claims our special attention. This instrument, which in fullness of tone imitates the organ and orchestra, and has arrived at a high state of improvement, is universally adopted among all cultivated nations.

The musical catalogues show yearly some three to four thousand new pieces adapted to the piano-forte. Those great masters, Hummel and Moscheles, have been overshadowed by the Kalkbrenner school, and this, in its turn, has been excelled by its own heroes, Liszt, Thalberg, Henselt, Droyschek and Schulhoff. Pleyel and Schumann are artists of great merit, more particularly in the delivery of classical subjects. The finest works for this instrument are the product of the classic masters, among whom we may rank Clementi, Cramer, and Dussek; while in point of tasteful execution and grace of touch, Henri Herz stands prominent. We cannot imagine anything more rounded into beauty, more flowing, more brilliant than the piano-forte performance carried out under all the perfection of the day. Where there is too much space, its tones will lack fullness, and the ends of the instrument will not be reached; but the amount of enjoyment, of refreshment, of enlivenment, of dissipation of care, of benefit it has conferred on all classes of society, lies beyond the power of imagination to conceive.

We have already treated of the power of the organ over the human mind during church service. We have many remarkably fine master-pieces for the organ, and among these the works of the immortal John Sebastian Bach. During recent times the organ has been adopted in concerts. Among concert performers, Schneider, of Dresden, the court organist, stands in high repute; he has been very successful in accomplishing that swell of tone, which on the organ has always been deemed an impossibility; in other respects he is well skilled in music.

Owing to the deficiency of the pianoforte in regard to the retention of tone, and the difficulty of access at all times to the organ, a new instrument has been invented as a substitute for the latter, the Physharmonica, which has been brought to great perfection in Paris.

Every one knows the effects of the stringed instrument. Its origin goes as far back into antiquity as that of song. Apollo represents both these forms of a spiritual manifestation that has its impulse deep within the popular heart.

In their various degrees of height and depth of tone, the violin, the viola, the violoncello and the lower contrabass correspond with the various gradations of the human voice, the Soprano, the Alto, Tenor and Bass. The violin is the acknowledged queen of the orchestra, and at this day the most esteemed solo instrument in concerts; consequently the leading voice, which in accompaniment with other instruments, stands up for delivery in social musical circles. With a wider range and less circumscribed in its effects, it forms a very appropriate representation of that grade of the human voice, with all its finer endowments, known as the soprano. To compete with song, therefore, is its highest aim, its mightiest effect; combining, at the same time, purity and distinctness by a perfect mastery of its means which serve the highest purposes, viz., the restoration of a complete musical language, in the employment of which, forgetting all agency which may be made subservient to it, the mind is elevated from these dull and commonplace scenes of every-day life to the realms of a higher existence. These are the results of every true art production. The violin advanced to its well-known standard of perfection under the hands of the Italians, particularly those of Piccini and Paganini; but its present high reputation is in a great measure attributable to the soaring position which music and poetry have assumed during the conclusion of the last and commencement of the present century. Here the efforts of the French school must also be acknowledged and the names of Viotti, Rode, Kreutzer, Baillot, its founders, held in remembrance, whom Spohr improved upon, by an especial application of the left hand, and transplanted them into German soil.

Paganini next appeared. He, by means of a wonderful and incomprehensible conquest of all the difficulties of the instrument, and by the most fantastic conceptions, exceeded all that had ever been done before, and, by an adaptation of the music of Weber, founded a new romantic school of music.

De Beriot springs from the French school, and from the school he founded, Ernst and Vieuxtemps; out of Spohr's school we have seen Molique go forth. Strong in their affinities for Paganini are Bassini, Sivori, Ole Bull, while Lipinski has assumed a peculiar style, more after the manner of Viotti than any other.

Is it not strange that upon the little space of this capriciously shaped instrument, which will not suffer itself to be modified in the slightest degree, such mighty performances should take place? The well known Cremona violins, those made by Stradivari and by Peter and Joseph Guarneri and Amati, now about 200 years old, still excel all others, notwithstanding the beauty of structure and finish of those made by the German Stainers and the French Villanues.

The violin, in the most accomplished hands, is undoubtedly the instrument that reveals the fullest emotion; it can play as effectually upon the chords of the human heart as the zephyr upon the Æolian harp.

The most perfect, and by this we mean the most versatile performer, of an almost universal capacity, was Peter Rode, the founder of the French school. In proof of these attributes we have the testimony of learned contemporaries, of his musical compositions, which possess the rarest contents, and disclose both grand and yet graceful tone conception.

In comparing Rode's style with that of the present day we place before our eyes a picture of the history of Art in this department; at that time it was pregnant with meaning, now it is more comprehensive; the figure of the vine seems in this case to be very apposite, which while thin and slender bears the sweetest grapes, but swelling into size, it becomes covered with leaves.

But such reflections have reference only to the degeneracy which technicality brings along with it,

whereby rich musical contents are swallowed up in excessive masses of tone: as to the astounding developments of modern violin playing, abundant evidence is at hand. All those who were so fortunate as to hear Rode's and Spohr's noble performances, Paganini's marvellous triumphs over and spiritual treatment of the violin, Lipinski's bold, spirited, passionate and feeling delivery, as exhibited in the Beethoven Quartets, may well have recognized the heavenly power of music. Russia, too, has produced an admirable violinist in Lvoff, distinguished for the tenderness of his tones; for this, Theresa Milanollo also acquired great reputation.

The treatment of the viola and violoncello is similar to that of the violin; but both instruments have their special character and their respective worshippers, who give them a preference over the violin, which latter claims advantage over the former, on account of its high notes.

Nearest in its approach to the human voice, the viola throws around it the more irresistible fascinations; soft, tender, and enthusiastic in all its outpourings, the great masters have been addicted to its use, and among these we may name Mendelssohn. It is seldom appropriated to the performances of solo, and when adapted to that purpose, it should be perfectly void of all nasal tone. It occupies a conspicuous part in the Weber operas and in Spontini's "Vestal." Whoever has had the good fortune to hear the viola of the celebrated director of the orchestra in the Theatre Della Scala of Milan, Alessandro Rollo, or that of the chamber musician, Poland, of Dresden, whom Weber assured that he had written his "Freischütz" for him in particular, and thanked him for every performance of it, he will be disposed to submit to the opinion of those who claim for it the very nearest approach to the human voice. Weisflog has composed an Apotheosis to the Viola.

The violoncello is now generally adopted as a solo instrument. Following in the wake of Bernhard Romberg, Dotzauer, of Dresden, has accomplished considerable for this school; and since his day, Servais, Merk and Kummer have proved able representatives of an instrument, which, with all its rare beauties, corresponds so nearly to the tenor and bass of the human voice.

The contrabass, which constitutes the foundation of the whole bass power in concerts, especially when endowed with those fine organ tones of the Italian instruments, has in recent times received due cultivation. This is, in some degree, attributable to Beethoven, who, in his Symphonies, is a great votary of the contra bass, introducing it in his interminable world of the Ninth Symphony amidst a heart-rending intermixture of unmanly sorrow and bitterness, and allows it to perform a recitative in a Hymn to Joy. . . . The contra-bass is also used as a solo instrument, but more in the style of the violoncello; formerly its representative was Hindl, of Vienna; at present the Roman Bottesini is distinguished in this school.

In passing to the wind instruments, we all know the peculiarly soft and clear melody of the flute, resembling in its tones the purling sounds of some clear brook; the oboe (hautboy) with the tones of pain and of pleasing humor; the clarinet with its great compass and impassioned notes; the fagotto with its bass voice of affliction or good-natured bluster; the horn, with its suppressed but full, magical tone, replete with forest associations; the trumpet, with its martial and alarming sounds, reminding us of Virgil's well known verse in the Æneid; and the trombone, with its majestic, profound and serious notes! The kettle-drum has been compared by Castelli, in his "Orchestra of Human Passions," to stupidity; the comparison will not be admitted, however, by those who have witnessed its admirable powers in bringing down thunder from heaven!

Art is but a feeble describer of herself; she pre-

sents herself only in a palpable shape; and yet we are always striving to seek the grounds of her effect and influence. The significance of the various instruments, these voices of the human heart, is best learned by their application. This is seen in the Beethoven symphonies, as well as in the operas of Weber, wherein the auditor discovers the most acute appreciation of the capacities of the instrument joined to the finest perception of their use. As an example let us mention the flute in Weber's "Preciosa" or in "Euryanthe," accompanying the air, "When in May the Roses bloom"; the hautboy and clarinet in Beethoven's symphonies; the fagotti in the fine introduction to Euryanthe's song, "Near by the brook where willows grow"; the horn, in the Hunter's chorus of the "Freischütz," of "Euryanthe," the magic horn of Oberon, the striking treatment of the horn in the magical aria of Fidelio, in the delightful aria of the second act of the Vestal, where the impressions of this instrument almost exalt the mind to an ideal existence, the suppressed tones of the horn giving utterance to the suppressed emotions of a beautiful soul; finally, let us remind ourselves of the immortal and ghost-like trombones at the appearance of the marble statue in Don Juan.

We here conclude our remarks upon the uses of the different instruments. Earlier instrumentation, it is well known, was much more simple, and Mozart was in the habit of reserving the application of the trombone to the conclusion of the opera. Since then instrumentation has been subject to great abuses, its great excess often thwarting its own ends. Rossini is the creator of modern instrumentation. Meanwhile great effects have been produced by powerful instrumentation in the hands of Spontini, Hector Berlioz, Meyerbeer. The last named has appropriated instruments that occur but seldom in the orchestra, to purposes from which great effects have resulted.

In the accompaniment of the bass clarinet, during the last act of the "Prophet," we discover a faithful representation of the exhaustion and discouragement of the Prophet, succeeding all the agitations and excitements of his career, which are painted with all the diversity of instrumental coloring. The *viola d'amour*, a variety of the viola, with seven strings, and formerly much in vogue, has been introduced by Meyerbeer in a fine *romanza* of the "Huguenots." Urhan, of Paris, once famed on this instrument, is said to have suggested it to Meyerbeer.

All the instruments we have enumerated, including those adopted by the orchestra, have been cultivated in solo performances.

The representatives of the flute in this department are Stentel, Fürstenau, Heinemeier, Heindl and Briccialdi; of the hautboy, whose tone, as is frequent in the orchestra, should not be thin and sharp, Dieze and Kummer, of Dresden; of the clarinet, Roth, Harnstedt, Kotte and Bärmann; of the fagotti, in which Bohemian artists distinguish themselves, Schmidt and Kummer, of Dresden; of the French horn, Eisner, Schunke, and Vivier; of the bass trombone, Queisser and Schmidt. The guitar has received a due share of cultivation from Giuliani and Stoll, the former having given many concerts upon it. In more recent times the cultivation of the harp has risen to great perfection; its greatest champion was the well-known tone-poet, the inestimable Parish Alvars, taken off, unfortunately, by a premature death. He could secure the same attention that Thalberg is capable of doing, by the quiet dignity and the perfect smoothness of his treatment, in the delivery of large tone-masses on the *pianforte*. But in addition to the peculiarities possessed by each of the instruments enumerated, the impressions left by all music depend essentially upon the grade of tone; hard or soft, (sharp or flat) and the scales. The sharp is distinguished for its expression of cheerfulness, the flat is more indicative of melancholy;

there is a similar analogy of musical thought in the high and low grades of tone. The various gradations of emotional thought are depicted in the scales and in both of them we find an equal variety; yet the emotional condition is never to be interpreted by the medium of a tone-scale, since musical expression is more diversified than that of words. Having now taken all the separate points of observation, from which to view the influence that music exerts on popular life, there still remains a more general contemplation of the subject. It would be impossible to overlook the united influences of music on the life of the people, because much of this life, and indeed the best part of it, is an inner existence—the life of the soul and of the mind. At the same time, some external effects are always visible. To almost every individual music brings refreshment, enlivenment, elevation above the things of every-day life, even inspiration. To many music is a relief from the laborious exercises of the day. This applies to almost all classes of society, beginning with the vivacious and unpretending waltz and thence ascending to the higher enjoyments of the opera, or of the Symphony by one of the great masters of tone. From these higher creations of tone-art all the more susceptible and the cultivated of the earth have drawn their highest enjoyment. It is incalculable how many artists, learned men, divines, physicians, judges, counsellors, statesmen have derived new energy, new thoughts, refreshment from the toils of office, comfort in darkened hours, fresh mental life; how many in the turmoil of this worldly existence have forsaken its disjointed order and its disturbed harmony, and sought a more perfect order and a more ideal harmony in that image of a more lovely world—the world of tone!

J. H.

Fry on Freyschuetz.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The production of *Der Freischütz* more than thirty years ago formed an epoch in musico-dramatic art. It was received with the extremest favor in Germany, and when the composer came to London to bring it out in English with the great tenor Braham and the great soprano Lady Lennox (Miss Paton), there was unequalled excitement in British operatic circles. The fame of the author and the loveliness of his strains had already preceded him, and the Overture, the Hunters' Chorus, the Waltz, the Prayer, the Bride's and the bridesmaids' strains were familiar in the English capital. The life of Weber, including his charming letters to his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, is interesting, not simply as the biography of a man of genius, but of a large-hearted, high-souled character.

Weber established several points in his overture to this work. While it is evident that he studied closely the accentuations, and above all the *elan* of such overtures as that of Rossini's *Semiramide*, he produced an overture equally melodic with that, and with a profound sentiment and dramatic characterization to which even Rossini at that period was to a great extent a stranger in his instrumental essays. Given, the value of an overture, Weber was the first who made it tell the story of the opera intelligibly. The love—and the love of a huntsman—is adequately portrayed in the adagio as played on four horns. The allegro is equally transcendent, and presents the diabolism and celestial business of the work. At the time it was written, the *Der Freischütz* was the greatest overture on record; it so remains to this day. It embraced technically the new preferences of accentuation, and introduced the largest scope of climax. It is made up—as it ought to be—of selections from the opera, but without a trace of patchiness. It is a complete whole. Previous to the composition of this overture we are not able to point out any instrumental music that rose to the level of the romantic, or was suffused with the master-passion. Mozart's overtures are clean and elegant in the allegros—and the slow movement to the Don Giovanni overture is dark and solemn, without, however, being supernatural in its technics or spirit. Beethoven's three overtures to *Fidelio* are wanting in melody—just like that opera, but they are earnest, vehement, and elaborate as well. All that these overtures show, and a new creation of thought, besides, the *Der Freischütz* overture exhibits. It is so complete that it loses nothing by comparison with any composition made for improved instruments of this day.

The supreme merit of the vocal part of *Der Freischütz* is the unerring accuracy of the characterization. The hunting music is not only the chase all over, but more beautiful strains than ever fox-hunting or boar-killing were entitled to before. The demoniacal drinking song of Caspar,—was a new world of temper and instrumentation as well. The orchestral coloring of the tenor (the lover's) aria—where Zamiel appears behind him—has no antedate; and the aria of its kind is the finest ever written. The scena and cavatina of Agatha is altogether more impassioned than any previously conceived. The orchestral music to the Wolf's Glen incantation, is the first ghastly, submundane effort of the kind lyrically achieved. The music in the closing scene of *Don Giovanni* is solemn, and the loud utterance on a particular chord when the statue speaks is what it ought to be; but all the composer's procedures are regular. His chords have a grammatical progression, and simply offer the effect of dark, the stately and the possibly terrible according to things of "the earth, earthy." But Weber invades laws and his music becomes unearthly. The owl-screach—the concatenation of harmonic-wise disconnections representing the skeleton-hunters—and the various other responses to the bullet-moulding details are musical marvels. The minor allegro which winds up this general pandemonium business is fierce as ten furies, the harmonic progressions of a portion of it are taken bodily from Mozart's Requiem—but the spirit is changed. Intellectually speaking, the music of the Wolf's Glen scene is as great as the work of Shakspeare, in his Witch-scene. No musical genius before Weber rose to the weird-height of a Shakspeare—our illustration being a comparison of the Sister-Arts of dramatic music and dramatic poetry. Considering how superlative this music is, it is a pity that the stage representation of the Academy the other night was irredeemably bad. Coarse objectivity appeared to detail every point. All the horror of the lost soul, are defiantly exhibited by the composer, but the stage arrangements were beneath criticism. The proper way to exhibit this scene—we do not ask whether it has been so represented—is to place the evocations from the nether world,—gorgons and chimeras dire, in the back-ground, and viewed through a congeries of gauzes. They should be reduced in size also, so as to add to the ideal or dreamy effect.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Letters on Musical Subjects.

IV.

NO MORE PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—A PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY OR EXCLUSIVENESS.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—It is a disagreeable subject, which I have to communicate to you, though it may not be news. A more unpleasant matter, in a musical point of view, could hardly be found than the prospect of having to go without the "Philharmonic Concerts" next winter. It is really a calamity. Mr. ZERRAHN, after having, by his enterprise, laid all music-loving Bostonians and suburbans under a deep obligation to himself, is brought to the necessity of discontinuing these concerts. Why? Simply because he does not find the support, necessary to encourage him to go on. Now this is too bad for Boston. And there does not seem to be any prospect, after a trial so long, after a musical experience so gratifying, of making the financial result any more satisfactory to the *entrepreneur*. If, the next season, the noble Music Hall is to remain empty on those evenings, looked forward to with so much pleasure; if the ovations brought to the noble spirit of Beethoven, embodied in his statue, as it calmly looks down from its height, are to be left off: Boston may hide her diminished head, and give up her claim to the title of the "modern Athens," as far as music is concerned, at least.

This must not be. This calamity must be averted. It is impossible to imagine a season in Boston without orchestral concerts. And yet, unless we find a remedy, we shall surely have to submit to this unpleasant reality.

Now the question is simply this: Is there in Boston a sufficient number of persons who, for the love of music, are willing to pay a small sum annually, to keep up these concerts?

In the face of very conclusive facts, drawn from

past experience of concert-givers, almost against my own conviction, I am willing to hope, there are. For there is an element active in Boston society which has often filled me, as it will every one, coming from abroad, with an enthusiastic admiration. I mean a liberality of private individuals, almost unparalleled in the history of civilization, where interests of art, of science, of education, of the public good, are at stake. The nations of the old world are accustomed to look to their governments for measures of internal improvement. To any one coming here from the other side of the Atlantic, it is a noble spectacle, to see institutions of the highest importance to the welfare of the people, of the greatest value for the progress of civilization, called into existence by the munificence of private citizens. If you will for a moment think of the importance of a public library for the masses, or of the benefit accruing to science from the foundation of a Museum of Zoology, it must strike even you, who have grown up in this country, as something extraordinary, to see institutions, endowed so liberally, rise over night as it were, by the quiet action of public-spirited men. These are the more striking examples, because more publicly known. But if you follow the working of the tendency, to improve the masses by the help extended to scientific institutions; if you see how one single man gives a collection of engravings to the value of \$30,000 or 40,000 to Harvard College, how a near relation of this benefactor gives the magnificent sum of \$25,000 to the same College for the purchase of books, unconditionally; if you look at the many gifts of others for the same purpose: you cannot help sharing the admiration for a city, that counts such men among her citizens—for a city, that nourishes sentiments leading to such deeds. We Germans have often been ridiculed for the living in and striving for ideas. The philosophic tendency for the *Ideal*, which is rightly ascribed to the Germans, the endeavor to set forth and elucidate a conduct of life, which comes nearest to perfection in man, has made them the laughing-stock of the English before Carlyle. But if anywhere this tendency, to further and make living that same ideal of human progress, has been made *practical* by the action of the people themselves, it certainly has been done here in Boston.

And this is the reason why I hope, the noble cause of music will not be deserted. I feel how unnecessary it would be, to prove to you or any of those, that love the best in music as in literature or art, how important an harmonic cultivation of all the faculties of the mind and the heart is to any one, that strives after the ideal of cultivation. It is just as unnecessary to prove, that progress in science or art is attainable only by the constant study and contemplation of the master-works of human genius. In other words, we are agreed, that without the best books, the best paintings and statues, the best music, we could not sustain our taste high and pure. And thus we need not say another word of the necessity of those concerts for the furtherance and upholding of taste in music.

This being a point settled between us, it remains to find a means, by which to continue them. For Mr. Zerrahn is determined not to run the risk again of losing by his concerts. He will not undertake them again on his own responsibility.

After talking the matter over with prominent Artists and some Art-loving friends, there appear to be three ways of securing to us the benefit and pleasure resulting from these concerts.

The first would seem to be the foundation of a society among the musicians themselves, which, electing their own conductor and other officers, and making up their own programmes of the highest order, would *solely* keep in view the furtherance of that art, to which they have devoted themselves. They would then, being the active members of the society, come forward and offer to the public an opportunity of

aiding them in their endeavor, by becoming passive members, on payment of a small sum, say five dollars a year. This would give two tickets to the subscriber, and, should he be the head of a family, would entitle its members to tickets for the concerts at reduced prices. One principal feature ought to be the admission of ladies as members, if they desire to become such. In society here, the ladies by force of their very nature take a prominent part in all that is good and noble. They have done many a valiant deed in the cause of the Ideal. They ought, therefore, to be independent members of a society, formed for the cultivation of the Ideal, as manifested in music. Their influence in *causing* fathers, husbands, brothers, cousins to become members would be very great and beneficial.

This plan would ensure the best of programmes, harmonious action, and ambition to do their best among the active members. A fair remuneration should be paid to the conductor, who ought to be Mr. Zerrahn, than whom no one among us seems to be better fitted for the office. The rest of the subscription money is to go to the musicians, to be used by them as they think best. There ought to be, at least two public rehearsals to each concert, free to the members. This would educate them practically for the understanding of the best music, and would materially increase their interest.

This seems to be the best because the most natural way. It seems fit, that they should take the subject in hand, who give all their energies to the propagation of the art of music. Many important results might follow to them, aside from the pecuniary remuneration. By instituting a reading-room they might keep themselves informed of all the new movements in the theory and practice of music. By their united strength they might supply their reading-room with the principal German, French and English art-papers, which are too high cost for a single person to think of keeping even the most necessary. They might buy the latest books on the subject of music, which a single person has generally no opportunity of getting and studying. A new impulse would be given to the ideal tendency in their art, and, by being drawn nearer together, an exchange of ideas might result, beneficial to all.

As to the funds necessary for such an undertaking, they would need to be large. Making a very liberal calculation the performers ought to receive at least \$8.00 to \$10.00 for the concert inclusive of four rehearsals which would amount to say \$400 to \$500. One hundred dollars to the conductor seems much; but considering the time, study and labor to be spent in rehearsals and concert, I think it would not be too much. The hall and door-keepers would cost about \$80, and putting down the cost of advertising at \$50, one concert would cost \$630 to \$730. This is a very liberal margin and it is most probable, that the cost might be lessened materially. Still, taking this as the standard, six concerts would cost \$3780 to \$4380.

Now it seems, there might be found one thousand persons, who at the low price of five dollars should wish to enjoy six concerts of the highest order. And I have no doubt, that if the ladies, as they are wont to do, lend their hearty support to the work and somebody takes the canvassing in hand actively, a few weeks would be sufficient to secure the concerts for the next season.

Should this plan fail, there seems to remain but one other means of securing good concerts, viz: the clubbing together of all the lovers of the best music, subscribing liberally, say, *ten* dollars for the season of six concerts, for which they might have two or three season tickets, engaging the orchestra and conductor with the understanding, that only the very best music should be performed. Persons of greater acquaintance with the music-loving people of Boston and vicinity think, four or five hundred

people might be found, willing to expend that sum for the advantages resulting from concerts of that kind. In this case I should be in favor of the strict exclusiveness. No ticket ought to be sold for single concerts; and persons, not subscribers, could get in only by the kindness of a subscriber. Tickets might be transferable.

In both these cases programmes of the first order could be secured, and we could rigidly exclude anything not written by Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Handel, Haydn, Gluck, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Schubert, Schumann, &c. And we might have concerts then as delightful, excellent and chaste as the readings of Mrs. Kemble were in their sphere. Of the third plan in my next letter; and since this is long enough already, I will close. I once more express the confident hope, that with the all-powerful aid of the ladies one of these projects will be carried out, and knowing that yourself will do your best in your circle, I am as ever, your friend,

G. A. SCHMITT.

Cambridge, March 10th, 1860.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 17, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. Continuation of W. STERNDALE BENNETT's Cantata: "The May Queen."

Concerts.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—The programme of the seventh chamber concert, (Tuesday evening,) offered two points of unusual interest, and the new hall in Bumstead place was quite well filled.

1. Quintet in C, op. 8.....Vincenz Lachner
First movement.
2. Aria from Tancredi, "Di tanti palpiti,".....Rossini
Miss Washburn.
3. 12th Quartet, in E flat, op. 127.....Beethoven
Maestoso and Allegro—Adagio. Molto cantabile—Scherzo—
Finale, Allegro.
(First time in Boston.)
4. "Ah Quel Giorno," Scena from Semiramide,.....Rossini
Miss Washburn.
5. Grand Quintet in C, op. 163,.....Franz Schubert.
Allegro—Moderato—Scherzo—Finale, Allegretto.
(With two Violoncellos).

The Allegro movement by Lachner made a pleasant opening; the music has a clear and limpid flow, and, if not strikingly original, is genial and enjoyable.

The feature of most interest and novelty was the Beethoven Quartet, the first of those formidable last six, dedicated to the Russian prince Galitzin, which we have always heard of as being so difficult and strange, many not hesitating to pronounce them crazy; but, like the ninth symphony, which this op. 127 follows immediately in the order of publication (with the intervention only of some Bagatelles), these Quartets have won their way among intelligent music-lovers who have really become acquainted with them, and are held among the most significant and interesting, the most purely imaginative of the deaf man's wonderful tone-poems. What shall we say of it? What can we after a single hearing? Except that we listened with increasing wonder and a strange delight as its successive movements passed before us. It must be heard many times to be fairly understood. The Club are surely pledged to play it again in their next concert, for it is mockery to give such a thing only once; we have it as a first sketch, vague outlines wonderfully suggestive; we wait for the completed picture. They have good warrant too for repeating it, in the decided interest and pleasure manifested by the largest part of the audience. We think

many who approached it doubtfully, were more charmed than they had dared to hope. And this speaks well for the zeal with which it had been studied and the clear, smooth manner in which (considering its difficulties) it was rendered by the performers. Chief among these difficulties and characteristic of the composition, is the intricate combination of all sorts of fine rhythmical divisions in the little figures and tone-groups. Each of the four parts sometimes takes a shape and motion of its own, differing from the rest, yet all mingling and blending into a whole which you can no more describe or analyze than you can the various shoots and currents of gauzy light which make up the Aurora, or the thousand little separate streams into which a brook divides as it runs over rocks. This is particularly the case in the variations of the theme of the Adagio Cantabile. But pray let us hear it again!

Schubert's Quintet, with two violoncellos, we enjoyed more than last year. It abounds in peculiarly rich harmony and striking modulation; the ideas are truly Schubertish; and the whole work carries you along with that elated and imaginative enthusiasm which so readily possessed the composer. Very novel and impressive were the deep harmonies of the Trio, or rather episode, in the Scherzo. The second movement, too, is very interesting; the finale light, almost quickstep-ish, but with a spontaneous grace of its own by no means commonplace.

The vocal debutante of the evening, Miss WASHBURN, is a pupil of Sig. BENDELARI, who accompanied her at the piano. She has a very large and powerful mezzo soprano voice, cultivated to quite a high point of execution. The quality of tone not particularly sympathetic, and the rendering of the Rossini recitative and florid melody more mechanically exact, than vitally expressive. Probably some allowance must be made for timidity in a first appearance; her voice, too, seems one fitted to do its best work in one of the largest halls.

But one more concert of the series remains; which will take place on Tuesday evening, March 27.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—The last two Afternoon Concerts have been under the ban of black March weather. The Symphony last week was Beethoven's No. 2, ever welcome, and the overture was Auber's *Fra Diavolo*.

Last Wednesday, Haydn's rather humdrum Symphony, called the "Surprise,"—the only ground for surprise being that it should so often be allowed to occupy the place of things more appetizing—was repeated "by request." Mendelssohn's highly illustrative overture, founded on a little poem by Goethe: *Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt* (Becalmed at sea and happy voyage), was the interesting feature of the programme. A potpourri from the *Huguenots*, a nice waltz by Lanner, the Romanza from *L'Eclair*, for flute and English horn, (Messrs. ZOEHLE and RIBAS), and Zerrahn's "Sicilian Vespers" Quadrilles, made the balance of the entertainment.

These Afternoon Concerts are doing much good, and are sure to send many people home both happier and better every pleasant Wednesday afternoon. With the next we shall have had already twenty of them this season. We see no reason why they should not be continued even into July.

The Diarist Abroad.

NOTES. (BERLIN, FEB. 1860.)

I. The extracts from the new novel by Miss BREWSTER I find decidedly interesting, exhibiting no ordinary depth of thought and feeling upon the divine art. But who is meant by De Lanz? If the Russian, Lenz, I am sorry to see one so well able to write upon music herself, giving us instead of her own thoughts and ideas, the sayings of that shallow, windy, wordy writer, whose books throughout Germany are unsaleable lumber. Again, how can she, writing in English and for an English speaking public, excuse herself for continually employing terms, which are but the relics of a barbarous age in music, and which have been discarded for centuries by the forty millions who speak German, and the fifty millions who speak English? I mean such as these—"exquisite waltz of Chopin in *Re bémol major*," "with a run up to Si bémol," "concerto in Mi mineur," "Mozart's sonate in Ut," "romance of this composer in Mi bémol," and "partition":—doubtless I can find at the music store, possibly in some of my various dictionaries the means of finding out the English of all this, and should do it if I was reading a French work; but how many persons in all the United States—natives—can make it out, except the very few, who have studied music in France or Italy, or have had a foreign teacher at home?

II. The story of Haydn's "Farewell Symphony" as given upon Zerrahn's programme and copied into the Journal of Music of Jan. 14, is as it was often told before Haydn's death. In the last years of his life he was several times asked to give the facts in relation to it. His own story was this, as noted down by a gentleman, who visited him in his little two-story house in the Gumpendorf suburb:—

When prince Esterhazy was building his new palace at Esterhazy, the accommodations were so limited that he took with him from Eisenstadt only a few of the virtuosos of his orchestra, with Haydn, to amuse him evenings with music. When the time came to return to Eisenstadt, the prince announced that his stay would be prolonged two months. The musicians were young men mostly if not all with families, and the stay had already been so long that they were exceedingly uneasy and desirous of returning to their young wives and children. Indeed Haydn seems to intimate that the order to remain was a joke of the Prince, who delighted in fun. Now came the poor fellows all east down to their leader: "Oh, Haydn, you must find some way to change the prince's mind," &c., &c. Haydn knew that it would only add to the joke should any formal application be made for leave to return, and reasons for it given. But he too had wit, and hit upon the expedient of writing a *sextet*, in which one after another blew out his candle and left the room, leaving the Prince's favorite violinist to end the piece, knowing that Esterhazy would remain until the last note. The musicians remained together in an ante-room, through which the prince passed after the piece. He laughed as he saw Haydn and said to him: "I have understood it, tell the gentlemen, we will leave to-morrow for Eisenstadt."

It is possible that I may not have given the story translated literally from the original—as that is at this present writing several hundred miles away—the point however is that the work was not originally a symphony, and was not called out by an intention on the part of Esterhazy to discharge his orchestra.

III. Now a note or two in addition to what I have at former times said of Madame ZIMMERMANN, and her musical institute—for it has become quite an interesting affair for me.

Madame Zimmermann married early in life a painter of that name, who, four weeks after marriage, when upon an artistic tour in Switzerland, was drowned while bathing, leaving her in good circumstances pecuniarily, though almost crushed by the

terrible blow which had fallen upon her. She was known in society as a very fine singer, possessing not only a good voice, but an excellent school. In process of time, she, as a means of employing her mind, of having something to do, took two young girls gratis as pupils and taught them to sing, until their execution of Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater* attracted attention. By and by she had the misfortune to lose her property, and her instructions in music became a means of subsistence. Her pupils increased in number, and their performance of Mendelssohn's "Choruses for Nuns" attracted the composer's attention, and led him to add the weight of his good opinion to the reputation which she had already earned as a teacher. From the beginning she had made it a point to have her pupils assemble regularly for choral performances. Some twenty years since a youth came to her, bringing a note from Dehn, asking her to do something, if possible, for the young man, a pupil of his of great talent, but in sadly straitened circumstances. This was Theodore de Witt, of whom a biographical sketch may be found in an older volume of the *Journal of Music*. Madame Zimmermann at once engaged him to conduct her weekly music meetings, though he was but eighteen years old. As the choir was composed of female voices alone, and music suitable for it was not to be found in any great quantities, here was a fine opportunity for the young man to exercise himself in a difficult branch of composition, one which he did not neglect, and Mad. Z. assures me that the many unprinted manuscripts by De Witt, which she possesses, contain music of rare beauty. De Witt remained with her some ten or eleven years, when his health failed so utterly that nothing but the climate of Italy could give any hope of escape from imminent death. She accordingly invited Meyerbeer to hear some of his compositions. The result was that the veteran composer recommended the young man to the King as a worthy claimant for his bounty. Frederick William made him a present of 100 Louis d'ors, and gave him a pension of some \$400 annually, to enable him to live and study old church music at Rome.

For a short time after De Witt left, Dehn himself took charge of her choral meetings, but this was not his forte, and he was glad to make way for Professor Grell, now director of the Sing Akademie, in case he could be persuaded to undertake it. "Grell is worth twenty of me for this," said Dehn, "but he will never take hold of the work." However, Mad. Zimmermann wrote a note to the old professor, who, after hearing her pupils sing, agreed at once to come to her once a week, on one condition. "What is that?" "That I may come gratis,"—a condition which naturally did not prevent the contract.

As her institute is now organized, Tuesday and Thursday evenings the pupils meet under the lead of Radecke. Thursday afternoons, from 5 to 7, under Grell. At these meetings are often most distinguished artists, as Clara Schumann, David, of Leipzig, and so on. For private lessons, Mad. Z. charges about a dollar of our money. For pupils who board with her the charge is 400 thalers (\$300) for everything. An additional thaler per month is paid by those who belong to the chorus, which goes to Radecke. Among the young ladies—and I mention this to show in what circle of society Mad. Z. finds her pupils—most of whom I see at these meetings, are the daughters of the celebrated preacher Jonas, lately deceased, the daughters of the chaplain of the English embassy, Minister Simons, Count Schwerin, and so forth. One thing delights me in her teaching; she will allow of no *tremolo*, no wiggled-voiced women for her!

A. W. T.

Musical Chit-Chat.

What shall be done against another winter to make sure of orchestral concerts in a city which loves Beethoven's Symphonies so well as Boston? They must be permanently organized and made an institution. We need a Philharmonic Society. In another column Mr. Schmitt has given us a portion of his ideas; many plans will be suggested; we shall entertain them all, discuss them and try to aid in arriving at the right conclusion. Meanwhile there is one thing to be done immediately, one thing which it

would be ungrateful in a Boston public not to do, and which we are happy to learn is already taken in hand and will be done; and that is the arrangement of a grand Complimentary Concert to Mr. ZERRAHN, to whose enterprise we owe all our good orchestral music for some years past, and who is now forced to retire from the field by actual failure of remunerative patronage. Let the concert be a real festival. Doubtless the Handel and Haydn Society, Orphans, and others will lend their aid, and it will be just the time to renew the splendors of the Choral Symphony; no year should pass without at least one hearing of it.

What pleasanter thing in prospect can we have than a concert by the ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB, in the Bumstead Hall, to-night! The very talented young pianist, Mr. LEONHARD, will assist, and the programme will include some of their best part-songs, including a couple by Robert Franz, as well as solos. . . . Saturday night next week, in the same place, Mr. B. J. LANG, being about to visit Europe, will give a farewell concert. One feature in his programme will be the union of brother artists with him in the performance of those pieces for eight hands, on two pianos, which made such a sensation in the concert for Mr. Trenkle last year. . . . Still they come. On the following Saturday, March 31, Mr. JULIUS EICHBERG will give a concert, also in the Bumstead Hall; his name is always a guaranty of good music. . . . There was "Haymaking" again in the Tremont Temple Wednesday evening; Mr. Root's very popular Cantata had again its two thousand admirers. The *Courier* tells us:

The principal parts were taken by Mrs. Heywood, Miss D. P. Pearson, Miss Susie Whitehouse, Mr. C. R. Adams, Mr. Bartlett and Mr. Gove. The chorus has been reduced to thirty and its effectiveness increased thereby, and although more than once terribly out of tune last night, the performance was generally satisfactory. The imitations of barn-yard fowls excited great merriment, and the young and small gentleman distinguishing himself in this department, made a feature of his performance.

The soloists were warmly applauded, Miss Pearson was twice encored, and this very pleasing and skilful vocalist never appeared to better advantage than on that evening. She exhibits a thorough knowledge of her art.

Messrs. E. & G. G. Hook, of this city, have just completed a very large Church Organ—one of the largest and finest of their many noble works—for the Church of the Holy Trinity in Philadelphia. The following is a schedule of its contents:

It has three Manuals, each of which extends from C₂ to G₄ in alt., fifty-six notes; and a Pedale of two octaves, from C₁ to C₃, twenty-five notes, comprising in all thirty-four speaking stops and ten mechanical stops, and has upwards of two thousand pipes.

The plan of the Organ is very complete. The Swell extends the whole compass of Manuals, and nearly all the Stops run through. The Case is built of chestnut in the Norman style, from a design by J. NORMAN, Esq., of Phila., the Architect of the Church and is in harmony with the edifice.

It is thirty-one feet high, twenty-five feet wide, eleven feet deep, and contains the following Stops:—

GREAT ORGAN.—Double Open Diapason. Grand Open Diapason. Gamba. Stopped Diapason Bass. Melodia. Night Horn. Principal. Twelfth. Fifteenth. Sesquialtra. Mixture. Trumpet. Clarion.

CHOIR ORGAN.—Open Diapason. Eolian. Dulciana. Stopped Diapason. Gemshorn. Flute à Cheminée. Piccolo. Viol d'Amour. Clarinet.

SWELL ORGAN.—Bourdon Bass. Bourdon Treble. Open Diapason. Stopped Diapason. Principal. Violin. Fifteenth. Cornet. Viol di Gamba. Flautoy. Trumpet Bass. Trumpet Treble.

PEDALE.—Double Open Diapason. Double Dulciana. Double Stopped Diapason. Violoncello.

German papers announce the death of that great singer and actress, Madame SCHROEDER-DEWIENT, whose name is so associated with Beethoven's *Fidelio*, and who in great lyric parts is said to have been "terribly in earnest." She was born in 1805.

For the last three weeks Messrs. Simmons & Wilcox, of this city, have been engaged in building a new Organ in the King's Chapel, in place of the one which has been in use in that church for upwards of a century. During this period the choir has been obliged to perform the usual church music without accompaniment.

Everybody who has had any experience in singing church music, knows how much practice and training is requisite to enable a quartet to keep up the pitch, during long pieces of concerted music, especially where frequent and difficult modulations occur. Yet this choir, consisting of Misses WHITEHOUSE and CLOUTMAN, and Messrs. BALL and ADAMS, have succeeded in doing this in a manner that has been at once the wonder and admiration of all their hearers, while their execution of long and somewhat elaborate *Te Deums*, with frequent changes from minor to major and the reverse, has filled many listeners with delight. Great credit is due not only to the singers themselves, but to their conductor, Mr. FRANK HOW-

ARD, himself the author of much excellent church music. We doubt if there are many choirs capable of equal success.

Music Abroad.

VIENNA.—The members of the royal opera orchestra have given four Philharmonic Concerts since the first of January. . . . Salvi's Italian Opera, at the Theatre an der Wien, opened the season with Rossini's "Siege of Corinth"; prime donne, Mmes. La Grua and Lafon; all the seats already taken for the season. *Norma*, *Semiramide*, (with Alboni,) and *Favorita* followed. . . . *Il Trovatore* has been produced at the Royal Opera in German. . . . At the second concert of the Sing-academie, Allegri's *Miserere* was performed; but expectations of its wonderful effect were disappointed; this is found only in the Sistine chapel at Rome. Much more impressive were a couple of choruses by Bach. The Hallelujah from Handel's *Deborah*, Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion*, Esser's *Geistliches Abendlied*, Julius Mayer's "Cradle Song," and Schumann's choruses: *Ungewisses Licht*, and *Haidenröslein*, made out the remainder of the programme.

FRANZ WILD, the famous German tenor, died in Vienna, Jan. 1. We translate from a German paper:

"He was born in 1792 at Hollabrunn, in Lower Austria, commenced his career quite early as a choir boy, and went over to the Theatre in 1811. For thirty-six years, till 1847, he continued on the stage, during all which time he never took subordinate or even second parts, since his powerful, sonorous tenor voice was true to him to an advanced age. After retiring into private life for about ten years, he was suddenly seized with an impulse to come before the world again, and the veteran of sixty-six years, as a singer of *Lieder* in concerts, won not only a *succès d'estime*, but real triumphs. His tone had still the freshness of his best days, and, since his art and method were preserved, he could not but please in spite of his gray hairs. Wild's voice was a low tenor; in his later years the highest tones gave out one by one; while the middle and lower registers retained their broad and marrowy sound. The powerful chest tone of Wild's organ was a great rarity among German tenors. The man was thoroughly musical, both as a singer formed upon an excellent method, and as the representative of certain parts full of fire and fervor. He was especially successful in the expression of passion and defiant strength, these finding a support in his heroic organ. His figure was small, but regular, his face expressive, his bearing noble. Many who heard him sing songs, wondered that he did not still keep to the stage, since his voice was so beautiful and sounded still so youthful. They did not know how little his voice could be relied on; one day he had his full voice, and the next day his strength would forsake him. Wild was an energetic old man, sympathizing, and fond of telling of his past life." (He is said to have left an autobiography, which will soon appear). "In his earlier years he was distinguished for his defiant resolution, which he had not wholly lost in his old age. With his savings he was able to keep house, and pass the evening of his life free from care. He was followed to the grave by artists, actors, musicians and lovers of music. But a few days before his death he is said to have sung Schubert's Serenade in a circle of friends most beautifully."

At the Kärnthnertheater new operas by Alex. Dreyschock and Randhartiger have been produced. . . . Mme. Clara Schumann gives a series of subscription concerts this winter, and is to take up her permanent abode in Vienna and give instruction.

PRAGUE.—Offenbach's operetta: "Orphans in the Infernal Regions" pleased much on its first per-

formance....Dreyschock, on his return from Vienna, Jan. 6, gave a brilliant concert, with the orchestra of the Conservatoire....Meyerbeer's *Pardon de Plüemel* was in preparation at the theatre.

KONIGSBERG.—Herr Mortier de Fontaine, the pianist, gave recently a soirée, in which he played two trios of Beethoven, op. 70, the Sonata, op. 110, by the same, Bach's A minor fugue, and a scherzo by Mendelssohn, with the aid of other artists. An air from Handel's *Rinaldo*, and songs by Schubert and Schumann were sung.

HALLE.—On the 13th of January, the third concert of the *Berggesellschaft* (Miner's Society,) took place under the direction of Robert Franz. Among the larger instrumental pieces were Gade's Symphony in A minor, and Spohr's overture to *Jessonda*. Fr. Dunneman sang an air from *Iphigenia*, Mendelssohn's concert aria and "Spring-song," and Mozart's "Violet," with great acceptance.

WEIMAR.—The papers say that Liszt is soon to leave his Goethe-like position here forever. As to which way he will turn, reports differ. Some say that this morning of "the Future" is about to dawn on Rome; others, that he is to take some musical position at the court of Munich; others, that he is to be capellmeister at the Royal Theatre in Berlin, since Meyerbeer scarcely exercises the duties of that office, but spends most of his time in Paris.

PARIS.—(From Correspondence of the London Musical World, Feb. 8.)—Two new operatic works have been brought out, or, rather, one is announced, and the other brought out, to vary the bill of fare offered lately to the playgoing portion of the Parisian world. The one brought out is the *Roman d'Elvire* of Ambroise Thomas, at the Opéra-Comique. The other is the *Phlémon et Baucis* of M. Charles Gounod, at the Théâtre Lyrique. The parts are thus distributed: Baucis, Madame Mielan-Carvalho; Une Bacchante, Mlle. Marie Sax; Jupiter, M. Bataille; Vulcain, M. Balanqué; Phlémon, M. Fromant. The Bouffes-Parisiens announces also its *Révue de Carnaval*, preceded by an operetta entitled *Bonne Etoile* by Léo Delibes.

The Société des Concerts du Conservatoire have decided that the election of a new leader of the orchestra shall be adjourned till the general assembly (which takes place every year after the concerts are over), and the committee have begged M. Filmant to preside over the meetings of 1860. On Sunday the 5th the second concert took place.

A correspondent of the *Evening Gazette*, "Jack Rugby," gives a pleasant description of Richard Wagner and the impression he is making in Paris. The letter is dated Feb. 16.

He has given three grand concerts at the Italian Opera, and the musical world has been enabled to judge for itself of the merits of the "music of the future." A short time before his public appearance, his overture to "Tannhäuser" had been carefully studied, and rehearsed by the Conservatoire. It was rejected as unfit, and the maestro resolved to take the responsibility upon his own shoulders and satisfy the curiosity of all interested in his struggles. His programme, composed entirely of his own works, comprised the overture to the "Phantom ship," three pieces from "Tannhäuser"—the entrance of the guests into Wartburg, chorus; the pilgrimage of Tannhäuser to Rome, chorus; and the overture, the instrumental introduction to "Tristan and Isolde," a new work, by some considered Wagner's best; the introduction, wedding march, and epithalamium in "Lohengrin," the two latter with chorus, and a song the "Evening Star," from "Tannhäuser." Crowded houses listened to his three concerts, and the applause was copious, and satisfactory.

Richard Wagner, who is about 47 years of age, is a tall, lean, dry man in general appearance, like a country schoolmaster, or a methodist parson. His head is large, the forehead very widely developed, his hair dark, and brushed back a la chinoise, if the expression may be applied to a man's coiffure. His eyes are small, and he wears spectacles. The lower part of his face is narrow, the mouth small and receding, but his chin is square and represents considerable firmness. He is timid in his manner, and very

childish in the expression of his delight at applause, turning his back to the audience and clapping his hands with great glee. When facing the audience, he seems somewhat desirous of preserving a sober countenance, but his joy, in acknowledging the approbation of his public, is with difficulty restrained. He endeavors to push the rising smile back into the innermost recesses of his being, by crooking the first finger of his left hand and laying it upon his lips, a favorite gesture with him, and one that gives him a very profound and magisterial appearance. His orchestra was large, numbering about 200, and his chorus sufficiently full for the requirements of his concert. He conducted without notes, and from the very first strain, it was evident that he is a remarkable leader. It is rare to see such extraordinary attention to minute details of execution, such plasticity of an orchestra, such wonderful light and shade, as that which he was enabled to exhibit by the magic power which seemed to animate his bâton. The orchestra sang as one voice; its sound rose and fell as if Wagner was performing himself upon all the instruments at once; it was wonderful to witness a couple of hundred men scrimmaging away with such unity. And Wagner seemed to do it all with his little white stick. The overture to the "Phantom Ship," was a musical resume of the whole legend of the "Flying Dutchman." I think that it did not, as a whole, please. It seemed to me that the applause it elicited was rather bestowed from motives of astonishment at the orchestral efforts, and the impression of great masses of sonorous harmony, than from any sentiment of pleasure at a new and striking melody. Such was my impression at least, at the first concert. At the second it pleased me more. The selections from "Tannhäuser" were more generally liked. The march of the guests at Wartburg, and chorus, being interrupted by applause, and at the second concert rapturously encored. The overture to Tannhäuser was intensely effective, and the song, Evening Star, admirably sung by Lefort, highly applauded and encored. "Tristan and Isolde," in which the struggles of a young couple against an illicit love, with the ultimate defeat of the lovers by their unholy passion, are depicted, fell into the category of the Phantom Ship overture. It did not take readily with the audience; but the comparative coldness which greeted this piece was amply compensated for by the delight with which the selections from Lohengrin were received. The introduction, I can only describe as a symphonic dream of hashchish; the applause was not noisy, but the impression none the less profound. The chorus was badly drilled, and failed to give the effect to the music of which it is capable. However, these matters were improved at the second concert, and the vocal concerted pieces received their meed of approbation. Of course opinions were greatly divided, and between the parts, there was much loud talking in the lobbies, both pro and con.

FLORENCE.—A correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune*, Feb. 4, writes:

On Sunday last, Miss Chapman, of Boston, made her début before an Italian audience, at a concert of the Philharmonic Society, and was favorably received. She sang a "Padre Nostro," words by Dante, and music by Professor Biaggi. With the poetry certainly no fault can be found, but Biaggi has made a miserable attempt at sacred music. The composition was executed fully as well as its merits deserved. Nature has endowed Miss Chapman with a fine face, person and voice. It is to be hoped that Art in which she is yet a novice will finish satisfactorily that which has been so well begun. The young lady has many well wishers. Wonderful was the piano-forte performance of Buonamici, a lad of twelve. His execution of Thalberg's Fantasias upon motives from the operas of "Lucrezia Borgia" and "Elisir d'Amore," passed understanding. Already he possesses great power and a surprising delicacy of touch. Young Buonamici, whose personage is likewise pleasing, is without doubt destined to become a star of the first magnitude in the musical firmament. The Philharmonic orchestra, composed as it is of admirable artists, interprets Beethoven and the German masters in a masterly manner. It is not true that Italians dislike classical music, and fail to render it understandingly. Never have I heard better performances of the German classics than at the matinees musicales given once a fortnight by Giovachini, the celebrated violinist, to his friends. All is done "con amore," and from solos to octettes there is little left to be desired in appreciation of the musical sentiment. The piano is generally entrusted to ladies, dilettanti of much talent. A Russian princess sang at one of these matinees, with good style and execution, though possessing a voice of very limited power.

Special Notices.

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The Moss-grown Cot. Song and Chorus.

T. B. Bishop. 25

A graceful, singable melody, with sufficient originality to make it attractive.

Swifter than the swallow's flight. Song.

Emile Berger. 25

Why don't he tell me so? Song. " " 25

These two compositions of a new London song writer have found special favor with the English public, and deserve to be widely known.

Only waiting. Song and Chorus. W. T. Tinsley. 25

An old man in a workhouse was asked what he was doing. His reply was, "Only waiting." This incident has furnished the theme of a neat and pretty little poem, to which a taking melody has been added.

O gloriosa domina, in D. 4 voices. Lambillotte. 50

Tantum ergo, in F. " " 50

The sacred compositions of the Abbé Lambillotte have enjoyed the greatest possible popularity among the Catholic choirs of France, his native country. They are very melodious, well calculated to display the voice and easy to be sung.

Where the rippling streamlet flows. Duet.

Stephen Glover. 50

As the old compositions of this favorite author become too familiar to please any longer, he takes care to furnish new ones to take their places in the favor of the public. This duet is eminently pleasing, and can be strongly recommended.

Instrumental Music.

Shooting Stars. (Les Etoiles filantes.) Caprice poetique.

Alfred Quidant. 40

After the "Etude Galop" of this composer has met such immense success, amateurs will be curious to make the acquaintance of another work of his, which enjoys an almost equal celebrity abroad. This Caprice is different in style from the well-known dashing Galop but not less interesting, effective and original.

The Exile and the Swallow. Nocturne.

E. Gregoir. 25

Everybody knows a charming piece by Croisez, portraying the cheerful twittering and chirping of a swallow and the doleful lay of a prisoner who listens to it in his dreary solitude. This Nocturne has a similar subject. An exile from his native country observes the swallows flying towards it, and expresses his feelings in a beautiful, sad melody.

Austrian Tattoo Polka.

B. Sel. 25

A military Polka of much spirit, which has been a great favorite with the dancing public through this season.

Dreams on the Ocean, Waltzes, for Violin and Piano.

J. Gungl. 35

One of the best of modern German waltzes. The arrangement is original.

Books.

250 EASY VOLUNTARIES AND INTERLUDES. For the Organ, Melodeon, Seraphine, &c. By John Zundel. 1,50

This volume contains twelve opening voluntaries, and two hundred and thirty-nine interludes. It is superior as a collection of good organ music and furnishes, at a very low price, a great variety from which the beginner can select, and old players, even, find exceedingly useful.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 416.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1860.

VOL. XVI. No. 26.

Translated for this Journal.

Mozart's Magic Flute.

BY A. OULIBICHEFF.

(Concluded from page 403.)

The consecration begins. We see before us the as yet closed gates of the place appointed for the probations; and here we come suddenly upon the most extraordinary page, perhaps, which anywhere occurs in the most striking works of Mozart. This miracle of composition must be examined with all the attention it deserves. First we give the text:

He, who walks through these paths full of difficulties,
Becomes pure through fire, water, air, and earth.
If he Death's terrors can overcome,
He wings his flight from earth to heaven.
Illumined, then will he be in the state
To dedicate himself entirely to the mysteries of Isis.

The sort of allegory contained in this strophe of six lines is so clear, that it ceases to be an allegory. The way sown with difficulties is life: the reward promised to those who go bravely through it, is the revelation of all the mysteries to which the grave is the key. Pure Christian doctrines and promises.

Mozart, as well as Tamino, found himself at the end of his career. The awful gates, through which none pass but once, were soon to close behind them. And here it must be remarked, that the persons set to sing this text were of a very problematical nature. In the libretto they are briefly styled: *Zwei geharnischte Männer* (two men in armor). They appear with close visors and flaming swords—a title and attributes, which leave a pretty wide field to the imagination. May one not believe he sees in them the shadow of that other phantom, which already draws nigh to announce to Mozart his last hour and to order his last work!

When we consider, that the working up of this piece, the composition of such a text, is wholly unexampled in the annals of the lyric drama, and that it sounds altogether strange in theatre music, we can hardly help supposing that Mozart thought far more of the allegorical sense of the words, than of their direct meaning; i. e., far more of himself than of his opera.

As all religious mysteries have this in common, both with each other, and with most human institutions, that time lends them their most solemn sanctity, so Mozart seems to have considered it of first importance here to awaken in his hearers the feeling of a high antiquity. He went back to the first centuries of music, to find a form of song that answered to this purpose: but instead of imitating the style of those remote epochs, he deemed it a much surer way to choose a melody already in existence, an old choral melody: *Christ, unser Herr, zum Jordan kam*, which is ascribed to Wolf Heinz, a composer of the sixteenth century, who had himself found it probably in the original songs of the Catholic church. Heavens, what a Chorale! The psalmizing at

an extremely mournful funeral, so exceedingly Gothic, so entirely covered up with dust, and running counter to all habits of a modern ear! And in order to heighten this ungracious character of antiquity, the composer has let the Chorale be sung by tenor and bass from beginning to end in octaves. It would not do for any anachronism to creep in between melody and accompaniment. The piece had to represent a form of composition, known from the fifteenth century down, a Choral song in contrapuntal fugues. But since no other voice parts were to be added to the *canto fermo*, but the powers of a full orchestra opposed to it, and since neither the 15th nor the 16th century offered any pattern of instrumental parts worth imitating, Mozart borrowed the thought for his accompaniment from the true founder of this style, from John Sebastian Bach, who, as the Abbé Stadler says, had borrowed it from Heinz. From these various borrowings arose a piece of such effect as neither Heinz, nor Bach, nor any one had ever thought of: an exceedingly romantic and imaginative composition; original, for the very reason that it had been borrowed from another age of music; new, because nothing seemed older than it did; theatrical and illusive in the highest degree, as regards the situation, because it is pure church music; an abstract of all harmonic knowledge; a master-piece of modern instrumentation, and taken as a whole a wonder-work of poetry. Was there ever heard a more mournful psalm-singing than these two voices, strengthened by the roaring voices of the trombones, and supported by the whole choir of wind instruments? The mysterious pair sing on by themselves, while the themes of the fugue, on their side also independent, catch in like the wheels of a watch, which goes on and on, while on its face you see neither hands nor numbers. The terror creeps in slowly into the quartet of strings; it spreads and communicates itself from part to part, runs over from one instrument into another. It winds out from the orchestra like a death lament, which the echoes of the imitation, in dull whisperings, in stifled sobs, bear off into the infinite. The spectacle awakened in the soul's eyes by this strange, dying away music, mingles itself gradually with that on the stage and produces a sort of intellectual phantasmagoria. The dark men take on a resemblance to those forms which one sees lying on the tombs of old knights. They have arisen from their stony bed, to intone an ancient litany; their swords burn in the place of wax tapers. With them the spirit of their age has risen and hovers over the audience; an indescribable feeling of what was, long, long before us, penetrates the soul; and yet we feel, in spite of this sort of magnetic vision or retrospective clairvoyance, which neither the poetry of words nor any other poetry can approach even at a distance,—we feel that impassable interval, which separates us from every extinct life of the past, into which the music introduces us anew. We feel the whole depth of the light, in which it loses itself.

Such was at that time the fearful spell exerted over Mozart by a fixed idea, that even in the theatre, in a Schikaneder opera, and apropos of I know not what sort of absurd mysteries, he suddenly intoned the hymn of the departed with a voice, which never had been heard from him till then, and which seemed to proceed from the grave vaults of a church.

Until now Tamino's magic instrument, the flute, had exercised no influence upon the action of the drama, and had been of no great use to the composer. It had only served in Sarastro's menagerie. But now towards the conclusion of the end, this flute gives, although indirectly, opportunity for a fine lyrical moment. Pamina, who has received permission to share the dangers and the glory of the probation with her lover, finds him at the moment when the fateful gates are about to open. She relates to him in very good declamatory and harmonious expressions, that her father of blessed memory made this flute out of the trunk of an oak a thousand years old, in a Sabbath night, by the flashes of lightning. This melodious talisman is to protect the henceforth inseparable lovers, against death and the terrors which they have to meet on their way. So soon as Pamina has arrived at the last two verses of her lyrical monologue: *Wir wandern durch des Tones Macht*, &c. (We wander through the power of tone), Tamino and the two armed men fall into the text with her, whereby arises a Quartet. The problem, which Mozart seems to have had in mind in this situation, consisted in inquiring under what new point of view the great question of death admitted of being presented, when devotion and faith in a virtuous love (personified in Pamina) and the sublime revelations of harmony (personified in Tamino, the possessor of the magic flute) are supported by the promises of religion. Since he had to celebrate the power of his Art, he developed all its enchantments in a space of two and twenty bars. I will not waste my ink upon admiring comments on this sublime Quartet. One must read it through himself; for music of this sort enchants the eye almost as much as it ravishes the ear.

One thing is to be remarked, which, as it seems to us, proves how much Mozart despised the direct and positive intentions of the libretto. The Chorale, with the fugue and the quartet which followed, were to form nothing but the preface or prospectus to the mysteries of Isis. The poet has saved up these scenes, like stones, for distribution among the spectacle-loving multitude. While therefore Schikaneder is busy in preparing his mysteries, the composer accomplishes his in the score. Already has the music told us all, before we have seen anything; already has the power of harmony revealed all to the hearers, ere Tamino puts the magic instrument to his lips. The moment that the mysteries become visible, they withdraw themselves from the music, which suddenly sinks to utter insignificance, as if in obedience to the machinist's whistle, putting itself upon the same level as the wretched, childish

spectacle. We see the trial in the fire and in the water behind an iron lattice; a revolving sheet of linen; red and yellow painted flames, rising and falling; and then the maestro rests. We hear a meagre flute solo, which nowadays would be a trifle even for beginners; a vocal duet in sweetish thirds; then a noisy *fanfara*, which announces the triumph of the initiates, and frightens the composer out of his nap. That is all.

And now we have room made for the bird-catcher, who is in great haste; for he must first hang himself, then make acquaintance with his wife, and finally commend himself to the good graces of the boxes and parterre. To conduct all this to a good end, we have an aria in 6-8 measure, and a duet on the syllable *Pa*, the initial letters of his worthy name. This aria pleases us better than all that Papageno has sung before. It is even now quite pretty. Happy motives, ingenious intentions, and an accompaniment with *sauce piquante*, which doubtless has been stolen from Mozart by Rossini. The Duet is a sort of child's play, to which a droll text and the comical cut of the rhythm lend a somewhat original sprightliness.

The Queen of the Night, with Monostatos and her three ladies, approaches the temple. A gloomy minor key, an instrumental theme, with a muffled roar like that which precedes a storm, betoken some kind of a catastrophe. A fine ensemble of the voices, answering to this subterranean ferment. The oath of revenge is taken in the voice parts in long and majestic chords, but always amid threatening and admirably sustained orchestral figures. Suddenly a flash of lightning, a musical explosion, out of a heart-rending chord, strikes the Queen and her train, who shriek in unison over their downfall and disappear. Light follows the darkness, a divine harmony the shriek of despair. The chorus of the initiated, which this time is composed of all four parts, greets the new brother in a language which expresses the palingenesian result of the initiation, the shining life of repose, of mildness, of sublime, pure meditation, which the young heir of Sarastro has just won. This concluding chorus contains the hidden sense of the opera, and even alludes to it through its text. Tamino—MOZART—sees the goal of his miraculous career. The difficulties of the way have been great; innumerable and almost surpassing a mortal's powers were the labors which have proved his steadfastness. These difficulties he has overcome; and from these trials he has come forth in a manner that has won him the approval of Him who had sent him among mankind. Glory to the unterrified missionary, peace to the exhausted wanderer!

The Diarist Abroad.

NOTES. (BERLIN, FEB. 1860.)

Dwight's Journal of Feb. 4, brings an extract from Oulibicheff upon Mozart's *Zauberflöte*. I am sorry to see that author ever quoted as an authority in musical biography. I enjoy his sharpness, his earnestness, his enthusiasm, his taste, his exquisite style in his criticisms and descriptions of musical works; but as a writer of the history of the art he is not, nor, under the circumstances in which he wrote, could he be, one on whom, for the minutiae of biography, we can place dependence. He was a man of extremely one-sided views, careless in citing facts, and so under the influence of his pre-conceived notions, that his pictures are but too often colored and shaded by his

fancy, and give an entirely false impression. I suppose the Senate of Massachusetts now in session is composed of as respectable a body of gentlemen as will be found in any Senate chamber in the Union. Yet how easily could a Rembrandt, by a judicious use of lights and shadows, give a view of that airy, light room, which should impress the beholder as a place of secret conclave, and, still retaining the features of those gentlemen, give them the air of savage conspirators, having ruin and death in their minds, instead of the general welfare and public good, for which doubtless they alone strive.

In Oulibicheff's sketch of Beethoven, we have a picture which I hold to be farther from the truth than any ever drawn of the great composer. In this Life of Mozart, he could not get so entirely off the right track, since he confined himself almost exclusively to the materials in Nissen's work, which might well have the old French title "*Memoires pour servir*," &c.

I quote but a sentence or two of the extract from Oulibicheff's book in question, wishing, however, that the reader would peruse the whole once more.

After the Russian's short description of the "Magic Flute," he goes on: "For the first time a prodigious popularity invests this famous name," &c. Again, "They told us, Mozart was the first who made merry (?) over the applause (?) with which his opera was for the most part received; among his intimate companions he almost died with laughing (?)." From Oulibicheff's own authorities, all of which (with the exception of Niemtschek, which he *may* have had) are in the Boston Library, the falsity of the picture which he has made (in the effect it produces upon the mind of the reader) may be easily shown. That Schikaneder was a "Lump" (scamp), as Mozart called him, is true enough; but that Mozart was consciously degrading his talents I have yet to learn. One fact is this, that at that time on the little stages of Vienna Magic operas were the fashion, and Mozart having tried his hand at the other styles of operatic writing, was, so far as we know, on the whole rather pleased at the opportunity of showing his powers in a new sphere. A long translation upon the *Requiem*, from Jahn, which I will send you, will throw light—if only a reflected light—upon the history of Mozart's feelings at the time of the composition of the "Magic Flute." Without going into the task of sifting and arranging authorities on this matter, let Jahn speak—a man whose diligence and judgment in collecting and using materials are astonishing. Schikaneder had known the Mozarts in Salzburg, in 1780, and even then given Wolfgang an occasion to exert his talents as composer. Afterwards he settled in Vienna, and finally obtained possession of the little miserable theatre in the Freyhaus on the Wieden, which, after a while, was on the point of being closed. Now hear Jahn, and compare his careful statement with the Russian's fine fancies.

"This (the theatre above named) now passed into his (Schikaneder's) hands, and, in these narrow quarters, but little better than a booth at a fair, he had the wit to win the Vienna public through low, popular pieces of all kinds, especially comic operas. What he wanted in culture—he a mere natural man to whom even writing and reckoning were difficult—had to be made up by a sound mother-wit, practical experience, and the routine of the stage; his assurance vied with his frivolity and in every extremity he could devise a means of escape. To sensual pleasures he was devoted, to gluttony, drinking, and women, a parasite or prodigal according to circumstances, and not seldom, spite of his large receipts, hardly pressed by creditors.

"On one of these occasions, in the spring of 1791—some go so far as to give May 7th as the date—he had recourse to Mozart, with whom he had renewed the old acquaintance, and declared to him that he was ruined, unless an opera of great attraction

could raise him once more; he had a surpassingly fine subject for a splendid Magic opera, and Mozart was just the man to compose the music. Mozart's irresistible inclination for dramatic music came to the aid of his good-nature and readiness to help anybody, and also, as it was said, the influence of Madame Gerl; he declared himself ready to make the experiment, adding, 'If we have a *malheur*, I can't help it, for I have never written a magic opera.' Thereupon Schikaneder laid before him the text to the 'Magic Flute,' which, however, received its present form only after essential alterations; and, as he knew that Mozart, with all his zeal, was hard to bring to actual writing, he gave up to him the little garden pavilion in the middle of the great court of the Freyhans, and close by the theatre, that he might have him under his constant influence.*

"Here Mozart composed a large part of the 'Magic Flute,' Schikaneder being much at hand to discuss minutiae, to make such alterations as might be necessary and, above all, to see that his own part was suitable for him. He had an insignificant bass voice, with no proper cultivation, had however some musical knowledge, and knew how to sing his songs with broadly comic effect. Thoroughly conscious wherein his power of producing effects lay, he would accept nothing but melodies of simple, popular character, and Mozart had the good nature to rewrite them until he was satisfied. The song, '*Ein Mädchen oder Weibchen*,' he is said, after several attempts, finally to have written from a melody which Schikaneder handed over to him; the duets '*Bei Männern*' and '*Papageno, Papageno*,' are said also to have been rewritten to ideas given by him.†

"Moreover Schikaneder took care to keep his composer in good spirits. He not only had him often for his guest to dine, where the best to eat and drink was not spared, but drew him into the sensual life of that loose and frivolous society which he frequented, and to which that Anton Stadler belonged, who contrived to become intimate with Mozart, and in so rascally a manner misused his good nature. It is easy to see, how the pressure of outward circumstances, the increasing want of his family, the bitterness caused by the mean results of all his exertions, might, for the moment, make Mozart—so excitable, so fond of amusing, lively society—more ready to be drawn into the vortex of that sensual life, to which those with whom he was brought into contact by the opera, were given up—besides, the absence of his wife, who spent this summer in Baden, might have aided in this. Yet, it is only these few months of intercourse with Schikaneder, which have given rise to the exaggerated pictures of Mozart's looseness of life, and undeservedly stained his otherwise unspotted name. (Jahn has proved previously the unsullied purity of Mozart in all respects, for which every real lover of Art will give him hearty thanks. It is a matter of rejoicing that Handel, Bach, Beethoven, also, were not only greater than all their contemporary musicians, but also purer.)

"While Mozart was employed upon the 'Magic Flute,' Da Ponte, who had again left Vienna, sought to induce him to accompany him to London, to join him in the service of the Italian Opera there; but Mozart demanded six months time for the completion

* Within the last few months I have visited the place several times. I was shown a pavilion, as the one; the theatre was closed more than fifty years ago.—A. W. T.

† The substance of two marginal notes by Jahn to this passage is this:—B. F. Becher has called attention to the fact that the song "*Ein Mädchen*," corresponds to a part of the choral, "*Praise thou the Lord, my soul*,"



Alois Fuchs possessed the following autograph:

Dear Wolfgang! Meantime I send back your *Pa-pa-pa*, which seems to me about right. It will do now. This evening we will see each other *bei den bevrunden beweisen* (which I do not understand). Thy, E. SCHIKANEDER.

and production of his opera, to which Da Ponte was unable to consent."

[Passing over the history of the opera *Titus*, and the journey to Prague, I resume the thread of the narrative at the point when the "Magic Flute" is finished.]

"Sept. 28th, Mozart completed the Overture and the March, which serves as the introduction to the second act, and on the 30th, after many rehearsals, which had been conducted by the then very young Capellmeister Henneberger, the first performance took place, at which Mozart himself directed at the pianoforte, and Süssmayer turned over the leaves for him.†

"The success at first was by no means what had been expected, and after the first act Mozart is said to have gone upon the stage pale and confounded to Schikaneder, who sought to comfort him. In course of the second act, the audience recovered from its surprise, and at the close, Mozart was called out. He had hidden himself, and they were obliged to hunt him up, and it was only after strong urging that he consented to appear, certainly not from modesty, for splendid triumphs were not uncommon with him, but from wounded pride, from dissatisfaction with the manner in which the public had seen fit to acknowledge his deserts. At the second performance, next evening, he directed again; thenceforth Henneberger took his place. Schikaneder however persisted in repeating it, and at each performance the applause increased, and very soon the work began to 'draw.' In October it was given twenty-four times."

Here is a plain statement of facts for the reader to compare with the description given by Oulibicheff. I have no fear of the comparison. A. W. T.

† In the autumn I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Castelli, the poet, now quite an old gentleman. Something was said at which I exclaimed, "So, you saw the first performance of the *Magic Flute*?" "Yes," said Castelli, "I was one of the apes."—A. W. T.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Beginning of the End.

(Concluded from page 402.)

We were glad to let our "Bettina" ramble on in her *raptus*, making her bridge of pearls over her deep blue lake of thoughts and feelings,

"Von Perlen baut sich eine Brücke
Hoch über einen grauen See;
Sie baut sich auf im Augenblicke
Und schwindelnd steigt sie in die Hök."

—Schiller.

And mingling with the pearls come sometimes sharp, cutting, flinty fragments, and even bubbles light as air and rainbow-colored, which make us laugh gayly and gladly as children. Such as these bubbles fell from her lips as we entered the concert room, for the crowd was of course suggestive to her, and although high thoughts and sublime communings had just been hers an instant before, with the true many-sidedness of that brilliant crystal genius, she sparkled and glowed with merry, good-natured irony and satire. But memory is so treacherous it never keeps the things it should,—only little fragments as faint shadows of her brilliant talk remain.

"Look at Miss ***," she said, pointing her programme innocently at a St. Cecilia looking girl. "She asked me the other day what I was reading now, and looking at the music on my piano stand, she cried:

"Quintuor, Piano, E flat, R. Schumann. *Ciel!* the greatest trash ever composed, my dear! Music is an *agrément*, not a passion of life, and that sort of stuff makes a regular integral and differential calculus of the whole delicious thing, and gives me the horrors."

"Now what do you think of that, my bird, my flower? But here comes G."

"Let me congratulate you," said G—to me, after he had shaken hands with us. His frank cordiality and unprofessing but prompt-acting friendliness always goes straight to one's heart.

"Yes" cried Csinka, "I wish we all had as much to be thankful for. I tell you I'd feel passing rich if I were like Goldsmith's parson with forty pounds a year."

"Why don't you invest?" asked G.

We shouted, in defiance of all conventional rules, and G—bowed himself off with the happy consciousness of having made a *mot*, to those who could understand it and receive the bright particularized arrow of humor, full in the centre of appreciation.

"There are the A's and B's," said Csinka. "What inexplicable mysteries are such musicians to me, mon amie. They do not understand one thought in the music they execute so faultlessly,—that is using the word *execute* in its primitive sense, and even a little in its murderous one. Now they have been reared on this divine German instrumentation. They did not lie, as I did in childhood, with their lips close to the Italian fountain, drinking in the wild intoxicating Rossini draught, and tossing about through girlhood to womanhood on every mad foam crest in my musical dreaming. You remember the old German proverb: 'Träume sind Schäume.'"

"Yes, Csinka, and also Bettina's words: 'If I steal any longer the dreams from sleep, then my thoughts will become foam;' but go on."

"Eh bien, my darling, tell me why it is they play this music of Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Schubert, *et al.*—master it, and yet it is never warmed into life—never goes beyond the keys and hammers. Alas, nearly all executant artists are so: few discover the philosopher's stone. Then how calm they are, no poetic fire, no exhaustion. Now I believe we must lose a portion of our vitality in what we do, or what use is it?"

The quartet in C minor, Beethoven, went off finely, and the Liszt solo for piano from Tannhäuser was cleverly executed by Wolfsohn. As this solo closed, I turned to my companions, whom I wished to provoke into a little music talk, and said:

"This is more positive than that 'Lohengrin' music we heard together last Spring. Wagner's music more than any other composer's expresses to me so exactly what Marx means when he says, 'the enigmatical language of the internal twilight.' There are in his works so much of what Wordsworth calls 'Wandering Utterances,' which excite in me half sorrowful, half yearning feelings, such as come over us at certain moments when we seem haunted with vague memories, as if we really knew that:

The soul that rises with us, our life's star
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory—

"And yet he is unsatisfactory: he seems so uncertain. I scarcely know where I am. One motive after another seizes on me and I grow bewildered in the chaos of thought:

"The cell of Hearing,
Intricate labyrinth, more dread for thought
To enter than oracular cave,"

seems not merely 'informed by one spirit aerial,' but thronged with, 'voices, shadows and images of voice,' and it seems only in my confusion as if

"Earth had no scheme,
No scale of moral justice to unite
Powers that survive but in the faintest dream
Of memory."

"The Opera of the Future!" ejaculated Niedlich.

"The Opera of the Present!" exclaimed Csinka, "really and truly reflecting back from its wizard mirror our own disjointed, fiery age, but uncomprehended, unrecognized, for the child is always ignorant of its own image."

"That glorious Ode!" said Niedlich musingly; "that Ode of Wordsworth. Is it not a prose symphony in itself? Why did you not continue the passage? It would have been a fitting adjuration to Wagner:

"O that ye might stoop to bear
Chains, such precious chains of sight
As labored minstrelsies through ages wear!
O for a balance fit the truth to tell
Of the unsubstantial pondered well!"

"Glorious is it not? You must read the whole of that to us, after the concert is over, when we return to Csinka's."

Csinka was having her reverie also,

"Half sorrowful, half yearning feelings!"

She repeated: "As Jean Paul says in the 'Kampaner Thal,' strangers born upon mountains, we consume in the lowly places of this existence. We belong to higher regions, and an eternal longing grows in our hearts at music, which is the *Kuhreigen* of our native Alps.' But I cannot help liking the Schumann better than the Wagner—both are vague and unfulfilled; I do not object to that—for nature's such as ours, chafing restlessly against human bounds and limits, do not weary of dim foreshadowings as of positives and realities—but Schumann is more mystical, more poetic. He rouses all the superstition of my nature. Who is it that calls superstition the very mystery of Hope? I feel so much more about their music than I can talk. But their music is not to be talked of, it is to be perceived."

"And how many are there who perceive the truth in their music?" asked Niedlich with a little bitterness.

"True souls always understand, always penetrate the 'dubious twilight,'" replied Csinka in her gentlest tones. This girl Sphinx, with her two natures, the one, of mad, reckless merriment, and the other of deep, truthful, inspired feeling, rolling like two glowing, glorious floods side by side through her being! "Antiquity must dignify Schumann," she continued, "before all humanity shall recognize him." A thought underlying or interwoven is a mystery to the common mind, and common minds hate mysteries. Only the souls capable of reverie and *attendrissement* can feel, and know, and believe in these shadowy gleams of the soul's old twilight in that far off, beautiful Past,—those glorious murmurs of that old ocean, that immortal sea which brought us hither. While listening to their music, especially Schumann's, I recall Petrarch's burning words:

"La meilleure partie de moi s'en est allée!"

We were checked in our talk by a solo of *Vieuxtemps, Fantaisie Caprice*, which Hohnstock played delightfully. The little music spirit which pervaded his *Straduaris* was as Bettina said of Jacobi, "tender as a Psyche newly awakened," throbbing with feelings and emotions quite new to her.

Then followed the Schumann Quintet. I have not entered into a detailed description of this fine concert, for I listened that night more with heart and soul, than mind and ears. I felt dreamy and vague, my whole being was palpitating and tingling, it was as if electric sparks went scintillating off from every point. The music rain of the quintet poured out and bathed my whole quivering soul in its blessed melody.

At the close of the Marche Funèbre, Csinka leaned towards me, her large brown eyes dilating with emotion.

"What completeness" she said, "in that expression of despair! Did you ever hear any thing so utterly funereal? He was already decked for the grave when he wrote that. What a solemn comprehension of Death it brings to us on its 'waving ocean of sound!' I should like to hear it with muffled drums. I try to play it on the piano, but in vain; it is so difficult to create the human tones of the violin and the despairing cry of the viola with the ready made notes of the piano—but I have to content myself with it—it serves to form a resemblance—a shadow of those life-like tones, to feed my craving memory."

I put my lips close to her ear, and quoted the beautiful passage of Marx which her last words recalled to my memory:

"The artist while revelling in dreams at the piano hears other voices; for what in reality is the piano to him, but a shadow of the living orchestra? The fantastic masques of the orchestra begin to move, they approach him, touching him at first quite softly, then pressing forward more and more impetuously; they play around and entice him, each according to its nature, with enchanting loveliness; they dance around him with boisterous frenzy, and he rushes amongst them on the wings of his instrument with daring delight. Now the whole kingdom of sound begins to stir; one chorus awaking the other, the voices join with caressing tenderness, and the piano-forte, which had aroused every thing, pours its floods of sounds into the jubilant concert of instruments and voices. Thus the dreamy visions, internally conceived and matured, rush as two-fold beings with redoubled delight into reality."

A few evenings after, we all met at B.'s fine large piano-saloon, and the courteous, pleasant host received us with his accustomed kindness.

"God bless you word-musicians!" said Csinka, as I was looking over her music; she leaned against my shoulder, her coroneted temples crowned as yet only with her rich, dark hair, but beneath which my loving appreciation could see the Sappho ivy and laurel leaves budding.

"That passage of Marx," she continued, which you quoted the other evening, did me so much good. It sank into my very heart like dew on dry land, and set me to studying. No languor, no dejection, between the intervals of the esson tread-mill, but earnest labor. Are you not happy that you have kindled the gray ashes up into a blaze? I took up these things the next morning, and that is why I sent for you to meet me here to-night. I wanted to enjoy with you, before you left, the Bach Concerto for three pianos, and this Schumann quartet arranged by Otto Dresel for two pianos. I have been binding myself close down to Bach, almost all the time since we were together the other evening."

"Bach!" I said, "the great keystone Master of exact and positive music! Weary work, is it not,

for such a rhapsodist as you?" and I smoothed down the dark bands of hair on either side of her fine brow, with reverential tenderness.

"It used to be, not now, or at least not so far as thought goes—but the persistency of his passages wearies me physically. Years ago I remember Gottschalk told me I could never play to suit myself, until I had studied, not merely played Bach. I did not understand him then, but now, I see, one must comprehend the extremity of positivism, to have one's feet and fingers securely shod for the steep, slippery paths of doubt and inquiry."

One or two friends approached us, and the conversation grew general for a little while; then the three pianos were opened, and the Bach Concerto commenced. The grand, antique thing! So Protestant, so cold! Life in it to be sure, but angular, hard and rigid, like those fearful old Puritans with their desolate "glacial reasonings" on regeneration and the elect. Give me the warm, palpitating, bounding life enrent to be found in the romantic, and which I love to call Catholic, school. The spirit there is filled with love and faith, ready to fall down straight at the feet of the Father, unquestioningly and clingingly. It never contends, never argues, never insolently asserts its own will and thought; it sings and floats about and loves! Loves the Father in his creations, when happy; when sorrowful, it sighs and weeps, but does not rebel. But this stern, positive Protestant Bach, how cold and argumentative! The spirit pervading such music would dispute with God himself, and prove He had no right to save man if need be.

The Concerto they played was one of the two celebrated ones composed for three pianos. The harmonic combination and constant alternation of parts between the three pianos struck me forcibly. It was very severe, full of learning and skill. The exactitude of harmony in each part made me think of the "manifold melody" his old admirers used to find in his music.

B., a fine German artist, who played one of the piano parts with gratifying conscientiousness, showed me the score for the four stringed instruments. I noticed, as my eyes ran over it, the same concertation which had struck me in the piano parts.

After they had finished and we had all admired the curious Aquariums with their silent occupants, and peeped inquiringly down into the folded petals of a sleeping sea Anemone, that had closed for its night rest, hiding from us its beautiful history which it tells each day, Csinka and B. returned to the pianos to play Dresel's arrangement of the Schumann quartet.

What a wide space we travelled over from the Bach to the Schumann! Both types of the age in which they were written as, Csinka said. Bach clear as an icy Northern daylight. Revelation means this and that, and one will be lost if it does not, nor has God any right to make it mean otherwise. No softening poetic hopes or helps, no tenderly caressing dreams. Hard old reformer!

But Schumann, the trembling, palpitating artist-soul, fluttering with the bounding pulses of contending love and anguish, full of doubt, vague questionings, mystery and sobbing, heart-aching love. If Bach doubts it is like a Jonathan Edwards, reasoning face to face with the Divine Will. Schumann's questionings arise not from

boldness or even reasoning; they are a writhing under strange, weird pain or mysterious visitations; his dumb, imploring chords sound like the dull pulsations of funeral bells—no resentment, no rebellion is expressed while bearing the strange, inexplicable sorrow, but a love so intense and throbbing for the hand that inflicts or allows it, that the questioning plaint seems to the sensitive, tender nature like reproach and fills the heart with maddening remorse. Schumann is a Shelley,—

"A pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift—
A love in desolation masked;—a power
Girt round with weakness;—it can scarce uplift
The weight of the superincumbent hour;
It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,
A breaking billow; even whilst we speak
Is it not broken? On the withering flower
The killing sun smiles brightly; on a cheek
The life can burn in blood, even while the heart may break.

— In the accents of an unknown land
He sang new sorrow;—with a sudden hand
Made bare his branded and ensanguined brow,
Which was like Cain's or Christ's. Oh! that it should be so."

ANNE M. H. BREWSTER.

Wagner's Tannhaeuser in Vienna.

As is generally known, it was Hoffmann, the manager of the Thalia-Theater, who first produced *Tannhaeuser* in Vienna. The work did not come out at the Imperial Opera-house until the 19th November last year. Up to the 9th January, it was performed nine times to full houses. In No. 2 of the *Wiener Rezensionen*, there is an article on Wagner's music generally. This article agrees with what has often been said of Wagner in the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*, and, moreover, alludes to his affinity to Weber, Marschner, and, lastly Meyerbeer, Berlioz, and Verdi. The conclusion is very interesting:—

If we look around us, and put the question: "Out of what classes are the admirers of Wagner's operas recruited here in Vienna?" we find a small band of Futurists, properly so called, that is to say, adherents of Wagner's theory of reform; a few educated musicians, who fancy they perceive, in Wagner's straining after dramatic truth, a reaction against the influence of Italian music; and, furthermore, a considerable number of *mis-educated*, and a still more considerable number of *un-educated* playgoers. But what generally entices these two classes into the theatre? Why, more especially, what Donizetti, Meyerbeer, etc., have produced in their weakest moments; why, more especially, Verdi's musical monstrosities. The public of *Lohengrin* and *Tannhaeuser* look forward with delight to the *Traviata*, and yearn for *Rigoletto*. Is not this a remarkable sign of the times? Does it not awake many a misgiving? Verdi passes in Italy for a "learned" musician who has undertaken the civilizing mission of naturalizing the French opera with a touch of German profundity! Verdi is therefore quite seriously looked upon as a reformer in Italy, just as Richard Wagner is in Germany—we will not insult Wagner by a longer comparison. We can well distinguish artistic from rough natural qualities. But it cannot be altogether denied, that there is a certain distant relationship with the author of *Nabucco*, when we reflect that, in both cases, the plain secret of success may consist in the over-excitement of the public taste, in the over use of material means, and, lastly, in the absence of equal competitors, for Meyerbeer writes no more *Huguenots*. Composers of talent less known are carded away, rather than encouraged, by operatic managers now-a-days."—*London Musical World*.

Military Bands.

In view of the rapid advances in the art *militaire* made by our citizen soldiery throughout the United States, during the past few years, and the spirit in which they emulate the imposing appearance, pomp of parade, and brilliant martial attractions of the regular army, it strikes us that the subject of military band music merits the attention of the critic. In the military countries of Europe, the martial orchestras include many of the finest solo performers of the Continent. The Imperial Military Band of Austria numbers upward of two hundred members (not all active, ones, however), and is the finest in the world. Next comes the French band of the Garde Imperiale. Third, the Windsor Palace Band of England. As ours is not a military country, our government brass-bands do not amount to much, and it is left to our citizen soldiery to possess martial musicians equal to those of the old world.

The Seventh Regiment of this city have done much to encourage improvements in band-music, and now possess a fine musical *corps d'élite*, second to one only in the country. But there is a serious drawback to perfection in any band this regiment may own, from

the fact that the regiment demands that its musicians shall devote themselves *exclusively to its musical interests*. Very few first-class soloists will submit to such exactions outside of the regular army, since it is for their interest to take part in public concerts, etc., when not on duty with the military; hence the new band of the National Guard does not include quite all of the musical talent in the city, and never will.

Shortly after the recent concert of this band at the Academy of Music, some *quid nunc* gave it the benefit of a very stupid article in the *Herald*, in which he rejoiced over the artistic skill of the members, and strongly intimated that we had at last a military band worthy of some notice.

Now we do not wish to disparage the merits of this really fine band, but we do not hesitate to assert that when the subject is brought to a strict criticism, there is no military band in this country that will at all compare with the Dodworths'. The latter is composed of veterans, led by veterans, as strict in military tactics and discipline as in their fidelity to the highest standards of their art; and who have done more for the improvement of military music in this country than all the other bands (including those of government) put together.

The present Dodworths' Band was organized in the year 1825, by Mr. William Peterschen (conductor) and Mr. Thomas Dilks (leader). In its fourth year (1828), Messrs. Thomas and Allen Dodworth—father and son—became members, and in 1836 they succeeded to the management, which has been retained in their family ever since. Originally composed of the best instrumental performers in the country, and managed by men thoroughly acquainted with the best European models, the band soon achieved prominence among military men, and took the lead of all others. Shelton's Band was the strongest rival it ever had. Its subsequent enlargement was attributable to the princely magnificence of that unrivalled company, the New York Light Guard, who secured Dodworths' for all the parades (so frequent years ago); and to the example of that company the credit of the enlargement of military bands generally is solely due.

In the course of their long and brilliant career, Dodworth's Band have made great improvements in the plans and machinery of brass instruments generally. The *Nova Ebor Corno* (New York Horn) was invented and used by them twenty-three years ago, to supply the important desideratum of a medium harmony in brass-band music. They also invented those curious instruments composed of bells turned backward, and first used them in 1841.

But the gentlemen composing this famous constellation of artistic talents do not confine their efforts to military music alone, though they are, *de facto*, a military band. The public is aware of their great success in concerts at Castle Garden, at Tripler Hall, where they were associated with Mr. Fry, in the rendition of the overture to "William Tell," and other compositions of the highest and most difficult nature—at the opera-house, at the Crystal Palace, and more recently in the Central Park. The talented Harvey B. Dodworth may well be proud of a band like this, and can afford to smile at the efforts of imitators and the imbecility of cheap bombast.—*N. Y. Sunday Mercury*.

Musical Correspondence.

THE NEW EDITION OF HANDEL'S WORKS.

BERLIN, FEB. 5.—Of all composers, none for me come up to BEETHOVEN and HANDEL. Mozart, Bach, Haydn, the greatest except them, all occupy but a second place in the amount of delight and true musical enjoyment which their works afford me. This too is independent of any reference to the comparative greatness of the men as musical creators, inventors, artists. They appeal above all others to my sympathies, my taste, my heart. Hence nothing in the music-literary world has given me as much pleasure of late years as the appearance of Dr. CHRYSANDER, after years of study and preparation, in which he seems to have really exhausted all that England and Germany have to offer, both as author of a life of Handel and editor of his works.

After several months I have the first volume of his Biography of the Composer again before me. If the book by Schoelcher drew out from me such strong encomiums, in spite of its faults and imperfections, because that gentleman gave us so very much that

was new, how much more delight is afforded by this, which has so nearly exhausted all those German authorities which were a sealed book to Schoelcher? Candor compels me to admit that in one point, viz., the chronology of Handel's life from 1703—10, I differ, after study of the same authorities, from Dr. Chrysander, holding to the views which have been presented in former volumes of the *Journal of Music*. We shall probably hear from him again on this point. German biographical writing is peculiarly dry and tedious when thorough, and exceedingly untrustworthy and unsatisfactory when merely thrown into the market to sell. I picked up a sketch of Spohr's life the other day. The name Beethoven caught my eye, and I read the passage in which it occurred. As I understood it, it represents Spohr as coming to Vienna in 1812-13, and speaks of Mozart and Haydn as still living, and of Beethoven's "Christ on the Mount of Olives" as having just been given for the first time. Now Mozart died December, 1791, Haydn, May, 1809, while Beethoven's short oratorio was performed in 1803. If this is a specimen of the man's accuracy, it is enough.

Chrysander seems to have formed his style upon that which lends such a charm to the best English and American biographies, avoiding the errors of the pedant on the one hand and of the careless book-maker on the other. To a student of musical history, biographical books, which form an encyclopædia of all subjects connected with the hero, are very valuable, must have a place upon his shelves; but they are not, and cannot be, more than materials for the use of others—they cannot be popular, they cannot give the ordinary reader a picture of the men. Chrysander knows this, and has avoided the pedantic extreme. The different estimation, however, in which Handel is held by the German musical public and by the English and American, has led him occasionally and necessarily, in writing for the Germans, to indulge a little in a polemic vein. As soon as the work is finished, I hope it will find for a translator one who knows something about the subject from his own studies, and who at the same time will be in a position to work under the eye and with the assistance of the author. Then it will be in our language what it is destined to be in German, the exhaustive Biography of Handel.

Meantime Chrysander is pushing forward the new edition of the composer's works bravely. When I wrote about it a year or more since, I urged our public to do something to sustain the Handel Society in its great undertaking. I am glad to be able now to state that our aid is no longer necessary; that the work is on a firm basis, and that the immense labor which has been performed in collecting and collating materials for it, will not be lost. I therefore now urge our choral societies and musical libraries to subscribe for the publication upon no other grounds than their own benefit. For my own part I do not find 12 1-2 cents a week a very heavy tax for three folio volumes per annum, beautifully printed, and edited as Handel was never edited before. Each volume is complete in itself, contains Handel's score and also a piano-forte arrangement. The volume now on the point of appearing contains "L'Allegro, il Penseroso, ed il Moderato."

The preface to the German edition is in substance as follows; that to the edition with English text will be but a translation of the German.

PREFACE.

"'L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato,' a composition by Handel in the form of an oratorio, was produced in the seventeen days from Jan. 19 to Feb. 6, 1740. It was performed for the first time on the 27th of the latter month, in the Theatre of Lincoln's Inn-Fields. It was revived Jan. 31, 1741, with the addition of ten new numbers to the music, which are placed at the end of the original manuscript and noted by Handel 'L'Additione.' At these perfor-

mances, Parts I and II were opened by an orchestral introduction, Part III by an organ concerto, played by the composer. In this manner too, the work was produced in Dublin, in 1741-2.

"At a later period Handel suppressed the third part entirely, inserting in its place Dryden's 'Ode on St. Cecilia's Day,' which he had composed in 1739. He was doubtless induced to do this by men of taste and culture, who to so noble a composition wished to hear a noble poem in its integrity; for the texts to the first two parts are, the 'L'Allegro and il Penseroso' of Milton; that to the third, 'Il Moderato,' is from the pen of Charles Jennens, Esq., who adapted the others to musical composition.

"We have therefore for Parts I and II the text in two forms, Milton's original and the version by Jennens. In the present edition, where differences exist those words are chosen to whose particular expression Handel has adapted the music. For instance, where Milton sings:

"Married to immortal verse," &c.

which Jennens has altered to

"Sooth me with immortal," &c,

the latter is retained for musical—not æsthetic reasons. Where, however, it is a mere question of greater or less elegance of expression, Milton's words are retained; as in case of the word "consort," instead of "concert" adopted by Jennens and Handel. The work in the original manuscript begins with a faulty accent of the English words, "Hence loathed Melancholy," which is afterward repeated. We have here without hesitation followed former editions, since the accent, where it occurs the second time is thus corrected in the composer's conducting score.

"In no other work by Handel were so many changes made after its first performance. This may be most easily seen by a list of singers engaged in it, drawn from Handel's own manuscripts. (Here follows such a list.)

"It has been an exceedingly difficult task to bring this work into a complete, coherent and regularly progressive form and at the same time avoid the omission of any of the numerous additions and important changes made by Handel from time to time.

"In several cases, where to the same accompaniment, the vocal part was adapted to voices of different register, we have given both versions as being of equal authority—a circumstance which alone would render this edition richer and more valuable than any which has preceded it. It is to be hoped that music directors, who have even ordinary vocal means at their disposal, will not hereafter feel justified in detracting from the rich beauty of this work by arbitrary and inconsiderate omissions."

Leipzig, Jan. 20, 1860.

If this edition were a mere speculation, I certainly would not do all in my power to advertise it for nothing. But it is not. Hence I want so much to see our musical public prove how much it honors the memory of Handel, how much it admires and loves his music. I boast of our Handel and Haydn Society—tell of its 13 performances of "Samson" in one winter; of its annual performances of the "Messiah" for more than forty years; of its edition of the "Creation" as long ago as 1820; of the elevation of taste in Boston through the influence of its performances of such grand music; but, it is painful to be obliged to confess, that the exquisite pastoral, "Acis and Galatea," that fiery and magnificent work, the "Alexander's Feast," and that glorious "marrying of immortal verse to immortal strains," the "L'Allegro ed il Penseroso," are hardly known by name among us! The volumes which have already appeared are the following, if my memory serves:

Susannah. Pianoforte Compositions. Hercules. Acis and Galatea. Athalia. And now, L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato. A. W. T.

NEW YORK, MARCH 19.—The only feature of decided interest in our musical world this week, will be the Chamber Concerts to be inaugurated to-morrow night, at Goldbeck's Hall—a snug little room in Broadway, holding about three hundred people. MILLS, SAAR and GOLDBECK, pianists; MOLLENAUER, BRANNES and others for stringed instruments, MILLARD, the tenor, for the vocal part, are all down on the programme for the first concert.

In operatic news we are full of rumors. MARETZKE has arrived with his troupe and is negotiating for a theatre. He will shortly open with FAUURI, the GASSIERS, and ERRANI, the tenor. They say also that CORTESI and MUSIANI will soon be here, and that on the return of ULLMAN and his troupe there will be a great triangular contest. Of this, however, there is little fear, for the operatic managers know too well that it is impossible to sustain more than one opera company in New York at the same time.

RICHARD MULDER, a pianist of some note, has arrived in this city. He is the husband of the Signora Inez Fabbri, Maretzke's new prima donna, and Signora Fabbri is consequently really Mrs. Mulder. She however preserves her Italian title in her professional career.

Miss KELLOGG, a young lady about twenty years old, who resides in University Place, and is a pupil of Muzio, will shortly appear on the operatic stage. She is said to possess great talent and a good voice, and the success of Miss Patti has probably had its effect in firing her ambition. It is rumored that she will make her debut in *Polito*.

Ditson's edition of *Martha* has been received in this city, and has already found its way to the collections of many operatic amateurs. TROVATOR.

BANGOR, MARCH 2.—A series of concerts have been given during the winter by the "Bangor Band," assisted by the principal talent of the city. The programme of the third of the series, which was given on Tuesday eve, Feb. 28th, being the best one of the course thus far, I send it.

1. Overture to "Crown Diamonds," Auber, played by a small orchestra.
 2. Chorus from "Anna Bolena," Donizetti.
 3. Trio, Piano, Violin and Cello. N. Louis. Messrs. Davenport, Appleton and Conley.
 4. Recit. and Aria. "But who may abide," from "Messiah." Sung by Mr. S. Wilder.
 5. Cavatina: "O luce di quest'anima." Sung by Minnie Little, of Boston.
 6. Student's Song: "Poculum elevatum," by Dr. Arne, sung by Messrs. Wilder, Chickering, Pearson and Williams.
- Serenade, Schubert, sung by Mrs. Crowell, with violoncello obligato by Mr. Conley.
- Concert Duet from Donizetti.
- "Evening song to the Virgin," by the band.
- Trio and Chorus from "Cinderella," Rossini.
- Recit. and Aria: "He layeth the beams, &c.," from "Israel in Egypt," sung by Mr. J. W. Chickering.
- Song: "With what rapture," Verdi, by Mrs. Little.
- Solo, Violoncello, "Musette," Offenbach, played by Mr. John D. Conley.
- "Salut a la France," Donizetti; sung by Miss Wilson.
- Duet by S. Glover, sung by Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Foster.
- Ballad: "Within a mile of Edinboro' town," sung by Mrs. Little.
- Quickstep by the band.

In Mrs. LITTLE the audience found a charming cantatrice. Her beautiful vocalization and winning manners will always ensure her an enthusiastic reception. It is hoped that she may be again heard in our concerts. She responded to encores by "Comin' thro' the rye" and "Sweet Home," which last was splendidly sung. She was nicely accompanied by Miss ADDIE MERRILL, who also accompanied Mr. and Miss WILDER. The overture was well played and won much praise. The trio by Louis was a success, the audience welcoming with pleasure the appearance of Mr. E. L. APPLETON, whose violin has been missed from our concerts for some time. The beautiful solos from the "Messiah" and "Israel" were finely sung and were appreciated by lovers of

the best music. The student's song: *Poculum elevatum*, was without accompaniment and especially pleasing. Mrs. CROWELL and Miss WILDER in their songs won fresh encomiums. Mr. CONLEY, in his performance of the difficult "Musette," surpassed himself and surprised those most intimate with his playing. During the winter his solos have been admirably done. He responded to a hearty encore by an impromptu arrangement of melodies. The duet by Mrs. BROWN and Mrs. FOSTER was very pleasing and was well received. The choruses were sung in rather an indifferent manner, but we must except Mrs. Brown's solo in the chorus from "Anna Bolena" which was sung with a great deal of care and with fine effect. The band, for whose benefit the entertainment was given played creditably, and the occasion was a decided success. The audience was very large and attentive throughout. X.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 20.—Since the southward flight of the Ullman and Strakosch flock, we have had a first performance, in this city, of *Judas Maccabaeus*, furnished by our Handel and Haydn Society, assisted by the Germania Band, and to an immense audience, which thronged to such an extent, as to render a suspension of the ticket sale necessary. The Oratorio had been diligently rehearsed, under the accomplished leadership of BENJ. C. CROSS, — a fact which was plainly perceptible in the solid and unwavering rendition of all the choruses, the precision of which was the more remarkable, seeing that the orchestra required all the attention of the leader, to the mastery of its insubordinate forces. Everybody seemed pleased with every bar of the music — although many assented to the encomiums passed upon it, between a sigh and a groan, as some dreary recitative dragged its sluggish length along. Among the ladies who distinguished themselves, were Mrs. EMILY REED, and Miss HENRIETTA SHAW, whose correct appreciation of Handel, vocal flexibility and careful regard to the *tempo*, have been the theme of general comment. Mr. GEO. W. HAZELWOOD deserves more than a passing notice, both on account of his singing upon the occasion, and of his general achievements as a vocalist. His voice (tenor) is delightfully smooth, sympathetic, and pure; extending, moreover, through sufficient compass for any oratorio rôle which may be entrusted to him. The results of close and judicious study are perceptible in everything undertaken by him, be it a Handel or Mendelssohn *Aria*, or a ballad by Balfe. He is considered by good judges, to be one of the very best oratorio tenors, now engageable. Col. JOHN J. HEISLER, who personated Simon in a sort of partnership way with another Basso, named BURRELL, possesses a noble voice, which might be cultivated to a high point of excellence. Altogether, this *Judas Maccabaeus* concert proved an immense success. I found myself much edified by its majestic choruses, but not especially electrified by its *recitatives* and *arias* — those constantly recurring phrases, so unsuited to the musical sentimentality of the present age, which discovers its Euterpean pleasure in more of spontaneous melody and less of rigid formula.

The opera is to re-open here on the 2nd of April, with three nights of PATTI. They were very successful, a fortnight since; "honors" being about "easy" between the *petite* Adelina, and COLSON, the charming. Your critiques upon this troupe were so able and extended as to render any further comments from me, now, matters of assurance and superfluity. Let me add, however, that the *Freyschütz* was remarkably well rendered in every respect. Even the famous "Wolf-Schlucht" *mise-en-scene* was managed, for once, in such a manner that, while it was unnecessary to line the lobbies with couches for swooning ladies, no one could discover therein aught for ridicule; indeed its demoniacal features may be said to have been quite successfully managed.

We have a rapidly rising young pianist, of whose achievements I shall send you some account. I allude to CHARLES JARVIS, Jr., son of the late Prof. Charles Jarvis, so long identified, in his lifetime, with the musical interests of our city. Pure classical soirées transpire within the four walls of his studio, once each fortnight; one of these I intend to portray for you. You shall then have a full description of his style, and some idea of the compass of his *repertoire*. Until then, *adieu!* MANRICO.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 24, 1860.

CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.—With the present number the JOURNAL OF MUSIC completes its eighth annual round of weekly appearances. The ninth year, Vol. XVII., will commence next Saturday, March 31.

To make room for the title-page and index for the year now finished, we give no music in this number. In the next volume we shall complete the publication of Wm. Sterndale Bennett's "May Queen" Cantata; and in alternation with the various instalments thereof, shall give a piano-forte arrangement of the entire opera, *Der Freyschütz*, by Weber.

Concerts.

ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB.—The concerts of this genial fraternity of German part-singers have been sadly missed during the past two winters. There was a peculiar zest about them. They always drew the best sort of audience, and always sent them home musically happy. Their programmes were so good, and the pervading spirit so artistic. And if there are certain peculiarities of *timbre* in the German voices, a certain something which one must first get used to, as to the taste of olives, you soon felt that there was much essential music in it, that the spirit was right, that there was real feeling and enthusiasm vivifying the remarkable precision, unity and light and shade of all the singing. It was therefore a foregone conclusion that the hall in Bumstead Place was filled with the largest audience it has yet held, last Saturday evening. And the programme was of the richest and the choicest; just look along the list of great composers' names:

PART. I.

1. Fruehling ohn' Ende, (Endless Spring,).....C. Reinecke
2. Finale of the opera "Der Wasserträger,".....Cherubini
3. Turkish Driukung Song (by request,).....Mendelssohn
4. Piano Solo: Allegro from Sonata, op. 53.....Beethoven
Hugo Leonhard.
5. a. Schlummerlied, (Slumber song,).....C. M. v. Weber
b. Schwerdtlied, (Sword song,) Words by Th. Körner.
6. Arie: Iphigenie in Tauris.....Gluck
A. Kreissmann.
7. a. In der Ferne.....R. Franz
b. Rheinwein Lied.....

PART II.

1. a. Gute Nacht.....Girschner
b. Hüte Dich, (Beware!).....
I know a mailen fair to see,
Take care!
She can both false and friendly be,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!
She has two eyes, so soft and brown,
Take care!
She gives a side-glance and looks down,
Beware! Beware, &c.
And she has hair of golden hue,
Take care!
And what she says, it is not true,
Beware! Beware, &c.

She gives thee a garland woven fair,
Take care!
It is a fools-cap for thee to wear,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee.

2. Piano Solo: Polonaise, op. 53. Chopin
Hugo Leonhard.
3. Recitative and Aria: "Alessandro Stradella," F. Flotow
Mr. W. Schraubstädter.
4. Walzer. Vogel
5. Serenade, (Schlaf in Ruh!). Möring
6. Wer ist unser Mann? (Drinking Song,). Zöllner

Recurring first to that which is the peculiar province of the Club, or Liederkreis, the German four-part-song, we had the first taste, and that a very satisfactory one, of some new pieces. The most remarkable among these were the two by Robert Franz, although the voices seemed not quite so perfectly at home in them as in some of the old favorites; the sense of newness, as in a freshly painted room, not quite worn off. Still the interpretation was no failure, and the pieces were decidedly effective, especially the "Rhine-wine Song." These little pieces unite the very soul and *verve* of German popular song, with the ripest artistic, contrapuntal skill, to a degree not surpassed by Mendelssohn. The pieces by Reinicke and Girschner, too, were very pleasing; especially the quaint, arch humor of *Hüte Dich!*; the words are quite ingenious, and the music equally happy. It was sung with rare life and delicacy, and delighted everybody.

One of the most enjoyable things of the evening was the Finale from Cherubini's "Water-carrier," sometimes called *Les deux Journées*. It consisted of three solo voices, baritone and bass (Messrs. SCHRAUBSTAEDTER, LANGERFELD and JANSEN), with chorus of soldiers, and a running accompaniment, sparkling with happy ideas, played with the utmost delicacy and nervous life-someness of touch by Mr. DRESEL, on one of the new Chickering Grands. It is indeed most genial music, and made one's mouth water for the whole opera. The other part-songs were old favorites. The Serenade was exquisitely sung, especially the baritone solo by Mr. SCHRAUBSTAEDTER, whose singing always wins by genuine feeling and expression.

Mr. KREISSMANN deserves the thanks of all lovers of pure, noble, tender melody, free from all sentimentality, false effect, or mere bravura, for presenting to us so feelingly the air from Gluck. It is the song of Pylades, where he consoles Orestes, and counts it joy to be united with his friend in death. Such songs should be studied and made common in our concerts and our parlors. Mr. W. SCHRAUBSTAEDTER (tenor) also added to the pleasure of the evening by his solo.

With regard to the singing of the Orpheus generally, we must still note one somewhat questionable peculiarity, which surely might be mitigated to advantage. We mean the habit of sudden and exaggerated contrasts of light and shade, forte and pianissimo. It amounts to a perpetual *forzando*. On a word like *Frühling*, for instance, or *Liebe*, the whole force of the voices is exploded on the first syllable, and dies away to nothing on the last. In shunning a common fault, they go over into the opposite extreme. Bating this blemish, the singing of the twenty-five or thirty voices of the Orpheus is the most satisfactory that we can hear.

Mr. LEONHARD had a much finer instrument than on the last occasion of his playing in that

hall, and gave us an admirably well conceived and beautiful rendering of that fine Allegro from Beethoven's Sonata in C. The wild, heroic Polonaise of Chopin, too, was given with great life and brilliancy. But for the best effects of the piano-forte there is evidently still something wrong about the place,—perhaps owing to its being placed within the niche that arches over the stage. The delicate passages sound best, the strong chords hard and unvibratory. Something of the same thing we feel, too, in the voices; all sounds very clear, so much so that the harsher qualities, the little imperfections are too mercilessly exposed. We doubt not, however, that a little experimenting will remedy all this.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—The soul and sinew of the twentieth Wednesday Afternoon Concert was the C minor Symphony of Beethoven, the greatest favorite here, now that it has got to be so well known, of all works of orchestral music. Accidents will happen in the best of orchestras; and so it happened that on this occasion the first bassoonist was absent, and a trombone did duty in the place of second bassoon during the first two movements; also the strings were thinned out in the middle parts; and various little roughnesses and blunders marred some parts of the performance. Still the majesty and beauty of the symphony made itself felt, and there was no one but felt better for being there. The *Zanetta* overture, Strauss waltzes, and other "trifles light as air," found of course plenty of appreciators.

Musical Chit-Chat.

Of coming concerts a long line stretches out before us. To-night it is a Complimentary to our accomplished young pianist, Mr. B. J. LANG, a sort of God-speed to him from his brother artists on the eve of his departure for Europe. Mr. Lang is deservedly popular, and not merely by his brilliant execution. By his study and rendering of the best classical music he has steadily grown in the opinion of those whose good opinion is worth having. To-night the concert offers as prime attraction, the two pieces for eight hands on two pianos, which gave so much pleasure last year at the concert for Mr. Trenkle; one by Moscheles, the other Mr. Dresel's arrangement of the "Invitation to the Waltz." Messrs. DRESEL, PARKER, LEONHARD and LANG are the performers. Mr. LANG himself will play an Adagio and Scherzo from one of Mendelssohn's Sonatas, with WULF FRIES, and a Fantasia by Goria. Mrs. J. H. LONG will sing that scena and aria from *Nina Pazza*, by Paisiello, and an English ballad; and Mr. WETTERBEE will join her in *La ci darem*. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club also will contribute parts of a Quintet by Lachner and a Quartet by Mozart. There will no doubt be a full house and a good time in the new Bumstead Hall.... On Tuesday evening, the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB give the last of their series of eight Chamber Concerts, in the same place. We are happy to say that they will repeat that Quartet, op. 127, by Beethoven. They will also present a new Quartet, by Mr. J. C. D. Parker, and Mozart's Quintet with Clarinet. The Club propose, in company with Mrs. LONG, to make a concert tour to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, about the middle of April. The true music-lovers in those cities may anticipate a rare pleasure.... Next Saturday evening, Mr. JULIUS EICHBERG gives his concert in the Bumstead Hall. Besides his own admirable violin playing, he offers the rich attraction of Mrs. HARWOOD, the Orpheus Club, the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, Mr. LEONHARD and Mr. COENEN.... On the following Saturday, April 7, the Boston Music Hall will witness the first performance of a new Ope-

ra, or operatic Cantata, upon Longfellow's "Miles Standish," composed by Mr. KIELBLOCK, of New Bedford; the libretto is prepared by Mr. CONGDON, of the New York *Tribune*.... The Benefit Concert for CARL ZERRAHN is fixed for April 14, at the Music Hall. Among the artists who have volunteered to take a part in it are Mrs. HARWOOD and Miss WASIMURN, vocalists, and Miss MARY FAY, the brilliant young pianist.

We have the pleasure of presenting to our readers in this and last week's papers a musical sketch, contributed to our Journal by Miss BREWSTER, of Philadelphia, author of the musical novel "Compensation," which has excited so much interest. The discussion of various works and composers is full of suggestion; though in some points we must differ from the writer. Especially must we protest against the coldly Protestant character which her Catholic preferences ascribe to Bach. "Positive" he is, on doubt, but loving, trusting, full of feeling too. Try over those eight alto songs of his, which have been lately published here, and say if there be any music with more of the heart and tenderness of deep religion in it.

Mr. W. V. WALLACE's new English opera, "Lur-line," founded on the *Lorelei* legend of the Rhine has been produced with great success at Covent Garden by the Pyne and Harrison troupe. The *Times* of Feb. 24 says: "The house was crowded in every part, and though there was no vestige of a *claque*—always pleasant because a healthy incident to note—the audience were enthusiastic beyond measure. No less than seven pieces were re-demanded and repeated, the majority of the *encores* being genuine and spontaneous. The "numbers" thus marked out for distinction were the overture; a bacchanalian chorus, for men's voices, "Drain the cup of pleasure," a song for Miss Louisa Pyne, with dance and chorus, "Take this cup of sparkling wine," "Troubadour enchanting," "The nectar cup may yield delight," a ballad for Mr. Harrison, "My home, my heart's first home," and an unaccompanied four-part song. Other pieces, too long for repetition, were received with an extraordinary degree of favor; and at the end of each act, after the accustomed compliments had been paid to the chief performers, Mr. Wallace was summoned with acclamations before the footlights, and crossed the stage amid plaudits that seemed as if they would never cease. It is by far the best dramatic work of its composer, and a really valuable addition to the English operatic repertory."

GUSTAV SATTER, the pianist, gave a concert on the 12th of this month, at Miss Porter's Seminary, in Farmington, Ct., with a very classical programme, which the young ladies have been prepared to appreciate by the labors of their earnest music-teacher, Mr. KARL KLAUSER. Mr. S. played a Prelude and Fugue in A minor, by Bach; a Sonata, in B flat, Mozart; three of Chopin's Preludes; Beethoven's *Sonata quasi Fantasia*, op. 27, No. 1; half a dozen curious selections from Robert Schumann; Liszt's *Norma* Fantasia; and for encores, the Minuet from Mozart's E flat Symphony, the Barcarole by Chopin and Beethoven's "Moonlight" Sonata!.... The Cleveland (Ohio) Gesangverein, assisted by the Cecilia, announced for this week the performance of an opera in three acts, by G. Schmidt, called "Prince Eugene".... We were in error about the name of young Mr. Paine, the organist from Portland, who is exciting attention in Germany. His name is JOHN KNOWLES PAINE.

Mlle. PICCOLOMINI, "little Pie," is said to have been married recently in Dublin to an Italian nobleman.... The Royal Italian Opera in London is to open with *Der Freyschütz*; the novelty of the season will be Felicien David's *Herodanum*.... Liszt has been appointed a conductor to the Royal Opera in Berlin. They have already three: Meyerbeer, Dorn and Taubert.... M. JULLIEN, on the eve of immense musical demonstrations, is reported to have attempted suicide in Paris, by stabbing himself. His rash hand was fortunately arrested.... There is talk of a great musical festival in June in the Crystal Palace, London; three thousand French male singers (Orphéonists) are expected over!

Music Abroad.

Paris.

Feb. 16.—At last the long expected and desired *début* of Roger at the Italian Opera has taken place. Roger, the eminent singer, the man of taste, the consummate artist, who talks and sings equally well in German, French, English, and Italian—whose flexible voice lends itself so easily to the music of all times and of all schools, and whose twenty years of success had endeared him to the public here—more than ever justified on the 5th of February the golden opinions he has won. He made his first appearance at the Italiens as Edgardo, in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, Mdlle. Battu being the Lucia; Graziani, Ashton. Angelini also sang. With such a cast, the opera could hardly fail of being a success. Roger exerted himself to the utmost in the finale of the second act, and in the scene of the malediction he rose to the height of the highest efforts of dramatic art. By turns elegant, impassioned, and pathetic, he gave all the most delicate shades in the duet of the second act and in the scene of the tomb. Mdlle. Marie Battu is certainly charming, but Lucia is, at present, almost too arduous a rôle for her quality of voice. Graziani had but one fault; he throws too much energy into his voice. Roger is to sing next, I believe, in the *Traviata*, and towards the 15th of March, Tamberlik is expected. The Grand Opéra is still rehearsing the new opera of Prince Poniatowski's, and adheres for the nonce to its usual bill of fare. The Opéra-Comique, more on the alert, has just brought out the *Roman d'Elvire*. The libretto by MM. A. Dumas and De Leuven, reminds one of *La Vieille* (music by M. Kéris), and also still more strongly of the *Conte des Fées* vaudeville by MM. de Leuven and Brunswick, and played in 1845 at the Variétés, and in which the part of the Marquise was performed by Mdlle. Dejazet.

It is decided that the opera written by Berlioz, entitled *Les Troyens*, is the one with which the Théâtre-Lyrique will re-open the season in the new spot the company will occupy. The Théâtre-Lyrique will now be in the Place du Châtelet, and will take the title of Theatre Municipal de la Ville de Paris.

All concerts are going on actively. MM. Alard and Franchomme have commenced theirs in the Salon-Royal. In the same salons, a pupil of Liszt, M. Hans de Bulow, gives his concerts, composed of the music of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, and Richard Wagner. The Concerts du Conservatoire, or rather the second concert, which has been put off on account of the sad loss sustained in the person of the leader of the orchestra, M. Girard, has taken place. The choice of a fresh *chef* is put off till the next season—in the interim M. Tilmant directs. He has taken the *bâton* in a very brilliant manner, and without curtailing a note. Amongst other music, two fragments of a quatuor by Haydn, the air of *Joseph*, by Mehul, the chorus from the oratorio of *Solomon* by Handel, and the sublime overture to *Euryanthe*, were amongst the most remarkable performances.

The Société des Jeunes Artistes du Conservatoire have given their third concert, and performed a work of Meyerbeer's not known before in Paris, the music from the drama of *Strauss*, &c. It is getting greatly the fashion here amongst that fashionable part of society who have but little to do with their time, to unite in each other's saloons about once a week, and get up an unimportant concert, and study the music of the best masters. Among the best of these *concerts de salons*, those given by the young and charming Madame de H. are the most *renommées*.

Feb. 22.—The last week has been, so to speak, a week of "revivals," with the exception of one novelty—and certainly a great one—in the shape of the *Philemon et Baucis* of M. E. Gounod. The Grand-Opéra, faithful to old traditions, has been giving the *Traviata*, Mdlle. Caroline Bartot being the *prima donna*. The engagement of Mdlle. Duprez-Vanden-Heuvel is announced at this theatre at the same time as the non-engagement of Mdlle. Dussy. Roger has been performing again in the *Lucia* at the Italian Opera, and on Thursday or Saturday next he will appear in the *Traviata*. *Don Giovanni* was revived yesterday week; it was said Roger was to have performed, but it was Badiali who filled the part of Don Juan—a character, that, in his younger days, was one of his great triumphs. At the second performance of *Don Giovanni*, it is said that Tamberlik will succeed Gardoni in the part of Ottavio; M. Merly that of Badiali; Alboni will still remain, I suppose, Zerlina. Mad. Penco sings the part of Donna Elvira admirably. *Calathée*, one of M. Victor Massé's works, has been revived at the Opéra-Comique—Mad. Cabel, being Calathée, and Mdlle. Wertheimer, Pygmalion. M. Sainte-Foy and Ponchard fill the other parts.

The following is a close translation of the bill of the first concert which will be given by Jullien:

"The management of the Cirque de l'Imperatrice have the honor of announcing that they have concluded an engagement with M. Jullien, of London, and the principal solo-players of his orchestra, with the object of founding, in Paris, a grand musical society, by means of which there may be organized brilliant festivals, in the style of those which M. Jullien has given with splendid success in England, Germany, and America. Sunday, 11th March, at two o'clock, grand festival of inauguration, given in Paris, by the Universal Philharmonic Society, under the direction of M. Jullien, conductor of the orchestra of the Theatre Royal of Her Majesty the Queen of Drury Lane, of Covent Garden, and of the London Lyceum, who will conduct a grand musical body of six hundred executants selected from the members of the greatest choral societies and the best orchestras of France, England, Belgium, and Germany. Programme:—PART I. Sacred music; classical music; selections from the *Creation*, words by M. de Segur, music by Haydn; the *Prophète Elie*, words by Bartholomew, translated by Maurice Bourges, music by Mendelssohn; the *Messiah*, text from the sacred books, music by Handel. PART II. Heroic music; national music: *La Guerre*, epic symphony, dedicated to the army; *La Paix*, quadrille symphony, dedicated to all nations; *L'Harmonie de l'Univers*, an essay, words by Humboldt, music by Roch-Albert. PART III. *Voyage musical*, selections from the repertory of national melodies, collected by M. Jullien, and executed by his orchestra during his universal tour; echoes of Italy, England, Germany, Russia, Switzerland, Spain, and America. The names of the solo instrumentalists, and of the singers, will be published in the detailed programme which will appear shortly."—*Corr. London Musical World*.

COLOGNE.—Among the pieces included in the programme of the concert for the benefit of the Cologne Orchestra, was the Symphony, No. VI., in G minor, Op. 32, by Niels W. Gade, which was here new. It was very favorably received by the audience.

A brilliant feature of the evening's entertainment was the performance of Herr Joachim from Hanover. He played Mendelssohn's concerto. He also gave Tartini's *Teufels Sonata*, and two pieces by J. S. Bach, all with the artistic certainty and energetic style which distinguish a master.

The following was the programme of the Seventh Gesellschafts concert:—

First Part. 1. Overture to a tragedy, Op. 18, by Weldemar Bargiel (*new*). 2. Airs and choruses from Gluck's *Orpheus* (Mdlle. Jenny Meyer, from Berlin). 3. Symphony, No. IV. B flat major, Beethoven.—Second Part. 4. Piano-forte concerto in C minor, by Beethoven (Herr Alfred Jaell, pianist to the King of Hanover). 5. "Salve Regina," for chorus of four voices *a capella* by M. Hauptmann. 6. Variations by Handel. Waltz by Chopin. "Home, sweet home," for piano-forte alone (A. Jaell). 7. Scene from Bellini's *Romeo and Juliet* (Mdlle. J. Meyer). 8. Overture to *Ruy Blas*, Mendelssohn.

GLASGOW.—The Festival was an unequivocal success. It opened on Tuesday evening with *Elijah*. The principal solo singers were Madame Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Lockey and Mr. Weiss.

On Wednesday night a miscellaneous concert was given. There were no important pieces for the orchestra, besides the overtures to the *Zauberflöte*, *The Naiades*, and *Obéron*. The latter was encored. The vocal pieces comprised most of the favorites of the day, which, of course, were in some measure new to most of the Glasgow folk. Mr. Lambert was incapacitated from attending, and Mr. Horsley filled the place of conductor.

Mr. Horsley's new oratorio, *Gideon*, produced on Thursday evening was the novelty of the festival, and excited much curiosity and interest. The composer himself conducted; the band and chorus had bestowed infinite pains on the rehearsals, and the soloists were instigated by a real brotherly and sisterly affection, to give the work every chance of succeeding. The principal singers were Madame Clara Novello, Miss Witham, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Winn. The oratorio was eminently successful.

VIENNA.—At the Court Opera the past year there were three hundred and fifteen performances: two hundred and forty-three in the German, and seventy-two in the Italian season. In the German season were performed thirty-nine operas and operettas, eight ballets and divertissements; in the Italian, seventeen operas. Pieces given for the first time in German were: Balfe's "Rose of Castile," the Duke of Coburg's "Diana of Solange," Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, and Verdi's *Trovatore*. The new Italian pieces were *Elisa di Valasco* and *Florina*. . . . Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauris* is soon to be brought out: Frau Dustmann as Iphigenia; Herr Grimmiger, Orestes; Ander, Pylades; and Rudolf, Thoas.

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